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FOR CONSULTATION

THE

# PLAYS

OF

# PHILIP MASSINGER,

WITH

NOTES, CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,

BY WILLIAM GIFFORD.

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HAUD TAMEN INVIDEAS VOTA QUEM PULPITA PASCUNT.

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A New Edition,

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

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# PREFACE.

THE present Edition of this admired writer has been published with a design of meeting the spirit of the age for cheap literature; and its triumphant success is a gratifying proof of the manner in which the exertions of the publishers are appreciated. Previous to the appearance of this volume, the public, owing to the scarcity of former editions, possessed but a slight acquaintance with the writings of Massinger, and that derived only from occasional notices and extracts in periodicals, and the representation of "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," the only one of his Plays still acted on the stage. In this undertaking, accuracy of text and good critical notes were deemed indispensable; and the editor had but to choose between the gross negligence of Coxeter, and the odious vanity of Monk Mason, on the one hand, and the carefully and accurately edited compilation of Mr. Gifford, on the other. Never was an author under greater obligations to an editor, than is Massinger to Gifford. It is true his works had already appeared in a collected form; but the bungling inaccuracies, unwarrantable interpolations, and absurd commentaries, which disfigured these editions, had rather contributed to involve the author in still deeper obscurity, than to rescue him from that in which he had originally slumbered.

In his attempt to do justice to his favourite poet, Mr. Gifford had many difficulties to contend against. and no hope of assistance from the labours of his predecessors. Of a patient and vigorous cast of mind, his unclouded intellect was the first to form a due estimate of the manly productions of this author; he sat down to his task as to a labour of love, and after careful and repeated collations of the text with the original editions, succeeded in expunging from its pages a mass of stupid criticism and crude innovations, such as never, perhaps, disfigured the works of any other author. None but those who are acquainted with the editions referred to, can fully estimate the labours of this critic, of whose admirable qualifications as an editor, his exertions in favour of this abused poet will remain a lasting monument. He has been justly called by one who was himself no common master of the art, "a giant in literature, in criticism, in politics, and in morals, and an ornament and an honour to his country and the age in which he lived."

But for him, these exquisite dramas would be as little known to us as the institutions of the Chinese; and the re-action of public taste in favour of the productions of

our early dramatists, so conspicuous at the present day, received its first impulse from the endeavours of the translator of Juvenal, and the champion of Jonson and Massinger A valuable appendage to his labours, are the critical observations subjoined to each Play, the masterly delineation of Massinger's character, and the general criticism on his works, furnished by Dr. Ireland, the Dean of Westminster.

There is something interesting in the consideration of this literary partnership; it reminds us of the old days of Beaumont and Fletcher, and Fletcher and Massinger, and Dekker and Greene; and was not without a pleasing effect upon the feelings of the two friends. In closing his preface to Jonson, a splendid vindication of that calumniated poet, Gifford, in allusion to their long uninterrupted friendship, thus writes, " With what feelings do I trace the words of the Dean of Westminster. Five and forty springs have passed over my head since I first found Dr. Ireland, some years my junior, in our little school, at his spelling-book. During this long period our friendship has been without a cloud,—my delight in youth, my pride and consolation in old age." The writer of these affectionate lines has long been an inhabitant of the dark and narrow house; he died on the last day of the year 1826, aged 70; and the survivor, for whom these tender sentiments were expressed, well stricken in years, is fast hastening to the land where " the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

In Sir Walter Scott's Diary appears the following admirable character of Gifford · " As a commentator he was capital, could he but have suppressed his rancours against those who had preceded him in the task; but a misconstruction or misinterpretation, nay the misplacing of a comma, was in Gifford's eyes a crime worthy of the most severe animadversion. This lack of temper probably arose from indifferent health; for he was very valetudinary, and realised two verses, wherein he says Fortune assigned him—

—— " One eye not over good,
Two sides that to their cost have stood
A ten years' hectic cough,
Aches, stitches, all the various ills
That swell the devilish doctors' bills
And sweep poor mortals off."

But he might justly claim, as his gift, the moral qualities expressed in the next fine stanza—

——— " A soul
That spurns the crowds' malign control,
A firm contempt of wrong;
Spirits above affliction's power,
And skill to soothe the lingering hour
With no inglorious song."

The rigour, with which the derelictions of his predecessors were visited, above alluded to, is displayed in an uncommon degree in the work before us; and four

years after its first appearance in 1805, the Edinburgh Reviewers," losing their sense of the criminal's guilt in dislike of the savage pleasure which the executioner seemed to take in inflicting the punishment," appeared as the champions of Monk Mason and Coxeter, and had the hardihood to attack not only the judgment but even the accuracy of Gifford.

In his second edition of 1813, the abused commentator turned upon his foes, and in a preface, powerful and energetic, successfully defended himself from their aspersions; with regard to the charge of inaccuracy, he justly says,—" I did not expect this. I will take upon me to assert, that a more perfect text of an old poet never issued from the English press. It was revised in the first instance with a care of which there is scarcely an example; and a subsequent examination enables me to speak with a degree of positiveness on the subject which sets all fear of contradiction at defiance." An accusation, such as the above, could only have been made by those who had never looked into Coxeter and Monk Mason's editions, or had never consulted the old copies. From internal evidence, it appears that all that these reviewers knew of Massinger and his editors, was learned from the very " Introduction" whose accuracy they pretended to impeach.

It has been the fate of Massinger to have been generally but imperfectly understood or appreciated by the lovers of the Drama; while to Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher, have been assigned the place nearest to Shakspeare in the scale of superiority, he has scarcely ever been mentioned but as a writer of inferior merit. Although far from concurring in the opinion of Gifford, which would reduce Shakspeare to the level of his contemporaries, it appears to us that singular injustice has been done to this harmonious poet. Hazlitt, whose genius revelled in the more glowing conceptions of the Swan of Avon, has pronounced this harsh sentence on Massinger:—" Massinger makes an impression by hardness and repulsiveness of manner. In the intellectual processes which he delights to describe, 'reason panders will;' he fixes arbitrarily on some object which there is no motive to pursue, or every motive combined against it, and then, by screwing up his heroes and heroines to the deliberate and blind accomplishment of this, thinks to arrive at 'the true pathos and sublime of life.' That is not the way. He seldom touches the heart or kindles the fancy." Did Mr. Hazlitt forget the speech of Sforza before the Emperor in " The Duke of Milan," that noble picture of a good man buffetting with adversity; or the pathos of " The Fatal Dowry;" the fine character of Pisander in " The Bondman;" the interview between Don John Antonio, disguised as a slave, and his mistress, in " A Very Woman;" or those splendid conceptions, Luke and Sir Giles Overreach, in " The City Madam," and " A New Way to Pay Old Debts"? Our respect for Hazlitt, as a critic, is great; but we certainly cannot assent to his low estimate of Massinger. Schlegel, who bestows so much elaborate and philosophical criticism upon his contemporaries, dismisses the merits of this writer in a few lines, conspicuous neither for justice nor an intimate acquaintance with the writings he professes to criticize. The late Charles Lamb was one of the first to direct the public attention to the works of this and other of our neglected dramatists; and it has been admirably observed by a late writer in the " Quarterly Review," that Lamb's Essays and Gifford's editions have most powerfully contributed to disseminate a knowledge of the manly and vigorous writers of the

Elizabethan age. In the year 1786 an elegant essay on the dramatic writings of Massinger by Dr. Ferriar, appeared in the third volume of the "Manchester Transactions," and was afterwards, with permission of the author, reprinted by Gifford at the close of his introduction. In this pleasing performance the plays of Massinger are philosophically analysed; and the cause of the general neglect of our old dramatists is ingeniously attributed to their too frequent delineation of perishable manners.

In his closing notice of Massinger, Dr. Ireland feelingly observes, "It is truly surprising that the genius which produced these Plays should have obtained so little notice from the world;" and Hallam, the critic who next to Gifford displays the most profound knowledge of his writings, and the fullest appreciation of his genius, does not hesitate to place him as a tragic writer second only to Shakspeare, and in the lighter comedy scarcely inferior to Jonson. Any comparison of Massinger to Shakspeare would be invidious; but though second to that great writer in the vastness and variety of his conceptions, he may certainly take the lead of those who have hitherto been considered his superiors. His invention is as fertile, and his management of his plots as ingenious, as those of Beaumont and Fletcher; while the poetry of his language, the knowledge of human nature, and the fine development of the passions displayed in his Tragedies, can only be surpassed by the great master himself. By Ben Jonson he is excelled in the studied exactness and classical polish of his style; but in the freezing coldness of this writer he is deficient. The charm of his Plays consists in the versatility of his imagination, and the fine bursts of pathos which embellish his tender scenes. In his female characters he is particularly happy; and while proclaiming our veneration for Juliet, Desdemona, or Cordelia, we should not heedlessly overlook the graces of Dorothea*, Theocrine†, Matilda‡, Camiola§, and Pulcheria‖.

Massinger was the last of his tribe—*ultimus Romanorum*. With him expired the dramatic genius of this country. In the anarchy which followed the outbreak of the civil war, the stage was neglected, and the emasculated school of dramatic poetry, subsequently founded by Dryden and his followers, can never bear comparison with the productions of the vigorous intellects of the Elizabethan era. Since that period many unsuccessful attempts have been made to revive the drama; and though many have appeared bearing an outward resemblance to our old plays, yet that true dramatic essence, which can only flourish in a soil uncorrupted by ultra refinement, is evidently wanting.

* Virgin Martyr. † Unnatural Combat. ‡ Bashful Lover. § Maid of Honour. ‖ Emperor of the East

# INTRODUCTION.

Philip Massinger, the author of the following Plays, was born in the year 1584. Of his mother nothing is known; but his father was Arthur Massinger*, a gentleman attached to the family of Henry second Earl of Pembroke: "Many years," says the poet, to his descendant, Philip Earl of Montgomery, "my father spent in the service of your honourable house, and died a servant to it."

The writers of Massinger's life have thought it necessary to observe in this place, that the word servant carries with it no sense of degradation. This requires no proof: at a period when the great lords and officers of the court numbered inferior nobles among their followers, we may be confident that neither the name nor the situation was looked upon as humiliating. Many considerations united to render this state of dependance respectable, and even honourable. The secretaries, clerks, and assistants, of various departments, were not then, as now, nominated by the Government; but left to the choice of the person who held the employment; and as no particular dwelling was officially set apart for their residence, they were entertained in the house of their principal.

That communication, too, between noblemen of power and trust, both of a public and private nature, which is now committed to the post, was, in those days, managed by confidential servants, who were dispatched from one to the other, and even to the sovereign†: when to this we add the unbounded state and grandeur which the great men of Elizabeth's days assumed on a variety of occasions, we may form some idea of the nature of those services discharged by men of birth and fortune, and the manner in which such numbers of them were employed.

Massinger was born, as all the writers of his life agree, at Salisbury, probably at Wilton, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke, in whose family he appears to have been educated. When he reached his sixteenth year, he sustained an irreparable loss in the death of that worthy nobleman*, who, from attachment to the father, would, not improbably, have extended his powerful patronage to the young poet. He was succeeded in his titles and estates by his son William, the third Earl of Pembroke; one of the brightest characters that adorned the court of Elizabeth and James. "He was," says Wood, "not only a great favourer of learned and ingenious men, but was himself learned, and endowed to admiration with a poetical geny, as by those amorous and poetical aires and poems of his composition doth evidently appear; some of which had musical notes set to them by Hen. Lawes and Nich. Laneare." *Ath.* I. 546.

Massinger's father continued in the service of this nobleman till his death. It is not possible to ascertain the precise period at which this took place, but it was not later, perhaps, than 1606: in the interim he had bestowed, as Langbaine says, a liberal education on his son, and sent him to the University of Oxford, where he became a commoner of St. Alban's Hall (1602), in the eighteenth year of his age. Wood's account varies from this in several particulars. He says, he was entered at St. Alban's Hall in 1601, when he was in his seventeenth year, and supported there, not by his father, but the Earl of Pembroke. Antony had

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* *His father was* Arthur *Massinger.*] "I cannot guess," Davies says, "from what information Oldys, in his manuscript notes (to Langbaine), gives the Christian name of *Arthur* to Massinger's father, nor why he should reproach Wood for calling him Philip; since Massinger himself, in the Dedication of "The Bondman," to the Earl of Montgomery, says expressly that his father *Philip* Massinger lived and died in the service of the honourable house of Pembroke." *Life of Massinger* prefixed to the last edition.

This preliminary observation augurs but ill for the accuracy of what follows. Oldys, who was a very careful writer, *got his information* from the first edition of "The Bondman," 1623, which, it appears from this, Mr. Davies never saw. In the second edition, published many years after the first (1638), he is, indeed, called Philip; but that is not the only error in the Dedication, which, as well as the Play itself, is most carelessly printed.

† An instance of this occurs with respect to Massinger's father, who was thus employed to Elizabeth: "Mr. Massinger is newly come up from the Earl of Pembroke with letters to the Queen, for his lordship's leave to be away this St. George's day." *Sidney Letters*, Vol. II. p. 933. The bearer of letters to Elizabeth on an occasion which she perhaps thought important, could, as Davies justly observes, be no mean person: for no monarch ever exacted from the nobility in general, and the officers of state in particular, a more rigid and scrupulous compliance to stated order, than this princess.

* *Death of that worthy nobleman.*] This took place on the 19th of January, 1601. It is impossible to speak of him without mentioning, at the same time, that he was the husband of Sir Philip Sidney's sister, the all-accomplished lady for whom Jonson wrote the celebrated epitaph:

"Underneath this marble herse,
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

many opportunities for ascertaining these facts, if he had desired to avail himself of them, and therefore Davies inclines to his authority. The seeming difference, he adds, between the two periods respectively assigned for Massinger's matriculation, may be *easily reconciled*, for the year then began and ended according to that mode which took place before the alteration of the style. It is seldom safe to speak by guess, and Davies had no authority for his ingenious solution; which unfortunately will not apply in the present case. The memorandum of Massinger's entrance now lies before me, and proves Wood to be incorrect; it is dated May 14, 1602*. How he came to mistake in a matter where it required so little pains to be accurate, is difficult to say.

Langbaine and Wood agree in the time Massinger spent at Oxford, but differ as to the objects of his pursuit. The former observes, that during his residence there he applied himself closely to his studies; while the latter writes, that he "gave his mind more to poetry and romances for about four years or more, than to logic and philosophy, which *he ought to have done*, as he was patronized to that end." What ideas this tasteless but useful drudge had of logic and philosophy it may be vain to enquire; but, with respect to the first, Massinger's reasoning will not be found deficient either in method or effect; and it might easily be proved that he was no mean proficient in philosophy of the noblest kind: the truth is, that he must have applied himself to study with uncommon energy; for his literary acquisitions at this early period appear to be multifarious and extensive.

From the account of Wood, however, Davies concludes that the Earl of Pembroke was offended at this misapplication of his time to the superficial but alluring pursuits of poetry and romance, and therefore withdrew his support, which compelled the young man to quit the University without a degree; "for which," adds he, "attention to logic and philosophy was absolutely necessary; as the candidate for that honour must pass through an examination in both, before he can obtain it." *Dans le pays des aveugles*, says the proverb, *les borgnes sont rois*: and Davies, who apparently had not these valuable acquisitions, entertained probably a vast idea of their magnitude and importance. A shorter period, however, than four years, would be found amply sufficient to furnish even an ordinary mind with enough of school logic and philosophy, to pass the examination for a bachelor's degree; and I am, therefore, unwilling to believe that Massinger missed it on the score of incapacity in these notable arts.

However this may be, he certainly left the University abruptly; not, I apprehend, on account of the Earl of Pembroke withholding his assistance, for it does not appear that he ever afforded any, but of a much more calamitous event, the death of his father; from whom, I incline to think with Langbaine, his sole support was derived.

Why the Earl of Pembroke, the liberal friend and protector of literature in all its branches†, neglected a young man to whom his assistance was so necessary, and who, from the acknowledged services of his father, had so many and just claims on it; one, too, who would have done his patronage such singular honour, I have no means of ascertaining; that he was never indebted to it is, I fear, indisputable, since the poet, of whose character gratitude forms a striking part, while he recurs perpetually to his hereditary obligations to the Herbert family, anxiously avoids all mention of his name. I sometimes, indeed, imagine that I have discovered the cause of this alienation, but cannot flatter myself that it will be very generally or even partially allowed: not to keep the reader in suspense, I attribute it to the poet's having, during his residence at the University, exchanged the religion of his father, for one, at this time the object of persecution, hatred, and terror. A close and repeated perusal of Massinger's works has convinced me that he was a Catholic. "The Virgin-Martyr," "The Renegado," "The Maid of Honour," exhibit innumerable proofs of it; to say nothing of those casual intimations that are scattered over his remaining dramas: a consciousness of this might prevent him from applying to the Earl of Pembroke for assistance, or a knowledge of it might determine that nobleman to withhold his hand: for it is difficult to believe that his displeasure (if he really entertained any) could arise from Massinger's attachment to an art of which he and his brother* were universally considered as the patrons, and which, indeed, he himself cultivated, with assiduity at least, if not with success†.

However this be, the period of Massinger's misfortunes commenced with his arrival in London. His father had probably applied most of his property to the education of his son; and when the small remainder was exhausted, he was driven (as he more than once observes) by his necessities, and somewhat inclined, perhaps, by the peculiar bent of his talents, to dedicate himself to the service of the stage.

This expedient, though not the most prudent, nor, indeed, the most encouraging to a young adventurer, was not altogether hopeless. Men who will ever be considered as the pride and boast of their country, Shakspeare, Johnson, and Fletcher, were solely, or in a considerable degree, dependent on it: nor were there others wanting of an inferior rank, such as Rowley, Middleton, Field, Decker, Shirley, and Ford; writers to whom Massinger, without any impeachment of his modesty, might consider himself as fully equal, who subsisted on the emoluments derived from dramatic writing. There was

* In it he is styled the son of a gentleman: "Philip Massinger, *Sarisburiensis, generosi filius.*"

† To this nobleman (and his younger brother Philip) Heminge and Condell dedicated their edition of Shakspeare's Plays; to him, also, Jonson inscribed his Epigrams, "as the great example of honour and virtue," an idea on which he enlarged in one of his minor poems. It is evident that there was little cordiality between Jonson and our Author; the former could bear no rival near the throne:

——— *nunquam partitur amicum,*
*Solus habet:*

yet it would be unjust to accuse, or even to suspect him of doing Massinger an ill office with his father's friend, on no better grounds than his unhappy disposition.

* The first folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's Plays was dedicated, by the players, to the Earl of Montgomery.

† In 1660 was published a collection of "amorous and poetical airs and compositions," Wood tells us, "with this title: *Poems written by William Earl of Pembroke, &c., many of which are answered by way of repartee, by Sir Benj. Rudyard, with other Poems written by them occasionally and apart.*" Athen. Vol. I. p. 546.

also something to tempt the ambition, or, if it must be so, the vanity, of a young adventurer in this pursuit: literature was the sole means by which a person undistinguished by birth and fortune could, at this time, hope to acquire the familiarity, or secure the friendship, of the great; and of all its branches none was so favourably received, or so liberally encouraged, as that of the drama. Tilts and tournaments, the boisterous but magnificent entertainments of the court, together with pageantries and processions, the absurd and costly mummeries of the city, were rapidly giving way to more elegant and rational amusements, to revels, masks, and plays: nor were the latter merely encouraged by the presence of the nobility; the writers of them were adopted into the number of their acquaintance, and made at once the objects of their bounty and esteem. It is gratifying to observe how the names of Shakspeare, Jonson, &c., are come down to us in connection with the Sidneys, the Pembrokes, the Southamptons, and other great and splendid ornaments of the courts of Elizabeth and James.

Considerations of this or a similar kind may naturally be supposed to have had their weight with Massinger, as with so many others: but whatever was the motive, Wood informs us, that "being sufficiently famed for several specimens of wit, he betook himself to making plays." Of what description these specimens were, Antony does not say; he probably spoke without much examination into a subject for which he had little relish or solicitude; and, indeed, it seems more reasonable to conclude, from the peculiar nature of Massinger's talents, that the drama was his first and sole pursuit.

It must appear singular, after what has been observed, that with only one exception we should hear nothing of Massinger for the long period of sixteen years, that is, from his first appearance in London, 1606 to 1622, when his "Virgin Martyr," the first of his printed works, was given to the public. That his necessities would not admit of relaxation in his efforts for subsistence, is certain; and we have the testimony of a contemporary poet, as preserved by Langbaine, for the rapidity with which he usually composed:

"Ingenious Shakespeare, Massinger, that knows
The strength of plot, to write in verse and prose,
Whose easy Pegasus will amble o'er
Some threescore miles of fancy in a hour."

The best solution of the difficulty which occurs to me, is, that the poet's modesty, combined with the urgency of his wants, deterred him, at first, from attempting to write alone: and that he, therefore, lent his assistance to others of a more confirmed reputation, who could depend on a ready vent for their joint productions. When men labour for the demands of the day, it is imprudent to leave much to hazard; such certainly was the case with Massinger.

Sir Aston Cockayne, the affectionate friend and patron of our author, printed a collection of, what he is pleased to call, Poems, Epigrams, &c., in 1658. Among these, is one addressed to Humphrey Moseley, the publisher of Beaumont and Fletcher in folio:

"In the large book of plays you late did print
In Beaumont and in Fletcher's name, why in't
Did you not justice give; to each his due?
For Beaumont of those many writ but few:
*And Massinger in other few;* the main
Being sweet issues of sweet Fletcher's brain.
But how came I, you ask, so much to know?
Fletcher's chief bosom friend inform'd me so."

Davies, for what reason I cannot discover, seems inclined to dispute that part of the assertion which relates to Massinger: he calls it vague and hearsay evidence, and adds, with sufficient want of precision, "Sir Aston was well acquainted with Massinger, who would, in all probability, have communicated to his friend a circumstance so honourable to himself." There can be no doubt of it; and we may be confident that the information *did* come from him; but Mr. Davies mistakes the drift of Sir Aston's expostulation: the fact was notorious, that Beaumont and Massinger had written in conjunction with Fletcher; what he complains of is, that *the main*, the bulk of the book, should not be attributed to the latter, by whom it was undoubtedly composed. Beaumont died in 1615, and Fletcher produced in the interval between that year and the period of his own death (1625), between thirty and forty plays: it is not, therefore, unreasonable to suppose that he was assisted in *a few* of them by Massinger, as Sir Aston affirms: it happens, however, that the fact does not rest solely on his testimony; for we can produce a melancholy proof of it, from an authentic voucher, which the enquiries set on foot by the unwearied assiduity of Mr. Malone have occasioned to be dragged from the dust of Dulwich College:

"To our most loving friend, Mr. Philip Hinchlow, esquire, These,

"Mr. Hinchlow,

"You understand our unfortunate extremitie, and I doe not thincke you so void of Cristianitie but that you would throw so much money into the Thames as wee request now of you, rather than endanger so many innocent lives. You know there is *xl.* more at least to be receaved of you for the play. We desire you to lend us *vl.* of that; which shall be allowed to you, without which we cannot be bayled, nor *I play any more* till this be dispatch'd. It will lose you *xxl.* ere the end of the next weeke, besides the hinderance of the next new play. Pray, sir, consider our cases with humanity, and now give us cause to acknowledge you our true friend in time of neede. Wee have entreated Mr. Davison to deliver this note, as well to witness your love as our promises, and alwayes acknowledgement to be ever

"Your most thanckfull and loving friends,
"Nat Field."

"The money shall be abated out of the money remayns for *the play of Mr. Fletcher and ours.*
"Rob. Daborne*."

"I have ever found you a true loving friend to mee, and in soe small a suite, it beeinge honest, I hope you will not fail us.
"Philip Massinger."

* Robert Daborne is the author of two Plays, "The Christian Turned Turk," 4to, 1612, and "The Poor Man's Comfort," 4to, 1655. He was a gentleman of a liberal education, master of arts, and in holy orders. His humble fortunes appear to have improved after this period, for there is extant a sermon preached by him at Waterford in Ireland, 1618, where the authors of the "Biographia Dramatica" think it probable that he had a living.

"*Indorsed:*

"Received by mee Robert Davison, of Mr. Hinchlow, for the use of Mr. Daboerne, Mr. Feeld, Mr. Messenger, the sum of *vl.*

"Rob. Davison*."

This letter tripartite, which it is impossible to read without the most poignant regret at the distress of such men, fully establishes the partnership between Massinger and Fletcher, who must, indeed, have had considerable assistance to enable him to bring forward the numerous plays attributed to his name.

We can now account for a part of the time which Massinger spent in London before his appearance in print as a professed writer for the stage: but this is not all. Among the manuscript plays collected with such care by Mr. Warburton (Somerset Herald) and applied with such perseverance by his cook to the covering of his pies, were no less than twelve said to be written by Massinger†; and though it is now made probable that two of the number do not belong to him, yet scattered notices of others which assuredly do, prove that he was not inactive.

Four only of the plays named in Mr. Warburton's list occur in the Office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, which is continued up to the latest period of Massinger's life: it is, therefore, evident that they must have been written previous to its commencement; these, therefore, with "The Old Law," "The Virgin Martyr," "The Unnatural Combat," and "The Duke of Milan," which are also unnoticed in it, will sufficiently fill up the time till 1622.

There are no data to ascertain the respective periods at which these plays were produced. "The Virgin Martyr" is confidently mentioned by the former editors as the earliest of Massinger's works, probably because it was the first that appeared in print: but this drama, which they have considerably under-rated, in consequence, perhaps, of the dull ribaldry with which it is vitiated by Decker, evinces a style decidedly formed, a hand accustomed to composition, and a mind stored with the richest acquisitions of a long and successful study.

"The Old Law," which was not printed till many years after Massinger's death, is said to have been written by him in conjunction with Middleton and Rowley*. The latter of these is ranked by the author of "The Companion to the Play House," in the third class of dramatic writers; higher, it is impossible to place him: but the former was a man of considerable powers, who has lately been the object of much discussion, on account of the liberal use Shakspeare is supposed to have made of his recently discovered tragi-comedy of "The Witch‡."

It is said, by Steevens, that "The Old Law" was acted in 1559. If it be really so, Massinger's name must, in future, be erased from the title-page of that play, for he was, at that date, only in the fif-

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* *Additions to Malone's Historical Account of the English Stage*, p. 488.

† *No less than twelve*, &c.] Their titles, as given by Mr. Warburton, are—

*Minerva's Sacrifice.*
*The Forced Lady.*
*Antonio and Valia.*
*The Woman's Plot.*
*The Tyrant.*
*Philenzo and Hippolita.*
*The Judge.*
*Fast and Welcome.*
*Believe as you List.*
*The Honour of Women.*
*The Noble Choice.* And,
*The Parliament of Love.*

When it is added that, together with these, forty other manuscript plays of various authors were destroyed, it will readily be allowed that English literature has seldom sustained a greater loss than by the strange conduct of Mr. Warburton, who, becoming the master of treasures which ages may not re-produce, *lodges them*, as he says, *in the hands of an ignorant servant*, and when, after a lapse of years, he condescends to revisit his hoards, finds that they have been burnt from an economical wish to save him the charges of more valuable brown paper! It is time to bring on shore the book-hunting passenger‡ in Locher's "Navis Stultifera," and exchange him for one more suitable to the rest of the cargo.

Tardy, however, as Mr. Warburton was, it appears that he came in time to preserve three dramas from the general wreck:

*The Second Maid's Tragedy.*
*The Bugbears.* And,
*The Queen of Corsica.*

These, it is said, are now in the library of the Marquis of Lansdowne, where they will probably remain in safety, till moths, or damps, or fires, mingle their "forgotten dust" with that of their late companions.

When it is considered at how trifling an expense a manuscript play may be placed beyond the reach of accident, the withholding it from the press will be allowed to prove a strange indifference to the ancient literature of the country. The fact, however, seems to be, that these treasures are made subservient to the gratification of a spurious rage for notoriety; it is not that any benefit may accrue from them, either to the proprietors or others, that manuscripts are now hoarded, but that A or B may be celebrated for possessing what no other letter of the alphabet can hope to acquire. Nor is this all. The hateful passion of literary avarice (a compound of vanity and envy) is becoming epidemic, and branching out in every direction. It has many of the worst symptoms of that madness which once raged among the Dutch for the possession of tulips;—here, as well as in Holland, an artificial rarity is first created, and then made a plea for extortion or a ground for low-minded and selfish exultation. I speak not of works never intended for sale, and of which, therefore, the owner may print as few or as many as his feelings will allow; but of those which are ostensibly designed for the public, and which, notwithstanding, prove the editors to labour under this odious disease. Here an old manuscript is brought forward, and after a few copies are printed, the press is broken up, that there may be a pretence for selling them at a price which none but a collector can reach: there, explanatory plates are engraved for a work of general use, and, as soon as twenty or thirty impressions are taken off, destroyed with gratuitous malice (for it deserves no other name), that there may be a mad competition for the favoured copies! To conclude, for this is no pleasant subject, books are purchased now at extravagant rates; not because they are good, but because they are scarce; so that a fire, or an enterprising trunk-maker, that should take off nearly the whole of a worthless work, would instantly render the small remainder invaluable.

‡ *Spem quoque nec parvam collecta volumina præbent*
*Calleo nec verbum, nec libri sentio mentem,*
*Attamen in* MAGNO per me servantur HONORE.

* "The Parliament of Love" is entered on the stationers' books as the production of William Rowley. It is now known from infinitely better authority, the Official Register of the Master of the Revels, to be the composition of Massinger; indeed, the abilities of Rowley were altogether unequal to the execution of such a work, to the style and manner of which his acknowledged performances bear not the slightest resemblance.

† It would be unjust to mention this manuscript Play, without noticing, at the same time, the striking contrast which the conduct of its possessor, Mr. Isaac Reed, forms with that of those alluded to in the preceding note. "The Witch," from the circumstance mentioned above, was a literary curiosity of the most valuable kind; yet he printed it at his own expense, and, with a liberality that has found more admirers than imitators, gratuitously distributed the copies among his friends. It is thus placed out of the reach of accident.

teenth year of his age, and probably had not left the residence of his father. Steevens produces no authority for his assertion; but as he does not usually write at random, it is entitled to notice. In Act III. Scene 1, of that play, in which the clown consults the church-book on the age of his wife, the clerk reads and comments upon it thus:—"Agatha, the daughter of Pollux, born in an. 1540, and now 'tis 1599." The observation of Steevens is, probably, founded upon this passage (at least I am aware of no other), and it will not, perhaps, be easy to conjecture why the authors should fix upon this particular year, unless it really were the current one. It is to no purpose to object that the scene is laid in a distant country, and the period of action necessarily remote, for the dramatic writers of those days confounded all climes and all ages with a facility truly wonderful. On the whole, I am inclined to attribute the greater part of "The Old Law" to Middleton and Rowley: it has not many characteristic traits of Massinger, and the style, with the exception of a few places, which are pointed out by Dr. Ireland, is very unlike that of his acknowledged pieces.

It is by no means improbable that Massinger, an author in high repute, was employed by the actors to alter or to add a few scenes to a popular drama, and that his pretensions to this partnership of wit were thus recognized and established. A process like this was consonant to the manners of the age, when the players, who were usually the proprietors, exerted, and not unfrequently abused, the privilege of interlarding such pieces as were once in vogue, from time to time, with new matter*. Who will say that Shakspeare's claims to many dramas which formerly passed under his name, and probably with no intent, on the part of the publishers, to deceive, had not this or a similar foundation?

What has been said of "The Virgin Martyr," applies with equal, perhaps with greater force, to "The Unnatural Combat" and "The Duke of Milan," of which the style is easy, vigorous, and harmonious, bespeaking a confirmed habit of composition, and serving, with the rest, to prove that Massinger began to write for the stage at an earlier period than has been hitherto supposed.

Massinger appears for the first time in the office-book of the Master of the Revels, Dec. 3, 1623, on which day his play of "The Bondman" was brought forward. About this time, too, he printed "The Duke of Milan," with a short dedication to Lady Katherine Stanhope†; in which he speaks with great modesty of his course of studies, to which he insinuates (what he more than once repeats in his subsequent publications), misfortune rather than choice had determined him.

In 1624, he published "The Bondman," and dedicated it to Philip Earl of Montgomery, who being present at the first representation, had shown his discernment and good taste, by what the author calls *a liberal suffrage* in its favour. Philip was the second son of Henry Earl of Pembroke, the friend and patron of Massinger's father. At an early age he came to court, and was distinguished by the particular favour of James I., who conferred the honour of knighthood upon him; and, on his marriage* with Lady Susan Vere‡, daughter of Edward Earl of Oxford, and grand-daughter of William Lord Burleigh, gave him lands to a considerable amount, and soon afterwards created him a baron and an earl§.

* A very curious instance of this occurs in the Office-Book of Sir Henry Herbert;—"Received for the adding of a *new scene* to "The Virgin Martyr," this 7th of July, 1624, 10*s*." Such were the liberties taken with our old Plays! "The Virgin Martyr" had now been a twelvemonth before the public, being printed in 1622; the *new scene*, which was probably a piece of low buffoonery, does not appear in the subsequent editions, which are mere copies of the first; had that, however, not been committed to the press previous to these additions, we may be pretty confident that the whole would have come down to us as the joint production of Massinger and Decker.

‡ *Lady Catherine Stanhope;*] daughter of Francis Lord Hastings, and first wife of Philip Stanhope, Baron of Shelford, and afterwards (1628) Earl of Chesterfield, a nobleman of great honour and virtue. He opposed the high court measures, till he discovered that the parliament were violently usurping on the prerogatives of the other branches of the state; when, after an ineffectual struggle to bring them into constitutional limits, and preserve peace, he joined the arms of his royal master. Shelford, the seat from which he derived his title, was burnt in the conflict, two of his sons fell in battle, and he himself suffered a long and severe imprisonment; yet he preserved his loyalty and faith, and died as he had lived, unblemished.

* *On his marriage.*] There is an account of this marriage, in a letter from Sir Dudley Carlton to Mr. Winwood, which is preserved in the second volume of his *Memoires*, and which, as affording a very curious picture of the grossness that prevailed at the court of James I., may not be unworthy of insertion:—"On St. John's day, we had the marriage of Sir Philip Herbert and the Lady Susan performed at Whitehall, with all the honour could be done a great favourite. The court was great, and for that day put on the best braverie. The prince and Duke of Holst led the bride to church; the queen followed her from thence. The king gave her, and she, in her tresses and trinkets, brided and bridled it so handsomely, and indeed became herself so well, that the king said, if he were unmarried, he would not give her, but keep her himself. The marriage dinner was kept in the great chamber, where the prince and the Duke of Holst, and the great lords and ladies, accompanied the bride. The ambassador of Venice was the only bidden guest of strangers, and he had place above the Duke of Holst, which the duke took not well. But after dinner, he was as little pleased himself; for being brought into the closet to retire himself, he was then suffered to walk out, his supper unthought of. At night, there was a mask in the hall, which, for conceit and fashion, was suitable to the occasion. The actors were the Earl of Pembroke, the Lord Willoby, Sir Samuel Hays, Sir Thomas Germain, Sir Robert Cary, Sir John Lee, Sir Richard Preston, and Sir Thomas Bager. There was no small loss that night of chains and jewels, and many great ladies were made shorter by the skirts, and were very well served, that they could keep cut no better. The presents of plate and other things given by the noblemen were valued at 2,500*l*., but that which made it a good marriage, was a gift of the king's, of 500*l*. land, for the bride's joynture. They were lodged in the council chamber, where the king, in his shirt and night gown, gave them a *reveille-matin* before they were up, and spent a good time in or upon the bed, chuse which you will believe. No ceremony was omitted of bride-cakes, points, garters, and gloves, which have been ever since the livery of the court, and at night there was sewing into the sheet, casting off the bride's left hose, with many other petty sorceries†. Jan. 1605."

‡ *Lady Susan Vere,*] To this lady Jonson addressed the poem beginning,

"Were they that named you prophets? did they see
Even in the dew of grace, what you would be?
Or did our times require it, to behold
A new *Susanna* equal to that old?" &c. *Epig.* civ.

The *dew of grace* is an elegant and beautiful periphrasis for the baptismal sprinkling.

§ Davies, after noticing the favours heaped on him, as recorded by Lord Clarendon, petulantly adds, "But Clarendon,

† This was Sir Henry's fee; for this mean and rapacious overseer not only insisted on being paid for allowing a new play, but for every trifling addition which might subsequently be made to it.

† There is an allusion to one of these "petty sorceries" in the speech of Mirtilla, "Guardian," Act. III. Sc. 2.

This dedication, which is sensible, modest, and affecting, serves to prove that whatever might be the unfortunate circumstance which deprived the author of the patronage and protection of the elder branch of the Herberts, he did not imagine it to be of a disgraceful nature; or he would not, in the face of the public, have appealed to his connections with the family: at the same time, it is manifest that some cause of alienation existed, otherwise he would scarcely have overlooked so fair an opportunity of alluding to the characteristic generosity of the Earl of Pembroke, whom on this, as on every other occasion, he scrupulously forbears to name, or even to hint at.

This dedication, which was kindly received, led the way to a closer connection, and a certain degree of familiarity, for which, perhaps, the approbation so openly expressed of "The Bondman," might be designed by Montgomery as an overture; at a subsequent period*, Massinger styles the earl his "most singular good lord and patron," and speaks of the greatness of his obligations:

" ——————— mine being more
" Than they could owe, who since, or heretofore,
" Have labour'd with exalted lines to raise
" Brave piles, or rather pyramids of praise
" To Pembroke†, and his family."

What pecuniary advantages he derived from the present address, cannot be known; whatever they were, they did not preclude the necessity of writing for the stage, which he continued to do with great industry, seldom producing less than two new pieces annually. In 1629, his occasions, perhaps, again pressing upon him, he gave to the press "The Renegado" and "The Roman Actor," both of which had now been several years before the public. The first of these he inscribed to Lord Berkeley in a short address composed with taste and elegance. He speaks with some complacency of the merits of the piece, but trusts that he shall live "to render his humble thankfulness in some higher strain:" this confidence in his abilities, the pleasing concomitant of true genius, Massinger often felt and expressed. The latter play he presented to Sir Philip Knyvet and Sir Thomas Jeay*, with a desire, as he says, that the world might take notice of his being indebted to their support for power to compose the piece: he expatiates on their kindness in warm and energetic language, and accounts for addressing "the most perfect birth of his Minerva" to them, from their superior demands on his gratitude.

Little more than four years had elapsed since "The Bondman" was printed; in that period Massinger had written seven plays, all of which, it is probable, were favourably received: it therefore becomes a question, what were the emoluments derived from the stage which could thus leave a popular and successful writer to struggle with adversity.

There seem to have been two methods of disposing of a new piece; the first, and perhaps the most general, was to sell the copy to one of the theatres; the price cannot be exactly ascertained, but appears to have fluctuated between ten and twenty pounds, seldom falling short of the former, and still more seldom, I believe, exceeding the latter. In this case, the author could only print his play by permission of the proprietors, a favour which was sometimes granted to the necessities of a favourite writer, and to none, perhaps, more frequently than to Massinger. The other method was by offering it to the stage for the advantage of a benefit, which was commonly taken on the second or third night, and which seldom produced, there is reason to suppose, the net sum of twenty pounds. There yet remain the profits of publication: Mr. Malone, from whose "Historical Account of the English Stage" (one of the most instructive essays that ever appeared on the subject), many of these notices are taken, says, that, in the time of Shakspeare, the customary price was twenty nobles (6l. 13s. 4d.); if at a somewhat later period we fix it at thirty (10l.), we shall not, probably, be far from the truth. The usual dedication fee, which yet remains to be added, was forty shillings: where any connection subsisted betwen the parties, it was doubtless increased.

We may be pretty confident, therefore, that Massinger seldom, if ever, received for his most strenuous and fortunate exertions more than fifty pounds a-year; this, indeed, if regularly enjoyed, would be sufficient, with decent enconomy, to have preserved him from absolute want: but nothing is better known than the precarious nature of dramatic writing. Some of his pieces might fail of success (indeed, we are assured that they actually did so),

perhaps, did not know the real cause of Lord Herbert's advancement. The behaviour of the Scots on James's accession to the throne of England was generally obnoxious and much resented. At a meeting of English and Scotch at a horse race near Croydon, a sudden quarrel arose between them, occasioned by a Mr. Ramsey's striking Philip Lord Herbert in the face with a switch. The English would have made it a national quarrel, and Mr. John Pinchbeck rode about the field with a dagger in his hand, crying, *Let us break our fast with them here, and dine with them in London.* But Herbert not resenting it, the king was so charmed with his peaceable disposition, that he made him a knight, a baron, a viscount, and an earl, in one day." *Life of Massinger*, p. liii. This is taken from Osborne, one of those gossipping talemongers in which the times of James so greatly abounded, and who, with Weldon, Wilson, Peyton, Sanderson, and others, contributed to propagate an infinite number of scandalous stories, which should have been left *sub lodice*, where most of them perhaps had birth What reliance may be placed on them, in general, is sufficiently apparent from the assertion of Osborne. The fact is, that Herbert had long been a knight, and was never a viscount. He was married in the beginning of 1605 (he was then Sir Philip), and created Baron Herbert of Shurland in the Isle of Sheppy, and Earl of Montgomery, June 4th, in the same year: and so far were these titles from being the reward of what Osborne calls his cowardice at Croydon, that they were all conferred on him two years before that event took place. Osborne himself allows that if Montgomery had not, by his forbearance, "stanched the blood then ready to be spilt, not only that day, but all after, must have proved fatal to the Scots, so long as any had staid in England, the royal family excepted, which, in respect to majesty, or their own safety, they must have spared, or the kingdom been left to the misery of seeing so much blood laid out as the trial of so many crabbed titles would have required." The prevention of these horrors might, in some minds, have raised feelings favourable to the temperance of the young earl; but Osborne, whose object and whose office was calumny, contrives to convert it into a new accusation: "they could not be these considerations," he says, "that restrained Herbert, who wanted leisure, no less than capacity, to use them, though laid in his way by others!"
*Memoirs of King James.*

* On the loss of his eldest son, who died of the small-pox at Florence, Jan. 1635.

† Montgomery had now succeeded to the title and estates of his elder brother, who deceased April 10, 1630

* Sir Thomas Jeay was himself a poet: several commendatory copies of verses by him are prefixed to Massinger's Plays. He calls the author his worthy friend, and gives many proofs that his esteem was founded on judgment, and his kindness candid and sincere

others might experience a "thin third day;" and a variety of circumstances, not difficult to enumerate, contribute to diminish the petty sum which we have ventured to state as the maximum of the poet's revenue. Nor could the benefit which he derived from the press be very extensive, as of the seventeen dramas which make up his printed works (exclusive of the "Parliament of Love," which now appears for the first time), only twelve were published during his life, and of these, two ("The Virgin-Martyr" and "The Fatal Dowry") were not wholly his own.

In 1630 he printed "The Picture," which had appeared on the stage the preceding year. This play was warmly supported by many of the "noble Society of the Inner Temple," to whom it is addressed. These gentlemen were so sensible of the extraordinary merits of this admirable performance, that they gave the author leave to particularize their names at the head of the dedication, an honour which he declined, because, as he modestly observes, and evidently with an allusion to some of his contemporaries, he "had rather enjoy the real proofs of their friendship, than, mountebank-like, boast their numbers in a catalogue."

In 1631 Massinger appears to have been unusually industrious, for he brought forward three pieces in little more than as many months. Two of these, "Believe as you List," and "The Unfortunate Piety," are lost; the third is "The Emperor of the East," which was published in the following year, and inscribed to Lord Mohun, who was so much pleased with the perusal of the author's printed works, that he commissioned his nephew, Sir Aston Cockayne*, to express his high opinion of them, and to present the writer "with a token of his love and intended favour."

"The Fatal Dowry" was printed in 1632. I once supposed this to be the play which is mentioned above by the name of "The Unfortunate Piety," as it does not appear under its present title in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert; but I now believe it to have been written previously to 1623. His coadjutor in this play was Nathaniel Field, of whom I can give the reader but little account. His name stands at the head of the principal comedians who performed "Cynthia's Revels," and he is joined with Heminge, Condell, Burbadge, and others, in the preface to the folio edition of Shakspeare. He was also the author of two comedies, "A Woman is a Weathercock," 1612, and "Amends for Ladies," 1618. Mr. Reed, however, conjectures the writer of these plays, the assistant of Massinger in "The Fatal Dowry," to be a distinct person from the actor above mentioned, and "a Nath. Field, M. A., Fellow of New Coll., who wrote some Latin verses printed in *Oxon. Academiæ Parentalia*, 1625, and who, being of the same university with Massinger, might there join with him in the composition of the play ascribed to them*." It is seldom safe to differ from Mr. Reed on subjects of this nature, yet I still incline to think that Field the actor was the person meant. There is no authority for supposing that Massinger wrote plays at college; and if there were it is not likely that "The Fatal Dowry" should be one of them. But Mr. Reed's chief reason for his assertion is, that no contemporary author speaks of Field as a writer: this argument, in the refutation of which I can claim no merit, is now completely disproved by the discovery of the letter to Mr. Henslowe. Mr. Malone, too, thinks that the person who wrote the two comedies here mentioned, and assisted Massinger, could not be Field the actor, since the first of them was printed in 1612, at which time he must have been a youth, having performed as one of the children of the revels in Jonson's "Silent Woman," 1609†. I know not to what age these children were confined, but Barkstead, who was one of them, and who, from his situation in the list, was probably younger than Field, published, in 1611, a poem called "Hiren (Irene) the Fair Greek," consisting of 114 stanzas, which is yet earlier than the date of "Woman's a Weathercock."

Mr. Malone conjectures that the affecting letter (p. xv.) was written between 1612 and 1615: if we take the latest period, Field will be then not far from his twenty-eighth year, a period sufficiently advanced for the production of any work of fancy. I have sometimes felt a pang at imagining that the play on which they were then engaged, and for which they solicit a trifling advance in such moving terms, was "The Fatal Dowry," one of the noblest compositions that ever graced the English stage! Even though it should not be so, it is yet impossible to be unaffected, when we consider that those who actually did produce it were in danger of perishing in gaol for want of a loan of five pounds!

In the following year, Massinger brought forward "The City Madam." As this play was undoubtedly disposed of to the performers, it remained in manuscript till the distress brought on the stage by the persecution of the Puritans, induced them to commit it to the press. The person to whom we are indebted for its appearance was Andrew Pennycuicke, an actor of some note. In the dedication to the Countess of Oxford‡, he observes, with a spirited reference to the restrictions then laid on the drama, "In that age, when *wit and learning were not conquered by injury and violence*, this poem was the object of love and commendations:" he then adds, "the encouragement I had to prefer this dedication to your powerful protection, proceeds from the universal fame of the deceased author§, who (although

* This is the only place in which Massinger makes any mention of Sir Aston, who was not less delighted with "The Emperor of the East" than his uncle, and who, in a copy of verses which he prefixed to it, calls Massinger his *worthy friend*. It is to the praise of Sir Aston Cockayne, that he not only maintained his esteem and admiration of Massinger during the poet's life, but preserved an affectionate regard for his memory, of which his writings furnish many proofs. He was, as I have supposed Massinger to be, a Catholic, and suffered much for his religion. I will not take upon myself to say that this community of faith strengthened their mutual attachment, though I do not think it altogether improbable.

* Old Plays, Vol. XII., p. 350.

† It had probably escaped Mr. Malone's observation, that Field appears as the principal performer in "Cynthia's Revels," acted in 1599 or 1600. He could not then have well been less than twelve years old, and, at the time mentioned by Mr. Malone, as too early for the production of his first play, must have been turned of one and twenty.

‡ *Countess of Oxford*, &c.] Ann, first wife of Aubrey de Vere, twentieth and last Earl of Oxford. She was a distant relation of the Pembroke family.

§ *The deceased author*,] "The City Madam" was printed in 1659. This sufficiently proves the absurdity of the account given by Langbaine, Jacob, Whincop, and Cibber, who concur in placing his death in 1669, and who, certainly, never perused his works with any attention: nor is

he composed many) wrote none amiss, and this may justly be ranked among his best." Pennycuicke might have gone further; but this little address is sufficient to show in what estimation the poet was held by his "fellows." He had now been dead nineteen years.

About this time too (1632), Massinger printed "The Maid of Honour," with a dedication to Sir Francis Foljambe*, and Sir Thomas Bland, which cannot be read without sorrow. He observes, that these gentlemen, who appear to have been engaged in an amicable suit at law, had continued for many years the patrons of him and his despised studies, and he calls upon the world to take notice, as from himself, that he *had not to that time subsisted*, but that he was supported by their frequent courtesies and favours.

It is not improbable, however, that he was now labouring under the pressure of more than usual want; as the failure of two of his plays had damped his spirits, and materially checked the prosecution of his dramatic studies. No account of the unsuccessful pieces is come down to us; their names do not occur in the Office-book of Sir H. Herbert, nor should we have known the circumstance, had not the author, with a modesty which shames some of his contemporaries, and a deference to the judgment of the public, which becomes all who write for it, recorded the fact in the prologue to "The Guardian." To this, probably, we owe the publication of "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," which was now first printed with a sensible and manly address to the Earl of Caernarvon, who had married Lady Sophia Herbert, the sister of his patron, Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery. "I was born," he says, "a devoted servant to the thrice noble family of your incomparable lady, and am most ambitious, but with a becoming distance, to be known to your lordship." All Massinger's patrons appear to be persons of worth and eminence. Philip had not, at this time, tarnished the name of Pembroke by ingratitude, and the Earl of Caernarvon was a man of unimpeachable honour and integrity. He followed the declining fortunes of his royal master, and fell at Newbury, where he commanded the cavalry, after defeating that part of the parliamentary army to which he was opposed. In his last moments, says Fuller, as he lay on the field, a nobleman of the royal party desired to know if he had any request to make to the king, to whom he was deservedly dear, comforting him with the assurance that it would be readily granted. His reply was such as became a brave and conscientious soldier: I will not die with a suit in my mouth, but to the king of kings!

Flattered by the success of "The Guardian," which was licensed on the 31st of October, 1633, Massinger exerted himself with unusual energy, and produced three plays before the expiration of the following year. One of them, the delightful comedy of "A Very Woman," is come down to us; of the others, nothing is known but the names, which are registered by the Master of the Revels. In 1635, it does not appear that he brought any thing forward: but in 1636, he wrote "The Bashful Lover," and printed "The Great Duke of Florence," which had now been many years on the stage, with a dedication to Sir Robert Wiseman, of Thorrells Hall, in Essex. In this, which is merely expressive of his gratitude for a long continuation of kindness, he acknowledges, "and with a zealous thankfulness, that, for many years, he had but faintly subsisted, if he had not often tasted of his bounty." In this precarious state of dependance passed the life of a man who is charged with no want of industry, suspected of no extravagance, and whose works were, at that very period, the boast and delight of the stage!

"The Bashful Lover" is the latest play of Massinger's writing which we possess, but there were three others posterior to it, of which the last, "The Anchoress of Pausilippo, was acted Jan. 26, 1640, about six weeks before his death. Previous to this, he sent to the press one of his early plays, "The Unnatural Combat," which he inscribed to Anthony Sentleger (whose father, Sir Wareham, had been his particular admirer), being, as he says, ambitious to publish his many favours to the world. It is pleasant to find the author, at the close of his blameless life, avowing, as he here does, with an amiable modesty, that the noble and eminent persons to whom his former works were dedicated, did not think themselves disparaged by being "celebrated as the patrons of his humble studies, in the first file of which," he contines "I *am confident* you shall have no cause to blush to find your name written."

Massinger died on the 17th of March, 1640. He went to bed in good health, says Langbaine, and was found dead in the morning in his own house on the Bankside. He was buried in the churchyard of St. Saviour's, and the comedians paid the last sad duty to his name, by attending him to the grave.

It does not appear, from the strictest search, that a stone, or inscription of any kind, marked the place where his dust was deposited: even the memorial of his mortality is given with a pathetic brevity, which accords but too well with the obscure and humble passages of his life: "March 20, 1639-40. buried Philip Massinger, A STRANGER!" No flowers were flung into his grave, no elegies "soothed his hovering spirit," and of all the admirers of his talents and his worth, none but Sir Aston Cockayne, dedicated a line to his memory. It would be an abuse of language to honour any composition of Sir Aston with the name of poetry, but the steadiness of his regard for Massinger may be justly praised. In that collection of doggrel rhymes, which I have already mentioned, (p. xv.) there is "an epitaph on Mr. John Fletcher, and Mr. Philip Massinger, who lie both buried in one grave in St. Mary Overy's church, in Southwark:

"In the same grave was Fletcher buried, here
Lies the stage-poet Philip Massinger;
Plays they did write together, were great friends,
And now one grave includes them in their ends.
To whom on earth nothing could part, beneath
Here in their fame they lie, in spight of death."

It is surely somewhat singular that of a man of such eminence, nothing should be known. What I have presumed to give, is merely the history of the

that of Chetwood more rational, who asserts that he died in 1659, since his epitaph is printed among the poems of Sir Aston Cockayne, which were published in 1658, and written much earlier. It is, therefore, worse than a waste of time to repeat from book to book such palpable errors.

* *Sir Francis Foljambe*, &c.] I suspect that Sir Francis was also a Catholic. From the brief account of this ancient family which is given in Lodge's "Illustrations," they appear to have suffered severely on account of their religion, to which they were zealously attached.

successive appearance of his works; and I am aware of no source from whence any additional information can be derived: no anecdotes are recorded of him by his contemporaries, few casual mentions of his name occur in the writings of the time, and he had not the good fortune which attended many of less eminence, to attract attention at the revival of dramatic literature from the deathlike torpor of the Interregnum*. But though we are ignorant of every circumstance respecting Massinger, but that he lived and died†, we may yet form to ourselves some idea of his personal character from the incidental hints scattered through his works. In what light he was regarded may be collected from the recommendatory poems prefixed to his several plays, in which the language of his panegyrists, though warm, expresses an attachment apparently derived not so much from his talents as his virtues; he is, as Davies has observed, their *beloved, much-esteemed, dear, worthy, deserving, honoured, long known, and long loved friend*, &c., &c. All the writers of his life unite in representing him as a man of singular modesty, gentleness, candour, and affability; nor does it appear that he ever made or found an enemy. He speaks, indeed, of opponents on the stage, but the contention of rival candidates for popular favour must not be confounded with personal hostility. With all this, however, he appears to have maintained a constant struggle with adversity; since not only the stage, from which, perhaps, his natural reserve prevented him from deriving the usual advantages, but even the bounty of his particular friends, on which he chiefly relied, left him in a state of absolute dependance. Jonson, Fletcher, Shirley, and others, not superior to him in abilities, had their periods of good fortune, their bright, as well as their stormy hours; but Massinger seems to have enjoyed no gleam of sunshine; his life was all one wintry day, and "shadows, clouds, and darkness," rested upon it.

Davies finds a servility in his dedications which I have not been able to discover; they are principally characterized by gratitude and humility, without a single trait of that gross and servile adulation which distinguishes and disgraces the addresses of some of his contemporaries. That he did not conceal his misery, his editors appear inclined to reckon among his faults; he bore it, however, without impatience, and we only hear of it when it is relieved. Poverty made him no flatterer, and, what is still more rare, no maligner of the great; nor is one symptom of envy manifested in any part of his compositions.

His principles of patriotism appear irreprehensible; the extravagant and slavish doctrines which are found in the dramas of his great contemporaries, make no part of his creed, in which the warmest loyalty is skilfully combined with just and rational ideas of political freedom. Nor is this the only instance in which the rectitude of his mind is apparent; the writers of his day abound in recommendations of suicide; he is uniform in the reprehension of it, with a single exception, to which, perhaps, he was led by the peculiar turn of his studies*. Guilt of every kind is usually left to the punishment of divine justice: even the wretched Malefort excuses himself to his son on his supernatural appearance, because the latter was *not marked out by heaven* for his mother's avenger; and the young, the brave, the pious Charalois accounts his death fallen upon him by the will of heaven, because "*he made himself a judge in his own cause.*"

But the great, the glorious distinction of Massinger, is the uniform respect with which he treats religion and its ministers, in an age when it was found necessary to add regulation to regulation, to stop the growth of impiety on the stage. No priests are introduced by him, "to set on some quantity of barren spectators" to laugh at their licentious follies; the sacred name is not lightly invoked, nor daringly sported with; nor is Scripture profaned by buffoon allusions lavishly put into the mouths of fools and women.

To this brief and desultory delineation of his mind, it may be expected that something should here be added of his talents for dramatic composition; but this is happily rendered unnecessary. The kindness of Dr. Ferriar has allowed me to annex to this introduction the elegant and ingenious "Essay on Massinger," first printed in the third volume of the "Manchester Transactions;" and I shall presently have to notice, in a more particular manner, the value of the assistance which has been expressly given to me for this work. These, if I do not deceive myself, leave little or nothing to be desired on the peculiar qualities, the excellencies, and defects, of this much neglected and much injured writer.

Mr. M. Mason has remarked the general harmony of his numbers, in which, indeed, Massinger stands unrivalled. He seems, however, inclined to make a partial exception in favour of Shakspeare; but I cannot admit of its propriety. The claims of this great poet on the admiration of mankind are innumerable, but rhythmical modulation is not one of them, nor do I think it either wise or just to hold him forth as supereminent in every quality which constitutes genius. Beaumont is as sublime, Fletcher as pathetic, and Jonson as nervous:—nor let it be accounted poor or niggard praise, to allow him only an equality with these extraordinary men in their peculiar excellencies, while he is admitted to possess many others, to which they make no approaches. Indeed, if I were asked for the discriminating quality of Shakspeare's mind, that by which he is raised above all competition, above all prospect of rivalry, I should say it was WIT. To wit Massinger has no pretensions, though he is not without a considerable portion of humour; in which, however, he is surpassed by Fletcher, whose style bears some affinity to his own; there is, indeed, a morbid softness in the poetry of the latter, which is not visible in the flowing and vigorous metre of Massinger, but the general manner is not unlike†.

* One exception we shall hereafter mention. Even in this the poet's ill fate pursued him, and he was flung back into obscurity, that his spoils might be worn without detection.

† It is seriously to be lamented that Sir Aston Cockyane, instead of wasting his leisure in measuring out dull prose which cannot be read, had not employed a part of it in furnishing some notices of the dramatic poets, with whom he was so well acquainted, and whom he professes so much to admire.

* See "The Duke of Milan." The frequent violation of female chastity, which took place on their ruption of the barbarians into Italy, gave rise to many curious disquisitions among the fathers of the church, respecting the degree of guilt incurred in preventing it by self-murder. Massinger had these, probably, in his thoughts.

† There is yet a peculiarity which it may be proper to notice, as it contributes in a slight degree to the fluency of

With Massinger terminated the triumph of dramatic poetry; indeed, the stage itself survived him but a short time. The nation was convulsed to its centre by contending factions, and a set of austere and gloomy fanatics, enemies to every elegant amusement, and every social relaxation, rose upon the ruins of the state. Exasperated by the ridicule with which they had long been covered by the stage, they persecuted the actors with unrelenting severity, and consigned them, together with the writers, to hopeless obscurity and wretchedness. Taylor died in the extreme of poverty, Shirley opened a little school, and Lowin, the boast of the stage, kept an alehouse at Brentford:

*Balneolum Gabiis, furnos conducere Romæ*
*Tentarunt!*——

Others, and those the far greater number, joined the royal standard, and exerted themselves with more gallantry than good fortune in the service of their old and indulgent master.

We have not yet, perhaps, fully estimated, and certainly not yet fully recovered, what was lost in that unfortunate struggle. The arts were rapidly advancing to perfection under the fostering wing of a monarch who united in himself taste to feel, spirit to undertake, and munificence to reward. Architecture, painting, and poetry, were by turns the objects of his paternal care. Shakspeare was his "closet companion,*" Jonson his poet, and in conjunction with Inigo Jones, his favoured architect, produced those magnificent entertainments which, though modern refinement may affect to despise them, modern splendour never reached even in thought*.

That the tyranny of the commonwealth should sweep all this away, was to be expected: the circumstance not less to be wondered at than regretted is, that when the revival of monarchy afforded an opportunity for restoring every thing to its pristine place, no advantage should be taken of it. Such, however, was the horror created in the general mind, by the perverse and unsocial government from which they had so fortunately escaped, that the people appear to have anxiously avoided all retrospect; and with Prynne and Vicars, to have lost sight of Shakspeare and "his fellows." Instead, therefore, of taking up dramatic poetry (for to this my subject confines me) where it abruptly ceased in the labours of Massinger, they elicited, as it were, a manner of their own, or fetched it from the heavy monotony of their continental neighbours. The ease, the elegance, the simplicity, the copiousness of the former period, were as if they had never been; and jangling and blustering declamation took place of nature, truth, and sense. Even criticism, which, in the former reign, had been making no inconsiderable progress under the influence and direction of the great masters of Italy, was now diverted into a new channel, and only studied in the puny and jejune canons of their unworthy followers, the French.

The Restoration did little for Massinger; this, however, will the less surprise us, when we find that he but shared the fortune of a greater name. It appears from a list of revived plays preserved by Downes the prompter, that of twenty-one, two only† were written by Shakspeare! "The Bondman," and "The Roman Actor," were at length brought forward by Betterton, who probably conceived them to be favourable to his fine powers of declamation. We are told by Downes, that he gained "great applause" in them: his success, however, did not incite him to the revival of the rest, though he might have found among the number ample scope for the display of his highest talents. I can find but two more of Massinger's plays which were acted in the period immediately following the Restoration, "The Virgin-Martyr," and "The Renegado:" I have, indeed, some idea that "The Old Law" should be added to the scanty list; but having mislaid my memorandums, I cannot affirm it.

The time, however, arrived, when he was to be remembered. Nicholas Rowe, a man gifted by nature with taste and feeling, disgusted at the tumid vapidity of his own times, turned his attention to the poets of a former age, and, among the rest, to

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Massinger's style; it is, the resolution of his words (and principally of those which are derived from the Latin through the medium of the French) into their component syllables. *Virtuous, partial, nation,* &c., &c., he usually makes dactyls (if it be not pedantic to apply terms of measure to a language acquainted only with accent), passing over the last two syllables with a gentle but distinct enunciation. This practice, indeed, is occasionally adopted by all the writers of his time, but in Massinger it is frequent and habitual. This singularity may slightly embarrass the reader at first, but a little acquaintance will show its advantages, and render it not only easy but delightful.

* *His "Closet Companion,"*] Milton, and certainly with no symptoms of disapprobation, mentions, as a fact universally known, the fondness of the unfortunate Charles for the plays of Shakspeare; and it appears, from those curious particulars collected from Sir Henry Herbert, by Mr. Malone, that his attachment to the drama, and his anxiety for its perfection, began with his reign. The plot of "The Gamester," one of the best of Shirley's pieces, was given to him by the king; and there is an anecdote recorded by the Master of the Revels, which shows that he was not inattentive to the success of Massinger.

"At Greenwich this 4 of June (1638), Mr. W. Murray gave mee power from the king to allow of "The King and the Subject," and tould mee that he would warrant it:

"'Monies! We'll raise supplies what way we please,
And force you to subscribe to blanks, in which
We'll mulct you as we shall think fit. The Cæsars
In Rome were wise, acknowledging no laws
But what their swords did ratify, the wives
And daughters of the senators bowing to
Their will, as deities,'" &c.

"This is a peece taken out of Philip Messenger's play called 'The King and the Subject,' and entered here for ever to bee remembered by my son and those that cast their eyes on it, in honour of King Charles, my master, who readinge over the play at Newmarket, set his marke upon the place with his own hande, and in these words:—'*This is too insolent, and to bee changed.*'

"Note, that the poet makes it the speech of a king, Don Pedro of Spayne, and spoken to his subjects."

* That the exhibition of those masks was attended with a considerable degree of expense cannot be denied: and yet a question may be modestly started, whether a thousand pounds might not have been as rationally and as creditably laid out on one of them at Tibbald's, Althorpe, or Ludlow Castle, as on a basket of unripe fruit!

But we are fallen indeed! The festival of the knights of the Bath presented an opportunity for a mask appropriate to the subject, in which taste should have united with grandeur. Whose talents were employed on the great occasion I cannot pretend to say, but assuredly the frequenters of Bartholomew fair were never invited to so vile and senseless an exhibition, as was produced at Ranelagh for the entertainment of the nobility and gentry of the united kingdom.

† *Two only*] And of these two, one was "Titus Andronicus!"

Massinger. Pleased at the discovery of a mind congenial to his own, he studied him with attention, and endeavoured to form a style on his model. Suavity, ease, elegance, all that close application and sedulous imitation could give, Rowe acquired from the perusal of Massinger: humour, richness, vigour, and sublimity, the gifts of nature, were not to be caught, and do not, indeed, appear in any of his multifarious compositions.

Rowe, however, had discrimination and judgment: he was alive to the great and striking excellencies of the Poet, and formed the resolution of presenting him to the world in a correct and uniform edition. It is told in the preface to "The Bondman" (printed in 1719), and there is no reason to doubt the veracity of the affirmation, that Rowe had revised the whole of Massinger's works, with a view to their publication: unfortunately, however, he was seduced from his purpose by the merits of "The Fatal Dowry." The pathetic and interesting scenes of this domestic drama have such irresistible power over the best feelings of the reader, that he determined to avail himself of their excellence, and frame a second tragedy on the same story. How he altered and adapted the events to his own conceptions is told by Mr. Cumberland, with equal elegance and taste, in the Essay which follows the original piece*."

Pleased with the success of his performance†, Rowe conceived the ungenerous idea of appropriating the whole of its merits; and, from that instant, appears not only to have given up all thoughts of Massinger, but to have avoided all mention of his name. In the base and servile dedication of his tragedy to the Duchess of Ormond, while he founds his claim to her patronage on the interesting nature of the scenes, he suffers not a hint to escape him that he was indebted for them to any preceding writer.

It may seem strange that Rowe should flatter himself with the hope of evading detection: that hope, however, was not so extravagant as it may appear at present. Few of our old dramas were then on sale: Those of Shakspeare, Jonson, and Fletcher, indeed, had been collected; depredations on them, therefore, though frequently made, were attended with some degree of hazard; but the works of Massinger, few of which had reached a second edition, lay scattered in single plays, and might be appropriated without fear. What printed copies or manuscripts were extant, were chiefly to be found in private libraries, not easily accessible, nor often brought to sale; and it is not, perhaps, too much to say that more old plays may now be found in the hands of a single bookseller, than, in the days of Rowe, were supposed to be in existence.

"The Fair Penitent" was produced in 1703, and the Author, having abandoned his first design, undertook to prepare for the press the works of a poet more worthy, it must be confessed, of his care, but not in equal want of his assistance; and, in 1709, gave the public the first octavo edition of Shakspeare.

What might have been the present rank of Massinger, if Rowe had completed his purpose, it would be presumptuous to determine: it may, however, be conjectured that, reprinted with accuracy, corrected with judgment, and illustrated with ingenuity, he would, at least, have been more generally known*, and suffered to occupy a station of greater respectability than he has hitherto been permitted to assume.

Massinger, thus plundered and abandoned by Rowe, was, after a considerable lapse of time, taken up by Thomas Coxeter, of whom I know nothing more than is delivered by Mr. Egerton Brydges, in his useful and ingenious additions to the "Thea-

* A few words may yet be hazarded on this subject. The moral of "The Fatal Dowry" is infinitely superior to that of "The Fair Penitent," which indeed, is little better than a specious apology for adultery, Rowe has lavished the most seducing colours of his eloquence on Lothario, and acted, throughout the piece, as if he studied to frame an excuse for Calista: whereas Massinger has placed the crime of Beaumelle in an odious and proper light. Beaumelle can have no followers in her guilt:—no frail one can urge that she was misled by her example: for Novall has nothing but personal charms, and even in these he is surpassed by Charalois. For the unhappy husband of Calista, Rowe evinces no consideration, where Massinger has rendered Charalois the most interesting character that was ever produced on the stage.

Beaumelle, who falls a sacrifice, in some measure, to the artifices of her maid, the profligate agent of young Novall, is much superior to Calista. Indeed, the impression which she made on Rowe was so strong, that he named his tragedy after her, and not after the heroine of his own piece: Beaumelle is truly the Fair Penitent, whereas Calista is neither more nor less than a haughty and abandoned strumpet.

† *The success of his performance,*] This was somewhat problematical at first. For though "The Fair Penitent" be now a general favourite with the town, it experienced considerable opposition on its appearance, owing, as Downes informs us, "to the flatness of the fourth and fifth acts." The poverty of Rowe's genius is principally apparent in the last; of which the plot and the execution are equally contemptible.

* *More generally known,*] It does not appear from Johnson's observations on "The Fair Penitent," that he had any knowledge of Massinger; Steevens, I have some reason to think, took him up late in life; and Mr. Malone observes to me, that he only consulted him for verbal illustrations of Shakspeare. This is merely a subject for regret; but we may be allowed to complain a little of those who discuss his merits without examining his works, and traduce his character on their own misconceptions. Capell, whose dull fidelity forms the sole claim on our kindness, becomes both inaccurate and unjust the instant he speaks of Massinger; he accuses him of being one of the props of Jonson's throne, in opposition to the pretensions of Shakspeare†! The reverse of this is the truth: he was the admirer and imitator of Shakspeare, and it is scarcely possible to look into one of his prologues, without discovering some allusion, more or less concealed, to the overwhelming pride and arrogance of Jonson. This disinclination to the latter was no secret to his contemporaries, while his partiality to the former was so notorious, that in a mock romance, entitled "Wit and Fancy in a Maze, or Don Zara del Fogo," 12mo, 1656 (the knowledge of which was obligingly communicated to me by the Rev. W. Todd), where an uproar amongst the English poets is described, Massinger is expressly introduced as "one of the life guards to Shakspeare." So much for the sneer of Capell!—but Massinger's ill fate still pursues him. In a late Essay on the stage, written with considerable ingenuity, the author, in giving a chronological history of dramatic writers from Sackville downwards, overlooks Massinger till he arrives at our own times. He then recollects that he was one of the fathers of the drama; and adds, that "his style was *rough*, manly, and vigorous, that he pressed upon his subject with a *severe* but masterly hand, that his *wit* was *caustic*," &c. If this gentleman had ever looked into the poet he thus characterises, he must have instantly recognized his error. Massinger has no *wit*, and his humour, in which he abounds, is of a light and frolic nature; he presses not on his subject with *severity*, but with fulness of knowledge; and his style is so far from *roughness*, that its characteristic excellence is a sweetness beyond example. "Whoever," says Johnson, "wishes to attain an English style familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." Whoever would add to these the qualities of simplicity, purity, sweetness, and strength, must devote his hours to the study of Massinger.

† See his "Introduction to Shakspeare's Plays," Vol. I. p. 14.

trum Poetarum*." "He was born of an ancient and respectable family, at Lechlade, in Gloucestershire, in 1689, and educated at Trinity College, Oxford, where he wore a civilian's gown, and about 1710, abandoning the civil law, and every other profession, came to London. Here continuing without any settled purpose, he became acquainted with booksellers and authors, and amassed materials for a biography of our old poets. He had a curious collection of old plays, and was the first who formed the scheme adopted by Dodsley, of publishing a selection of them," &c.

Warton too calls Coxeter a faithful and industrious amasser of our old English literature, and this praise, whatever be its worth, is all that can be fairly said to belong to him†: as an editor he is miserably deficient; though it appears that he was not without assistance which, in other hands, might have been turned to some account. "When I left London," says the accurate and ingenious Oldys, "in the year 1724, to reside in Yorkshire, I left in the care of the Rev. Mr. Burridge's family, with whom I had several years lodged, amongst many other books, a copy of this Langbaine, in which I had written several notes and references to further the knowledge of these poets. When I returned to London in 1730, I understood my books had been dispersed; and afterwards becoming acquainted with Mr. Coxeter, I found that he had bought my Langbaine of a bookseller, as he was a great collector of plays and poetical books. This must have been of service to him, and he has kept it so carefully from my sight that I never could have the opportunity of transcribing into this I am now writing, the notes I had collected in that. Whether I had entered any remarks upon Massinger, I remember not; but he had communications from me concerning him, when he was undertaking to give us a new edition of his plays, which is not published yet. He (Mr. Coxeter) died on the 10th (or 19th, I cannot tell which) of April, being Easter Sunday, 1747, of a fever which grew from a cold he caught at an auction of books over Exeter Change, or by sitting up late at the tavern afterwards‡."

On the death of Coxeter, his collections for the purposed edition of Massinger fell into the hands of a bookseller, of the name of Dell, who gave them to the world in 1759. From the publisher's preface it appears that Coxeter did not live to complete his design. "The late ingenious Mr. Coxeter," he says, "had corrected and collated all the various editions§;" and, if I may judge from his copies, he had spared no diligence and care to make them as correct as possible. Several ingenious observations and notes he had likewise prepared for his intended edition, which are all inserted in the present. Had he lived to have completed his design, I dare say he would have added many more, and that his work would have met with a very favourable reception from every person of true taste and genius."

As Dell professes to have followed Coxeter's papers, and given all his notes, we may form no inadequate idea of what the edition would have been. Though educated at the University, Coxeter exhibits no proofs of literature. To critical sagacity he has not the smallest pretensions; his conjectures are void alike of ingenuity and probability, and his historical references at once puerile and incorrect. Even his parallel passages (the easiest part of an editor's labour) are more calculated to produce a smile at the collector's expense, than to illustrate his author; while every page of his work bears the strongest impression of imbecility. The praise of fidelity may be allowed him; but in doing this the unfortunate Dell must be charged (how justly I know not) with the innumerable errors which over-run and deform the edition. I need not inform those who are conversant with old copies, that the printers were less attentive to the measure of the original, than to filling up the line, and saving their paper. this Coxeter attempted to remedy; his success, however, was but partial; his vigilance relaxed, or his ear failed him, and hundreds, perhaps thousands, of verses are given in the cacophonous and unmetrical state in which they appear in the early editions. A few palpable blunders are removed; others, not less remarkable, are continued, and where a word is altered, under the idea of improving the sense, it is almost invariably for the worse. Upon the whole, Massinger appeared to less advantage than in the old copies.

Two years afterwards (1761), a second edition* of this work was published by Mr. Thomas Davies, accompanied by an "Essay on the Old English Dramatic Writer," furnished by Mr. Colman, and addressed to David Garrick, Esq., to whom Dell's edition was also inscribed.

It may tend to mortify those, who, after bestowing unwearied pains on a work, look for some trifling return of praise, to find the approbation, which should be justly reserved for themselves, thoughtlessly lavished on the most worthless productions. Of this publication, the most ignorant and incorrect (if we except that of Mr. M. Mason, to which we shall speedily arrive) that ever issued from the press, Bishop Percy thus speaks: "Mr. Coxeter's VERY CORRECT EDITION of Massinger's Plays has lately been published in 4 vols. 8vo, by Mr. T. Davies (which T. Davies was many years an actor on Drury-lane stage, and I believe still continues so, notwithstanding his shop). To this edition is prefixed a superficial letter to Mr. Garrick, written by Mr. Colman, but giving not the least account of Massinger, or of the old editions from whence this was composed. 'Tis great pity Mr. Coxeter did not live to finish it himself." It is

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* I take the offered opportunity to express my thanks to this gentleman for the obliging manner in which he transmitted to me the manuscript notes of Oldys and others, copied into his edition of Langbaine, formerly in the possession of Mr. Steevens.

† Johnson told Boswell that "a Mr. Coxeter, whom he knew, had collected about five hundred volumes of poets whose works were most known; but that, upon his death, Tom Osborne bought them, and they were dispersed, which he thought a pity; as it was curious to see any series complete, and in every volume of poems something good might be found." Boswell's "Life," &c., vol. II., p. 452.

‡ Manuscript notes on Langbaine, in the British Museum.

§ This is also asserted in the title-page—but it is not so.

* *A second edition*] So, at least, it insinuates: but Mr. Waldron, of Drury Lane (a most friendly and ingenious man, to whose small but curious library I am much indebted), who is better acquainted with the adroitness of booksellers than I pretend to be, informs me that it is only Dell's with a new title-page.

manifest that his lordship never compared a single page of this "correct edition" with the old copies: and I mention the circumstance to point out to writers of eminence the folly, as well as the danger, of deciding at random on any subject which they have not previously considered.

It will readily be supposed that a publication like this was not much calculated to extend the celebrity or raise the reputation of the poet; it found, however, a certain quantity of readers, and was now growing scarce, when it fell by accident into the hands of John Monk Mason, Esq.

In 1777 he was favoured by a friend, as he tells the story, with a copy of Massinger; he received from it a high degree of pleasure, and having contracted a habit of rectifying, in the margin, the mistakes of such books as he read, he proceeded in this manner with those before him; his emendations were accidentally discovered by two of his acquaintance, who expressed their approbation of them in very flattering terms, and requested the author to give them to the public*.

Mr. M. Mason was unfortunate in his friends: they should have considered (a matter which had completely escaped him) that the great duty of an editor is fidelity: that the ignorance of Coxeter in admitting so many gross faults could give no reasonable mind the slightest plea for relying on his general accuracy, and that however high they might rate their friend's sagacity, it was not morally certain that when he displaced his predecessor's words to make room for his own, he fell upon the genuine text. Nothing of this, however, occurred to them, and Mr. M. Mason was prevailed upon, in an evil hour, to send his corrected Coxeter to the press.

In a preface which accords but too well with the rest of the work, he observes, that he had "never heard of Massinger till about two years before he reprinted him†." It must be confessed that he lost no time in boasting of his acquaintance —it appears, however, to have been but superficial. In the second page he asserts that the whole of Massinger's plays were published while the author was living! This is a specimen of the care with which he usually proceeds: the life of the author, prefixed to his own edition, tells that he died in 1640, and in the list which immediately follows it, no less than four plays are given in succession, which were not published till near twenty years after that period!

The oscitancy of Mr. M. Mason is so great, that it is impossible to say whether he supposed there was any older edition than that before him. He talks indeed of Massinger, but he always means Coxeter; and it is beyond any common powers of face to hear him discourse of the verbal and grammatical inaccuracies of an author whose works he probably never saw, without a smile of pity or contempt.

He says, "I have admitted into the text all my own *amendments*, in order that those who may wish to give free scope to their fancy and their feelings, and without turning aside to verbal criticism, may read these plays in that which appears to me the most perfect state;" (what intolerable conceit!) "but for the satisfaction of more critical readers, I have directed that the words rejected by me should be inserted in the margin*." This is not the case; and I cannot account, on any common principles of prudence, for the gratuitous temerity with which so strange an assertion is advanced: not one in twenty is noticed, and the reader is misled on almost every occasion.

I do not wish to examine the preface further; and shall therefore conclude with observing, that Mr. M. Mason's edition is infinitely worse than Coxeter's. It rectifies a few mistakes, and suggests a few improvements; but, on the other hand, it abounds in errors and omissions, not only beyond that, but perhaps beyond any other work that ever appeared in print. Nor is this all: the ignorant fidelity of Coxeter has certainly given us many absurd readings of the old printers or transcribers; this, however, is far more tolerable than the mischievous ingenuity of Mr. M. Mason: the words he has *silently* introduced bear a specious appearance of truth, and are therefore calculated to elude the vigilance of many readers, whom the text of Coxeter would have startled, and compelled to seek the genuine sense elsewhere. To sum up the account between the two editions, both bear the marks of ignorance, inexperience, and inattention, in both the faults are incredibly numerous; but where Coxeter drops words, Mr. M. Mason drops lines; and where the former omits lines, the latter leaves out whole speeches!

After what I have just said, the reader, perhaps, will feel an inclination to smile at the concluding sentence of Mr. M. Mason's preface. "I FLATTER MYSELF, THAT THIS EDITION OF MASSINGER WILL BE FOUND MORE CORRECT (AND CORRECTNESS IS THE ONLY MERIT IT PRETENDS TO) THAN THE BEST OF THOSE WHICH HAVE AS YET BEEN PUBLISHED OF ANY OTHER ANCIENT DRAMATIC WRITER.†"

The genuine merits of the Poet, however, were strong enough to overcome these wretched remoras. The impression was become scarce, and though never worth the paper on which it was printed, sold, at an extravagant price, when a new edition was proposed to me by Mr. Evans of Pall-Mall. Massinger was a favourite; and I had frequently lamented, with many others, that he had fallen into such hands. I saw, without the assistance of the old copies, that his metre was disregarded, that his sense was disjointed and broken, that his dialogue was imperfect, and that he was encumbered with explanatory trash which would disgrace the pages of a sixpenny magazine; and in the hope of remedying these, and enabling the Author to take his place on the same shelf, I will not say with Shakspeare, but with Jonson, Beaumont, and his associate Fletcher, I readily undertook the labour.

My first care was to look round for the old editions. To collect these is not at all times possible, and in every case, is a work of trouble and expense: but the kindness of individuals supplied me with all that I wanted. Octavius Gilchrist, a

* Preface to M. Mason's edition, p. ii.

† Yet *it is strange* (he adds) that a writer of such evident excellence should be so little known. Preface, p. i. As some alleviation of Mr. M. Mason's amazement, I will tell him a short story: "Tradition says, that on a certain time, a man, who had occasion to rise very early, was met by another person, who expressed his astonishment at his getting up at so unseasonable an hour, the man answered, 'O, master wonder-monger, as you *have done the same thing*, what reason have you to be surprised?"

* Preface, p. ix. † Preface, p. xi.

gentleman of Stamford*, no sooner heard of my design, than he obligingly sent me all the copies which he possessed; the Rev. P. Bayles of Colchester (only known to me by this act of kindness) presented me with a small but choice selection; and Mr. Malone, with a liberality which I shall ever remember with gratitude and delight, furnished me, unsolicited, with his invaluable collection†, among which I found all the first editions‡: these, with such as I could procure in the course of a few months from the booksellers, in addition to the copies in the Museum, and in the rich collection of his Majesty, which I consulted from time to time, form the basis of the present Work.

With these aids I sat down to the business of collation: it was now that I discovered, with no less surprise than indignation, those alterations and omissions of which I have already spoken; and which I made it my first care to reform and supply. At the outset, finding it difficult to conceive that the variations in Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason were the effect of ignorance or caprice, I imagined that an authority for them might be somewhere found, and therefore collated not only every edition, but even several copies of the same edition*; what began in necessity was continued by choice, and every play has undergone, at least, five close examinations with the original text. On this strictness of revision rests the great distinction of this edition from the preceding ones, from which it will be found to vary in an infinite number of places: indeed, accuracy, as Mr. M. Mason says, is all the merit to which it pretends; and though I not provoke, yet I see no reason to deprecate the consequences of the severest scrutiny.

There is yet another distinction. The old copies rarely specify the place of action: such, indeed, was the poverty of the stage, that it admitted of little variety. A plain curtain hung up in a corner, separated distant regions; and if a board were advanced with Milan and Florence written upon it, the delusion was complete. "A table with pen and ink thrust in," signified that the stage was a counting-house; if these were withdrawn, and two stools put in their places, it was then a tavern. Instances of this may be found in the margin of all our old plays, which seem to be copied from the prompters' books; and Mr. Malone might have produced from his Massinger alone, more than enough to satisfy the veriest sceptic, that the notion of scenery, as we now understand it, was utterly unknown to the stage. Indeed, he had so much the advantage of the argument without these aids, that I have always wondered how Steevens could so long support, and so strenuously contend for, his most hopeless cause. But he was a wit and a scholar; and there is some pride in showing how dexterously a clumsy weapon may be wielded by a practised swordsman. With all this, however, I have ventured on an arrangement of the scenery. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason attempted it in two or three plays, and their ill success in a matter of no extraordinary difficulty, proves how much they mistook their talents, when they commenced the trade of editorship, with little more than the negative qualities of heedlessness and inexperience.†

* I must not omit that Mr. Gilchrist (whose name will occur more than once in the ensuing pages), together with his copies of Massinger, transmitted a number of useful and judicious observations on the Poet, derived from his extensive acquaintance with our old historians.

† For this, I owe Mr. Malone my peculiar thanks: but the admirers of Massinger must join with me in expressing their gratitude to him for an obligation of a more public kind; for the communication of that beautiful fragment, which now appears in print for the first time, "The Parliament of Love." From "The History of the English Stage," prefixed to Mr. Malone's edition of Shakspeare, I learned that "Four acts of an unpublished drama, by Massinger, were still extant in manuscript." As I anxiously wished to render this edition as perfect as possible, I wrote to Mr. Malone, with whom I had not the pleasure of being personally acquainted, to know where it might be found; in return, he informed me that the manuscript was in his possession: its state, he added, was such, that he doubted whether much advantage could be derived from it, but that I was entirely welcome to make the experiment. Of this permission, which I accepted with singular pleasure, I instantly availed myself, and received the manuscript. It was, indeed, in a forlorn condition: several leaves were torn from the beginning, and the top and bottom of every page wasted by damps, to which it had formerly been exposed. On examination, however, I had the satisfaction to find, that a considerable part of the first act, which was supposed to be lost, yet existed, and that a certain degree of attention, which I was not unwilling to bestow on it, might recover nearly the whole of the remainder. How I succeeded, may be seen in the present volume; where the reader will find such an account, as was consistent with the brevity of my plan, of the singular institution on which the fable is founded. Perhaps the subject merits no further consideration: I would, however, just observe, that, since the article was printed, I have been furnished by my friend, the Rev. R. Nares, with a curious old volume, called "Aresta Amorum, or Arrets d'Amour," written in French by Martial d'Auvergne, who died in 1508. It is not possible to imagine any thing more frivolous than the causes, or rather appeals, which are supposed to be heard in this Court of Love. What is, however somewhat extraordinary, is, that these miserable trifles are commented upon by Benoit le Court, a celebrated jurisconsult of those times, with a degree of seriousness which would not disgrace the most important questions. Every Greek and Roman writer, then known, is quoted with profusion, to prove some trite position dropt at random: occasion is also taken to descant on many subtle points of law, which might not be altogether, perhaps, without their interest. I have nothing further to say of this elaborate piece of foolery, which I read with equal wearisomeness and disgust, but which serves, perhaps, to show that these Parliaments of Love, though confessedly imaginary, occupied much of the public attention, than that it had probably fallen into Massinger's hands, as the scene between Bellisant and Clariudore (page 156) seems to be founded on the first appeal which is heard in the "Arrets d'Amour."

‡ I have no intention of entering into the dispute respecting the comparative merits of the first and second folios of Shakspeare. Of Massinger, however, I may be allowed to say, that I constantly found the earliest editions the most correct. A palpable error might be, and, indeed, sometimes was removed in the subsequent ones, but the spirit, and what I would call the raciness, of the author only appeared complete in the original copies.

* In some of these plays I discovered that an error had been detected after a part of the impression was worked off, and consequently corrected, or what was more frequently the case, exchanged for another.

† *Heedlessness and inexperience.*] Those who recollect the boast of Mr. M. Mason, will be somewhat surprised, perhaps, even after all which they have heard, at learning that, in so simple a matter as marking the *exits*, this gentleman blunders at every step. If Pope now were alive, he need not apply to his black-letter plays for such niceties as *exit omnes, enter three blaek witches solus*, ‡ &c. Mr. M. Mason's edition, which he "flatters himself will be found more correct than the best of those which have been yet published of any other ancient dramatic writer," would furnish abundance of them. His copy of 'The Fatal Dowry,' now lies before me, and, in the compass of a few pages, I observe, *Exit officers with Novall* (196), *Exit Charalois, Creditors, and Officers* (200), *Exit Romont and Servant* (215), *Exit Novall senior and Pontalier* (258), &c. *All exit*, occurs in "The Emperor of the East (311), *Exit Gentlemen* (224), and *Exit Tiberio and Stephano* (245), in "The Duke of Milan: these last blunders are voluntary on the part of the editor. Coxeter, whom he usually follows, reads *Ex.* for *Exeunt*: the filling up, therefore, is solely due to his own ingenuity. Similar instances might be produced from every play. I would

‡ See his Preface to Shakspeare.

I come now to the notes. Those who are accustomed to the crowded pages of our modern editors, will probably be somewhat startled at the comparative nakedness. If this be an error it is a voluntary one. I never could conceive why the readers of our old dramatists should be suspected of labouring under a greater degree of ignorance than those of any other class of writers; yet, from the trite and insignificant materials amassed for their information, it is evident that a persuasion of this nature is uncommonly prevalent. Customs which are universal, and expressions "familiar as household words" in every mouth, are illustrated, that is to say, overlaid, by an immensity of parallel passages, with just as much wisdom and reach of thought as would be evinced by him who, to explain any simple word in this line, should empty upon the reader all the examples to be found under it in Johnson's Dictionary!

This cheap and miserable display of minute erudition grew up, in great measure, with Warton:—peace to his manes! the cause of sound literature has been fearfully avenged upon his head: and, the knight-errant who, with his attendant Bowles, the dullest of all mortal squires, sallied forth in quest of the original proprietor of every common word in Milton, has had his copulatives and disjunctives, his *buts* and his *ands*, sedulously ferretted out from all the school-books in the kingdom. As a prose writer, he will long continue to instruct and delight; but as a poet he is buried—lost. He is not of the Titans, nor does he possess sufficient vigour to shake off the weight of incumbent mountains.

However this may be, I have proceeded on a different plan. Passages that only exercise the memory, by suggesting similar thoughts and expressions in other writers, are, if somewhat obvious, generally left to the reader's own discovery. Uncommon and obsolete words are briefly explained, and, where the phraseology was doubtful or obscure, it is illustrated and confirmed by quotations from contemporary authors. In this part of the work no abuse has been attempted of the reader's patience: the most positive that could be found, are given, and a scrupulous attention is every where paid to brevity; as it has been always my persuasion,

"That where one's proofs are aptly chosen,
Four are as valid as four dozen."

I do not know whether it may be proper to add here, that the freedoms of the author (of which, as none can be more sensible than myself, so none can more lament them) have obtained little of my solicitude: those, therefore, who examine the notes with a prurient eye, will find no gratification in their licentiousness. I have called in no Amner to drivel out gratuitous obscenities in uncouth language*; no Collins (whose name should be devoted to lasting infamy) to ransack the annals of a brothel for secret "better hid†;" where I wished not to detain the reader, I have been silent, and instead of aspiring to the fame of a licentious commentator, sought only for the quiet approbation with which the father or the husband may reward the faithful editor.

But whatever may be thought of my own notes, the critical observations that follow each play, and, above all, the eloquent and masterly delineation of Massinger's character, subjoined to "The Old Law," by the companion of my youth, the friend of my maturer years, the inseparable and affectionate associate of my pleasures and my pains, my graver and my lighter studies, the Rev. Dr. Ireland‡, will, I am persuaded, be received with peculiar pleasure, if precision, vigour, discrimination, and originality, preserve their usual claims to esteem.

The head of Massinger, prefixed to this volume, was copied by my young friend Lascelles Hoppner, from the print before three octavo plays published by H. Moseley, 1655. Whether it be really the "vera effigies" of the poet, I cannot pretend to say: it was produced sufficiently near his time to be accurate, and it has not the air of a fancy portrait. There is, I believe, no other.

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not infer from this, that Mr. M. Mason is unacquainted with the meaning of so common a word; but if we relieve him from the charge of ignorance, what becomes of his accuracy? Indeed, it is difficult to say on what precise exertion of this faculty his claims to favour were founded. Sometimes characters come in that never go out, and go out that never come in; at other times they speak before they enter, or after they have left the stage, nay, "to make it the more gracious," after they are asleep or dead! Here one mode of spelling is adopted, there another; here Coxeter is servilely followed, there capriciously deserted; here the scenes are numbered, there continued without distinction; here *asides* are multiplied without necessity, there suppressed with manifest injury to the sense: while the page is every where encumbered with marginal directions, which being intended solely for the property-man, who, as has been already mentioned, had but few properties at his disposal, can now only be regarded as designed to excite a smile at the expense of the author. Nor is this all: the absurd scenery introduced by Coxeter is continued, in despight of common sense: the lists of dramatis personæ are imperfectly given in every instance; and even that of "The Fatal Dowry," which has no description of the characters, is left by Mr. M. Mason as he found it, though nothing can be more destructive of that uniformity which the reader is led to expect from the bold pretensions of his preface. I hope it is needless to add, that these irregularities will not be found in the present volume.

* *In uncouth language*] It is singular that Mr. Steevens, who was so well acquainted with the words of our ancient writers, should be so ignorant of their style. The language which he has put into the mouth of Amner is a barbarous jumble of different ages, that never had, and never could have, a prototype.

† One book which (not being, perhaps, among the archives so carefully explored for the benefit of the youthful readers of Shakspeare) seems to have escaped the notice of Mr. Collins, may yet be safely commended to his future researches, as not unlikely to reward his pains. He will find in it, among many other things equally valuable, that "*The knowledge of wickedness is not wisdom*, neither at any time the counsel of sinners prudence."—*Eccles.* xix. 22.

‡ Prebendary of Westminster, and Vicar of Croydon in Surrey.

# ESSAY

ON THE

# DRAMATIC WRITINGS OF MASSINGER.

BY JOHN FERRIAR, M.D.

- - - *Res antiquæ laudis et artis*
*Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.* VIRG.

It might be urged, as a proof of our possessing a superfluity of good plays in our language, that one of our best dramatic writers is very generally disregarded. But whatever conclusion may be drawn from this fact, it will not be easy to free the public from the suspicion of caprice, while it continues to idolize Shakspeare, and to neglect an author not often much inferior, and sometimes nearly equal, to that wonderful poet. Massinger's fate has, indeed, been hard, far beyond the common topics of the infelicity of genius. He was not merely denied the fortune for which he laboured, and the fame which he merited; a still more cruel circumstance has attended his productions: literary pilferers have built their reputation on his obscurity, and the popularity of their stolen beauties has diverted the public attention from the excellent original.

An attempt was made in favour of this injured poet, in 1761, by a new edition of his works, attended with a critical dissertation on the old English dramatists, in which, though composed with spirit and elegance, there is little to be found respecting Massinger. Another edition appeared in 1773, but the poet remained unexamined. Perhaps Massinger is still unfortunate in his vindicator.

The same irregularity of plot, and disregard of rules, appear in Massinger's productions as in those of his contemporaries. On this subject Shakspeare has been so well defended that it is unnecessary to add any arguments in vindication of our poet. There is every reason to suppose that Massinger did not neglect the ancient rules from ignorance, for he appears to be one of our most learned writers, (notwithstanding the insipid sneer of Antony Wood*): and Cartwright, who was confessedly a man of great erudition, is not more attentive to the unities than any other poet of that age. But our author, like Shakspeare, wrote for bread: it appears from different parts of his works*, that much of his life had passed in slavish dependence, and penury is not apt to encourage a desire of fame.

One observation, however, may be risked, on our irregular and regular plays; that the former are more pleasing to the taste, and the latter to the understanding; readers must determine, then, whether it is better to feel or to approve. Massinger's dramatic art is too great to allow a faint sense of propriety to dwell on the mind, in perusing his pieces; he inflames or soothes, excites the strongest terror, or the softest pity, with all the energy and power of a true poet.

But if we must admit that an irregular plot subjects a writer to peculiar disadvantages, the force of Massinger's genius will appear more evidently from this very concession. The interest of his pieces is, for the most part, strong and well defined; the story, though worked up to a studied intricacy, is, in general, resolved with as much ease and probability as its nature will permit; attention is never disgusted by anticipation, nor tortured with unnecessary delay. These characters are applicable to most of Massinger's own productions; but in those which he wrote jointly with other dramatists, the interest is often weakened, by incidents which that age permitted, but which the present would not endure. Thus, in "The Renegadot," the honor of Paulina is preserved from the brutality of her Turkish master, by the influence of a

* *Athenæ Oxon.* Vol. I.

* See particularly the dedication of "The Maid of Honour," and "The Great Duke of Florence."

† This play was written by Massinger alone.

relic, which she wears on her breast: in "The Virgin Martyr," the heroine is attended, through all her sufferings, by an angel disguised as her page; her persecutor is urged on to destroy her by an attendant fiend, also in disguise. Here our anxiety for the distressed, and our hatred of the wicked, are completely stifled, and we are more easily affected by some burlesque passages which follow in the same legendary strain. In the last quoted play, the attendant angel picks the pockets of two debauchees, and Theophilus overcomes the devil by means of a cross composed of flowers, which Dorothea had sent him from Paradise.

The story of "The Bondman" is more intricate than that of "The Duke of Milan," yet the former is a more interesting play; for in the latter, the motives of Francisco's conduct, which occasions the distress of the piece, are only disclosed in narration, at the beginning of the fifth act: we therefore consider him, till that moment, as a man absurdly and unnaturally vicious: but in "The Bondman," we have frequent glimpses of a concealed splendour in the character of Pisander, which keep our attention fixed, and exalt our expectation of the catastrophe. A more striking comparison might be instituted between "The Fatal Dowry" of our author, and Rowe's copy of it in his "Fair Penitent;" but this is very fully and judiciously done, by the author of "The Observer*," who has proved sufficiently, that the interest of "The Fair Penitent" is much weakened, by throwing into narration what Massinger had forcibly represented on the stage. Yet Rowe's play is rendered much more regular by the alteration. Farquhar's "Inconstant," which is taken from our author's "Guardian," and Fletcher's "Wild-goose Chace, is considerably less elegant and less interesting; by the plagiarist's indiscretion, the lively, facetious Durazzo of Massinger is transformed into a nauseous buffoon, in the character of old Mirabel.

The art and judgment with which our poet conducts his incidents are every where admirable. In "The Duke of Milan," our pity for Marcelia would inspire a detestation of all the other characters, if she did not facilitate her ruin by the indulgence of an excessive pride. In "The Bondman," Cleora would be despicable when she changes her lover, if Leosthenes had not rendered himself unworthy of her, by a mean jealousy. The violence of Almira's passion in the "Very Woman," prepares us for its decay. Many detached scenes in these pieces possess uncommon beauties of incident and situation. Of this kind are, the interview between Charles V. and Sforza†, which, though notoriously contrary to true history, and very deficient in the representation of the emperor, arrests our attention, and awakens our feelings in the strongest manner; the conference of Matthias and Baptista, when Sophia's virtue becomes suspected‡; the pleadings in "The Fatal Dowry," respecting the funeral rites of Charalois; the interview between Don John, disguised as a slave, and his mistress, to whom he relates his story§; but, above all, the meeting of Pisander and Cleora‖, after he has excited the revolt of the slaves, in order to get her within his power. These scenes are eminently distinguished by their novelty, correctness, and interest; the most minute critic will find little wanting, and the lover of truth and nature can suffer nothing to be taken away.

It is no reproach of our author, that the foundation of several, perhaps all, of his plots may be traced in different historians, or novelists; for in supplying himself from these sources, he followed the practice of the age. Shakspeare, Jonson, and the rest, are not more original, in this respect, than our Poet; if Cartwright may be exempted, he is the only exception to this remark. As the minds of an audience, unacquainted with the models of antiquity, could only be affected by immediate application to their passions, our old writers crowded as many incidents, and of as perplexing a nature as possible, into their works, to support anxiety and expectation to their utmost height. In our reformed tragic school, our pleasure arises from the contemplation of the writer's art; and instead of eagerly watching for the unfolding of the plot (the imagination being left at liberty by the simplicity of the action), we consider whether it be properly conducted. Another reason, however, may be assigned for the intricacy of those plots, namely, the prevailing taste for the manners and writings of Italy. During the whole of the sixteenth and part of the seventeenth centuries, Italy was the seat of elegance and arts, which the other European nations had begun to admire, but not to imitate. From causes which it would be foreign to the present purpose to enumerate, the Italian writers abounded in complicated and interesting stories, which were eagerly seized by a people not well qualified for invention*; but the richness, variety, and distinctness of character which our writers added to those tales, conferred beauties on them which charm us at this hour, however disguised by the alteration of manners and language.

Exact discrimination and consistency of character appear in all Massinger's productions; sometimes, indeed, the interest of the play suffers by his scrupulous attention to them. Thus, in "The Fatal Dowry," Charalois's fortitude and determined sense of honour are carried to a most unfeeling and barbarous degree; and Francisco's villainy, in "The Duke of Milan," is cold and considerate beyond nature. But here we must again plead the sad necessity under which our poet laboured, of pleasing his audience at any rate. It was the prevailing opinion, that the characters ought to approach towards each other as little as possible. This was termed *art*, and in consequence of this, as Dr. Hurd says†, some writers of that time have founded their characters on abstract ideas, instead of copying from real life. Those delicate and beautiful shades of manners, which we admire in Shakspeare, were reckoned inaccuracies by his contemporaries. Thus Cartwright says, in his verses to Fletcher, speaking of Shakspeare, whom he undervalues, "*nature was all his art.*"

General manners must always influence the stage; unhappily, the manners of Massinger's age were pedantic. Yet it must be allowed that our Author's characters are less abstract than those of Jonson or Cartwright, and that, with more dignity, they are

* No. LXXXVIII, LXXXIX, XC.
† "Duke of Milan," Act. II.
‡ "Picture." § "A Very Woman." ‖ "Bondman."

* Cartwright and Congreve, who resemble each other strongly in some remarkable circumstances, are almost our only dramatists who have any claim to originality in their plots.
† "Essay on the Provinces of the Drama."

equally natural with those of Fletcher. His conceptions are, for the most part, just and noble. We have a fine instance of this in the character of Diocletian, who, very differently from the ranting tyrants by whom the stage has been so long possessed, is generous to his vanquished enemies, and persecutes from policy as much as from zeal. He attracts our respect, immediately on his appearance, by the following sentiments :—

- - - - In all growing empires,
Even cruelty is useful; some must suffer,
And be set up examples to strike terror
In others, though far off: but, when a state
Is raised to her perfection, and her bases
Too firm to shrink, or yield, we may use mercy,
And do't with safety:

*Virgin Martyr*, Act. I. sc. i.

Sforza is an elevated character, cast in a different mould; brave, frank, and generous, he is hurried, by the unrestrained force of his passions, into fatal excesses in love and friendship. He appears with great dignity before the emperor, on whose mercy he is thrown, by the defeat of his allies, the French, at the battle of Pavia. After recounting his obligations to Francis, he proceeds :

——— If that, then, to be grateful
For courtesies received, or not to leave
A friend in his necessities, be a crime
Amongst you Spaniards, - -
- - - - - -
- - - Sforza brings his head
To pay the forfeit. Nor come I as a slave,
Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a squalid weed,
Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling,
For a forestall'd remission: that were poor,
And would but shame thy victory; for conquest
Over base foes, is a captivity,
And not a triumph. I ne'er fear'd to die,
More than I wish'd to live. When I had reach'd
My ends in being a duke, I wore these robes,
This crown upon my head, and to my side
This sword was girt; and witness truth, that, now
'Tis in another's power when I shall part
With them and life together, I'm the same:
My veins then did not swell with pride; nor now
Shrink they for fear.

*The Duke of Milan*, Act III. sc. ii.

In the scene where Sforza enjoins Francisco to dispatch Marcelia, in case of the emperor's proceeding to extremities against him, the poet has given him a strong expression of horror at his own purpose. After disposing Francisco to obey his commands without reserve, by recapitulating the favours conferred on him, Sforza proceeds to impress him with the blackest view of the intended deed :

- - - But you must swear it;
And put into the oath all joys or torments
That fright the wicked, or confirm the good:
Not to conceal it only, that is nothing,
But whensoe'er my will shall speak, Strike now,
To fall upon't like thunder.
- - - - - - -
- - - Thou must do, then,
What no malevolent star will dare to look on,
It is so wicked: for which men will curse thee
For being the instrument; and the blest angels
Forsake me at my need, for being the author:
For 'tis a deed of night, of night, Francisco!
In which the memory of all good actions
We can pretend to, shall be buried quick:
Or, if we be remember'd, it shall be
To fright posterity by our example,
That have outgone all precedents of villains
That were before us;

*The Duke of Milan*, Act I. sc. ult.

If we compare this scene, and especially the passage quoted, with the celebrated scene between King John and Hubert, we shall perceive this remarkable difference, that Sforza, while he proposes to his brother-in-law and favourite, the eventful murder of his wife, whom he idolizes, is consistent and determined; his mind is filled with the horror of the deed, but borne to the execution of it by the impulse of an extravagant and fantastic delicacy; John, who is actuated solely by the desire of removing his rival in the crown, not only fears to communicate his purpose to Hubert, though he perceives him to be

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame;

but after he has sounded him, and found him ready to execute whatever he can propose, he only hints at the deed. Sforza enlarges on the cruelty and atrocity of his design; John is afraid to utter *his* in the view of the sun: nay, the sanguinary Richard hesitates in proposing the murder of his nephews to Buckingham. In this instance then, as well as that of Charalois, our poet may seem to deviate from nature, for ambition is a stronger passion than love, yet Sforza decides with more promptness and confidence than either of Shakspeare's characters. We must consider, however, that timidity and irresolution are characteristics of John, and that Richard's hesitation appears to be assumed, only in order to transfer the guilt and odium of the action to Buckingham.

It was hinted before, that the character of Pisander, in "The Bondman," is more interesting than that of Sforza. His virtues, so unsuitable to the character of a slave, the boldness of his designs, and the steadiness of his courage, excite attention and anxiety in the most powerful manner. He is perfectly consistent, and, though lightly shaded with chivalry, is not deficient in nature or passion. Leosthenes is also the child of nature, whom perhaps we trace in some later jealous characters. Cleora is finely drawn, but to the present age, perhaps, appears rather too masculine: the exhibition of characters which should wear an unalterable charm, in their finest and almost insensible touches, was peculiar to the prophetic genius of Shakspeare*. Massinger has given a strong proof of his genius, by introducing in a different play, a similar character, in a like situation to that of Pisander, yet with sufficient discrimination of manners and incident: I mean don John, in "The Very Woman," who like Pisander, gains his mistress's heart, under the disguise of a slave. Don John is a model of magnanimity, superior to Cato, because he is free from pedantry and osten-

* If Massinger formed the singular character of Sir Giles Overreach from his own imagination, what should we think of his sagacity, who have seen this poetical phantom realized in our days? Its apparent extravagance required this support.

tation. I believe he may be regarded as an original character. It was easy to interest our feelings for all the characters already described, but no writer, before Massinger, had attempted to make a player the hero of tragedy. This, however, he has executed with surprising address, in "The Roman Actor." It must be confessed that Paris, the actor, owes much of his dignity to incidents; at the opening of the play, he defends his profession successfully before the senate; this artful introduction raises him, in our ideas, above the level of his situation, for the poet has "graced him with all the power of words;" the empress's passion for him places him in a still more distinguished light, and he meets his death from the hand of the emperor himself, in a mock play. It is, perhaps, from a sense of the difficulty of exalting Paris's character, and of the dexterity requisite to fix the attention of the audience on it, that Massinger says, in the dedication of this play, that "he ever held it the most perfect birth of his Minerva." I know not whether it is owing to design, or to want of art, that Romont, in "The Fatal Dowry," interests us as much as Charalois, the hero. If Charalois surrenders his liberty to procure funeral rites for his father, Romont previously provokes the court to imprison him, by speaking with two much animation in the cause of his friend. Romont, though insulted by Charalois, who discredits his report of Beaumelle's infidelity, flies to him with all the eagerness of attachment, when Charalois is involved in difficulties by the murder of Novall and his wife, and revenges his death, when he is assassinated by Pontalier. Rowe, who neglected the finest parts of this tragedy in his plagiarism "The Fair Penitent," has not failed to copy the fault I have pointed out. His Horatio is a much finer character than his Altamont, yet he is but a puppet when compared with Massinger's Romont. Camiola, "The Maid of Honour," is a most delightful character; her fidelity, generosity, dignity of manners, and elevation of sentiments are finely displayed, and nobly sustained throughout. It is pity that the poet thought himself obliged to debase all the other characters in the piece in order to exalt her. There is an admirable portrait of Old Malefort, in that extravagant composition "The Unnatural Combat." The Poet seems to equal the art of the writer whom he here imitates:

\- - - I have known him
From his first youth, but never yet observed,
In all the passages of his life and fortunes,
Virtues so mix'd with vices: valiant the world speaks him,
But with that, bloody; liberal in his gifts too,
But to maintain his prodigal expense,
A fierce extortioner; an impotent lover
Of women for a flash, but, his fires quench'd,
Hating as deadly; Act. III. sc. ii.

Almira and Cardenes, in "The Very Woman," are copied from nature, and therefore never obsolete. They appear, like many favourite characters in our present comedy, amiable in their tempers, and warm in their attachments, but capricious, and impatient of control. Massinger, with unusual charity, has introduced a physician in a respectable point of view, in this play. We are agreeably interested in Durazzo*, who has all the good nature of Terence's Micio, with more spirit. His picture of country sports may be viewed with delight, even by those who might not relish the reality:

\- - - rise before the sun,
Then make a breakfast of the morning dew,
Served up by nature on some grassy hill;
You'll find it nectar.

In "The City Madam" we are presented with the character of a finished hypocrite, but so artfully drawn, that he appears to be rather governed by external circumstances, to which he adapts himself, than to act, like Moliere's Tartuffe, from a formal system of wickedness. His humility and benevolence, while he appears as a ruined man, and as his brother's servant, are evidently produced by the pressure of his misfortunes, and he discovers a tameness, amidst the insults of his relations, that indicates an inherent baseness of disposition*.—When he is informed that his brother has retired from the world, and has left him his immense fortune, he seems at first to apprehend a deception:

\- - - O my good lord!
This heap of wealth which you possess me of,
Which to a wordly man had been a blessing,
And to the messenger might with justice challenge
A kind of adoration, is to me
A curse I cannot thank you for; and much less
Rejoice in that tranquillity of mind
My brother's vows must purchase. I have made
A dear exchange with him: he now enjoys
My peace and poverty, the trouble of
His wealth conferr'd on me, and that a burthen
Too heavy for my weak shoulders.
Act III. sc. ii.

On receiving the will, he begins to promise unbounded lenity to his servants, and makes professions and promises to the ladies who used him so cruelly in his adversity, which appear at last to be ironical, though they take them to be sincere He does not display himself till he has visited his wealth, the sight of which dazzles and astonishes him so far as to throw him off his guard, and to render him insolent. Massinger displays a knowledge of man, not very usual with dramatic writers, while he represents the same person as prodigal of a small fortune in his youth, servile and hypocritical in his distresses, arbitrary and rapacious in the possession of wealth suddenly acquired: for those seeming changes of character depend on the same disposition variously influenced; I mean on a base and feeble mind, incapable of resisting the power of external circumstances. In order, however, to prepare us for the extravagances of this character, after he is enriched, the poet delineates his excessive transports on viewing his wealth, in a speech which cannot be injured by a comparison with any soliloquy in our language:

'Twas no fantastic object, but a truth,
A real truth; nor dream: I did not slumber,
And could wake ever with a brooding eye
To gaze upon't! it did endure the touch,
I saw and felt it! Yet what I beheld
And handled oft, did so transcend belief,
(My wonder and astonishment pass'd o'er),
I faintly could give credit to my senses.

* "The Guardian."

* See particularly his soliloquy, Act III. Sc. ii.

Thou dumb magician—[*Taking out a key*],—that
without a charm
Did'st make my entrance easy, to possess
What wise men wish and toil for! Hermes'
moly,
Sibylla's golden bough, the great elixir,
Imagined only by the alchymist,
Compared with thee are shadows,—thou the
substance,
And guardian of felicity! No marvel
My brother made thy place of rest his bosom,
Thou being the keeper of his heart, a mistress
To be hugg'd ever! In by-corners of
This sacred room, silver in bags, heap'd up
Like billets saw'd and ready for the fire,
Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright gold
That flow'd about the room, conceal'd itself.
There needs no artificial light; the splendour
Makes a perpetual day there, night and darkness
By that still-burning lamp for ever banish'd!
But when, guided by that, my eyes had made
Discovery of the caskets, and they open'd,
*Each sparkling diamond from itself shot forth*
*A pyramid of flames, and in the roof*
*Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the place*
*Heaven's abstract or epitome!*—rubies, sapphires,
And ropes of oriental pearl; these seen, I could
not
But look on gold with contempt*. And yet I
found
What weak credulity could have no faith in,
A treasure far exceeding these: here lay
A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment,
The wax continuing hard, the acres melting;
Here a sure deed of gift for a market town,
If not redeem'd this day, which is not in
The unthrift's power; there being scarce one shire
In Wales or England where my monies are not
Lent out at usury, the certain hook
To draw in more. I am sublimed! gross earth
Supports me not; I walk on air! Who's
there?

*Enter Lord* LACY *with Sir* JOHN FRUGAL, *Sir* MAURICE LACY, *and* PLENTY, *disguised as Indians.*

Thieves! raise the street! thieves!
Act III. sc. iii.

It was a great effort, by which such a train of violent emotions, and beautiful images was drawn, with the strictest propriety, from the indulgence of a passion to which other poets can only give interest in its anxieties and disappointments. Every sentiment in this fine soliloquy is touched with the hand of a master; the speaker, overcome by the splendour of his acquisitions, can scarcely persuade himself that the event is real; "it is no fantasy, but a truth; a real truth, no dream; he does not slumber;" the natural language of one who strives to convince himself that he is fortunate beyond all probable expectation; for "he could wake ever to gaze upon his treasure:" again he reverts to his assurances; "it did endure the touch, he saw and felt it." These broken exclamations and anxious repetitions, are the pure voice of nature. Recovering from his astonishment, his mind dilates with the value of his possessions, and the poet finely directs the whole gratitude of this mean character to the key of his stores. In the description which follows, there is a striking climax in sordid luxury; that passage where

Each sparkling diamond from itself shot forth
A pyramid of flames, and in the roof
Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the place
Heaven's abstract, or epitome!

though founded on a false idea in natural history long since exploded, is amply excused by the singular and beautiful image which it presents. The contemplation of his enormous wealth, still amplified by his fancy, transports him at length to a degree of frenzy; and now seeing strangers approach, he cannot conceive them to come upon any design but that of robbing him, and with the appeasing of his ridiculous alarm, this storm of passion subsides, which stands unrivalled in its kind in dramatic history. The soliloquy possesses a very uncommon beauty, that of forcible description united with passion and character. I should scarcely hesitate to prefer the description of Sir John Frugal's counting-house to Spenser's house of riches.

It is very remarkable, that in this passage the versification is so exact (two lines only excepted), and the diction so pure and elegant, that, although much more than a century has elapsed since it was written, it would be, perhaps, impossible to alter the measure or language without injury, and certainly very difficult to produce an equal length of blank verse, from any modern poet, which should bear a comparison with Massinger's, even in the mechanical part of its construction. This observation may be extended to all our poet's productions: majesty, elegance, and sweetness of diction predominate in them. It is needless to quote any single passage for proof of this, because none of those which I am going to introduce will afford any exception to the remark. Independent of character, the writings of this great poet abound with noble passages. It is only in the productions of true poetical genius that we meet successful allusions to sublime natural objects; the attempts of an inferior writer, in this kind, are either borrowed or disgusting. If Massinger were to be tried by this rule alone, we must rank him very high; a few instances will prove this. Theophilus, speaking of Dioclesian's arrival, says,

\- - - The marches of great princes,
Like to the motions of prodigeous meteors,
Are step by step observed;
*Virgin Martyr*, Act I. sc. i.

The introductory circumstances of a threatening piece of intelligence, are

\- - - but creeping billows,
Not got to shore yet: *Ib.* Act II. sc. ii.

In the same play, we meet with this charming image, applied to a modest young nobleman:

The sunbeams which the emperor throws upon him,
Shine there but as in water, and gild him
Not with one spot of pride: *Ib.* sc. iii.

No other figure could so happily illustrate the peace and purity of an ingenuous mind, uncorrupted

* In these quotations, the present edition has been hitherto followed. Dr. Ferriar, it appears, made use of Mr. M. Mason's, to whose vitiated readings it is necessary to recur on the present occasion, as the Doctor founds on them his exception to the general excellence of Massinger's versification. The reader who wishes to know how these lines were really given by the Poet, must turn to page 393, where he will find them to be as flowing and harmonious as any part of the speech.—EDITOR.

by favour. Massinger seems fond of this thought; we meet with a similar one in "The Guardian:"

I have seen those eyes with pleasant glances play
Upon Adorio's, like Phœbe's shine,
Gilding a crystal river; Act IV. sc. i.

There are two parallel passages in Shakspeare, to whom we are probably indebted for this, as well as for many other fine images of our poet. The first is in "The Winter's Tale:"

He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too: for never gazed the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand and read,
As 'twere my daughter's eyes. Act IV. sc. iv.

The second is ludicrous:

*King.* Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine
(Those clouds remov'd) upon our wat'ry eyne.
*Ros.* O, vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now request'st but moon-shine in the water.
*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. sc. ii.

The following images are applied, I think, in a new manner:

- - - - as the sun,
Thou didst rise gloriously, kept'st a constant course
In all thy journey; and now, in the evening,
When thou should'st pass with honour to thy rest,
Wilt thou fall like a meteor?
*Virgin-Martyr*, Act V. sc. ii.

O summer friendship,
Whose flattering leaves that shadow'd us in our
Prosperity, with the least gust drop off
In the autumn of adversity.
*Maid of Honour*, Act III. sc. i.

In the last quoted play, Camiola says, in perplexity,

- - - - What a sea
Of melting ice I walk on! Act III. sc. iv.

A very noble figure, in the following passage, seems borrowed from Shakspeare:

- - - What a bridge
Of glass I walk upon, over a river
Of certain ruin, *mine own weighty fears*
*Cracking what should support me!*
*The Bondman*, Act IV. sc. iii.

I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.
*Henry IV.*, Part I. Act I. sc. iii.

It cannot be denied that Massinger has improved on his original: he cannot be said to borrow, so properly as to imitate. This remark may be applied to many other passages: thus Harpax's menace,

- - I'll take thee - - and hang thee
In a contorted chain of icicles
In the frigid zone:
*The Virgin-Martyr*, Act V. sc. i.

Is derived from the same source with that passage in "Measure for Measure," where it is said to be a punishment in a future state,

- - - - to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice.

Again, in "The Old Law," we meet with a passage similar to a much celebrated one of Shakspeare's, but copied with no common hand:

- - - - In my youth
I was a soldier, no coward in my age;
I never turn'd my back upon my foe;
I have felt nature's winters, sicknesses,
Yet ever kept a lively sap in me
To greet the cheerful spring of health again.
Act I. sc. i.

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly*.
*As You Like It*, Act. II. sc. iii.

Our poet's writings are stored with fine sentiments, and the same observation which has been made on Shakspeare's, holds true of our Author, that his sentiments are so artfully introduced, that they appear to come uncalled, and so force themselves on the mind of the speaker†. In the legendary play of "The Virgin-Martyr," Angelo delivers a beautiful sentiment, perfectly in the spirit of the piece:

- - - Look on the poor
With gentle eyes, for in such habits, often,
Angels desire an alms.

When Francisco, in "The Duke of Milan," succeeds in his designs against the life of Marcelia, he remarks with exultation, that

When he's a suitor, that brings cunning arm'd
With power, to be his advocates, the denial
Is a disease as killing as the plague,
And chastity a clue that leads to death.
Act IV. sc. ii.

Pisander, in "The Bondman," moralizes the insolence of the slaves to their late tyrants, after the revolt, in a manner that tends strongly to interest us in his character:

Here they, that never see themselves, but in
The glass of servile flattery, might behold
The weak foundation upon which they build
Their trust in human frailty. Happy are those,
That knowing, in their births, they are subject to
Uncertain change, are still prepared, and arm'd
For either fortune: a rare principle,
And with much labour, learn'd in wisdom's school!
For, as these bondmen, by their actions show
That their prosperity, like too large a sail
For their small bark of judgment, sinks them with
A fore-right gale of liberty, ere they reach
The port they long to touch at: so these wretches,

* In an expression of Archidamus, in "The Bondman," we discover, perhaps, the origin of an image in "Paradise Lost;"—

——O'er our heads, with sail stretch'd wings,
Destruction hovers. *The Bondman*, Act I. sc. iii.

Milton says of Satan,

——— *His sail broad vans*
He spreads for flight.

† Mrs. Montagu's "Essay on Shakspeare.

Swollen with the false opinion of their worth,
And proud of blessings left them, not acquired;
That did believe they could with giant arms
Fathom the earth, and were above their fates,
Those borrow'd helps that did support them, vanish'd,
Fall of themselves, and by unmanly suffering,
Betray their proper weakness. Act III. sc. iii.

His complaint of the hardships of slavery must not be entirely passed over:

- - - The noble horse,
*That, in his fiery youth, from his wide nostrils*
*Neigh'd courage to his rider*, and brake through
Groves of opposed pikes, bearing his lord
Safe to triumphant victory; old or wounded
Was set at liberty, and freed from service.
The Athenian mules, that from the quarry drew
Marble, hew'd for the temples of the gods,
The great work ended, were dismissed and fed
At the public cost; nay, faithful dogs have found
Their sepulchres; but man, to man more cruel,
Appoints no end to the sufferings of his slave.
*Ib.* Act IV. sc. ii.

The sense of degradation in a lofty mind, hurried into vice by a furious and irresistible passion, is expressed very happily in "The Renegado," by Donusa:

- - - What poor means
Must I make use of now! and flatter such,
To whom, till I betray'd my liberty,
One gracious look of mine would have erected
An altar to my service! Act II. sc. i.

Again,

- - - O that I should blush
To speak what I so much desire to do!

When Mathias, in "The Picture," is informed by the magical skill of his friend, that his wife's honour is in danger, his first exclamations have at least as much sentiment as passion:

- - - - It is not more
Impossible in nature for gross bodies,
Descending of themselves to hang in the air;
Or with my single arm to underprop
A falling tower: nay, in its violent course
To stop the lightning, than to stay a woman
Hurried by two furies, lust and falsehood,
In her full career to wickedness!
- - - - - - - - -
- - - I am thrown
From a steep rock headlong into a gulph
Of misery, and find myself past hope,
In the same moment that I apprehend
That I am falling. Act IV. sc. i.

But if Massinger does not always exhibit the liveliest and most natural expressions of passion; if, like most other poets, he sometimes substitutes declamation for those expressions; in description at least he puts forth all his strength, and never disappoints us of an astonishing exertion. We may be content to rest his character, in the description of passion, on the following single instance. In "The Very Woman," Almira's Lover, Cardenes, is dangerously wounded in a quarrel, by don John Antonio, who pays his addresses to her. Take, now, a description of Almira's frenzy on this event, which the prodigal author has put into the mouth of a chambermaid:

- - - If she slumber'd, straight,
As if some dreadful vision had appear'd,
She started up, her hair unbound, and, with
Distracted looks, staring about the chamber,
She asks aloud, *Where is Martino? where*
*Have you concealed him?* sometimes names Antonio,
*Trembling in every joint, her brows contracted,*
*Her fair face as 'twere changed into a curse,*
*Her hands held up thus;* and, as if her words
Were too big to find passage through her mouth,
She groans, then throws herself upon her bed,
Beating her breast. Act II. sc. iii.

To praise or to elucidate this passage, would be equally superfluous; I am acquainted with nothing superior to it, in descriptive poetry, and it would be hardy to bring any single instance in competition with it. Our poet is not less happy in his descriptions of inanimate nature, and his descriptions bear the peculiar stamp of true genius in their beautiful conciseness. What an exquisite picture does he present in the compass of less than two lines!

- - - yon hanging cliff, that glasses
His rugged forehead in the neighbouring lake,
*Renegado*, Act II. sc. v.

Thus also Dorothea's description of Paradise:

*There's* a perpetual spring, perpetual youth:
No joint-benumbing cold, or scorching heat,
Famine, nor age, have any being there.
*The Virgin Martyr*, Act IV. Sc. iii.

After all the encomiums on a rural life, and after all the soothing sentiments and beautiful images lavished on it by poets who never lived in the country, Massinger has furnished one of the most charming unborrowed descriptions that can be produced on the subject:

Happy the golden mean! had I been born
In a poor sordid cottage, not nurs'd up
With expectation to command a court,
I might, like such of your condition, sweetest,
Have ta'en a safe and middle course, and not,
As I am now, against my choice, compell'd
Or to lie grovelling on the earth, or raised
So high upon the pinnacles of state,
That I must either keep my height with danger,
Or fall with certain ruin - -
- - - we might walk
In solitary groves, or in choice gardens;
From the variety of curious flowers
Contemplate nature's workmanship and wonders:
And then, for change, near to the murmur of
Some bubbling fountain, I might hear you sing,
And, from the well-tuned accents of your tongue,
In my imagination conceive
With what melodious harmony a quire
Of angels sing above their Maker's praises.
And then with chaste discourse, as we return'd,
Imp feathers to the broken wings of time:—

- - - walk into
The silent groves, and hear the amorous birds
Warbling their wanton notes; here, a sure shade
Of barren siccamores, which the all-seeing sun
Could not pierce through; near that, an arbour hung
With spreading eglantine; there, a bubbling spring
Watering a bank of hyacinths and lilies;
*The Great Duke of Florence*, Act I. Sc. i. and Act IV. Sc. ii.

Let us oppose to these peaceful and inglorious images, the picture of a triumph by the same masterly hand:

\- - - when she views you,
Like a triumphant conqueror, carried through
The streets of Syracusa, the glad people
Pressing to meet you, and the senators
Contending who shall heap most honours on you;
The oxen, crown'd with garlands, led before you,
Appointed for the sacrifice; and the altars
Smoking with thankful incense to the gods:
The soldiers chaunting loud hymns to your praise,
The windows fill'd with matrons and with virgins,
Throwing upon your head, as you pass by,
The choicest flowers, and silently invoking
The queen of love, with their particular vows,
To be thought worthy of you

*The Bondman*, Act III. Sc. iv.

Every thing here is animated, yet every action is appropriate: a painter might work after this sketch, without requiring an additional circumstance.

The speech of young Charalois, in the funeral procession, if too metaphorical for his character and situation, is at least highly poetical:

How like a silent stream shaded with night,
And gliding softly with our windy sighs,
Moves the whole frame of this solemnity!
\- - - - - -
Whilst I, the only murmur in this grove
Of death, thus hollowly break forth.

*The Fatal Dowry*, Act II. Sc. i.

It may afford some consolation to inferior genius, to remark that even Massinger sometimes employs pedantic and overstrained allusions. He was fond of displaying the little military knowledge he possessed, which he introduces in the following passage, in a most extraordinary manner: one beautiful image in it must excuse the rest:

\- - - were Margaret only fair,
The cannon of her more than earthly form,
Though mounted high, commanding all beneath it,
And ramm'd with bullets of her sparkling eyes,
Of all the bulwarks that defend your senses
Could batter none, but that which guards your sight.
But - - - - -
\- - when you feel her touch, and breath
*Like a soft western wind, when it glides o'er*
*Arabia, creating gums and spices;*
And in the van, the nectar of her lips,
Which you must taste, bring the battalia on,
Well arm'd, and strongly lined with her discourse,
\- - - - -
Hippolytus himself would leave Diana,
To follow such a Venus.

*A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, Act III. Sc. i.

What pity, that he should ever write so extravagantly, who could produce this tender and delicate image, in another piece:

What's that? oh, nothing but the whispering wind
Breathes through yon churlish hawthorn, that grew rude,
As if it chid the gentle breath that kiss'd it.

*The Old Law*, Act IV. Sc. ii.

I wish it could be added to Massinger's just praises, that he had preserved his scenes from the impure dialogue which disgusts us in most of our old writers. But we may observe, in defence of his failure, that several causes operated at that time to produce such a dialogue, and that an author who subsisted by writing, was absolutely subjected to the influence of those causes. The manners of the age permitted great freedoms in language; the theatre was not frequented by the best company: the male part of the audience was by much the more numerous; and what, perhaps, had a greater effect than any of these, the women's parts were performed by boys. So powerful was the effect of those circumstances, that Cartwright is the only dramatist of that age whose works are tolerably free from indecency. Massinger's error, perhaps, appears more strongly, because his indelicacy has not always the apology of wit; for, either from a natural deficiency in that quality, or from the peculiar model on which he had formed himself, his comic characters are less witty than those of his contemporaries, and when he attempts wit, he frequently degenerates into buffoonery. But he has showed, in a remarkable manner, the justness of his taste, in declining the practice of quibbling; and as wit and a quibble were supposed, in that age, to be inseparable, we are perhaps to seek, in his aversion to the prevailing folly, the true cause of his sparing employment of wit.

Our Poet excels more in the description than in the expression of passion; this may be ascribed, in some measure, to his nice attention to the fable: while his scenes are managed with consummate skill, the lighter shades of character and sentiment are lost in the tendency of each part to the catastrophe.

The prevailing beauties of his productions are dignity and elegance; their predominant fault is want of passion.

The melody, force, and variety of his versification are every where remarkable: admitting the force of all the objections which are made to the employment of blank verse in comedy, Massinger possesses charms sufficient to dissipate them all. It is, indeed, equally different from that which modern authors are pleased to style blank verse, and from the flippant prose so loudly celebrated in the comedies of the day. The neglect of our old comedies seems to arise from other causes, than from the employment of blank verse in their dialogue; for, in general, its construction is so natural, that in the mouth of a good actor it runs into elegant prose. The frequent delineations of perishable manners, in our old comedy, have occasioned this neglect, and we may foresee the fate of our present fashionable pieces, in that which has attended Jonson's, Fletcher's, and Massinger's: they are either entirely overlooked, or so mutilated, to fit them for representation, as neither to retain the dignity of the old comedy, nor to acquire the graces of the new.

The changes of manners have necessarily produced very remarkable effects on theatrical performances. In proportion as our best writers are further removed from the present times, they exhibit bolder and more diversified characters, because the prevailing manners admitted a fuller display of sentiments in the common intercourse of life. Our own times, in which the intention of polite education is to produce a general, uniform manner, afford little diversity of character for the stage. Our dramatists, therefore, mark the distinctions of their characters, by incidents more than by sentiments, and abound more in striking situations, than interesting dialogue. In the old

comedy, the catastrophe is occasioned, in general, by a change in the mind of some principal character, artfully prepared, and cautiously conducted; in the modern, the unfolding of the plot is effected by the overturning of a screen, the opening of a door, or by some other equally dignified machine.

When we compare Massinger with the other dramatic writers of his age, we cannot long hesitate where to place him. More natural in his characters, and more poetical in his diction than Jonson or Cartwright, more elevated and nervous than Fletcher, the only writers who can be supposed to contest his pre-eminence, Massinger ranks immediately under Shakspeare himself.

It must be confessed, that in comedy Massinger falls considerably beneath Shakspeare; his wit is less brilliant, and his ridicule less delicate and various; but he affords a specimen of elegant comedy*, of which there is no archetype in his great predecessor. By the rules of a very judicious critic†, the characters in this piece appear to be of too elevated a rank for comedy: yet though the plot is somewhat embarrassed by this circumstance, the diversity, spirit, and consistency of the characters render it a most interesting play. In tragedy, Massinger is rather eloquent than pathetic; yet he is often as majestic, and generally more elegant than his master; he is as powerful a ruler of the understanding as Shakspeare is of the passions: with the disadvantages of succeeding that matchless poet, there is still much original beauty in his works; and the most extensive acquaintance with poetry will hardly diminish the pleasure of a reader and admirer of Massinger.

* "The Great Duke of Florence."
† See the "Essay on the Provinces of the Drama."

# COMMENDATORY VERSES ON MASSINGER.

UPON THIS WORK (THE DUKE OF MILAN) OF HIS BELOVED FRIEND THE AUTHOR.

I am snapt already, and may go my way;
The poet-critic's come; I hear him say
This youth's mistook, the author's work's a play.

He could not miss it, he will straight appear
At such a bait; 'twas laid on purpose there
To take the vermin, and I have him here.

Sirrah! you will be nibbling; a small bit,
A syllable, when you're in the hungry fit,
Will serve to stay the stomach of your wit.

Fool, knave, what worse, for worse cannot deprave thee;
And were the devil now instantly to have thee,
Thou canst not instance such a work to save thee,

'Mongst all the ballads which thou dost compose,
And what thou stylest thy poems, ill as those,
And void of rhyme and reason, thy worse prose.

Yet like a rude jack-sauce in poesy,
With thoughts unblest, and hand unmannerly,
Ravishing branches from Apollo's tree;

Thou mak'st a garland, for thy touch unfit,
And boldly deck'st thy pig-brain'd sconce with it,
As if it were the supreme head of wit:

The blameless Muses blush; who not allow
That reverend order to each vulgar brow,
Whose sinful touch profanes the holy bough.

Hence, shallow prophet, and admire the strain
Of thine own pen, or thy poor cope-mate's vein;
This piece too curious is for thy coarse brain.

Here wit, more fortunate, is join'd with art,
And that most secret frenzy bears a part,
Infused by nature in the poet's heart.

Here may the puny wits themselves direct,
Here may the wisest find what to affect,
And kings may learn their proper dialect.

On then, dear friend, thy pen, thy name, shall spread,
And shouldst thou write, while thou shalt not be read,
The Muse must labour, when thy hand is dead.

W. B*.

THE AUTHOR'S FRIEND TO THE READER, ON "THE BONDMAN."

The printer's haste calls on; I must not drive
My time past six, though I begin at five.
One hour I have entire, and 'tis enough,
Here are no gipsy jigs, no drumming stuff,
Dances, or other trumpery to delight,
Or take, by common way, the common sight.
The author of this poem, as he dares
To stand the austerest censures, so he cares

---

* W. B.] 'Tis the opinion of Mr. Reed, that the initials W. B. stand for William Brown, the author of "Britannia's Pastorals. I see no reason to think otherwise, except that Ben Jonson, whom W. B. seems to attack all through this poem, had greatly celebrated Brown's "Pastorals;" but, indeed, Johson was so capricious in his temper, that we must not suppose him to be very constant in his friendships. DAVIES.

This is a pretty early specimen of the judgment which Davies brought to the elucidation of his work. Not a line, not a syllable of this little poem can, by any violence, be tortured into a reflection on Jonson, whom he supposes to be "attacked all through it!" In 1622, when it was written, that great poet was at the height of his reputation, the envy, the admiration, and the terror, of his contemporaries: would a "young" writer presume to term such a man "fool, knave," &c.? would he—but the enquiry is too absurd for further pursuit.

I know not the motives which induced Mr. Reed to attribute these stanzas to W. Brown; they may, I think, with some probability, be referred to W. Basse, a minor poet, whose tribute of praise is placed at the head of the commendatory verses on Shakspeare; or to W. Barksted, author of "Myrrha the Mother of Adonis," a poem, 1607. Barksted was an actor, as appears from a list of "the principal comedians" who represented Jonson's "Silent Woman," and, therefore, not less likely than the author of "Britannia's Pastorals," to say, that,

"——— in the way of poetry, now a-days,
Of all that are call'd *works* the best are plays."

There is not much to be said for these introductory poems, which must be viewed rather as proofs of friendship than of talents. In the former editions they are given with a degree of ignorance and inattention truly scandalous.

As little what it is; his own best way
Is to be judge, and author of his play;
It is his knowledge makes him thus secure;
Nor does he write to please, but to endure.
And, reader, if you have disburs'd a shilling,
To see this worthy story, and are willing
To have a large increase, if ruled by me,
You may a merchant and a poet be.
'Tis granted for your twelve-pence you did sit,
And see, and hear, and understand not yet.
The author, in a Christian pity, takes
Care of your good, and prints it for your sakes,
That such as will but venture sixpence more,
May know what they but saw and heard before;
'Twill not be money lost, if you can read
(There's all the doubt now), but your gains exceed,
If you can understand, and you are made
Free of the freest and the noblest trade;
And in the way of poetry, now-a-days,
Of all that are call'd works the best are plays.

W. B.

TO MY HONOURED FRIEND, MASTER PHILIP MASSINGER, UPON HIS "RENEGADO."

Dabblers in poetry, that only can
Court this weak lady, or that gentleman,
With some loose wit in rhyme;
Others that fright the time
Into belief, with mighty words that tear
A passage through the ear;
Or nicer men,
That through a perspective will see a play,
And use it the wrong way
(Not worth thy pen),
Though all their pride exalt them, cannot be
Competent judges of thy lines or thee.

I must confess I have no public name
To rescue judgment, no poetic flame
To dress thy Muse with praise,
And Phœbus his own bays;
Yet I commend this poem, and dare tell
The world I liked it well;
And if there be
A tribe who in their wisdoms dare accuse
This offspring of thy Muse,
Let them agree
Conspire one comedy, and they will say,
'Tis easier to commend than make a play.

James Shirley*.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, MASTER PHILIP MASSINGER, ON HIS PLAY CALL'D THE "RENEGADO."

The bosom of a friend cannot breath forth
A flattering phrase to speak the noble worth
Of him that hath lodged in his honest breast
So large a title: I, among the rest
That honour thee, do only seem to praise,
Wanting the flowers of art to deck that bays
Merit has crown'd thy temples with. Know, friend,
Though there are some who merely do commend
To live i' the world's opinion such as can
Censure with judgment, no such piece of man
Makes up my spirit; where desert does live,
There will I plant my wonder, and there give
My best endeavours to build up his story
That truly merits. I did ever glory
To behold virtue rich; though cruel Fate
In scornful malice does beat low their state
That best deserve; when others that but know
Only to scribble, and no more, oft grow
Great in their favours that would seem to be
Patrons of wit, and modest poesy;
Yet, with your abler friends, let me say this,
Many may strive to equal you, but miss
Of your fair scope; this work of yours men may
Throw in the face of envy, and then say
To those, that are in great men's thoughts more blest,
Imitate this, and call that work your best.
Yet wise men, in this, and too often err,
When they their love before the work prefer.
If I should say more, some may blame me for't,
Seeing your merits speak you, not report.

Daniel Lakyn.

TO HIS DEAR FRIEND THE AUTHOR, ON THE "ROMAN ACTOR."

I am no great admirer of the plays,
Poets, or actors, that are now-a-days;
Yet, in this work of thine, methinks, I see
Sufficient reason for idolatry.
Each line thou hast taught Cæsar is as high
As he could speak, when groveling flattery,
And his own pride (forgetting heaven's rod)
By his edicts styled himself great Lord and God.
By thee, again, the laurel crowns his head,
And, thus revived, who can affirm him dead?
Such power lies in this lofty strain as can
Give swords and legions to Domitian:
And when thy Paris pleads in the defence
Of actors, every grace and excellence
Of argument for that subject are by thee
Contracted in a sweet epitome.
Nor do thy women the tired hearers vex
With language no way proper to their sex.
Just like a cunning painter thou let's fall
Copies more fair than the original.
I'll add but this: from all the modern plays
The stage hath lately born, this wins the bays;
And if it come to trial, boldly look
To carry it clear, thy witness being thy book.

T. J*

IN PHILLIPI MASSINGERI POETÆ ELEGANTISS ACTOREM ROMANUM TYPIS EXCUSUM.

Δεκαςικον.

Ecce Philippinæ celebrata Tragœdia Musæ,
Buam Roseus Britonum Rosciust egit, adest.

* James Shirley.] A well-known dramatic writer. His works, which are very voluminous, have never been collected in an uniform edition, though highly deserving of it. He assisted Fletcher in many of his plays; and some, say his biographers, thought him equal to that great poet. He died in 1666. (They were afterwards collected and published in 6 Vols., by Mr. Gifford himself.

* T. J.] Coxeter gives these initials to Sir Thomas Jay, or Jeay, to whom the play is dedicated: he is, probably right. Sir Thomas, who was "no great admirer" of the plays of his days, when Jonson, Shirley, Ford, &c. were in full vigour, would not, I suspect, be altogether enraptured if he could witness those of ours!

† *Roscius.*] This was Joseph Taylor, whose name occurs in a subsequent page.

Semper fronde ambo vireant Parnasside, semper
Liber ab invidiæ dentibus esto, liber.
Crebra papyrivori spernas incendia pæti,
Thus, vænum expositi tegmina suta libri:
Net metuas raucos, Momorum sibila, rhoncos,
Tam bardus nebulo si tamen ullus erit.
Nam toties festis, actum, placuisse theatris
Quod liquet, hoc, cusum, crede, placebit, opus.

THO. GOFF*.

TO HIS DESERVING FRIEND, MR. PHILIP MASSINGER, UPON HIS TRAGEDY "THE ROMAN ACTOR."

PARIS, the best of actors in his age,
Acts yet, and speaks upon our Roman stage
Such lines by thee as do not derogate
From Rome's proud heights, and her then learned state.
Nor great Domitian's favour; nor the embraces
Of a fair empress, nor those often graces
Which from th' applauding theatres were paid
To his brave action, nor his ashes laid
In the Flaminian way, where people strow'd
His grave with flowers, and Martial's wit bestow'd
A lasting epitaph; not all these same
Do add so much renown to Paris' name
As this that thou present'st his history
So well to us: for which, in thanks, would he
(If that his soul, as thought Pythagoras,
Could into any of our actors pass)
Life to these lines by action gladly give,
Whose pen so well has made his story live.

THO. MAY†.

UPON MR. MASSINGER HIS "ROMAN ACTOR."

To write is grown so common in our time,
That every one who can but frame a rhyme,
However monstrous gives himself that praise
Which only he should claim that may wear bays
But their applause whose judgments apprehend
The weight and truth of what they dare commend,
In this besotted age, friend, 'tis thy glory
That here thou hast outdone the Roman story.
Domitian's pride: his wife's lust unabated
In death; with Paris merely were related
Without a soul, until thy abler pen
Spoke them, and made them speak, nay, act again
In such a height, that here to know their deeds,
He may become an actor that but reads.

JOHN FORD‡.

UPON MR. MASSINGER'S "ROMAN ACTOR."

LONG'ST thou to see proud Cæsar set in state,
His morning greatness, or his evening fate,
With admiration here behold him full,
And yet outlive his tragic funeral:
For 'tis a question whether Cæsar's glory
Rose to its height before or in this story;
Or whether Paris, in Domitian's favour,
Were more exalted that in this thy labour.
Each line speaks him an emperor, every phrase
Crowns thy deserving temples with the bays;
So that reciprocally both agree,
Thou liv'st in him, and he survives in thee.

ROBERT HARVEY.

TO HIS LONG-KNOWN AND LOVED FRIEND, MR. PHILIP MASSINGER, UPON HIS "ROMAN ACTOR."

IF that my lines, being placed before thy book,
Could make it sell, or alter but a look
Of some sour censurer, who's apt to say,
No one in these times can produce a play
Worthy his reading, since of late, 'tis true,
The old accepted are more than the new:
Or, could I on some spot o'the court work so,
To make him speak no more than he doth know;
Not borrowing from his flatt'ring flatter'd friend
What to dispraise, or wherefore to commend:
Then, gentle friend, I should not blush to be
Rank'd 'mongst those worthy ones which here I see
Ushering this work; but why I write to thee
Is, to profess our love's antiquity,
Which to this tragedy must give my test,
Thou hast made many good, but this thy best.

JOSEPH TAYLOR.

TO MR. PHILIP MASSINGER, MY MUCH-ESTEEM'D FRIEND, ON HIS "GREAT DUKE OF FLORENCE."

ENJOY thy laurel! 'tis a noble choice,
Not by the suffrages of voice
Procured, but by a conquest so achieved,
As that thou hast at full relieved
Almost neglected poetry, whose bays,
Sullied by childish thirst of praise,
Wither'd into a dullness of despair,
Had not thy later labour (heir
Unto a former industry) made known
This work, which thou mayst call thine own,
So rich in worth, that th' ignorant may grudge
To find true virtue is become their judge.

GEORGE DONNE.

TO THE DESERVING MEMORY OF THIS WORTHY WORK ("THE GREAT DUKE OF FLORENCE") AND THE AUTHOR, MR. PHILIP MASSINGER.

ACTION gives many poems right to live.
This piece gave life to action; and will give
For state and language, in each change of age,
To time delight, and honour to the stage.
Should late prescription fail which fames that seat
This pen might style the Duke of Florence Great.
Let many write, let much be printed, read
And censur'd; toys no sooner hatch'd than dead.
Here, without blush to truth of commendation,
Is proved, how art hath outgone imitation.

JOHN FORD.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, THE AUTHOR, UPON HIS TRAGI COMEDY "THE MAID OF HONOUR."

WAS not thy Emperor enough before
For thee to give, that thou dost give us more?
I would be just, but cannot: that I know
I did not slander, this I fear I do.

* THO. GOFF.] Goff was a man of considerable learning and highly celebrated for his oratorical powers, which he turned to the best of purposes, in the service of the church. He also wrote several plays; but these do no honour to his memory, being full of the most ridiculous bombast.

† THO. MAY.] May translated *Lucan* into English verse, and was a candidate for the office of Poet Laureat with Sir William Davenant. He wrote several plays; his Latin "Supplement to Lucan" is much admired by the learned. DAVIES.

‡ JOHN Ford.] Ford was a very good poet. We have eleven plays of his writing, none of which are without merit. The writers of his time opposed him with some success, to Jonson.

But pardon me, if I offend; thy fame
Let equal poets praise, while I admire.
If any say that I enough have writ,
They are thy foes, and envy at thy wit.
Believe not them, nor me; they know thy lines
Deserve applause, but speak against their minds.
I, out of justice, would commend thy play,
But (friend forgive me) 'tis above my way.
One word, and I have done (and from my heart
Would I could speak the whole truth, not the part
Because 'tis thine), it henceforth will be said,
Not the Maid of Honour, but the Honour'd Maid.

ASTON COCKAINE*.

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, MR. PHILIP MASSINGER, UPON HIS TRAGI-COMEDY, STYLED "THE PICTURE"

METHINKS I hear some busy critic say,
Who's this that singly ushers in this play?
'Tis boldness, I confess, and yet perchance
It may be construed love, not arrogance.
I do not here upon this leaf intrude,
By praising one to wrong a multitude.
Nor do I think that all are tied to be
(Forced by my vote) in the same creed with me,
Each man hath liberty to judge; free will,
At his own pleasure to speak good or ill.
But yet your Muse already's known so well
Her worth will hardly find an infidel.
Here she hath drawn a picture which shall be
Safe for all future times to practice by;
Whate'er shall follow are but copies, some
Preceding works were types of this to come.
'Tis your own lively image, and sets forth,
When we are dust, the beauty of your worth.
He that shall duly read, and not advance
Aught that is here, betrays his ignorance:
Yet whosoe'er beyond desert commends,
Errs more by much than he that reprehends;
For praise misplaced, and honour set upon
A worthless subject, is detraction.
I cannot sin so here, unless I went
About to style you only excellent.
Apollo's gifts are not confined alone
To your dispose, he hath more heirs than one,
And such as do derive from his blest hand
A large inheritance in the poets' land,
As well as you; nor are you, I assure
Myself, so envious, but you can endure
To hear their praise, whose worth long since was known,
And justly too preferr'd before your own,
I know you'd take it for an injury,
(And 'tis a well-becoming modesty),
To be parallel'd with Beaumont, or to hear
Your name by some too partial friend writ near
Unequall'd Jonson; being men whose fire
At distance, and with reverence, you admire.
Do so, and you shall find your gain will be
Much more, by yielding them priority,
Than with a certainty of loss, to hold
A foolish competition: 'tis too bold
A task, and to be shunn'd: nor shall my praise,
With too much weight, ruin what it would raise.

THOMAS JAY.

* ASTON COCKAINE.] See the Introduction *passim*.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, MR. PHILIP MASSINGER UPON HIS TRAGI-COMEDY CALLED THE "EMPEROR OF THE EAST."

SUFFER, my friend, these lines to have the grace,
That they may be a mole on Venus' face.
There is no fault about thy book but this,
And it will show how fair thy Emperor is,
Thou more than poet! our Mercury, that art
Apollo's messenger, and dost impart
His best expressions to our ears, live long
To purify the slighted English tongue,
That both the nymphs of Tagus and of Po
May not henceforth despise our language so.
Nor could they do it, if they e'er had seen
The matchless features of the Fairy Queen;
Read Jonson, Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, or
Thy neat-limned pieces, skilful Massinger.
Thou known, all the Castilians must confess
Vego de Carpio thy foil, and bless
His language can translate thee, and the fine
Italian wits yield to this work of thine.
Were old Pythagoras alive again,
In thee he might find reason to maintain
His paradox, that souls by transmigration
In divers bodies make their habitation:
And more, than all poetic souls yet known,
Are met in thee, contracted into one.
This is a truth, not an applause: I am
One that at furthest distance views thy flame,
Yet may pronounce, that, were Apollo dead,
In thee his poesy might all be read.
Forbear thy modesty: thy Emperor's vein
Shall live admired, when poets shall complain
It is a pattern of too high a reach,
And what great Phœbus might the Muses teach.
Let it live, therefore, and I dare be bold
To say, it with the world shall not grow old.

ASTON COCKAINE.

A FRIEND TO THE AUTHOR, AND WELL-WISHER TO THE READER, ON THE EMPEROR OF "THE EAST."

WHO with a liberal hand freely bestows
His bounty on all comers, and yet knows
No ebb, nor formal limits, but proceeds
Continuing his hospitable deeds,
With daily welcome shall advance his name
Beyond the art of flattery; with such fame
May yours, dear friend, compare. Your muse hath been
Most bountiful, and I have often seen
The willing seats receive such as have fed,
And risen thankful; yet were some misled
By NICETY, when this fair banquet came
(So I allude) their stomachs were to blame,
Because that excellent, sharp, and poignant sauce
Was wanting, they arose without due grace,
Lo! thus a second time he doth invite you:
Be your own carvers, and it may delight you.

JOHN CLAVELL.

TO MY TRUE FRIEND AND KINSMAN, PHILIP MASSINGER, ON HIS "EMPEROR OF THE EAST."

I TAKE not upon trust, nor am I led
By an implicit faith: what I have read
With an impartial censure I dare crown
With a deserved applause, howe'er cried down
By such whose malice will not let them be
Equal to any piece limn'd forth by thee.

Contemn their poor detraction, and still write
Poems like this, that can endure the light,
And search of abler judgments. This will raise
Thy name, the others' scandal is thy praise.
This, oft perused by grave wits, shall live long,
Not die as soon as past the actor's tongue,
The fate of slighter toys; and I must say,
'Tis not enough to make a passing play
In a true poet: works that should endure
Must have a genius in them strong as pure,
And such is thine, friend: nor shall time devour
The well-form'd features of thy Emperor.

WILLIAM SINGLETON.

TO THE INGENIOUS AUTHOR MASTER PHILIP MASSINGER, ON HIS COMEDY CALLED "A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS."

'Tis a rare charity, and thou couldst not
So proper to the time have found a plot:
Yet whilst you teach to pay, you lend; the age
We wretches live in, that to come the stage,
The thronged audience that was thither brought,
Invited by your fame, and to be taught
This lesson; all are grown indebted more,
And when they look for freedom, ran in score.
It was a cruel courtesy to call
In hope of liberty, and then, inthrall.
The nobles are your bondmen, gentry, and
All besides those that did not understand.
They were no men of credit, bankrupts born,
Fit to be trusted with no stock but scorn.
You have more wisely credited to such,
That though they cannot pay, can value much.
I am your debtor too, but, to my shame,
Repay you nothing back but your own fame.

HENRY MOODY*. Miles.

TO HIS FRIEND THE AUTHOR, ON "A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

You may remember how you chid me, when
I rank'd you equal with those glorious men,
Beaumont and Fletcher: if you love not praise,
You must forbear the publishing of plays.
The crafty mazes of the cunning plot,
The polish'd phrase, the sweet expressions, got
Neither by theft nor violence; the conceit
Fresh and unsullied; all is of weight,
Able to make the captive reader know
I did but justice when I placed you so.
A shamefaced blushing would become the brow
Of some weak virgin writer; we allow
To you a kind of pride, and there where most
Should blush at commendations, you should boast.
If any think I flatter, let him look
Off from my idle trifles on thy book.

THOMAS JAY. Miles.

* HENRY MOODY.] Sir Henry Moody plays on the title of the piece. He has not much of the poet in him, but appears to be a friendly, good-natured man. A short poem of his is prefixed to the folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher. He was one of the gentlemen who had honorary degrees conferred on them by Charles I., on his return to Oxford from the battle of Edgehill.

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# A LIST

OF

# MASSINGER'S PLAYS.

*Those marked thus * are in the present Edition.*

1. The Forced Lady, T. This was one of the plays destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant*.
2. The Noble Choice, C.
3. The Wandering Lovers, C.
4. Philenzo and Hippolita, T. C.

Entered on the Stationers' books, by H. Moseley, Sept. 9, 1653; but not printed. These were among the plays destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.

5. Antonio and Vallia†, C.
6. The Tyrant, T.
7. Fast and Welcome, C.

Entered on the Stationers' books, by H. Mosely, June 29, 1660, but not printed. These too were among the plays destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.

8. The Woman's Plot, C. Acted at court 1621. Destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.
9. *The Old Law, C. Assisted by Rowley and Middleton, Quarto, 1656.
10. *The Virgin-Martyr, T. Assisted by Decker. Acted by the servants of his Majesty's revels. Quarto, 1622; Quarto, 1631; Quarto, 1661.
11. *The Unnatural Combat, T. Acted at the Globe. Quarto, 1639.
12. *The Duke of Milan, T. Acted at Black-Friars. Quarto, 1623; Quarto, 1638.
13. *The Bondman, T. C. Acted December 3, 1623, at the Cockpit, Drury Lane. Quarto, 1624; Quarto, 1638.
14. *The Renegado, T. C. Acted April 17, 1624, at the Cockpit, Drury Lane. Quarto, 1630.
15. *The Parliament of Love, C. Unfinished. Acted November 3, 1624, at the Cockpit, Drury Lane.
16. The Spanish Viceroy, C. Acted in 1624. Entered on the Stationers' books, September 9. 1653, by H. Moseley, but not printed. This was one of the plays destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.
17. *The Roman Actor, T. Acted October 11, 1626, by the King's company. Quarto, 1629.
18. The Judge. Acted June 6, 1627, by the King's company. This play is lost.
19. *The Great Duke of Florence. Acted July 5, 1627, at the Phœnix, Drury Lane. Quarto, 1636.
20. The Honour of Women. Acted May 6, 1628. This play is lost.
21. *The Maid of Honour, T. C‡. Acted at the Phœnix, Drury Lane. Date of its first appearance uncertain. Quarto, 1632.
22. *The Picture, T. C. Acted June 3, 1629, at the Globe. Quarto, 1630.
23. Minerva's Sacrifice, T. Acted November 3, 1629, by the King's company. Entered on the Stationers' books Sept. 9, 1653, but not printed. This was one of the plays destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.

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* In his first edition, Mr. Gifford had entered after this play *the Secretary*, of which the title appears in the catalogue which furnished the materials for Poole's Parnassus. Mr. Gilchrist having discovered among some old rubbish in a village library, that the work referred to is a translation of familiar letters by Mons. La Serre, and that the translator's name was John Massinger, it was omitted in the list furnished for the second edition.

† In that most curious MS. Register discovered at Dulwich College, and subjoined by Mr. Malone to his "Historical Account of the English Stage, is the following entry, "R. 20 of June, 1695, at *antony and vallea* 0l. xxs. 0d" If this be the play entered by Mosely, Massinger's claims can only arise from his having revised and altered it; for he must have been a mere child when it was first produced. See the Introduction, p.

‡ Mr. Malone thinks this to be the play immediately preceding it, with a new title. This is, however, extremely doubtful.

24. *The Emperor of the East, T. C. Acted March 11, 1831, at Black Friars. Quarto, 1632.
25. Believe as you List, C. Acted May 7, 1631. Entered on the Stationers' books, September 9, 1653, and again June 29, 1660, but not printed. This also was one of the plays destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant.
26. The Italian Nightpiece, or The Unfortunate Piety, T. Acted June 13, 1631, by the King's company. This play is lost.
27. *The Fatal Dowry, T. Assisted by Field. Acted by the King's company. Quarto, 1632.
28. *A New Way to Pay Old Debts, C. Acted at the Phœnix, Drury Lane. Quarto, 1633.
29. *The City Madam, C. Acted May 25, 1632, by the King's company. Quarto, 1659.
30. *The Guardian, C. Acted October 31, 1633, by the King's company. Octavo, 1655.
31. The Tragedy of Cleander. Acted May 7, 1634, by the King's company. This play is lost.
32. *A Very Woman, T. C. Acted June 6, 1634, by the King's company. Octavo, 1655.
33. The Orator. Acted June 10, 1635, by the King's company. This play is lost.
34. *The Bashful Lover, T. C. Acted May 9, 1636, by the King's company. Octavo, 1655.
35. The King and the Subject. Acted June 5, 1638, by the King's company. This play is lost.
36. Alexius, or the Chaste Lover.‖ Acted September 25, 1639, by the King's company. This play is lost.
37. The Prisoner, or the Fair Anchoress of Pausilippo. Acted June 26, 1640, by the King's company This play is lost.

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* The title of this play, Sir H. Herbert tells us, was changed, Mr. Malone conjectures it was named "The Tyrant," one of Warburton's unfortunate collection." Probably, however, it was subsequently found: as a MS. tragedy called "The Tyrant," was sold November, 1759, among the books of John Warburton, Esq., Somerset Herald."—*Biog. Drama.*

† This play must have possessed uncommon merit, since it drew the Queen (Henrietta Maria) to Blackfriars. A remarkable event at that time, when our Sovereigns were not accustomed to visit the public theatres. She honoured it with her presence on the 13th of May, six days after its first appearance. The circumstance is recorded by the Master of the Revels.

‡ *Alexius*]. This play is supposed by the editors of the "Biographia Dramatica," to be the same as "Bashful Lover."

THE

# VIRGIN MARTYR.

THE VIRGIN-MARTYR.] Of this Tragedy, which appears to have been very popular, there are three editions in quarto, 1622, 1631, and 1661; the last of which is infinitely the worst. It is not possible to ascertain when it was first produced; but as it is not mentioned among the dramatic pieces "read and allowed" by Sir H. Herbert, whose account commences with 1622, it was probably amongst the author's earliest efforts. In the composition of it he was assisted by Decker, a poet of sufficient reputation to provoke the hostility or the envy of Jonson, and the writer of several plays much esteemed by his contemporaries.

In the first edition of this tragedy it is said to have been "divers times publicly acted with great applause by the servants of his Majesty's Revels." The plot of it, as Coxeter observes, is founded on the tenth and last general persecution of the Christians, which broke out in the nineteenth year of Diocletian's reign, with a fury hardly to be expressed; the Christians being every where, without distinction of sex, age, or condition, dragged to execution, and subjected to the most exquisite torments that rage, cruelty, and hatred could suggest.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DIOCLESIAN, MAXIMINUS, *Emperors of Rome.*
*King of* Pontus.
*King of* Epire.
*King of* Macedon.
SAPRITIUS, *Governor of* Cæsarea.
THEOPHILUS, *a zealous persecutor of the Christians*
SEMPRONIUS, *captain of* SAPRITIUS' *guards.*
ANTONINUS, *son to* SAPRITIUS.
MACRINUS, *friend to* ANTONINUS.
HARPAX, *an evil spirit, following* THEOPHILUS *in the shape of a secretary.*

ANGELO, *a good spirit, serving* DOROTHEA *in the habit of a page.*
HIRCIUS, *a whoremaster,* SPUNGIUS, *a drunkard,* *servants of* DOROTHEA.
*Priest of Jupiter.*
*British Slave.*

ARTEMIA, *daughter to* DIOCLESIAN.
CALISTA, CHRISTETA, *daughters to* THEOPHILUS.
DOROTHEA, *the Virgin-Martyr.*

*Officers and Executioners.*

*SCENE,* Cæsarea.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The* GOVERNOR'S *Palace.*

*Enter* THEOPHILUS *and* HARPAX.

*Theoph.* Come to Cæsarea to-night!
*Harp.* Most true, sir.
*Theoph.* The emperor in person!
*Harp.* Do I live?
*Theoph.* 'Tis wondrous strange! The marches of great princes,
Like to the motions of prodigious meteors,
Are step by step observed; and loud-tongued Fame
The harbinger to prepare their entertainment:
And, were it possible so great an army,
Though cover'd with the night, could be so near,
The governor cannot be so unfriended
Among the many that attend his person,
But, by some secret means, he should have notice
Of Cæsar's purpose*;—in this then excuse me,
If I appear incredulous.
*Harp.* At your pleasure.
*Theoph.* Yet, when I call to mind you never fail'd
In things more difficult, but have discover'd [me,
Deeds that were done thousand leagues distant from me,
When neither woods, nor caves, nor secret vaults,
No, nor the Power they serve, could keep these Christians
Or from my reach or punishment, but thy magic

* *Of Cæsar's purpose;—in this then excuse me,*] Before Mr. M. Mason's edition, it stood:
——*he should have notice*
*Of Cæsar's purpose in this,*——
meaning, perhaps, in this hasty and unexpected visit: I have not, however, altered the pointing.

Still laid them open; I begin again
To be as confident as heretofore,
It is not possible thy powerful art
Should meet a check, or fail.

*Enter a* Priest *with the Image of Jupiter,* Calista *and* Christeta.

*Harp.* Look on the Vestals,
The holy pledges that the gods have given you,
Your chaste, fair daughters. Wer't not to upbraid
A service to a master not unthankful,
I could say these, in spite of your prevention,
Seduced by an imagined faith, not reason,
(Which is the strength of nature,) quite forsaking
The Gentile gods, had yielded up themselves
To this new-found religion. This I cross'd,
Discover'd their intentions, taught you to use,
With gentle words and mild persuasions,
The power and the authority of a father
Set off with cruel threats; and so reclaim'd them:
And, whereas they with torments should have died,
(Hell's furies to me, had they undergone it!)
[*Aside.*
They are now votaries in great Jupiter's temple,
And, by his priest instructed, grown familiar
With all the mysteries, nay, the most abstruse ones,
Belonging to his deity.

*Theoph.* 'Twas a benefit,
For which I ever owe you. Hail, Jove's flamen!
Have these my daughters reconciled themselves,
Abandoning for ever the Christian way,
To your opinion?

*Priest.* And are constant in* it. [ment,
They teach their teachers with their depth of judg-
And are with arguments able to convert
The enemies to our gods, and answer all
They can object against us.

*Theoph.* My dear daughters! [sect,

*Cal.* We dare dispute against this new-sprung
In private or in public.

*Harp.* My best lady,
Persever† in it.

*Chris.* And what we maintain,
We will seal with our bloods.

*Harp.* Brave resolution!
I e'en grow fat to see my labours prosper.

*Theoph.* I young again. To your devotions.

*Harp.* Do—
My prayers be present with you.
[*Exeunt Priest and Daughters of Theophilus.*

*Theoph.* O my Harpax!
Thou engine of my wishes, thou that steel'st
My bloody resolutions; thou that arm'st [sion;
My eyes 'gainst womanish tears and soft compas-
Instructing me, without a sigh, to look on
Babes torn by violence from their mothers' breasts
To feed the fire, and with them make one flame;
Old men, as beasts, in beasts' skins torn by dogs;
Virgins and matrons tire the executioners;
Yet I, unsatisfied, think their torments easy.

*Harp.* And in that, just, not cruel.

*Theoph.* Were all sceptres
That grace the hands of kings, made into one,
And offer'd me, all crowns laid at my feet,
I would contemn them all,—thus spit at them;
So I to all posterities might be call'd
The strongest champion of the Pagan gods,
And rooter out of Christians.

*Harp.* Oh, mine own,
Mine own dear lord! to further this great work,
I ever live thy slave.

*Enter* Sapritius *and* Sempronius.

*Theoph.* No more—the governor. [doubled;

*Sap.* Keep the ports close*, and let the guards be
Disarm the Christians, call it death in any
To wear a sword, or in his house to have one.

*Semp.* I shall be careful, sir.

*Sap.* 'Twill well become you.
Such as refuse to offer sacrifice
To any of our gods, put to the torture.
Grub up this growing mischief by the roots;
And know, when we are merciful to them,
We to ourselves are cruel.

*Semp.* You pour oil
On fire that burns already at the height:
I know the emperor's edict, and my charge,
And they shall find no favour.

*Theoph.* My good lord,
This care is timely for the entertainment
Of our great master, who this night in person
Comes here to thank you.

*Sap.* Who! the emperor? [triumph,

*Harp.* To clear your doubts, he doth return in
Kings lackeying† by his triumphant chariot;
And in this glorious victory, my lord,
You have an ample share: for know, your son,
The ne'er-enough commended Antoninus,
So well hath flesh'd his maiden sword‡, and died
His snowy plumes so deep in enemies' blood,
That, besides public grace beyond his hopes,
There are rewards propounded.

*Sap.* I would know
No mean in thine, could this be true.

*Harp.* My head
Answer the forfeit.

*Sap.* Of his victory
There was some rumour; but it was assured,

---

* Priest *And are constant* in *it.*] So the first two editions. The last, which is very incorrectly printed, reads *to* it, and is followed by the modern editors.

† Persever *in it.*] So this word was anciently written and pronounced: thus the king, in *Hamlet:*

——*but to* persever
*In obstinate condolement.*

Coxeter adopts the unmetrical reading of the third quarto, *persevere* in it, and is followed by Mr. M. Mason, who however, warns the reader to lay the accent on the penultimate.

* Sap. *Keep the* ports *close,*] This word, which is directly from the Latin, is so frequently used by Massinger and the writers of his time, for the *gates of a town,* that it appears superfluous to produce any examples of it. To have noticed it once is sufficient.

† *Kings* lackeying *by his triumphant chariot;*] Running by the side of it like *lackies,* or foot-boys. So in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida:*

"Oh that our power
Could *lackey* or keep pace with our desire!"

‡ *So well hath flesh'd,* &c.] Massinger was a great reader and admirer of Shakspeare: he has here not only adopted his sentiment, but his words:

"Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou *flesh'd*
*Thy maiden sword*"——

But Shakspeare is in every one's head, or, at least, in every one's hand; and I should therefore be constantly anticipated, in such remarks as these.

I will take this opportunity to say, that it is not my intention to encumber the page with tracing every phrase of Massinger to its imaginary source. This is a compliment which should only be paid to great and mighty geniuses; with respect to those of a second or third order, it is somewhat worse than superfluous to hunt them through innumerable works of all descriptions, for the purpose of discovering whence every common epithet, or trivial expression was taken.

The army pass'd a full day's journey higher,
Into the country.
*Harp.* It was so determined;
But, for the further honour of your son,
And to observe the government of the city,
And with what rigour, or remiss indulgence,
The Christians are pursued, he makes his stay here:
[*Trumpets.*
For proof, his trumpets speak his near arrival.
*Sap.* Haste, good Sempronius, draw up our guards,
And with all ceremonious pomp receive
The conquering army. Let our garrison speak
Their welcome in loud shouts, the city shew
Her state and wealth.
*Semp.* I'm gone. [*Exit.*
*Sap.* O, I am ravish'd
With this great honour! cherish, good Theophilus,
This knowing scholar; send [for] your fair daugh-
I will present them to the emperor, [ters*;
And in their sweet conversion, as a mirror,
Express your zeal and duty.
*Theoph.* Fetch them, good Harpax.
[*Exit Harpax.*

*A guard brought in by* SEMPRONIUS, *soldiers leading in three kings bound;* ANTONINUS *and* MACRINUS *carrying the* Emperor's *eagles;* DIOCLESIAN *with a gilt laurel on his head, leading in* ARTEMIA: SAPRITIUS *kisses the* Emperor's *hand, then embraces his* Son; HARPAX *brings in* CALISTA *and* CHRISTETA. *Loud shouts.*

*Diocle.* So: at all parts I find Cæsarea
Completely govern'd; the licentious soldier†
Confined in modest limits, and the people
Taught to obey, and, not compell'd with rigour
The ancient Roman discipline revived, [her
Which raised Rome to her greatness, and proclaim'd
The glorious mistress of the conquer'd world;
But, above all, the service of the gods
So zealously observed, that, good Sapritius,
In words to thank you for your care and duty,
Were much unworthy Dioclesian's honour,
Or his magnificence to his loyal servants.—
But I shall find a time with noble titles
To recompense your merits.
*Sap.* Mightiest Cæsar,
‡Whose power upon this globe of earth is equal
To Jove's in heaven; whose victorious triumphs
On proud rebellious kings that stir against it,
Are perfect figures of his immortal trophies
Won in the Giants' war; whose conquering sword,
Guided by his strong arm, as deadly falls
As did his thunder! all that I have done,
Or, if my strength were centupled, could do,
Comes short of what my loyalty must challenge.
But, if in any thing I have deserved
Great Cæsar's smile, 'tis in my humble care
Still to preserve the honour of those gods,
That make him what he is: my zeal to them,
I ever have express'd in my fell hate
Against the Christian sect that, with one blow,
(Ascribing all things to an unknown power,)
Would strike down all their temples, and allows
Nor sacrifice nor altars. [them*
*Diocle.* Thou, in this,
Walk'st hand in hand with me: my will and power
Shall not alone confirm, but honour all
That are in this most forward.
*Sap.* Sacred Cæsar,
If your imperial majesty stand pleased
To shower your favours upon such as are
The boldest champions of our religion;
Look on this reverend man, to whom the power
Of searching out, and punishing such delinquents,
Was by your choice committed; and, for proof,
He hath deserved the grace imposed upon him,
And with a fair and even hand proceeded,
Partial to none, not to himself; or those
Of equal nearness to himself; behold
†This pair of virgins.
*Diocle.* What are these?
*Sap.* His daughters. [ones,
*Artem.* Now by your sacred fortune, they are fair
Exceeding fair ones: would 'twere in my power
To make them mine!
*Theoph.* They are the gods', great lady,
They were most happy in your service else.
On these, when they fell from their father's faith,
I used a judge's power, entreaties failing
(They being seduced) to win them to adore
The holy powers we worship; I put on
The scarlet robe of bold authority,
And as they had been strangers to my blood,
Presented them, in the most horrid form,
All kind of tortures: part of which they suffer'd
With Roman constancy.
*Artem.* And could you endure,
Being a father, to behold their limbs
Extended on the rack?
*Theoph.* I did; but must
Confess there was a strange contention in me,
Between the impartial office of a judge,
And pity of a father; to help justice
Religion stept in, under which odds
Compassion fell:—yet still I was a father;
For e'en then, when the flinty hangman's whips
Were worn with stripes spent on their tender limbs
I kneel'd and wept, and begged them, though they
Be cruel to themselves they would take pity [would
On my grey hairs: now note a sudden change,
Which I with joy remember; those whom torture,
Nor fear of death could terrify, were o'ercome
By seeing of my sufferings; and so won,
Returning to the faith that they were born in,
I gave them to the gods: and be assured,
I that used justice with a rigorous hand,
Upon such beauteous virgins, and mine own,
Will use no favour, where the cause commands me,

---

* —— *send* [for] *your fair daughters;*] All the copies read,—*send your fair daughters; for,* which I have inserted seems necessary to complete the sense as well as the metre; as Harpax is immediately dispatched to bring them.

† —— *the licentious* soldier] Mr. M. Mason reads *soldiers,* the old and true lection is *soldier.* The stage direction in this place is very strangely given by the former editors. I may here observe, that I do not mean to notice every slight correction: already several errors have been silently reformed by the assistance of the first quarto: without reckoning the removal of such barbarous contractions as conq'ring, ad'mant, ranc'rous, ign'rance, rhet'rick, &c. with which the modern editions are everywhere deformed without authority or reason.

‡ *Whose power,* &c.] A translation of the well-known line:

*Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.*

* —— —— *and* allows *them*
Nor *sacrifice, nor altars.*] The modern editors have,
—— —— *and* allow them
No *sacrifice nor altars:*
which is the corrupt reading of the quarto, 1661.

† This *pair of virgins.*] Changed, I know not why, by the modern editors, into—These *pair of virgins.*

To any other; but, as rocks, be deaf
To all entreaties.
*Diocle.* Thou deserv'st thy place;
Still hold it, and with honour. Things thus order'd
Touching the gods; 'tis lawful to descend
To human cares, and exercise that power
Heaven has conferr'd upon me;—which that you,
Rebels and traitors to the power of Rome,
Should not with all extremities undergo,
What can you urge to qualify your crimes,
Or mitigate my anger?
*K. of Epire.* We are now
Slaves to thy power, that yesterday were kings,
And had command o'er others; we confess
Our grandsires paid yours tribute, yet left us,
As their forefathers had, desire of freedom.
And, if you Romans hold it glorious honour
Not only to defend what is your own,
But to enlarge your empire, (though our fortune
Denies that happiness,) who can accuse
The famish'd mouth if it attempt to feed?
Or such, whose fetters eat into their freedoms,
If they desire to shake them off?
*K. of Pontus.* We stand
The last examples, to prove how uncertain
All human happiness is; and are prepared
To endure the worst.
*K. of Macedon.* That spoke, which now is highest
In fortune's wheel, must when she turns it next,
Decline as low as we are. This consider'd,
Taught the Ægyptian Hercules, Sesostris,
That had his chariot drawn by captive kings,
To free them from that slavery;—but to hope
Such mercy from a Roman, where mere madness:
We are familiar with what cruelty
Rome, since her infant greatness, ever used
Such as she triumph'd over; age nor sex
Exempted from her tyranny: scepter'd princes
Kept in her common dungeons, and their children,
In scorn train'd up in base mechanic arts,
For public bondmen. In the catalogue
Of those unfortunate men, we expect to have
Our names remember'd.
*Diocle.* In all growing empires,
Even cruelty is useful; some must suffer,
And be set up examples to strike terror
In others, though far off: but when a state
Is raised to her perfection, and her bases
Too firm to shrink, or yield, we may use mercy,
And do't with safety:† but to whom? not cowards,
Or such whose baseness shames the conqueror,
And robs him of his victory, as weak Perseus
Did great Æmilius.* Know, therefore, kings
Of Epire, Pontus, and of Macedon,
That I with courtesy can use my prisoners,
As well as make them mine by force, provided
That they are noble enemies: such I found you,
Before I made you mine; and, since you were so,
You have not lost the courages of princes
Although the fortune. Had you born yourselves
Dejectedly, and base, no slavery
Had been too easy for you: but such is
The power of noble valour, that we love it
Even in our enemies, and taken with it,
Desire to make them friends, as I will you.
*K. of Epire.* Mock us not, Cæsar.
*Diocle.* By the gods, I do not.
Unloose their bonds;—I now as friends embrace you;
Give them their crowns again.
*K. of Pontus.* We are twice o'ercome;
By courage and by courtesy.
*K. of Macedon.* But this latter,
Shall teach us to live ever faithful vassals
To Dioclesian, and the power of Rome.
*K. of Epire.* All kingdoms fall before her!
*K. of Pontus.* And all kings
Contend to honour Cæsar!
*Diocle.* I believe
Your tongues are the true trumpets of your hearts,
And in it I most happy. Queen of fate,
Imperious fortune! mix some light disaster
With my so many joys, to season them,
And give them sweeter relish: I'm girt round
With true felicity; faithful subjects here,
Here bold commanders, here with new-made friends
But, what's the crown of all, in thee, Artemia,
My only child, whose love to me and duty,
Strive to exceed each other!
*Artem.* I make payment
But of a debt, which I stand bound to tender
As a daughter and a subject.
*Diocle.* Which requires yet
A retribution from me, Artemia,
Tied by a father's care, how to bestow
A jewel, of all things to me most precious:
Nor will I therefore longer keep thee from
The chief joys of creation, marriage rites; [of,
Which that thou may'st with greater pleasures taste
Thou shalt not like with mine eyes, but thine own.
Among these kings, forgetting they were captives
Or those, remembering not they are my subjects,
Make choice of any; by Jove's dreadful thunder,
My will shall rank with thine.
*Artem.* It is a bounty
The daughters of great princes seldom meet with;
For they, to make up breaches in the state,
Or for some other public ends, are forced
To match where they affect not.† May my life
Deserve this favour!
*Diocle.* Speak; I long to know
The man thou wilt make happy.

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* K. of Epire. *We are now Slaves to thy power,* &c.] I have observed several imitations of Massinger in the dramas of Mason: there is, for instance, a striking similarity between this spirited speech, and the indignant exclamation of the brave but unfortunate Caractacus:

——— "Soldier, I had arms,
Had neighing steeds to whirl my iron cars,
Had wealth, dominions: Dost thou wonder, Roman,
I fought to save them? What if Cæsar aims
To lord it universal o'er the world,
Shall the world tamely crouch to Cæsar's footstool?"

† *And do't with safety:*] This is admirably expressed; the maxim however, though just, is of the most dangerous nature, for what ambitious chief will ever allow the state to be "raised to her perfection," or that the time for using "mercy with safety" is arrived? even Dioclesian has his exceptions,—strong ones too! for Rome was old enough in his time. There is an allusion to Virgil, in the opening of this speech:

*Res dura, et novitas regni me talia cogunt*
*Moliri,* &c.

* ——— *as weak Perseus Did great Æmilius.*] It is said that Perseus sent to desire Paulus Æmilius not to exhibit him as a spectacle to the Romans, and to spare him the indignity of being led in triumph. Æmilius replied coldly: *The favour he asks of me is in his own power; he can procure it for himself.* Coxeter.

† *To match where they affect not.*] This does better for modern than Roman practice; and indeed the author was thinking more of Hamlet than Dioclesian, in this part of the dialogue.

*Artem.* If that titles,
Or the adored name of Queen could take me,
Here would I fix mine eyes, and look no further:
But these are baits to take a mean-born lady,
Not her, that boldly may call Cæsar father;
In that I can bring honour unto any,
But from no king that lives receive addition:
To raise desert and virtue by my fortune,
Though in a low estate, were greater glory
Than to mix greatness with a prince that owes*
No worth but that name only.
*Diocle.* I commend thee,
'Tis like myself.
*Artem.* If then, of men beneath me,
My choice is to be made, where shall I seek,
But among those that best deserve from you?
That have served you most faithfully; that in dangers
Have stood next to you; that have interposed
Their breasts as shields of proof, to dull the swords†
Aim'd at your bosom; that have spent their blood
To crown your brows with laurel?
*Macr.* Cytherea,
Great Queen of Love, be now propitious to me!
*Harp.* (*to Sap.*) Now mark what I foretold.
*Anton.* Her eye's on me.
Fair Venus' son, draw forth a leaden dart,‡
And, that she may hate me, transfix her with it;
Or, if thou needs wilt use a golden one,
Shoot it in the behalf of any other:
Thou know'st I am thy votary elsewhere. [*Aside.*
*Artem.* (*to Anton*) Sir.
*Theoph.* How he blushes!
*Sap.* Welcome, fool, thy fortune.
Stand like a block when such an angel courts thee!
*Artem.* I am no object to divert your eye
From the beholding.
*Anton.* Rather a bright sun,
Too glorious for him to gaze upon,
That took not first flight from the eagle's aerie.
As I look on the temples, or the gods,
And with that reverence, lady, I behold you,
And shall do ever.
*Artem.* And it will become you,
While thus we stand at distance; but, if love,
Love born out of the assurance of your virtues,
Teach me to stoop so low——
*Anton.* O, rather take
A higher flight.
*Artem.* Why, fear you to be raised?
Say I put off the dreadful awe that waits
On majesty, or with you share my beams,
Nay, make you to outshine me; change the name
Of Subject into Lord, rob you of service
That's due from you to me, and in me make it
Duty to honour you, would you refuse me?
*Anton.* Refuse you, madam! such a worm as I am,
Refuse what kings upon their knees would sue for!
Call it, great lady, by another name;
An humble modesty, that would not match
A molehill with Olympus.
*Artem.* He that's famous
For honourable actions in the war,
As you are, Antoninus, a proved soldier,
Is fellow to a king.
*Anton.* If you love valour,
As 'tis a kingly virtue, seek it out,
And cherish it in a king: there it shines brightest,
And yields the bravest lustre. Look on Epire,
A prince, in whom it is incorporate;
And let it not disgrace him that he was
O'ercome by Cæsar; it was victory,
To stand so long against him: had you seen him,
How in one bloody scene he did discharge
The parts of a commander and a soldier,
Wise in direction, bold in execution;
You would have said, Great Cæsar's self excepted,
The world yields not his equal.
*Artem.* Yet I have heard,
Encountering him alone in the head of his troop,
You took him prisoner.
*K. of Epire.* 'Tis a truth, great princess;
I'll not detract from valour.
*Anton.* 'Twas mere fortune;
Courage had no hand in it.
*Theoph.* Did ever man
Strive so against his own good?
*Sap.* Spiritless villain!
How I am tortured! By the immortal gods,
I now could kill him.
*Diocle.* Hold, Sapritius, hold,
On our displeasure hold!
*Harp.* Why, this would make
A father mad, 'tis not to be endured;
Your honour's tainted in't.
*Sap.* By heaven, it is;
I shall think of it.
*Harp.* 'Tis not to be forgotten.
*Artem.* Nay, kneel not, sir, I am no ravisher,
Nor so far gone in fond affection to you,
But that I can retire, my honour safe:—
Yet say, hereafter, that thou hast neglected
What, but seen in possession of another,
Will make thee mad with envy.
*Anton.* In her looks
Revenge is written.
*Mac.* As you love your life,
Study to appease her.
*Anton.* Gracious madam, hear me.
*Artem.* And be again refused?
*Anton.* The tender of
My life, my service, or, since you vouchsafe it,*
My love, my heart, my all: and pardon me,
Pardon, dread princess, that I made some scruple
To leave a valley of security,
To mount up to the hill of majesty,
On which, the nearer Jove, the nearer lightning.
What knew I, but your grace made trial of me;
Durst I presume to embrace, where but to touch
With an unmanner'd hand, was death? The fox,
When he saw first the forest's king, the lion,

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* *Than to mix greatness with a prince that* owes] Wherever the former editors meet with this word, in the sense of *possess*, they alter it into *owns*, though it is so used in almost every page of our old dramatists.

† ——— *to dull* the *swords*] So the old copies. Mr. M. Mason, reads, *to dull* their *swords*!

‡ *Fair Venus' son draw forth a leaden dart,*] The idea of this double effect, to which Massinger has more than one allusion, is from Ovid:

Filius huic Veneris; Figat tuus omnia, Phœbe,
Te meus arcus, ait;—Parnassi constitit arce,
Eque sagittifera promsit duo tela pharetra
Diversorum operum: fugat hoc, facit illud amorem.
Quod facit, auratum est, et cuspide fulget acuta;
Quod fugat, obtusum est, et habet sub arundine plumbum.
Met. lib I. 470.

* *My life, my service,* or, *since you vouchsafe it, My love,* &c.] This is the reading of the first edition and is evidently right. Coxeter follows the second and third, which read *not* instead of *or*. How did this nonsense escape Mr. M. Mason?

Was almost dead with fear;* the second view
Only a little daunted him; the third,
He durst salute him boldly: pray you, apply this;
And you shall find a little time will teach me
To look with more familiar eyes upon you,
Than duty yet allows me.
*Sap.* Well excused.
*Artem.* You may redeem all yet.
*Diocle.* And, that he may
Have means and opportunity to do so,
Artemia, I leave you my substitute
In fair Cæsarea.
*Sap.* And here, as yourself,
We will obey and serve her.
*Diocle.* Antoninus,
So you prove hers, I wish no other heir;
Think on't:—be careful of your charge, Theophilus;
Sapritius, be you my daughter's guardian.
Your company I wish, confederate princes,
In our Dalmatian wars, which finished
With victory I hope, and Maximinus,
Our brother and copartner in the empire,
At my request won to confirm as much,
The kingdoms I took from you we'll restore,
And make you greater than you were before.
[*Exeunt all but Antoninus and Macrinus.*
*Anton.* Oh, I am lost for ever! lost, Macrinus!
The anchor of the wretched, hope, forsakes me,
And with one blast of fortune all my light
Of happiness is put out.
*Mac.* You are like to those
That are ill only, 'cause they are too well;
That, surfeiting in the excess of blessings,
Call their abundance want. What could you wish,
That is not fall'n upon you? honour, greatness,
Respect, wealth, favour, the whole world for a dower;
And with a princess, whose excelling form
Exceeds her fortune.
*Anton.* Yet poison still is poison,
Though drunk in gold; and all these flattering glories
To me, ready to starve, a painted banquet,
And no essential food. When I am scorch'd
With fire, can flames in any other quench me?
What is her love to me, greatness, or empire,
That am slave to another, who alone
Can give me ease or freedom?
*Mac.* Sir, you point at
Your dotage on the scornful Dorothea:
Is she, though fair, the same day to be named
With best Artemia? In all their courses,
Wise men propose their ends: with sweet Artemia,
There comes along pleasure, security,
Usher'd by all that in this life is precious:
With Dorothea (though her birth be noble,
The daughter of a senator of Rome,
By him left rich, yet with a private wealth,
And far inferior to yours) arrives
The emperor's frown, which, like a mortal plague,
Speaks death is near; the princess' heavy scorn,
Under which you will shrink;† your father's fury,
Which to resist, even piety forbids:—
And but remember that she stands suspected
A favourer of the Christian sect; she brings
Not danger, but assured destruction with her.
This truly weigh'd one smile of great Artemia
Is to be cherish'd, and preferr'd before
All joys in Dorothea: therefore leave her. [thou art.
*Anton.* In what thou think'st thou art most wise,
Grossly abused, Macrinus, and most foolish.
For any man to match above his rank,
Is but to sell his liberty. With Artemia
I still must live a servant; but enjoying
Divinest Dorothea, I shall rule,
Rule as becomes a husband: for the *danger*,
Or call it, if you will, *assured destruction*,
I slight it thus.—If, then, thou art my friend,
As I dare swear thou art, and wilt not take
A governor's place upon thee,‡ be my helper.
*Mac.* You know I dare, and will do any thing;
Put me unto the test.
*Anton.* Go then, Macrinus,
To Dorothea; tell her I have worn,
In all the battles I have fought, her figure,
Her figure in my heart, which, like a deity,
Hath still protected me. Thou can'st speak well,
And of thy choicest language spare a little,
To make her understand how much I love her,
And how I languish for her. Bear these jewels,
Sent in the way of sacrifice, not service,
As to my goddess: all letts§ thrown behind me,
Or fears that may deter me, say, this morning
I mean to visit her by the name of friendship:
—No words to contradict this.
*Mac.* I am yours;
And, if my travail this way be ill spent,
Judge not my readier will by the event. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Dorothea's *House.*

*Enter* Spungius, *and* Hircius.‖

*Spun.* Turn Christian Would he that first tempted me to have my shoes walk upon Christian soles, had turn'd me into a capon; for I am sure now, the stones of all my pleasure, in this fleshly life, are cut off.

* *Was almost* dead *with fear;*] The reading of the first quarto is *drad*, which may perhaps, be the genuine word. The fable is from the Greek. In a preceding line there is an allusion to the proverb:—*Procul a Jove, sed procul a fulmine.*

† *Under which you will* shrink;] So all the old copies. Modern editors incorrectly, and unmetrically read: *Under which* you'll sink, &c. (omitted in Edit. of 1813.)

‡ *A governor's place upon thee.*] From the Latin: *ne sis mihi tutor.*

§ ——— *All* lets *thrown behind me,*] i. e. All impediments. So in the *Mayor of Quinborough:*

"Hope, and be sure I'll soon remove the *let*
That stands between thee and thy glory."

‖ Very few of our old English plays are free from these dialogues of low wit and buffoonery: 'twas the vice of the age; nor is Massinger less free from it than his cotemporaries. To defend them is impossible, nor shall I attempt it. They are of this use, that they mark the taste, display the manners, and shew us what was the chief delight and entertainment of our forefathers. Coxeter.

It should, however, be observed, in justice to our old plays, that few, or rather none of them, are contaminated with such detestable ribaldry as the present. To "low wit,"

*Hir.* So then, if any coxcomb has a galloping desire to ride, here's a gelding, if he can but sit him.

*Spun.* I kick, for all that, like a horse;—look else.

*Hir.* But that is a kickish jade, fellow Spungius. Have not I as much cause to complain as thou hast? When I was a pagan, there was an infidel punk of mine, would have let me come upon trust for my curvetting: a pox on your Christian cockatrices! they cry, like poulterers' wives:—No money, no coney.

*Spun.* Bacchus, the god of brew'd wine and sugar, grand patron of rob-pots, upsy-freesy tipplers, and super-naculum takers; this Bacchus, who is head warden of Vintners'-hall, ale-conner, mayor of all victualling-houses, the sole liquid benefactor to bawdy houses; lanceprezade to red noses, and invincible adelantado over the armado of pimpled, deep-scarleted, rubified, and carbuncled faces——

*Hir.* What of all this?

*Spun.* This boon Bacchanalian skinker, did I make legs to.

*Hir.* Scurvy ones, when thou wert drunk.

*Spun.* There is no danger of losing a man's ears by making these indentures; he that will not now and then be Calabingo, is worse than a Calamoothe. When I was a pagan, and kneeled to this Bacchus, I durst out-drink a lord; but your Christian lords out-bowl me. I was in hope to lead a sober life, when I was converted; but, now amongst the Christians, I can no sooner stagger out of one alehouse, but I reel into another: they have whole streets of nothing but drinking-rooms, and drabbing-chambers, jumbled together.

*Hir.* Bawdy Priapus, the first schoolmaster that taught butchers to stick pricks in flesh, and make it swell, thou know'st, was the only mingle that I cared for under the moon; but, since I left him to follow a scurvy lady, what with her praying and our fasting, if now I come to a wench, and offer to use her any thing hardly (telling her, being a Christian, she must endure), she presently handles me as if I were a clove, and cleaves me with disdain, as if I were a calf's head.

*Spun.* I see no remedy, fellow Hircius, but that thou and I must be half pagans, and half Christians; for we know very fools that are Christians.

*Hir.* Right: the quarters of Christians are good for nothing but to feed crows.

*Spun.* True: Christian brokers, thou know'st, are made up of the quarters of Christians; par-boil one of these rogues, and he is not meat for a dog: no, no, I am resolved to have an infidel's heart, though in shew I carry a Christian's face.

*Hir.* Thy last shall serve my foot: so will I.

*Spun.* Our whimpering lady and mistress sent me with two great baskets full of beef, mutton, veal and goose, fellow Hircius——

*Hir.* And woodcock, fellow Spungius.

*Spun.* Upon the poor lean ass-fellow, on which I ride, to all the almswomen: what think'st thou I have done with all this good cheer?

*Hir.* Eat it; or be choked else.

*Spun.* Would my ass, basket and all, were in thy maw, if I did! No, as I am a demi-pagan, I sold the victuals, and coined the money into pottle pots of wine.

*Hir.* Therein thou shewed'st thyself a perfect demi-christian too, to let the poor beg, starve, and hang, or die of the pip. Our puling, snotty-nose lady sent me out likewise with a purse of money, to relieve and release prisoners:—Did I so, think you?

*Spun.* Would thy ribs were turned into grates of iron then.

*Hir.* As I am a total pagan, I swore they should be hanged first; for, sirrah Spungius, I lay at my old ward of lechery, and cried, a pox on your two-penny wards! and so I took scurvy common flesh for the money.

*Spun.* And wisely done; for our lady, sending it to prisoners, had bestowed it out upon lousy knaves: and thou, to save that labour, cast'st it away upon rotten whores.

*Hir.* All my fear is of that pink-an-eye jack-an-apes boy, her page.

*Spun.* As I am a pagan from my cod-piece downward, that white-faced monkey frights me too. I stole but a dirty pudding, last day, out of an alms-basket, to give my dog when he was hungry, and the peaking chitty-face page hit me in the teeth with it.

*Hir.* With the dirty pudding! so he did me once with a cow-turd, which in knavery I would have crumb'd into one's porridge, who was half a pagan too. The smug dandiprat smells us out, whatsoever we are doing.

*Spun.* Does he? let him take heed I prove not his back-friend: I'll make him curse his smelling what I do.

*Hir.* 'Tis my lady spoils the boy; for he is ever at her tail, and she is never well but in his company.

*Enter* Angelo *with a book, and a taper lighted; they seeing him, counterfeit devotion,*

*Ang.* O! now your hearts make ladders of your eyes,
In shew to climb to heaven, when your devotion
Walks upon crutches. Where did you waste your [time,
When the religious man was on his knees,
Speaking the heavenly language?

*Spun.* Why, fellow Angelo, we were speaking in pedlar's French, I hope,

*Hir.* We have not been idle, take it upon my word.

*Ang.* Have you the baskets emptied, which your lady
Sent, from her charitable hands, to women [lad
That dwell upon her pity?

*Spun.* Emptied them! yes; I'd be loth to have my belly so empty; yet, I am sure, I munched not one bit of them neither.

*Ang.* And went your money to the prisoners?

*Hir.* Went! no; I carried it, and with these fingers paid it away.

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or indeed to wit of any kind, it has not the slightest pretension; being, in fact, nothing more than a loathsome sooterkin engendered of filth and dulness. (It was evidently the author's design to personify *Lust* and *Drunkenness* in the characters of Hircius and Spungius, and this may account for the ribaldry in which they indulge.) That Massinger is not free from dialogues of low wit and buffoonery (though certainly, notwithstanding Coxeter's assertion, he is much more so than his contemporaries) may readily be granted; but the person who, after perusing this execrable trash, can imagine it to bear any resemblance to his style and manner, must have read him to very little purpose. It was assuredly written by Decker, as was the rest of this act, in which there is much to approve: with respect to this scene, and every other in which the present speakers are introduced, I recommend them to the reader's supreme scorn and contempt; if he pass them entirely over, he will lose little of the story, and nothing of his respect for the author. I have carefully corrected the text in innumerable places, but given it no farther consideration. I repeat my entreaty that the reader would reject it altogether.

*Ang.* What way? the devil's way, the way of sin,
The way of hot damnation, way of lust!
And you, to wash away the poor man's bread
In bowls of drunkenness.

*Spun.* Drunkenness! yes, yes, I use to be druuk; our next neighbour's man, called Christopher, hath often seen me drunk, hath he not?

*Hir.* Or me given so to the flesh! my cheeks speak my doings.

*Ang.* Avaunt, ye thieves, and hollow hypocrites!
Your hearts to me lie open like black books,
And there I read your doings.

*Spun.* And what do you read in my heart?

*Hir.* Or in mine? come, amiable Angelo, beat the flint of your brains.

*Spun.* And let's see what sparks of wit fly out to kindle your cerebrum. [gius call'd,

*Ang.* Your names even brand you; you are Spun-
And like a spunge, you suck up lickerish wines,
Till your soul reels to hell.

*Spun.* To hell! can any drunkard's legs carry him so far? food,

*Ang.* For blood of grapes you sold the widows'
And starving them 'tis murder: what's this but hell?——
Hircius your name, and goatish is your nature:
You snatch the meat out of the prisoner's mouth,
To fatten harlots: is not this hell too?
No angel, but the devil, waits on you.

*Spun.* Shall I cut his throat?

*Hir.* No; better burn him, for I think he is a witch; but sooth, sooth him.

*Spun.* Fellow Angelo, true it is, that falling into the company of wicked he-christians, for my part—

*Hir.* And she-ones, for mine,—we have them swim in shoals hard by——

*Spun.* We must confess, I took too much out of the pot; and he of t'other hollow commodity.

*Hir.* Yes, indeed, we laid Jill on both of us: we cozen'd the poor; but 'tis a common thing; many a one, that counts himself a better Christian than we two, has done it, by this light.

*Spun.* But pray, sweet Angelo, play not the tell-tale to my lady; and, if you take us creeping into any of these mouse-holes of sin any more, let cats flay off our skins.

*Hir.* And put nothing but the poison'd tails of rats into those skins.

*Ang.* Will you dishonour her sweet charity,
Who saved you from the tree of death and shame?

*Hir.* Would I were hang'd, rather than thus be told of my faults.

*Spun.* She took us, tis true, from the gallows; yet I hope she will not bar yeomen sprats to have their swing.

*Ang,* She comes, beware and mend.

*Hir.* Let's break his neck, and bid him mend.

*Enter* Dorothea.

*Dor.* Have you my messages, sent to the poor,
Deliver'd with good hands, not robbing them
Of any jot was theirs?

*Spun.* Rob them, lady! I hope neither my fellow nor I am thieves.

*Hir.* Delivered with good hands, madam! else let me never lick my fingers more when I eat butter'd fish.

*Dor.* Who cheat the poor, and from them pluck their alms.
Pilfer from heaven; and there are thunderbolts
From thence to beat them ever. Do not lie,
Were you both faithful, true distributers?

*Spun.* Lie, madam! what grief is it to see you turn swaggerer, and give your poor-minded rascally servants the lie.

*Dor.* I'm glad you do not; if those wretched people
Tell you they pine for want of any thing,
Whisper but to mine ear, and you shall furnish them.

*Hir.* Whisper! nay, lady, for my part I'll cry whoop.

*Ang.* Play no more, villains, with so good a lady;
For, if you do——

*Spun.* Are we Christians?

*Hir.* The foul fiend snap all pagans for me.

*Ang.* Away, and, once more, mend.

*Spun.* Takes us for botchers.

*Hir.* A patch, a patch![*] [*Exeunt Spun. and Hir.*

*Dor.* My book and taper.[†]

*Ang.* Here, most holy mistress.

*Dor.* Thy voice sends forth such music, that I
Was ravish'd with a more celestial sound. [never
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodness, angels would come down
To dwell with us: thy name is Angelo,
And like that name thou art; get thee to rest,
Thy youth with too much watching is opprest.

*Ang.* No, my dear lady, I could weary stars,
And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes
By my late watching, but to wait on you.
When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,
Methinks I'm singing with some quire in heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company:
Therefore, my most loved mistress, do not bid
Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence;
For then you break his heart.

*Dor.* Be nigh me still, then;
In golden letters down I'll set that day,
Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope
To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself,
This little, pretty body; when I, coming
Forth of the temple, heard my beggar-boy,
My sweet-faced, godly beggar boy, crave an alms,
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand!—
And when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom,
Methought, was fill'd with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,
On wings if cherubins, than it did before.

*Ang.* Proud am I, that my lady's modest eye
So likes so poor a servant.

*Dor.* I have offer'd
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents.
I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some,
To dwell with thy good father; for, the son
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begot him must do't ten times more.
I pray thee, my sweet boy, shew me thy parents;
Be not ashamed.

*Ang.* I am not: I did never
Know who my mother was: but, by yon palace

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* Hir. *A patch, a patch!*] A knave—a fool—in this sense the word is evidently used in the following.

"Here is such *patcherie*, such jugling and such knaverie."
*Shak.* Troilus & Cres. Act. II. Sc. 3.

although now obsolete in the sense here intended it frequently occurs in the old dramatists. ED.

† Dor. *My book and taper.*] What follows, to the end of the scene, is exquisitely beautiful. What pity that a man so capable of interesting our best passions (for I am persuaded that this also was written by Decker), should prostitute his genius and his judgment to the production of what could only disgrace himself, and disgust his reader.

Fill'd with bright heavenly courtiers, I dare assure
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand, [you,
My father is in heaven: and pretty mistress,
If your illustrious hour-glass spend his sand
No worse than yet it does, upon my life,
You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.
*Dor.* A blessed day!
We all long to be there, but lose the way.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street near* Dorothea's *House.*

*Enter* Macrinus, *met by* Theophilus *and* Harpax.

*Theop.* The Sun, god of the day, guide thee,
*Mac.* And thee, Theophilus! [Macrinus!
*Theoph.* Glad'st thou in such scorn* ?
I call my wish back.
*Mac.* I'm in haste.
*Theoph.* One word.
Take the least hand of time up:—stay:
*Mac.* Be brief. [Macrinus,
*Theoph.* As thought: I prithee tell me, good
How health and our fair princess lay together
This night, for you can tell; courtiers have flies†
That buzz all news unto them.
*Mac.* She slept but ill.
*Theoph.* Double thy courtesy; how does Antoninus?
*Mac.* Ill, well, straight, crooked,—I know not how.
*Theoph.* Once more;
—Thy head is full of windmills:—when doth the
Fill a bed full of beauty, and bestow it [princess
On Antoninus, on the wedding-night?
*Mac.* I know not.
*Theoph.* No! thou art the manuscript,
Where Antoninus writes down all his secrets:
Honest Macrinus, tell me.
*Mac.* Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*
*Harp.* Honesty is some fiend, and flights him
A many courtiers love it not‡. [hence;
*Theoph.* What piece
Of this state-wheel, which winds up Antoninus,
Is broke, it runs so jarringly? the man
Is from himself divided: O thou, the eye
By which I wonders see, tell me, my Harpax,
What gad-fly tickles this Macrinus so,
That, flinging up the tail, he breaks thus from me.
*Harp.* Oh, sir, his brain-pan is a bed of snakes,
Whose stings shoot through his eye balls, whose
poisonous spawn
Ingenders such a fry of speckled villainies,
That, unless charms more strong than adamant
Be used, the Roman angel's§ wings shall melt,
And Cæsar's diadem be from his head
Spurn'd by base feet; the laurel which he wears,
Returning victor, be enforced to kiss,
That which it hates, the fire. And can this ram,
This Antoninus-engine, being made ready
To so much mischief, keep a steady motion?—
His eyes and feet, you see, give strange assaults.
*Theoph.* I'm turn'd a marble statue at thy language
Which printed is in such crabb'd characters,
It puzzles all my reading: what, in the name
Of Pluto, now is hatching?
*Harp.* This Macrinus*
The line is, upon which love-errands run
'Twixt Antoninus and that ghost of women,
The bloodless Dorothea, who in prayer
And meditation, mocking all your gods,
Drinks up her ruby colour: yet Antoninus
Plays the Endymion to this pale-faced moon,
Courts, seeks to catch her eyes—
*Theoph.* And what of this?
*Harp.* These are but creeping billows,
Not got to shore yet: but if Dorothea
Fall on his bosom, and be fired with love,
(Your coldest women do so,)—had you ink
Brew'd from the infernal Styx, not all that blackness
Can make a thing so foul, as the dishonours,
Disgraces, buffetings, and most base affronts
Upon the bright Artemia, star o' th' court,
Great Cæsar's daughter.
*Theoph.* I now conster thee. [fill'd
*Harp.* Nay, more; a firmament of clouds, being
With Jove's artillery, shot down at once,
To pash† your gods in pieces, cannot give,

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* *Theoph.* Glad'st *thou in such scorn?*] This is the reading of all the old copies, and appears to be the genuine one. Theophilus, who is represented as a furious zealot for paganism, is mortified at the indifference with which Macrinus returns the happiness he had wished him by his god. Mr. M. Mason reads, Gaddest *thou in such scorn?*

† ——*courtiers have* flies] This word is used by Ben Jonson, a close and devoted imitator of the ancients, for a domestic parasite, a familiar, &c. and from him, probably, Decker adopted it in the present sense.

‡ A *many courtiers love it not.*] This is the reading of the first quarto. The editors follow that of the last two:—And *many* &c. which is not so good.

§ ——*the Roman* angel's] As angels were no part of the pagan theology, this should *certainly* be *augel* from the Italian *augello*, which means a bird. M. Mason.

It were to be wished that critics would sometimes apply to themselves the advice which Gonerill gives to poor old Lear:

"I pray you, father, *being weak*, seem so;"

we should not then find so many of these *certainties*. The barbarous word *augel*, of which Mr. M. Mason speaks so confidently, is foreign to our language, whereas *angel*, in the sense of birds, occurs frequently. Jonson beautifully calls the nightingale, "the dear good *angel* of the spring," and if this should be thought, as it probably is, a Grecism; yet we have the same term in another passage, which will admit of no dispute:

"Not an *angel* of the air
*Bird* melodious, or *bird* fair, &c.
*Two Noble Kinsmen.*

In Mandeville, the barbarous Herodotus of a barbarous age, there is an account of a people (probably the remains of the old Guebres) who exposed the dead bodies of their parents to the *fowles of the air*. They reserved, however, the sculls, of which, says he, the son, "letethe make a cuppe, and thereof drynkethe he with gret devocioun, in remembraunce of the holy man that the *aungeles of God* had eten.

"By this expression," says Mr. Hole, "Mandeville possibly meant to insinuate that they were considered as sacred *messengers.*" No, surely: *aungeles of God*, was synonymous in Mandeville's vocabulary, to *fowles of the air*. With Greek phraseology he was, perhaps, but little acquainted, but he knew his own language well. (By *angel* is meant the Roman ensign, the *eagle*).

The reader cannot but have already observed how ill the style of Decker assimilates with that of Massinger: in the former act Harpax had spoken sufficiently plain, and told Theophilus of strange and important events, without these harsh and violent starts and metaphors.

* Harp. *This Macrinus*

*The* line *is, &c.*] The old copies read *time*. Before I saw Mr. M. Mason's emendation, I had altered it to *twine*. *Line* however, appears to be the genuine word. The allusion is to the rude fire-works of our ancestors. So, in the *Faune*, by Marston.

"*Page.* There be squibs, sir, *running* upon *lines*, like some of our gawdy gallants," &c., (and in Decker's Honest Whore. "Troth mistress, to tell you true, the fire-works then *ran* from me upon *lines*," &c.)

† *To* pash *your gods in pieces*] So the old copies. Coxeter (who is followed, as usual, by Mr. M. Mason), ignorant perhaps of the sense of *pash*, changed it to *dash*, a word of far less energy, and of a different meaning. The latter signifies, to throw one thing with violence against another; the

With all those thunderbolts, so deep a blow
To the religion there, and pagan lore,
As this; for Dorothea hates your gods,
And, if she once blast Antoninus' soul,
Making it foul like hers, Oh! the example—
*Theoph.* Eats through Cæsarea's heart like liquid poison.
Have I invented tortures to tear Christians,
To see but which, could all that feel hell's torments
Have leave to stand aloof here on earth's stage,
They would be mad 'till they again descended,
Holding the pains most horrid of such souls,
May-games to those of mine: has this my hand
Set down a Christian's execution
In such dire postures, that the very hangman
Fell at my foot dead, hearing but their figures;
And shall Macrinus and his fellow-masker
Strangle me in a dance?
*Harp.* No;—on; I hug thee,
For drilling thy quick brains in this rich plot
Of tortures 'gainst these Christians: on; I hug thee!
*Theoph.* Both hug and holy me; to this Dorothea
Fly thou and I in thunder.
*Harp.* Not for kingdoms
Piled upon kingdoms: there's a villain page
Waits on her, whom I would not for the world
Hold traffic with; I do so hate his sight
That, should I look on him, I must sink down.
*Theoph.* I will not lose thee then, her to confound;
None but this head with glories shall be crown'd.
*Harp.* Oh! mine own as I would wish thee.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Dorothea's *House.*

*Enter* Dorothea, Macrinus, *and* Angelo.

*Dor.* My trusty Angelo, with that curious eye
Of thine, which ever waits upon my business,
I prithee watch those my still-negligent servants,
That they perform my will, in what's enjoin'd them
To the good of others; else will you find them flies,
Not lying still, yet in them no good lies:
Be careful, dear boy.
*Ang.* Yes, my sweetest mistress.* [*Exit.*
*Dor.* Now, sir, you may go on.
*Mac.* I then must study
A new arithmetic, to sum up the virtues
Which Antoninus gracefully become.
There is in him so much man, so much goodness,
So much of honour, and of all things else,
Which make our being excellent, that from his store
He can enough lend others; yet, much ta'en from him,
The want shall be as little, as when seas
Lend from their bounty, to fill up the poorness*
Of needy rivers.
*Dor.* Sir he is more indebted
To you for praise, than you to him that owes it.
*Mac.* If queens, viewing his presents paid to the whiteness
Of your chaste hand alone, should be ambitious
But to be parted in their numerous shares;†
This he counts nothing: could you see main armies
Make battles in the quarrel of his valour,
That 'tis the best, the truest, this were nothing;
The greatness of his state, his father's voice
And arm awing Cæsarea,‡ he ne'er boasts of;
The sunbeams which the emperor throws upon him,
Shine there but as in water, and gild him
Not with one spot of pride: no, dearest beauty,
All these, heap'd up together in one scale,
Cannot weigh down the love he bears to you,
Being put into the other.
*Dor.* Could gold buy you
To speak thus for a friend, you, sir, are worthy
Of more than I will number; and this your language
Hath power to win upon another woman,
'Top of whose heart the feathers of this world
Are gaily stuck: but all which first you named,
And now this last, his love, to me are nothing.
*Mac.* You make me a sad messenger;—but himself

*Enter* Anioninus.

Being come in person, shall, I hope, hear from you
Music more pleasing.
*Anton.* Has your ear, Macrinus,
Heard none, then?
*Mac.* None I like.
*Anton.* But can there be
In such a noble casket, wherein lie
Beauty and chastity in their full perfections,
A rocky heart, killing with cruelty
A life that's prostrated beneath your feet?
*Dor.* I am guilty of a shame I yet ne'er knew,
Thus to hold parley with you;—pray, sir, pardon.
*Anton.* Good sweetness, you now have it, and shall
Be but so merciful, before your wounding me [go;
With such a mortal weapon as Farewell,
To let me murmur to your virgin ear,
What I was loth to lay on any tongue
But this mine own.
*Dor.* If one immodest accent
Fly out, I hate you everlastingly.
*Anton.* My true love dares not do it.
*Mac.* Hermes inspire thee!

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*ormer, to strike a thing with such force as to crush it to pieces. Thus in Act IV. of this tragedy:

"——————when the battering ram
Was fetching his career backwards, to *pash*,
Me with his horns in pieces."

The word is now obsolete; which is to be regretted, as we have none that can adequately supply its place: it is used in its proper sense by Dryden, which is the latest instance I recollect:

"Thy cunning engines have with labour raised
My heavy anger, like a mighty weight,
To fall and *pash* thee."

Mr. Gifford might have added the following illustration in which the distinction between *pash* and *dash* is pointedly marked.

"They left him (Becket) not till they had cut and *pashed* out his brains, and *dashed* them about upon the church pavement." Holinshed, Hen. II. an. 1171.

It would not be difficult to cite many other authorities to support of the use here made of this now obsolete word. Shakspeare frequently uses it. ED.

* Ang. *Yes, my* sweetest *mistress.*] So the old copies: the modern editors read, *Yes, my* sweet *mistress*, which destoys the metre.

* —— *to fill up* the *poorness.*] The modern editors read I know not why—*to fill up* their *poorness*'

† *But to be* parted *in their numerous shares;*] This the former editors have modernized into

*But to be* partners, &c.

a better word, perhaps, but not for that, to be unwarrantably thrust into the text. The expression may be found in the writers of our author's age, especially in Ben Jonson, in the sense here required: *to be parted;* to be favoured, or endowed with a part.

‡ *And arm* awing *Cæsarea.*] I have ventured to differ here from all the copies, which read *owing;* the error, if it be one, as I think it is, probably arose from the expression being taken down by the ear.

*Enter above,* ARTEMIA, SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, SPUNGIUS, *and* HIRCIUS.

*Spun.* So, now, do you see?—Our work is done; the fish you angle for is nibbling at the hook, and therefore untruss the cod-piece-point of our reward no matter if the breeches of conscience fall about our heels.

*Theoph.* The gold you earn is here; dam up your mouths, And no words of it.

*Hir.* No; nor no words from you of too much damning neither. I know women sell themselves daily, and are hacknied out for silver: why may not we, then, betray a scurvy mistress for gold?

*Spun.* She saved us from the gallows, and, only to keep one proverb from breaking his neck, we'll hang her. [white boys.

*Theoph.* 'Tis well done; go, go, you're my fine

*Spun.* If your red boys, 'tis well known more ill-favoured faces than ours are painted.

*Sap.* Those fellows trouble us.

*Theoph.* Away, away!

*Hir.* I to my sweet placket.

*Spun.* And I to my full pot.

[*Exeunt. Hir. and Spun.*

*Anton.* Come let me tune you:—glaze not thus
With self-love of a vowed virginity, [your eyes
Make every man your glass; you see our sex
Do never murder propagation;
We all desire your sweet society,
And if you bar me from it, you do kill me,
And of my blood are guilty.

*Artem.* O base villain!

*Sap.* Bridle your rage, sweet princess.

*Anton.* Could not my fortunes,
Rear'd higher far than yours, be worthy of you,
Methinks my dear affection makes you mine.

*Dor.* Sir, for your fortunes, were they mines of gold, He that I love is richer; and for worth,
You are to him lower than any slave
Is to a monarch.

*Sap.* So insolent, base Christian!

*Dor.* Can I, with wearing out my knees before him, Get you but be his servant, you shall boast
You're equal to a king.

*Sap.* Confusion on thee,
For playing thus the lying sorceress! [the sun

*Anton.* Your mocks are great ones; none beneath
Will I be servant to.—On my knees I beg it,
Pity me, wondrous maid.

*Sap.* I curse thy baseness.

*Theoph.* Listen to more.

*Dor.* O kneel not, sir, to me.

*Anton,* This knee is emblem of an humbled heart:
That heart which tortured is with your disdain,
Justly for scorning others, even this heart,
To which for pity such a princess sues,
As in her hand offers me all the world,
Great Cæsar's daughter.

*Artem.* Slave, thou liest.

*Anton.* Yet this
Is adamant to her, that melts to you
In drops of blood.

*Theoph.* A very dog!

*Anton.* Perhaps
'Tis my religion makes you knit the brow;
Yet be you mine, and ever be your own:
I ne'er will screw your conscience from that Power,
On which you Christians lean.

*Sap.* I can no longer
Fret out my life with weeping at thee, villain.
Sirrah! [*Aloud.*
Would, when I got thee, the high Thunderer's hand
Had struck thee in the womb!

*Mac.* We are betray'd.

*Artem.* Is that the Idol, traitor, which thou kneel'st Trampling upon my beauty? [to,

*Theoph.* Sirrah, bandog*!
Wilt thou in pieces tear our Jupiter
For her? our Mars for her? our Sol for her?
A whore! a hell-hound! In this globe of brains,
Where a whole world of furies for such tortures
Have fought, as in a chaos, which should exceed,
These nails shall grubbing lie from skull to skull,
To find one horrider than all, for you,
You three!

*Artem.* Threaten not, but strike: quick vengeance Into my bosom†! caitiff! here all love dies. [flies

[*Exeunt above.*

*Anton.* O! I am thunderstruck! We are both o'erwhelm'd——

*Mac.* With one high-raging billow.

*Dor.* You a soldier,
And sink beneath the violence of a woman!

*Anton.* A woman! a wrong'd princess. From such a star
Blazing with fires of hate, what can be look'd for,
But tragical events? my life is now
The subject of her tyranny.

*Dor.* That fear is base,
Of death, when that death doth but life displace
Out of her house of earth; you only dread
The stroke, and not what follows when you're dead
There's the great fear, indeed‡: come, let your eyes
Dwell where mine do, you'll scorn their tyrannies.

*Re-enter below,* ARTEMIA, SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, *a guard;* ANGELO *comes and stands close by* DOROTHEA.

*Artem.* My father's nerves put vigour in mine arm,
And I his strength must use. Because I once
Shed beams of favour on thee, and, with the lion,
Play'd with thee gently, when thou struck'st my heart,
I'll not insult on a base, humbled prey,

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* Theoph. *Sirrah,* bandog.

*Wilt thou in pieces tear our Jupiter.*] A *bandog,* as the name imports, was a dog so fierce, as to require to be chained up. Bandogs are frequently mentioned by our old writers (indeed the word occurs three times in this very play) and always with a reference to their savage nature. If the term was appropriated to a species, it probably meant a large dog, of the mastiff kind, which, though no longer met with here, is still common in many parts of Germany: it was familiar to Snyders, and is found in most of his hunting-pieces.

In this country the bandog was kept to bait bears: with the decline of that "noble sport," perhaps, the animal fell into disuse, as he was too ferocious for any domestic purpose. Mr. Gilchrist has furnished me with a curious passage from Laneham, which renders any further details on the subject unnecessary. "On the sixth day of her majestyes cumming, a great sort of *bandogs* whear thear tyed in the utter coourt, and thyrteen bears in the inner. Whoosoever made the pannell thear wear enoow for a queast, and one for a challenge and need wear. A wight of great wisdoom and gravitie seemed their foreman to be, had it cum to a jury: but it fell oout that they wear caused to appeer thear upon no such matter, but onlie too onswear too an *auncient quarrele between them and the bandogs,*" &c. *Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Killingworth Castle, in* 1575.

†——— *quick vengeance flies*
*Into* my *bosom,* &c.] The old copies read, *Into* thy *bosom.* For the change, which is obviously necessary, I am answerable.

‡ *There's the* great *fear indeed:*] The modern editors omit *great,* which is found in the first and second quartos.

By lingering out thy terrors ; but with one frown
Kill thee : hence with 'em all to execution.
Seize him ; but let even death itself be weary
In torturing her. I'll change those smiles to shrieks ;
Give the fool what she's proud of, martyrdom :
In pieces rack that bawd too.

*Sap.* Albeit the reverence
I owe our gods, and you, are in my bosom,
Torrents so strong, that pity quite lies drown'd
From saving this young man ; yet, when I see
What face death gives him, and that a thing within
Says, 'tis my son, I am forced to be a man, [me
And grow fond of his life, which thus I beg.

*Artem.* And I deny.

*Anton.* Sir, you dishonour me,
To sue for that which I disclaim to have.
I shall more glory in my sufferings gain
Than you in giving judgment, since I offer
My blood up to your anger ; nor do I kneel
To keep a wretched life of mine from ruin ;
Preserve this temple, builded fair as yours is*,
And Cæsar never went in greater triumph,
Than I shall to the scaffold.

*Artem.* Are you so brave, sir?
Set forward to his triumph, and let those two
Go cursing along with him.

*Dor.* No, but pitying,
For my part, I, that you lose ten times more
By torturing me, than I that dare your tortures.
Through all the army of my sins, I have even
Labour'd to break, and cope with death to th' face.
The visage of a hangman frights not me ;
The sight of whips, racks, gibbets, axes, fires,
Are scaffoldings by which my soul climbs up
To an eternal habitation.

*Theoph.* Cæsar's imperial daughter, hear me speak
Let not this Christian thing, in this her pageantry
Of proud deriding both our gods and Cæsar,
Build to herself a kingdom in her death.
Going† laughing from us : no ; her bitterest torment
Shall be, to feel her constancy beaten down :
The bravery of her resolution lie
Batter'd, by argument, into such pieces,
That she again shall, on her belly, creep
To kiss the pavements of our painim gods.

*Artem.* How to be done ?

*Theoph.* I'll send my daughters to her,
And they shall turn her rocky faith to wax ;
Else spit at me, let me be made your slave,
And meet no Roman's but a villain's grave.

*Artem.* Thy prisoner let her be, then ; and, Sapritius,
Your son and that‡, be yours : death shall be sent
To him that suffers them, by voice or letters,
To greet each other. Rifle her estate ;
Christians to beggary brought, grow desparate.

* *Preserve this temple,* build it *fair as yours is.*] As this line stands, Antoninus's request is, not merely that Artemia should preserve Dorothea, but that she should raise her to a degree of splendour equal to her own. The absurdity of supposing that he should make this request to a princess, who had condemned him to death, in favour of her rival, made me suppose that there must be an error in this passage, and suggested the amendment.—M. Mason.

Wonderfully sagacious! A single glance at either of the first three editions would have saved all this labour: *build it* is the blunder of the quarto, 1661, which Coxeter followed; in the others it stands as in the text.

† Going *laughing from us :*] So the old copies; which is far more correct than the modern reading—Go, *laughing from us.*

‡ *Your son and* that,] Meaning Macrinus, whom before she had called a bawd.—M. Mason.

*Dor.* Still on the bread of poverty let me feed.

*Ang.* O ! my admired mistress, quench not out
The holy fires within you, though temptations
Shower down upon you : clasp thine armour on,
Fight well, and thou shalt see, after these wars,
Thy head wear sunbeams, and thy feet touch stars,
[*Exeunt all but Angelo.*

*Enter* Hircius *and* Spungius.

*Hir.* How now, Angelo ; how is it, how is it ?
What thread spins that whore Fortune upon her wheel now?

*Spun. Com' esta, com' esta,* poor knave?

*Hir. Comment portez-vouz, comment portez-vouz, mon petit garçon?*

*Spun.* My pretty wee comrade, my half-inch of man's flesh, how run the dice of this cheating world, ha?

*Ang.* Too well on your sides ; you are hid in gold O'er head and ears.

*Hir.* We thank our fates, the sign of the gingle-boys hangs at the doors of our pockets.

*Spun.* Who would think that we, coming forth of the a—, as it were, or fag-end of the world, should yet see the golden age, when so little silver is stirring.

*Hir.* Nay, who can say any citizen is an ass, for loading his own back with money till his soul cracks again, only to leave his son like a gilded coxcomb behind him? Will not any fool take me for a wise man now, seeing me draw out of the pit of my treasury this little god with his belly full of gold?

*Spun.* And this, full of the same meat, out of my ambry.

*Ang.* That gold will melt to poison.

*Spun.* Poison! would it would ; whole pints for healths should down my throat.

*Hir.* Gold, poison! there is never a she-thrasher in Cæsarea, that lives] on the flail of money, will call it so.

*Ang.* Like slaves you sold your souls for golden dross,
Bewraying her to death, who stept between [Bewraying her to death, who stept between
You and the gallows.

*Spun.* It was an easy matter to save us, she being so well back'd.

*Hir.* The gallows and we fell out; so she did but part us.

*Ang.* The misery of that mistress is mine own ;
She beggar'd, I left wretched.

*Hir.* I can but let my nose drop in sorrow, with wet eyes for her.

*Spun.* The petticoat of her estate is unlaced, I confess.

*Hir.* Yes, and the smock of her charity is now all to pieces.

*Ang.* For love you bear to her, for some good turns
Done you by me, give me one piece of silver.

*Hir.* How! a piece of silver! if thou wert an angel of gold, I would not put thee into white money, unless I weighed thee ; and I weigh thee not a rush.

*Spun.* A piece of silver! I never had but two calves in my life, and those my mother left me ; I will rather part from the fat of them, than from a mustard-token's worth of argent.

*Hir.* And so, sweet nit, we crawl from thee.

*Spun.* Adieu, demi-dandiprat, adieu!

*Ang.* Stay,—one word yet ; you now are full of gold.

*Hir.* I would be sorry my dog were so full of the pox.

*Spun.* Or any sow of mine of the meazles either.
*Ang.* Go, go! you're beggars both; you are not
That leather on your feet. [worth
*Hir.* Away, away, boy!
*Spun.* Page, you do nothing but set patches on the soles of your jests.
*Ang.* I am glad I tried your love, which, see! I
So long as this is full. [want not,
*Both.* And so long as this, so long as this.
*Hir.* Spungius, you are a pickpocket.
*Spun.* Hircius, thou hast nim'd:—*So long as!*—not so much money is left as will buy a louse.
*Hir.* Thou art a thief, and thou liest in that gut through which thy wine runs, if thou deniest it.
*Spun.* Thou liest deeper than the bottom of mine enraged pocket, if thou affrontest it.
*Ang.* No blows, no bitter language;—all your gold gone!
*Spun.* Can the devil creep into one's breeches?
*Hir,* Yes, if his horns once get into the cod-piece.
*Ang.* Come, sigh not; I so little am in love
With that whose loss kills you, that, see! 'tis yours,
All yours: divide the heap in equal share,
So you will go along with me to prison,
And in our mistress' sorrows bear a part·
Say, will you?
*Both.* Will we!
*Spun.* If she were going to hanging, no gallows should part us.
*Hir.* Let us both be turn'd into a rope of onions, if we do not.
*Ang.* Follow me, then: repair your bad deeds past;
Happy are men, when their best days are last!
*Spun.* True, master Angelo; pray, sir, lead the way. [*Exit Angelo.*
*Hir.* Let him lead that way, but follow thou me this way.
*Spun.* I live in a gaol!
*Hir.* Away, and shift for ourselves:—She'll do well enough there; for prisoners are more hungry after mutton, than catchpoles after prisoners.
*Spun.* Let her starve then, if a whole gaol will not fill her belly. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in* DOROTHEA'S *House.*

*Enter* SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, *Priest,* CALISTA, *and* CHRISTETA.

*Sap.* Sick to the death, I fear*.
*Theoph.* I meet your sorrow,
With my true feeling of it.
*Sap.* She's a witch,
A sorceress, Theophilus; my son
Is charm'd by her enchanting eyes; and, like
An image made of wax, her beams of beauty
Melt him to nothing: all my hopes in him,
And all his gotten honours, find their grave
In his strange dotage on her. Would, when first
He saw and loved her, that the earth had open'd
And swallow'd both alive!
*Theoph.* There's hope left yet.
*Sap.* Not any: though the princess were appeased,
All title in her love surrender'd up;
Yet this coy Christian is so transported
With her religion, that unless my son
(But let him perish first!) drink the same potion,
And be of her belief, she'll not vouchsafe
To be his lawful wife.
*Priest.* But, once removed
From her opinion, as I rest assured
The reasons of these holy maids will win her,
You'll find her tractable to any thing,
For your content or his.
*Theoph.* If she refuse it,
The Stygian damps, breeding infectious airs,
The mandrake's shrieks, the basilisk's killing eye,
The dreadful lightning that does crush the bones,
And never singe the skin, shall not appear
Less fatal to her, than my zeal made hot
With love unto my gods. I have deferr'd it,
In hopes to draw back this apostate,
Which will be greater honour than her death,
Unto her father's faith; and, to that end,
Have brought my daughters hither.
*Cal.* And we doubt not
To do what you desire.
*Sap.* Let her be sent for.
Prosper in your good work; and were I not
To attend the princess, I would see and hear
How you succeed.
*Theoph.* I am commanded too,
I'll bear you company.
*Sap.* Give them your ring,
To lead her as in triumph, if they win her
Before her highness. [*Exit.*
*Theoph.* Spare no promises,
Persuasions, or threats, I do conjure you:
If you prevail, 'tis the most glorious work
You ever undertook.

*Enter* DOROTHEA *and* ANGELO.

*Priest.* She comes.
*Theoph.* We leave you;
Be constant, and be careful.
[*Exeunt Theoph and Priest.*
*Cal.* We are sorry
To meet you under guard.
*Dor.* But I more grieved
You are at liberty. So well I love you,
That I could wish, for such a cause as mine,
You were my fellow-prisoners: Prithee, Angelo,
Reach us some chairs. Please you sit——
*Cal.* We thank you:
Our visit is for love, love to your safety.
*Christ.* Our conference must be private, pray you,
Command your boy to leave us. [therefore,
*Dor.* You may trust him
With any secret that concerns my life,
Falsehood and he are strangers: had you, ladies,

* Sap. *Sick to the death, I fear.*] It is delightful, after the vile ribaldry and harshness of the preceding act, to fall in again with the clear and harmonious periods of Massinger. From hence to the conclusion of the second scene, where Decker takes up the story, every page is crowded with beauties of no common kind.

Been bless'd with such a servant, you had never
Forsook that way, your journey even half ended,
That leads to joys eternal. In the place
Of loose lascivious mirth, he would have stirr'd you
To holy meditations; and so far
He is from flattery, that he would have told you,
Your pride being at the height, how miserable
And wretched things you were, that, for an hour
Of pleasure here, have made a desperate sale
Of all your right in happiness hereafter.
He must not leave me; without him I fall:
In this life he's my servant, in the other
A wish'd companion.

*Ang.* 'Tis not in the devil,
Nor all his wicked arts, to shake such goodness.

*Dor.* But you were speaking, lady.

*Cal.* As a friend
And lover of your safety, and I pray you
So to receive it; and, if you remember
How near in love our parents were, that we,
Even from the cradle, were brought up together,
Our amity increasing with our years,
We cannot stand suspected.

*Dor.* To the purpose.

*Cal.* We come, then, as good angels, Dorothea,
To make you happy; and the means so easy,
That, be not you an enemy to yourself,
Already you enjoy it.

*Christ.* Look on us,
Ruin'd as you are, once, and brought unto it
By your persuasion.

*Cal.* But what follow'd, lady?
Leaving those blessings which our gods gave freely,
And shower'd upon us with a prodigal hand,
As to be noble born, youth, beauty, wealth,
And the free use of these without control,
Check, curb, or stop, such is our law's indulgence!
All happiness forsook us; bonds and fetters
For amorous twines; the rack and hangman's whips
In place of choice delights; our parents' curses
Instead of blessings; scorn, neglect, contempt,
Fell thick upon us.

*Christ.* This consider'd wisely,
We made a fair retreat; and reconciled
To our forsaken gods, we live again
In all prosperity.

*Cal.* By our example,
Bequeathing misery to such as love it,
Learn to be happy. The Christian yoke's too heavy
For such a dainty neck; it was framed rather
To be the shrine of Venus, or a pillar
More precious than crystal, to support
Our Cupid's image: our religion, lady,
Is but a varied pleasure; yours a toil,
Slaves would shrink under. [devils?

*Dor.* Have you not cloven feet? are you not
Dare any say so much, or dare I hear it
Without a virtuous or religious anger?
Now to put on a virgin modesty,
Or maiden silence, when His power is question'd
That is omnipotent, were a greater crime
Than in a bad cause to be impudent.
Your gods! your temples! brothelhouses rather,
Or wicked actions of the worst of men
Pursued and practised. Your religious rites!
Oh! call them rather juggling mysteries,
The baits and nets of hell: your souls the prey
For which the devil angles; your false pleasures
A steep descent, by which you headlong fall
Into eternal torments.

*Cal.* Do not tempt
Our powerful gods.

*Dor.* Which of your powerful gods?
Your gold, your silver, brass, or wooden ones,
That can nor do me hurt, nor protect you *?
Most pitied women! will you sacrifice
To such,—or call them gods or goddesses,
Your parents would disdain to be the same,
Or you yourselves? O blinded ignorance!
Tell me, Calista, by the truth, I charge you,
Or any thing you hold more dear, would you,
To have him deified to posterity,
Desire your father an adulterer,
A ravisher, almost a parricide,
A vile incestuous wretch?

*Cal.* That, piety
And duty answer for me.

*Dor.* Or you, Christeta,
To be hereafter register'd a goddess,
Give your chaste body up to the embraces
Of goatish lust? have it writ on your forehead:
"This is the common whore, the prostitute,
The mistress in the art of wantonness.
Knows every trick and labyrinth of desires
That are immodest?"

*Christ.* You judge better of me,
Or my affection is ill placed on you;
Shall I turn strumpet?

*Dor.* No, I think you would not;
Yet Venus, whom you worship, was a whore,
Flora, the foundress of the public stews,
And has, for that, her sacrifice; your great god,
Your Jupiter, a loose adulterer,
Incestuous with his sister: read but those
That have canonized them, you'll find them worse
Than, in chaste language, I can speak them to you.
Are they immortal then, that did partake
Of human weakness, and had ample share
In men's most base affections; subject to
Unchaste loves, anger, bondage, wounds, as men are?
Here, Jupiter, to serve his lust, turn'd bull,
The shape†, indeed, in which he stole Europa;
Neptune, for gain, builds up the walls of Troy,
As a day-labourer; Apollo keeps
Admetus' sheep for bread; the Lemnian smith
Sweats at the forge for hire; Prometheus here,
With his still-growing liver, feeds the vulture;
Saturn bound fast in hell with adamant chains;
And thousands more, on whom abused error
Bestows a deity. Will you then, dear sisters,
For I would have you such, pay your devotions
To things of less power than yourselves?

*Cal.* We worship
Their good deeds in their images.

*Dor.* By whom fashion'd?
By sinful men. I'll tell you a short tale‡,
Nor can you but confess it is a true one:

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* *That* can nor *do me hurt, nor protect you?*] More spirited, and more in the author's manner, than the reading of the last quarto, which the modern editors follow:
*That* cannot *do me hurt, nor protect you?*

† *The* shape, *indeed*, &c.] The old copies read, *The* ship, *indeed*, &c. Corrected by Coxeter. [Omitted in edit. of 1813.]

‡ ——— *I'll tell you a* short tale, &c.] I once thought I had read this *short tale* in Arnobius, from whom, and from Augustin, much of the preceding speech is taken; but, upon looking him over again, I can scarcely find a trace of it. Herodotus has, indeed, a story of a king of Egypt (Amasis), which bears a distant resemblance to it; but the application is altogether different:—there is a *bason*

A king of Egypt, being to erect
The image of Osiris, whom they honour,
Took from the matrons' necks the richest jewels,
And purest gold, as the materials,
To finish up his work; which perfected,
With all solemnity he set it up,
To be adored, and served himself his idol;
Desiring it to give him victory
Against his enemies: but, being overthrown,
Enraged against his god (these are fine gods,
Subject to human fury!), he took down
The senseless thing, and melting it again,
He made a bason, in which eunuchs wash'd
His concubine's feet; and for this sordid use
Some months it served: his mistress proving false,
As most indeed do so, and grace concluded
Between him and the priests, of the same bason
He made his god again!—Think, think of this
And then consider, if all worldly honours,
Or pleasures that do leave sharp stings behind them,
Have power to win such as have reasonable souls,
To put their trust in dross.

*Cal.* Oh, that I had been born
Without a father!

*Christ.* Piety to him
Hath ruin'd us for ever.

*Dor.* Think not so;
You may repair all yet: the attribute
That speaks his Godhead most, is merciful:
Revenge is proper to the fiends you worship,
Yet cannot strike without his leave.—You weep,—
Oh, 'tis a heavenly shower! celestial balm
To cure your wounded conscience! let it fall,
Fall thick upon it; and, when that is spent,
I'll help it with another of my tears:
And may your true repentance prove the child
Of my true sorrow, never mother had
A birth so happy!

*Cal.* We are caught ourselves,
That came to take you; and, assured of conquest,
We are your captives.

*Dor.* And in that you triumph.
Your victory had been eternal loss,
And this your loss immortal gain. Fix here,
And you shall feel yourselves inwardly arm'd
'Gainst tortures, death, and hell:—but, take heed, sisters,
That, or through weakness, threats, or mild persuasions,
Though of a father, you fall not into
A second and a worse apostacy.

*Cal.* Never, oh never! steel'd by your example,
We dare the worst of tyranny.

*Christ.* Here's our warrant,
You shall along and witness it.

*Dor.* Be confirm'd then;
And rest assured, the more you suffer here,
The more your glory, you to heaven more dear.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*The* Governor's *Palace.*

*Enter* ARTEMIA, SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, *and* HARPAX.

*Artem.* Sapritius, though your son deserves no pity.
We grieve his sickness: his contempt of us,
We cast behind us, and look back upon
His service done to Cæsar, that weighs down
Our just displeasure. If his malady
Have growth from his restraint, or that you think
His liberty can cure him, let him have it:
Say, we forgive him freely.

*Sap.* Your grace binds us
Ever your humblest vassals.

*Artem.* Use all means
For his recovery; though yet I love him,
I will not force affection. If the Christian,
Whose beauty hath out-rivall'd me, be won
To be of our belief, let him enjoy her;
That all may know, when the cause wills, I can
Command my own desires.

*Theoph.* Be happy then,
My lord Sapritius: I am confident.
Such eloquence and sweet persuasion dwell
Upon my daughters' tongues, that they will work
To any thing they please. [her

*Sap.* I wish they may:
Yet 'tis no easy task to undertake,
To alter a perverse and obstinate woman.

[*A shout within: loud music.*

*Artem.* What means this shout?

*Sap.* 'Tis seconded with music,
Triumphant music.—Ha!

*Enter* SEMPRONIUS.

*Semp.* My lord, your daughters,
The pillars of our faith*, having converted,
For so report gives out, the Christian lady,
The image of great Jupiter born before them,
Sue for access.

*Theoph.* My soul divined as much.
Blest be the time when first they saw this light!
Their mother, when she bore them to support
My feeble age, fill'd not my longing heart
With so much joy, as they in this good work
Have thrown upon me.

*Enter* Priest *with the Image of Jupiter, incense and censers; followed by* CALISTA *and* CHRISTETA, *leading* DOROTHEA.

Welcome, oh, thrice welcome,
Daughters, both of my body and my mind!
Let me embrace in you my bliss, my comfort,
And, Dorothea, now more welcome too,
Than if you never had fallen off! I am ravish'd
With the excess of joy:—speak, happy daughters,
The blest event.

*Cal.* We never gain'd so much
By any undertaking.

*Theoph.* O my dear girl,
Our gods reward thee!

*Dor.* Nor was ever time
On my part better spent.

*Christ.* We are all now
Of one opinion.

*Theoph.* My best Christeta!
Madam, if ever you did grace to worth,
Vouchsafe your princely hands.

*Artem.* Most willingly——
Do you refuse it?

*Cal.* Let us first deserve it. [prepare

*Theoph.* My own child still! here set our god;
The incense quickly: Come, fair Dorothea,
I will myself support you;—now kneel down
And pay your vows to Jupiter.

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*of gold* in which he and his guests were accustomed to spit, *wash their feet*, &c. which is formed *into a god*: but whether this furnished the poet with any hints, I cannot undertake to say.

* *The pillars of our* faith, &c.] Here as in many other places, the language of Christianity and paganism is confounded; *faith* was always the distinctive term for the former, in opposition to heathenism.

*Dor.* I shall do it
Better by their example.
*Theoph.* They shall guide you,
They are familiar with the sacrifice.
Forward, my twins of comfort, and, to teach her,
Make a joint offering.
*Christ.* Thus—— [*they both spit at the image,*
*Cal.* And thus—— *throw it down, and spurn it.*
*Harp.* Profane,
And impious! stand you now like a statue?
Are you the champion of the gods? where is
Your holy zeal, your anger?
*Theoph.* I am blasted;
And, as my feet were rooted here, I find
I have no motion; I would I had no sight too!
Or if my eyes can serve to any use*,
Give me, thou injured Power! a sea of tears,
To expiate this madness in my daughters;
For, being themselves, they would have trembled at
So blasphemous a deed in any other:——
For my sake, hold awhile thy dreadful thunder,
And give me patience to demand a reason
For this accursed act.
*Dor.* 'Twas bravely done. [should look on you
*Theoph.* Peace, damn'd enchantress, peace!—I
With eyes made red with fury, and my hand,
That shakes with rage, should much outstrip my tongue,
And seal my vengeance on your hearts,—but nature,
To you that have fallen once, bids me again
To be a father. Oh! how durst you tempt
The anger of great Jove?
*Dor.* Alack, poor Jove!
He is no swaggerer; how smug he stands!
He'll take a kick, or any thing.
*Sap.* Stop her mouth.
*Dor.* It is the patient'st godling †; do not fear him;
He would not hurt the thief that stole away
Two of his golden locks; indeed he could not·
And still 'tis the same quiet thing
*Theop.* Blasphemer!
Ingenious cruelty shall punish this;
Thou art past hope: but for you yet‡, dear daughters,
Again bewitch'd, the dew of mild forgiveness
May gently fall, provided you deserve it
With true contrition: be yourselves again;
Sue to the offended deity.
*Christ.* Not to be
The mistress of the earth.
*Cal.* I will not offer
A grain of incense to it, much less kneel,
Nor look on it but with contempt and scorn,
To have a thousand years conferr'd upon me
Of worldly blessings. We profess ourselves
To be, like Dorothea, Christians,
And owe her for that happiness.
*Theop.* My ears
Receive, in hearing this, all deadly charms,
Powerful to make man wretched.
*Artem.* Are these they
You bragg'd could convert others!
*Sap.* That want strength
To stand themselves!
*Harp.* Your honour is engaged,
The credit of your cause depends upon it;
Something you must do suddenly.
*Theoph.* And I will.
*Harp.* They merit death; but, falling by your hand,
'Twill be recorded for a just revenge,
And holy fury in you.
*Theoph.* Do not blow
The furnace of a wrath thrice hot already;
Ætna is in my breast, wildfire burns here,
Which only blood must quench. Incensed Power!
Which from my infancy I have adored,
Look down with favourable beams upon
The sacrifice, though not allow'd thy priest,
Which I will offer to thee, and be pleased
(My fiery zeal inciting me to act)
To call that justice others may style murder.
Come, you accurs'd, thus by the hair I drag you
Before this holy altar; thus look on you,
Less pitiful than tigers to their prey:
And thus with mine own hand I take that life
Which I gave to you. [*Kills them.*
*Dor.* O most cruel butcher!
*Theoph.* My anger ends not here: hell's dreadful porter.
Receive into thy ever-open gates,
Their damned souls, and let the Furies' whips
On them alone be wasted; and, when death
Closes these eyes, 'twill be Elysium to me
To hear their shrieks and howlings. Make me, Pluto,
Thy instrument to furnish thee with souls
Of that accursed sect, nor let me fall,
Till my fell vengeance hath consumed them all.
[*Exit, Harpax hugging him.*
*Artem.* 'Tis a brave zeal*.
[*Enter Angelo smiling.*
*Dor.* Oh, call him back again,
Call back your hangman! here's one prisoner left
To be the subject of his knife.
*Art.* Not so;
We are not so near reconciled unto thee;
Thou shalt not perish such an easy way.
Be she your charge, Sapritius, now; and suffer
None to come near her, till we have found out
Some torments worthy of her.
*Ang.* Courage, mistress,
These martyrs but prepare your glorious fate;
You shall exceed them, and not imitate. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Dorothea's *House.*

*Enter* Spungius *and* Hircius, *ragged, at opposite doors.*
*Hir.* Spungius! [tattered world*?
*Spun.* My fine rogue, how is it? how goes this
*Hir.* Hast any money?
*Spun.* Money! No, The tavern ivy clings about my money, and kills it. Hast thou any money†?
*Hir.* No. My money is a mad bull; and finding any gap opened, away it runs.

* *Or if my eyes can serve to any use,*] The modern editors read:
*Or if my eyes can serve to any* other *use.*
*Other*, which destroys at once the metre and the sense, is an absurd interpolation of the quartos 1631 and 1661.
† Dor. *It is the* patient'st *godling*;] I have inserted this word at the recommendation of Mr. M. Mason. The old copies concur in reading *ancient'st.*
‡ ——*but for you* yet,] *Yet*, which completes the verse, is now restored from the first edition.

* Artem *'Tis a brave zeal.*] The first two quartos have a stage direction here, which Coxeter and M. Mason follow: *Enter Artemia laughing.* But Artemia continues on the stage: the error was seen and removed by the quarto 1651, which reads as I have given it.
† —— *how goes this* tattered *world?*] These odious wretches—but they are not worth a line. Mr. Malone observes that *tattered* is spelt with an *o* in the old editions of Shakspeare: this is the first opportunity I have had for mentioning, that Massinger conforms to the same practice. The modern editors sometimes adopt one mode of spelling it, and sometimes another, as if the words were different! It is best to be uniform.

*Spun.* I see then a tavern and a bawdy-house have faces much alike; the one hath red grates next the door, the other hath peeping-holes within-doors: the tavern hath evermore a bush, the bawdy-house sometimes neither hedge nor bush. From a tavern man comes reeling; from a bawdy-house, not able to stand In the tavern you are cozen'd with paltry wine; in a bawdy-house, by a painted whore: money may have wine, and a whore will have money; but to neither can you cry, Drawer, you rogue! or, Keep door, rotten bawd! without a silver whistle:—We are justly plagued, therefore, for running from our mistress.

*Hir.* Thou didst; I did not: Yet I had run too, but that one gave me turpentine pills, and that staid my running,

*Spun.* Well! the thread of my life is drawn through the needle of necessity, whose eye, looking upon my lousy breeches, cries out it cannot mend them; which so pricks the linings of my body (and those are, heart, lights, lungs, guts, and midriff), that I beg on my knees, to have Atropos, the tailor to the Destinies, to take her sheers, and cut my thread in two, or to heat the iron goose of mortality, and so press me to death.

*Hir.* Sure thy father was some botcher, and thy hungry tongue but off these shreds of complaints, to patch up the elbows of thy nitty eloquence.

*Spun.* And what was thy father?

*Hir.* A low-minded cobler, a cobler whose zeal set many a woman upright; the remembrance of whose awl (I now having nothing) thrusts such scurvy stitches into my soul, that the heel of my happiness is gone awry.

*Spun.* Pity that e'er thou trod'st thy shoe awry.

*Hir.* Long I cannot last; for all sowterly wax of comfort melting away, and misery taking the length of my foot, it boots not me to sue for life, when all my hopes are seam-rent, and go wet-shod.

*Spun.* This shews thou art a cobler's son, by going through stitch: O Hircius, would thou and I were so happy to be coblers!

*Hir.* So would I; for both of us being weary of our lives, should then be sure of shoemakers' ends.

*Spun.* I see the beginning of my end, for I am almost starved.

*Hir.* So am not I; but I am more than famish'd.

*Spun.* All the members in my body are in a rebellion one against another.

*Hir.* So are mine; and nothing but a cook, being a constable, can appease them, presenting to my nose instead of his painted staff, a spit full of roast meat.

*Spun.* But in this rebellion, what uproars do they make! my belly cries to my mouth, Why dost not gape and feed me?

*Hir.* And my mouth sets out a throat to my hand, Why dost not thou lift up meat, and cram my chops with it?

*Spun.* Then my hand hath a fling at mine eyes because they look not out, and shark for victuals.

*Hir.* Which mine eyes seeing, full of tears, cry aloud, and curse my feet, for not ambling up and down to feed colon, sithence if good meat be in any place, 'tis known my feet can smell.

*Spun.* But then my feet, like lazy rogues, lie still, and had rather do nothing, than run to and fro to purchase any thing.

*Hir.* Why, among so many millions of people, should thou and I only be miserable tatterdemallions, ragamuffins, and lousy desperates?

*Spun.* Thou art a mere I-am-an-o, I-am-an-as: consider the whole world, and 'tis as we are.

*Hir.* Lousy, beggarly! thou whoreson assa fœtida?

*Spun.* Worse; all tottering, all out of frame, thou fooliamni!

*Hir.* As how, arsenic? come, make the world smart.

*Spun.* Old honour goes on crutches, beggary rides caroched; honest men make feasts, knaves sit at tables, cowards are lapp'd in velvet, soldiers (as we) in rags; beauty turns whore, whore, bawd, and both die of the pox: why then, when all the world stumbles, should thou and I walk upright?

*Hir.* Stop, look! who's yonder?

*Enter* Angelo.

*Spun.* Fellow Angelo! how does my little man,

*Ang.* Yes; [well!

And would you did so, too. Where are your clothes?

*Hir.* Clothes! You see every woman almost go in her loose gown, and why should not we have our clothes loose?

*Spun.* Would they were loose!

*Ang.* Why, where are they?

*Spun.* Where many a velvet cloak, I warrant, at this hour, keeps them company, they are pawned to a broker.

*Ang.* Why pawn'd? where's all the gold I left with you?

*Hir.* The gold! we put that into a scrivener's hands, and he hath cozened us.

*Spun.* And therefore, I prithee, Angelo, if thou hast another purse, let it be confiscate, and brought to devastation. [way

*Ang.* Are you made all of lies? I know which

Your guilt-wing'd pieces flew. I will no more
Be mockt by you: be sorry for your riots,
Tame your wild flesh by labour; eat the bread
Got with hard hands; let sorrow be your whip,
To draw drops of repentance from your heart.
When I read this amendment in your eyes,
You shall not want; till then, my pity dies. [*Exit.*

*Spun.* Is it not a shame, that this scurvy puerilis should give us lessons.

*Hir.* I have dwelt, thou know'st, a long time in the suburbs of conscience, and they are ever bawdy, but now my heart shall take a house within the walls of honesty.

*Enter* Harpax *behind.*

*Spun.* O you drawers of wine, draw me no more to the bar of beggary; the sound of *score a pottle of sack,* is worse than the noise of a scolding oyster-wench, or two cats incorporating.

*Harp.* This must not be—I do not like when conscience [tears!

Thaws, keep her frozen still. How now, my mas-
Dejected? drooping? drown'd in tears? clothes torn? [wind
Lean, and ill colour'd! sighing! where's the whirl-
Which raises all these mischefs! I have seen you
Drawn better on't. O! but a spirit told me
You both would come to this, when in you thrust*
Yourselves into the service of that lady, [praying?
Who shortly now must die. Where's now her

* ——*when* In *you thrust.*] *In,* which completes the verse, was omitted by Mr. M. Mason, from an opinion perhaps, that it was superfluous to the sense. But this was the language of the times: for the rest, this whole act is most carelessly printed by the last editors.

What good got you by wearing out your feet,
To run on scurvy errands to the poor,
And to bear money to a sort* of rogue
And lousy prisoners?

*Hir.* Pox on them! I never prospered since I did it.

*Spun.* Had I been a pagan still, I should not have spit white for want of drink; but come to any vintner now, and bid him trust me, because I turned Christian, and he cries, Poh!

*Harp.* You're rightly served; before that peevish† lady
Had to do with you, women, wine and money
Flow'd in abundance with you, did it not?

*Hir.* Oh, those days! those days!

*Harp.* Beat not your breasts, tear not your hair in madness;
Those days shall come again, be ruled by me,
And better, mark me, better.

*Spun.* I have seen you, sir, as I take it, an attendant on the lord Theophilus.

*Harp.* Yes, yes; in shew his servant; but hark, Take heed no body listens. [hither!—

*Spun.* Not a mouse stirs.

*Harp.* I am a prince disguised.

*Hir.* Disguised! how? drunk?

*Harp.* Yes, my fine boy! I'll drink too, and be I am a prince, and any man by me, [drunk;
Let him but keep my rules, shall soon grow rich,
Exceeding rich, most infinitely rich:
He that shall serve me, is not starved from pleasures
As other poor knaves are; no, take their fill.

*Spun.* But that, sir, we're so ragged——

*Harp.* You'll say, you'd serve me?

*Hir.* Before any master under the zodiac.

*Harp.* For clothes no matter; I've a mind to both.
And one thing I like in you; now that you see
The bonfire of your lady's state burnt out,
You give it over, do you not?

*Hir.* Let her be hang'd!

*Spun.* And pox'd!

*Harp.* Why, now you're mine;
Come, let my bosom touch you.

*Spun.* We have bugs, sir.

*Harp.* There's money, fetch your clothes home; there's for you.

---

* *And to bear money to a* sort *of rogues*,&c.] Or, as we should now say—*to a* set, or parcel *of rogues*. The word occurs so frequently in this sense, in our old writers, that it seems almost unnecessary to give any examples of it:

"Here are a *sort* of poor petitioners,
That are importunate." *Spanish Tragedy.*

Again:

"And, like a *sort* of true born scavengers,
Scour me this famous realm of enemies."
*Knight of the Burning Pestle.*

(This word, with a similar meaning to that here intended, frequently occurs in Shakspeare, as "But they can see a *sort* of Traitors here."—Richard, II.

Again in Richard III. "a *sort* of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways."—Ed).

† —— *before that* peevish *lady*

*Had to do with you,*] *Peevish* is *foolish*; thus, in *the Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Quickly says of her fellow-servant, "His worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something *peevish* that way." Mr. Malone thinks this to be one of dame Quickly's blunders, and that she means to say *precise*: but I believe he is mistaken. In *Hycke Scorner*, the word is used in the very sense here given:

'For an I sholde do after your scole
To learn to pater to make me *peeysse*."

Again, in *God's Revenge against Adultery*; "Albemare kept a man-fool of some forty years old in his house, who indeed was so naturally *peevish*, as not Milan, hardly Italy, could match him for simplicity."

*Hir.* Avoid, vermin! give over our mistress! a man cannot prosper worse, if he serve the devil.

*Harp.* How! the devil? I'll tell you what now of the devil.
He's no such horrid creature; cloven-footed
Black, saucer-eyed, his nostrils breathing fire,
As these lying Christians make him.

*Both.* No!

*Harp.* He's more loving
To man, than man to man is*.

*Hir.* Is he so? Would we two might come acquainted with him!

*Harp.* You shall: he's a wondrous good fellow, loves a cup of wine, a whore, any thing; if you have money, it's ten to one but I'll bring him to him.
some tavern to you or other.

*Spun.* I'll bespeak the best room in the house for

*Harp.* Some people he cannot endure.

*Hir.* We'll give him no such cause.

*Harp.* He hates a civil lawyer, as a soldier does peace.

*Spun.* How a commoner†?

*Harp.* Loves him from the teeth outward.

*Spun.* Pray, my lord and prince, let me encounter you with one foolish question: does the devil eat any mace in his broth?

*Harp.* Exceeding much, when his burning fever takes him; and then he has the knuckles of a bailiff boiled to his breakfast.

*Hir.* Then, my lord, he loves a catchpole, does he not?

*Harp.* As a bearward doth a dog. A catchpole! he hath sworn, if ever he dies, to make a serjeant his heir, and a yeoman his overseer.

*Spun.* How if he come to any great man's gate, will the porter let him come in, sir?

*Harp.* Oh! he loves porters of great men's gates, because they are ever so near the wicket.

*Hir.* Do not they whom he makes much on, for all his stroaking their cheeks, lead hellish lives under him?

*Harp.* No, no, no, no; he will be damn'd before he hurts any man: do but you (when you are throughly acquainted with him) ask for any thing, see if it does not come.

*Spun.* Any thing!

*Harp.* Call for a delicate rare whore, she is brought you.

*Hir.* Oh! my elbow itches. Will the devil keep the door?

*Harp.* Be drunk as a beggar, he helps you home.

*Spun.* O my fine devil! some watchman, I warrant; I wonder who is his constable.

*Harp.* Will you swear, roar, swagger? he claps you——

*Hir.* How? on the chaps?

*Harp.* No, on the shoulder; and cries, O, my brave boys! Will any of you kill a man?

*Spun.* Yes, yes; I, I.

*Harp.* What is his word? Hang! hang! 'tis nothing.—Or stab a woman?

---

* Harp. *He's more loving*
*To man, than man to man is.*] Though this horrid prostitution of that fine sentiment in Juvenal, *Carior est illis homo quam sibi*, may not be altogether out of character for the speaker; it were to be wished it had not been employed. To say the truth, the whole of this scene, more especially what yet remains of it, is as foolish as it is profligate.

† Spun. *How a* commoner?] That is a common lawyer. M. Mason.

*Hir.* Yes, yes; I, I.
*Harp.* Here is the worst word he gives you: A pox on't, go on!
*Hir.* O inveigling rascal!—I am ravish'd.
*Harp.* Go, get your clothes; turn up your glass of youth,
And let the sands run merrily; nor do I care
From what a lavish hand your money flies,
So you give none away to beggars——
*Hir.* Hang them!
*Harp.* And to the scrubbing poor.
*Hir.* I'll see them hang'd first.
*Harp.* One service you must do me.
*Both.* Any thing.
*Harp.* Your mistress, Dorothea, ere she suffers,
Is to be put to tortures: have you hearts
To tear her into shrieks, to fetch her soul
Up in the pangs of death, yet not to die?
*Hir.* Suppose this she, and that I had no hands, here's my teeth.
*Spun.* Suppose this she, and that I had no teeth, here's my nails.
*Hir.* But will not you be there, sir? [master
*Harp.* No, not for hills of diamonds; the grand
Who schools her in the Christian discipline,
Abhors my company: should I be there, [quarrel
You'd think all hell broke loose, we should so
Ply you this business; he, her flesh who spares,
Is lost, and in my love never more shares. [*Exit.*
*Spun.* Here's a master, you rogue!
*Hir.* Sure he cannot choose but have a horrible number of servants. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV

### SCENE I.—*The* Governor's *Palace.*

Antoninus *sick, with Doctors about him;* Sapritius *and* Macrinus.

*Sap.* O you, that are half gods, lengthen that life
Their deities lend us; turn o'er all the volumes
Of your mysterious Æsculapian science,
T' increase the number of this young man's days;
And, for each minute of his time prolong'd,
Your fee shall be a piece of Roman gold
With Cæsar's stamp, such as he sends his captains
When in the wars they earn well: do but save him,
And, as he's half myself, be you all mine. [hand
*Doct.* What art can do, we promise; physic's
As apt is to destroy as to preserve,
If heaven make not the med'cine: all this while,
Our skill hath combat held with his disease;
But 'tis so arm'd, and a deep melancholy,
To be such in part with death*, we are in fear
The grave must mock our labours.
*Mac.* I have been
His keeper in this sickness, with such eyes
As I have seen my mother watch o'er me;
And, from that observation, sure I find
It is a midwife must deliver him.
*Sap.* Is he with child? a midwife†!
*Mac.* Yes, with child;
And will, I fear, lose life, if by a woman
He is not brought to bed. Stand by his pillow
Some little while, and in his broken slumbers,
Him shall you hear cry out on Dorothea;
And, when his arms fly open to catch her,
Closing together, he falls fast asleep,
Pleased with embracings of her airy form.
Physicians but torment him, his disease
Laughs at their gibberish language; let him hear
The voice of Dorothea, nay, but the name,
He starts up with high colour in his face:
She, or none, cures him; and how that can be,
The princess' strict command, barring that happiness,
To me impossible seems.
*Sap.* To me it shall not;
I'll be no subject to the greatest Cæsar
Was ever crown'd with laurel, rather than cease
To be a father. [*Exit.*
*Mac.* Silence, sir, he wakes.
*Anton.* Thou kill'st me, Dorothea; oh, Dorothea!
*Mac.* She's here:—enjoy her.
*Anton.* Where? Why do you mock me?
Age on my head hath stuck no white hairs yet,
Yet I am an old man, a fond doating fool
Upon a woman. I, to buy her beauty,
(In truth I am bewitch'd,) offer my life,
And she, for my acquaintance, hazards hers;
Yet, for our equal sufferings none holds out
A hand of pity.
*Doct.* Let him have some music.
*Anton.* Hell on your fiddling!
*Doct.* Take again your bed, sir,
Sleep is a sovereign physic.
*Anton.* Take an ass's head, sir·
Confusion on your fooleries, your charms!—
Thou stinking clyster-pipe, where's the god of rest,
Thy pills and base apothecary drugs
Threaten'd to bring unto me? Out, you impostors!
Quacksalving, cheating mountebanks! your skill
Is to make sound men sick, and sick men kill.
*Mac.* Oh, be yourself, dear friend.
*Anton.* Myself, Macrinus!
How can I be myself when I am mangled
Into a thousand pieces? here moves my head,
But where's my heart? wherever—that lies dead.

*Re-enter* Sapritius, *dragging in* Dorothea *by the hair,* Angelo *attending.*

*Sap.* Follow me, thou damn'd sorceress! call up thy spirits,
And, if they can, now let them from my hand
Untwine these witching hairs.
*Anton.* I am that spirit:
Or, if I be not, were you not my father,
One made of iron should hew that hand in pieces,
That so defaces this sweet monument
Of my love's beauty.
*Sap.* Art thou sick?

---

* *To* be *such in part with death,*] Mr. M. Mason reads, after Coxeter, *To such in part with death,* and explains it to mean "To such a degree." I doubt whether he understood his own explanation or not. The genuine reading, which I have restored, takes away all difficulty from the passage.

† Sap. *Is he with child? a midwife!*] The modern editors read, *A midwife! is he with child!* Had they no ears!

*Anton.* To death.
*Sap.* Wouldst thou recover?
*Anton.* Would I live in bliss!
*Sap.* And do thine eyes shoot daggers at that man
That brings thee health?
*Anton.* It is not in the world.
*Sap.* It's here.
*Anton.* To treasure*, by enchantment lock'd
In caves as deep as hell, am I as near.
*Sap.* Break that enchanted cave; enter, and rifle
The spoils thy lust hunts after; I descend
To a base office, and become thy pander,
In bringing thee this proud thing: make her thy whore,
Thy health lies here; if she deny to give it,
Force it: imagine thou assault'st a town's
Weak wall; to't 'tis thine own, but beat this down.
Come, and, unseen, be witness to this battery
How the coy strumpet yields†.
*Doct.* Shall the boy stay, sir?
*Sap* No matter for the boy:—pages are used
To these odd bauwdy shufflings; and, indeed, are
Those little young snakes in a fury's head,
Will sting worse than the great ones.
Let the pimp stay. [*Exeunt Sap. Mac. and Doct.*
*Dor.* O, guard me, angels!
What tragedy must begin now?
*Anton.* When a tiger
Leaps into a timorous herd, with ravenous jaws,
Being hunger-starved, what tragedy then begins?
*Dor.* Death: I am happy so, you, hitherto,
Have still had goodness sphered within your eyes,
Let not that orb be b oken‡.
*Ang.* Fear not, mistress;
If he dare offer violence, we two
Are strong enough for such a sickly man.
*Dor.* What is your horrid purpose, sir? your eye
Bears danger in it.
*Anton.* I must——
*Dor.* What?
*Sap.* [*within.*] Speak it out.
*Anton.* Climb that sweet virgin tree.
*Sap.* [*within.*] Plague o' your trees.
*Anton.* And pluck that fruit which none, I think, e'er tasted.
*Sap.* [*within.*] A soldier, and stand fumbling so!
*Dor.* Oh, kill me, [*kneels.*
And heaven will take it as a sacrifice;
But, if you play the ravisher, there is
A hell to swallow you.
*Sap.* [*within.*] Let her swallow thee!
*Anton.* Rise:—for the Roman empire, Dorothea,
I would not wound thine honour. Pleasures forced
Are unripe apples; sour, not worth the plucking:
Yet, let me tell you, 'tis my father's will,
That I should seize upon you, as my prey;
Which I abhor, as much as the blackest sin
The villainy of man did ever act.
[*Sapritius breaks in with Macrinus.*
*Ang.* Die happy for this language.
*Sap.* Die a slave
A blockish idiot!
*Mac.* Dear sir, vex him not. [geldings:
*Sap.* Yes, and vex thee too; both, I think, are
Cold, phlegmatic bastard, thou'rt no brat of mine;
One spark of me, when I had heat like thine,
By this had made a bonfire: a tempting whore,
For whom thou'rt mad, thrust e'en into thine arms,
And stand'st thou puling! had a tailor seen her
At this advantage, he, with his cross capers
Had ruffled her by this: but thou shalt curse
Thy dalliance*, and here, before her eyes,
Tear thy own flesh in pieces, when a slave
In hot lust bathes himself, and gluts those pleasures
Thy niceness durst not touch. Call out a slave;
You, captain of our guard, fetch a slave hither.
*Anton.* What will you do, dear sir? [learn
*Sap.* Teach her a trade, which many a one would
In less than half an hour,—to play the whore.

*Enter* A Slave.

*Mac.* A slave is come; what now?
*Sap.* Thou hast bones and flesh
Enough to ply thy labour: from what country
Wert thou ta'en prisoner, here to be our slave;
*Slave.* From Britain.
*Sap.* In the west ocean?
*Slave,* Yes.
*Sap.* An island?
*Slave.* Yes.
*Sap.* I'm fitted: of all nations
Our Roman swords e'er conquered, none comes near
The Briton for true whoring. Sirrah fellow,
What wouldst thou do to gain thy liberty?
*Slave.* Do! liberty! fight naked wth a lion,
Venture to pluck a standard from the heart
Of an arm'd legion. Liberty! I'd thus
Bestride a rampire, and defiance spit
I' the face of death, then, when the battering-ram
Was fetching his career backward, to pash
Me with his horns in pieces. To shake my chains off,
And that I could not do't but by thy death,
Stood'st thou on this dry shore, I on a rock
Ten pyramids high, down would I leap to kill thee,
Or die myself: what is for man to do
I'll venture on, to be no more a slave. [thee
*Sap.* Thou shalt, then, be no slave, for I will set
Upon a piece of work is fit for man,
Brave for a Briton.—drag that thing aside,
And ravish her,
*Slave.* And ravish her! is this your manly service?
A devil scorns to do it; 'tis for a beast,
A villain, not a man: I am as yet,
But half a slave, but when that work is past,
A damned whole one, a black ugly slave,
The slave of all base slaves:—do't thyself, Roman,
'Tis drudgery fit for thee.
*Sap.* He's bewitch'd too:
Bind him, and with a bastinado give him,
Upon his naked belly, two hundred blows.
*Slave.* Thou art more slave than I.
[*He is carried in.*

---

* Ant. To *treasure*, &c.] This is the emendation of Mr. M. Mason. It appears a happy substitution for the old reading, which was, O *treasure*, &c.

† *Come, and, unseen, be witness to this battery*
*How the coy strumpet yields.*] These two lines are addressed to Macrinus and the doctors. M. Mason.

‡ ——*you, hitherto,*
*Have still had goodness* spar'd *within your eyes,*
*Let not that orb be broken.*] The word *orb* in this last line proves that we should read *sphered* instead of *spar'd*; the latter, indeed, made the passage nonsense, which is now very poetical. M. Mason.

Mr. M. Mason is somewhat rash in his assertion: *sparred*, is *shut up, inclosed*, it is not therefore nonsense. I have, however, adopted his emendation, which, if not just, is at least ingenious.

* ——*but thou shalt curse*
*Thy* dalliance,] i. e. thy hesitation, thy delay:
"Good lord! you use this *dalliance* to excuse
Your breach of promise." *Comedy of Errors.*

*Dor.* That power supernal, on whom waits my
Is captain o'er my chastity. [soul,
*Anton.* Good sir, give o'er:
The more you wrong her, yourself's vex'd, the more.
*Sap.* Plagues light on her and thee!—thus down
I throw
Thy harlot, thus by the hair nail her to earth.
Call in ten slaves, let every one discover
What lust desires, and surfeit here his fill.
Call in ten slaves.
*Mac**. They are come sir, at your call.
*Sap.* Oh, oh! [*Falls down.*

*Enter* THEOPHILUS.

*Theoph.* Where is the governor?
*Anton.* There's my wretched father.
*Theoph.* My lord Sapritius—he's not dead!—my
That witch there—— [lord.
*Anton.* 'Tis no Roman gods can strike
These fearful terrors. O, thou happy maid,
Forgive this wicked purpose of my father.
*Dor.* I do.
*Theoph.* Gone, gone; he's peppered. It is thou
Hast done this act infernal.
*Dor.* Heaven pardon you!
And if my wrongs from thence pull vengeance down,
(I can no miracles work) yet, from my soul,
Pray to those powers I serve, he may recover.
*Theoph.* He stirs—help, raise him up,—my lord!
*Sap.* Where am I?
*Theoph.* One cheek is blasted.
*Sap.* Blasted! where's the lamia†
That tears my entrails? I'm bewitch'd; seize on her.
*Dor.* I'm here; do what you please.
*Theoph.* Spurn her to the bar. [we are.
*Dor.* Come, boy, being there, more near to heaven
*Sap.* Kick harder; go out witch! [*Exeunt.*
*Anton.* O bloody hangmen! Thine own gods give
thee breath!
Each of thy tortures in my several death. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—*A Public Square.*

*Enter* HARPAX, HIRCIUS, *and* SPUNGIUS.

*Harp.* Do you like my service now? say, am not I
A master worth attendance?
*Spun.* Attendance! I had rather lick clean the soles of your dirty boots, than wear the richest suit of any infected lord, whose rotten life hangs between the two poles,
*Hir.* A lord's suit! I would not give up the cloak of your service, to meet the splayfoot estate of any left-eyed knight above the antipodes; because they are unlucky to meet.
*Harp.* This day I'll try your loves to me; 'tis only
But well to use the agility of your arms
*Spun.* Or legs, I am lusty at them.
*Hir.* Or any other member that has no legs.
*Spun.* Thou'lt run into some hole.
*Hir.* If I meet one that's more than my match, and that I cannot stand in their hands, I must and will creep on my knees. [me,
*Harp.* Hear me, my little team of villians, hear
I cannot teach you fencing with these cudgels,
Yet you must use them; lay them on but soundly;
That's all.
*Hir.* Nay, if we come to mauling once, pah!
*Spun.* But what walnut-tree is it we must beat?
*Harp.* Your mistress.
*Hir.* How! my mistress? I begin to have a Christian's heart made of sweet butter, I melt; I cannot strike a woman.
*Spun.* Nor I, unless she scratch; bum my mistress!
*Harp.* You're coxcombs, silly animals.
*Hir.* What's that? [thrust
*Harp.* Drones, asses, blinded moles, that dare not
Your arms out to catch fortune; say, you fall off,
It must be done. You are converted rascals,
And, that once spread abroad, why every slave
Will kick you, call you motley Christians,
And half-faced Christians.
*Spun.* The guts of my conscience begin to be of whitleather.
*Hir.* I doubt me, I shall have no sweet butter in me. [meet,
*Harp.* Deny this, and each pagan* whom you
Shall forked fingers thrust into your eyes——
*Hir.* If we be cuckolds. [to,
*Harp.* Do this, and every god the Gentiles bow
Shall add a fathom to your line of years.
*Spun.* A hundred fathom, I desire no more.
*Hir.* I desire but one inch longer.
*Harp.* The senators will, as you pass along,
Clap you upon your shoulders with this hand,
And with this give you gold: when you are dead,
Happy that man shall be, can get a nail,
The paring,—nay, the dirt under the nail,
Of any of you both, to say, this dirt
Belong'd to Spungius or Hircius.
*Spun.* They shall not want dirt under my nails, I will keep them long of purpose, for now my fingers itch to be at her.
*Hir.* The first thing I do, I'll take her over the lips.
*Spun.* And I the hips,—we may strike any where?
*Harp.* Yes, any where.
*Hir.* Then I know where I'll hit her.
*Harp.* Prosper, and be mine own; stand by, I
must not
To see this done, great business calls me hence:
He's made can make her curse his violence. [*Exit.*
*Spun.* Fear it not, sir; her ribs shall be basted.
*Hir.* I'll come upon her with rounce, robble-hobble, and thwick-thwack thirlery bouncing.

*Enter* DOROTHEA, *led prisoner;* SAPRITIUS, THEOPHILUS, ANGELO, *and a Hangman, who sets up a Pillar;* SAPRITIUS *and* THEOPHILUS *sit;* ANGELO *stands by* DOROTHEA. *A Guard attending.*

*Sap.* According to our Roman customs, bind that
Christian to a pillar.
*Theoph.* Infernal Furies,
Could they into my hand thrust all their whips
To tear thy flesh, thy soul, 'tis not a torture
Fit to the vengeance I should heap on thee,
For wrongs done me; me! for flagitious facts
By thee done to our gods: yet, so it stand
To great Cæsarea's governor's high pleasure,
Bow but thy knee to Jupiter, and offer

* Mac. *They are come*, &c.] The old copies give this speech to Angelo: it is, however, so palpable an error, that the emendation which I have introduced requires no apology.

† *Lamia*, LAT. Ange. hag.

* ——*and* each *pagan*.] So the first two quartos, the last reads *every*: which, as it mars the verse, is followed by the modern editors. [Omitted in Edit. 1813.]—ED.

Any slight sacrifice, or do but swear
By Cæsar's fortune, and——be free.
*Sap.* Thou shalt.
*Dor.* Not for all Cæsar's fortune, were it chain'd
To more worlds than are kingdoms in the world,
And all those worlds drawn after him. I defy
Your hangmen; you now show me whither to fly.
*Sap.* Are her tormentors ready?
*Ang.* Shrink not, dear mistress.
*Spun and Hir.* My lord, we are ready for the business.
*Dor.* You two! whom I like foster'd children fed,
And lengthen'd out your starved life with bread:
You be my hangmen! whom, when up the ladder
Death haled you to be strangled, I fetch'd down,
Clothed you, and warm'd you, you two my tormen-
*Both.* Yes, we. [tors!
*Dor.* Divine Powers pardon you*!
*Sap.* Strike.
[*They strike at her.* Angelo *kneeling holds her fast.*
*Theoph.* Beat out her brains.
*Dor.* Receive me, you bright angels!
*Sap.* Faster, slaves.
*Spun.* Faster! I am out of breath, I am sure; if I were to beat a buck†, I can strike no harder.
*Hir.* O mine arms! I cannot lift them to my head.
*Dor.* Joy above joys! are my tormentors weary
In torturing me, and, in my sufferings,
I fainting in no limb! tyrants, strike home,
And feast your fury full.
*Theoph.* These dogs are curs,
[*Comes from his seat.*
Which snarl, yet bite not. See, my lord, her face
Has more bewitching beauty than before:
Proud whore, it smiles‡! cannot an eye start out
With these?
*Hir.* No, sir, nor the bridge of her nose fall; 'tis full of iron work. [feit
*Sap.* Let's view the cudgels, are they not counter-
*Ang.* There fix thine eye still;—thy glorious crown must come
Not from soft pleasure, but by martyrdom.
There fix thine eye still;—when we next do meet,
Not thorns, but roses, shall bear up thy feet:
There fix thine eye still. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Harpax *sneaking.*

*Dor.* Ever, ever, ever!
*Theoph.* We're mock'd; these bats have power to fell down giants,
Yet her skin is not scarr'd.
*Sap.* What rogues are these?
*Theoph.* Cannot these force a shriek?
[*Beats Spungius.*
*Spun.* Oh! a woman has one of my ribs, and now five more are broken.
*Theoph.* Cannot this make her roar?
[*Beats Hircius; he roars.*
*Sap.* Who hired these slaves? what are they?

*Spun.* We serve that noble gentleman*, there; he enticed us to this dry beating: oh! for one half pot.
*Harp.* My servants! two base rogues, and sometime servants
To her, and for that cause forbear to hurt her.
*Sap.* Unbind her, hang up these.
*Theoph.* Hang the two hounds on the next tree.
*Hir.* Hang us! master Harpax, what a devil, shall we be thus used? [a woman.
*Harp.* What bandogs but you two would worry
Your mistress? I but clapt you, you flew on.
Say I should get your lives, each rascal beggar
Would, when he met you, cry out Hell-hounds! traitors!
Spit at you, fling dirt at you; and no woman
Ever endure your sight: 'tis your best course
Now, had you secret knives, to stab yourselves;
But, since you have not, go and be hang'd.
*Hir.* I thank you.
*Harp.* 'Tis your best course.
*Theoph.* Why stay they trifling here?
To th' gallows drag them by the heels;—away.
*Spun.* By the heels! no, sir, we have legs to do us that service.
*Hir.* Ay, ay, if no woman can endure my sight, away with me.
*Harp.* Dispatch them.
*Spun.* The devil dispatch thee!
[*Exeunt Guard with Spungius and Hircius.*
*Sap.* Death this day rides in triumph, Theophilus.
See this witch made away too.
*Theoph.* My soul thirsts for it.
Come, I myself the hangman's part could play.
*Dor.* O haste me to my coronation day!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III†.—*The Place of Execution. A scaffold, block, &c.*

*Enter* Antoninus, Macrinus, *and* Servants

*Anton.* Is this the place where virtue is to suffer,
And heavenly beauty leaving this base earth,
To make a glad return from whence it came?
Is it, Macrinus?
*Mac.* By this preparation,
You well may rest assured that Dorothea
This hour is to die here.
*Anton.* Then with her dies
The abstract of all sweetness that's in woman!
Set me down, friend, that, ere the iron hand
Of death close up mine eyes, they may at once
Take my last leave both of this light and her:
For, she being gone, the glorious sun himself
To me's Cimmerian darkness.
*Mac.* Strange affection‡!

* Dor. *Divine Powers pardon* you] I know not whether by inadvertance or design; but M. Mason, in opposition to all the editions, reads, *Divine Powers, pardon* me!

† *If I were to beat a* buck, *I can strike no harder.*] To *buck*, Johnson says, "is to wash clothes." This is but a lame explanation of the term: to *buck* is to wash clothes by laying them on a smooth stone, and beating them with a pole flattened at the end.

‡ *Proud whore*, it *smiles!*] So the old copies; the modern editors read, she *smiles*. In every page, and almost in every speech, I have had to remove these imaginary improvements of the author's phraseology.

* Spun. *We* serve *that noble gentleman*, &c.] This is the lection of the first quarto. The modern editors follow the others, which incorrectly read, We *serv'd*, &c.

† From hence, to the conclusion of the act, I recognise the hand of Massinger. There may be (and probably are) finer passages in our dramatic poets, but I am not acquainted with them.

‡ Mac. *Strange affection?*
*Cupid once more hath changed his shafts with Death,*
*And kills, instead of giving life.*] This is a most beautiful allusion to a little poem among the *Elegies of Secundus*. Cupid and Death unite in the destruction of a lover, and in endeavouring to recover their weapons from the body of the victim, commit a mutual mistake, each plucking out the "shafts" of the other. The consequences of this are pretily described:

Missa peregrinis spargunter vulnera nervis,
Et manus ignoto sævit utrinque malo.

Cupid once more hath changed his shafts with Death,
And kills, instead of giving life.
*Anton.* Nay, weep not;
Though tears of friendship be a sovereign balm,
On me they're cast away. It is decreed
That I must die with her; our clue of life
Was spun together.
*Mac.* Yet, sir, 'tis my wonder,
That you, who, hearing only what she suffers,
Partake of all her tortures, yet will be,
To add to your calamity, an eyewitness
Of her last tragic scene, which must pierce deeper*,
And make the wound more desperate.
*Anton.* Oh, Macrinus!
'Twould linger out my torments else, not kill me,
Which is the end I aim at: being to die too,
What instrument more glorious can I wish for,
Than what is made sharp by my constant love
And true affection? It may be, the duty
And loyal service, with which I pursued her,
And seal'd it with my death, will be remember'd
Among her blessed actions; and what honour
Can I desire beyond it?

*Enter a Guard, bringing in* DOROTHEA, *a Headsman before her; followed by* THEOPHILUS, SAPRITIUS, *and* HARPAX.

See, she comes;
How sweet her innocence appears! more like
To heaven itself, than any sacrifice
Than can be offer'd to it. By my hopes
Of joys hereafter, the sight makes me doubtful
In my belief; nor can I think our gods
Are good, or to be served, that take delight
In offerings of this kind: that, to maintain
Their power, deface the master-piece of nature,
Which they themselves come short of. She ascends,
And every step raises her nearer heaven.
What god soe'er thou art, that must enjoy her,
Receive in her a boundless happiness!
*Sap.* You are to blame
To let him come abroad.
*Mac.* It was his will;
And we were left to serve him, not command him.
*Anton.* Good sir, be not offended; nor deny
My last of pleasures in this happy object,
That I shall e'er be blest with.
*Theoph.* Now, proud contemner
Of us, and of our gods, tremble to think
It is not in the Power thou serv'st to save thee.
Not all the riches of the sea, increased
By violent shipwrecks, nor the unsearch'd mines
(Mammon's unknown exchequer), shall redeem thee.
And, therefore, having first with horror weigh'd
What 'tis to die, and to die young; to part with
All pleasures and delights; lastly, to go
Where all antipathies to comfort dwell,
Furies behind, about thee, and before thee;
And, to add to affliction, the remembrance
Of the Elysian joys thou might'st have tasted,
Hadst thou not turn'd apostata* to those gods
That so reward their servants; let despair
Prevent the hangman's sword and on this scaffold
Make thy first entrance into hell.
*Anton.* She smiles
Unmoved, by Mars! as if she were assured
Death, looking on her constancy, would forget
The use of his inevitable hand.
*Theoph.* Derided too! dispatch, I say.
*Dor.* Thou fool!
That gloriest in having power to ravish
A trifle from me I am weary of:
What is this life to me? not worth a thought;
Or, if it be esteem'd, 'tis that I lose it
To win a better: even thy malice serves
To me but as a ladder to mount up
To such a height of happiness, where I shall
Look down with scorn on thee, and on the world;
Where, circled with true pleasures, placed above
The reach of death or time, 'twill be my glory
To think at what an easy price I bought it.
There's a perpetual spring, perpetual youth.
No joint-benumbing cold, or scorching heat,
Famine, nor age, have† any being there.
Forget, for shame, your Tempe; bury in
Oblivion your feign'd Hesperian orchards:—
The golden fruit, kept by the watchful dragon,
Which did require a Hercules to get‡ it,
Compared with what grows in all plenty there,
Deserves not to be named. The Power I serve,
Laughs at your happy Araby, or the
Elysian shades, for he hath made his bowers
Better in deed, than you can fancy yours.
*Anton.* O, take me thither with you!
*Dor.* Trace my steps,
And be assured you shall.
*Sap.* With my own hands
I'll rather stop that little breath is left thee,
And rob thy killing fever.
*Theoph.* By no means;
Let him go with her: do, seduced young man
And wait upon thy saint in death; do, do:
And, when you come to that imagined place,
That place of all delights—pray you, observe me,
And meet those cursed things I once called Daughters,
Whom I have sent as harbingers before you;

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Irrita Mors arcus validi molimina damnat,
Plorat Amor teneras tam valuisse manus;
Fædabant juvenes primas in pulvere malas
Oscula quas, heu, ad blanda vocabat Amor.
Canicies vernis florebat multa corollis
Persephone crinem vulserat unde sibi
Quid facerent? falsas procul abjecere sagittas,
De pharetra jaculum prompsit uterque novum.
Res bona! sed virus pueri penetravit in arcum;
Ex illo miseros tot dedit ille neci. Lib. ii. Eleg. 6.

* —— *which must* pierce deeper,] So the first editions. The quarto 1661, reads, in defiance of metre,—which must *th' deeper pierce*, and is followed by Coxeter and M. Mason!

* *Hadst thou not turn'd* apostata *to those gods*] Our old writers usually said, *apostata, statua*, &c. where we now say, *apostate, statue*. Massinger's editors, however, who were ignorant alike of his language and that of his contemporaries, resolutely persist in modernizing him upon all occasions: they read, *apostate!*

† —— have *any being there*.] Here again, the modern editors follow the miserable quarto of 1661, and tamely read—having *any being there*.—[Omitted in edit. 1813.]

‡ *Which did require a Hercules to* get *it*.] The modern editors read, *to* guard *it*. This deviation from the old copies is at the expense of sense. It was the dragon which *guarded* it: the object of Hercules was to *get* it. In almost every speech Massinger is thus injured by carelessness or ignorance. It is the more inexcusable here, as the very same expression is to be found in *the Emperor of the East*.

This beautiful description of Elysium, as Mr. Gilchrist observes to me, has been imitated by Nabbes, in that very poetic rhapsody, *Microcosmus*: some of the lines may be given:

"Cold there compels no use of rugged furs,
Nor makes the mountains barren; there's no dog
To rage, and scorch the land. Spring's always there,
And paints the valleys; whilst a temperate air
Sweeps their embroider'd face with his curl'd gales
And breathes perfumes:—there night doth never spread
Her ebon wings; but day-light's always there,
And one blest season crowns the eternal year."

If there be any truth in your religion,
In thankfulness to me, that with care hasten
Your journey thither, pray you send me some
Small pittance of that curious fruit you boast of.
*Anton.* Grant that I may go with her, and I will.
*Sap.* Wilt thou in thy last minute damn thyself?
*Theoph.* The gates to hell are open.
*Dor.* Know, thou tyrant,
Thou agent for the devil, thy great master,
Though thou art most unworthy to taste of it,
I can, and will.

*Enter* Angelo, *in the Angel's habit.**

*Harp.* Oh! mountains fall upon me,
Or hide me in the bottom of the deep,
Where light may never find me!
*Theoph.* What's the matter?
*Sap.* This is prodigious, and confirms her witch-
*Theoph.* Harpax, my Harpax, speak! [craft.
*Harp.* I dare not stay:
Should I but hear her once more, I were lost.
Some whirlwind snatch me from this cursed place,
To which compared (and with what I now suffer),
Hell's torments are sweet slumbers! [*Exit.*
*Sap.* Follow him.
*Theoph.* He is distracted, and I must not lose him.
Thy charms upon my servant, cursed witch,
Give thee a short reprieve. Let her not die
Till my return. [*Exeunt Sap. and Theoph.*
*Anton.* She minds him not: what object
Is her eye fix'd on?
*Mac.* I see nothing.
*Anton.* Mark her.
*Dor.* Thou glorious minister of the Power I serve
(For thou art more than mortal), is't for me,
Poor sinner, thou art pleased awhile to leave
Thy heavenly habitation, and vouchsafest,
Though glorified, to take my servant's habit?—
For, put off thy divinity, so look'd
My lovely Angelo.
*Ang.* Know, I am the same;
And still the servant to your piety.
Your zealous prayers, and pious deeds first won me
(But 'twas by His command to whom you sent
To guide your steps. I tried your charity, [them,
When in a beggar's shape you took me up,
And clothed my naked limbs, and after fed,
As you believed, my famish'd mouth. Learn all,
By your example, to look on the poor
With gentle eyes! for in such habits, often,
Angels desire an alms†. I never left you,
Nor will I now; for I am sent to carry
Your pure and innocent soul to joys eternal,
Your martyrdom once suffer'd; and before it,
Ask any thing from me, and rest assured,
You shall obtain it.

* *Enter* Angelo *in the Angel's* habit, &c.] It appears that Angelo was not meant to be seen or heard by any of the people present, but Dorothea. In the inventory of the Lord Admiral's properties, given by Mr. Malone, is, "a roobe for to goe invisibell." It was probably of a light gauzy texture, and afforded a sufficient hint to our good-natured ancestors, not to see the character invested with it.

† ——*Learn all,*
*By your example to look on the poor*
*With gentle eyes! for in such habits, often,*
*Angels desire an alms.*] "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." Heb. c. xiii. v. 2. Here is also a beautiful allusion to the parting speech of the "sociable archangel" to Tobit and his son.

*Dor.* I am largely paid
For all my torments: since I find such grace,
Grant that the love of this young man to me,
In which he languisheth to death, may be
Changed to the love of heaven.
*Ang.* I will perform it;
And in that instant when the sword sets free
Your happy soul, his shall have liberty.
Is there aught else?
*Dor.* For proof that I forgive
My persecutor, who in scorn desired
To taste of that most sacred fruit I go to;
After my death, as sent from me, be pleased
To give him of it.
*Ang.* Willingly, dear mistress.
*Mac.* I am amazed.
*Anton.* I feel a holy fire,
That yields a comfortable heat within me;
I am quite alter'd from the thing I was.
See! I can stand, and go alone; thus kneel
To heavenly Dorothea, touch her hand
With a religious kiss. [*Kneeling*

*Re-enter* Sapritius *and* Theophilus.

*Sap.* He is well now,
But will not be drawn back.
*Theoph.* It matters not,
We can discharge this work without his help.
But see your son.
*Sap.* Villain!
*Anton.* Sir, I beseech you,
Being so near our ends, divorce us not.
*Theoph.* I'll quickly make a separation of them:
Hast thou aught else to say?
*Dor.* Nothing, but to blame
Thy tardiness in sending me to rest;
My peace is made with heaven, to which my soul
Begins to take her flight: strike, O! strike quickly;
And, though you are unmoved to see my death,
Hereafter, when my story shall be read,
As they were present now, the hearers shall
Say this of Dorothea, with wet eyes,
She lived a virgin, and a virgin dies.
[*Her head struck off.*
*Anton.* O, take my soul along, to wait on thine!
*Mac.* Your son sinks too [*Antoninus sinks.*
*Sap.* Already dead!
*Theoph.* Die all
That are, or favour this accursed * sect:
I triumph in their ends, and will raise up
A hill of their dead carcasses, to o'erlook
The Pyrenean hills, but I'll root out
These superstitious fools, and leave the world
No name of Christian.
[*Loud music: Exit Angelo, having first laid his hand upon the mouths of Anton. and Dor.*
*Sap.* Ha! heavenly music!
*Mac.* 'Tis in the air.
*Theoph.* Illusions of the devil,
Wrought by some witch of her religion,
That fain would make her death a miracle:
It frights not me. Because he is your son,
Let him have burial, but let her body
Be cast forth with contempt in some highway,
And be to vultures and to dogs a prey. [*Exeunt.*

* *That are, or favour this accursed sect:*] So the old copies: the modern editors, to adapt the text to their own ideas of accuracy, read: *That are* of, *or favour*, &c. but there is no need of alteration; this mode of expression recurs perpetually: add too, that the interpolation destroys the metre.

# ACT V.

SCENE I.—THEOPHILUS *discovered in his Study: books about him.*

*Theoph.* I'st holiday, O Cæsar, that thy servant,
Thy provost, to see execution done
On these base Christians in Cæsarea,
Should now want work? Sleep these idolaters,
That none are stirring?—As a curious painter,
When he has made some honourable piece,
Stands off, and with a searching eye examines
Each colour how 'tis sweeten'd: and then hugs
Himself for his rare workmanship—so here
Will I my drolleries, and bloody landscapes,
Long past wrapt up, unfold, to make me merry
With shadows, now I want the substances.
My muster-book of hell-hounds. Were the Christians,
Whose names stand here, alive and arm'd, not Rome
Could move upon her hinges. What I've done,
Or shall hereafter, is not out of hate
To poor tormented wretches*; no, I'm carried
With violence of zeal, and streams of service
I owe our Roman gods. Great Britain,—what†?
[*reads.*
*A thousand wives, with brats sucking their breasts,*
*Had hot irons pinch them off, and thrown to swine:*
*And then their fleshy back-parts, hew'd with hatchets,*
*Were minced, and baked in pies, to feed starved Christians.*
Ha!—ha!
Again, again,—East Angles,—oh, East Angles.
*Bandogs, kept three days hungry, worried*
*A thousand British rascals, stied up fat*
*Of purpose, stripped naked, and disarm'd.*
I could outstare a year of suns and moons,
To sit at these sweet bull-baitings, so I
Could thereby but one Christian win to fall
In adoration to my Jupiter.—*Twelve hundred*
*Eyes bored with augres out*—Oh! *eleven thousand*
*Torn by wild beasts: two hundred ramm'd in the earth*
*To the armpits, and full platters round about them,*
*But far enough for reaching*‡. Eat, dogs, ha! ha! ha! [*He rises.*
Tush, all these tortures are but fillipings,
Fleabitings; I, before the Destinies

*Enter* ANGELO *with a basket filled with fruit and flowers.*

My bottom did wind up, would flesh myself
Once more upon some one remarkable
Above all these. This Christian slut was well,
A pretty one; but let such horror follow
The next I feed with torments, that when Rome
Shall hear it, her foundation at the sound
May feel an earthquake. How now? [*Music.*
*Ang.* Are you amazed, sir?
So great a Roman spirit—and doth it tremble!
*Theoph.* How cam'st thou in? to whom thy business.
*Ang.* To you:
I had a mistress, late sent hence by you
Upon a bloody errand; you entreated,
That, when she came into that blessed garden
Whither she knew she went, and where, now happy,
She feeds upon all joy, she would send to you
Some of that garden fruit and flowers; which here,
To have her promise saved, are brought by me.
*Theoph.* Cannot I see this garden?
*Ang.* Yes, if the master
Will give you entrance? [*He vanisheth.*
*Theoph.* 'Tis a tempting fruit,
And the most bright-cheek'd child I ever view'd;
Sweet smelling, goodly fruit. What flowers are these!
In Dioclesian's gardens; the most beauteous,
Compared with these, are weeds: is it not February.
The second day she died? frost, ice, and snow,
Hang on the beard of winter: where's the sun
That gilds this summer? pretty, sweet boy, say,
In what country shall a man find this garden?—
My delicate boy,—gone! vanished! within there,
Julianus! Geta!—

*Enter* JULIANUS *and* GETA.

*Both.* My lord.
*Theoph.* Are my gates shut!
*Geta.* And guarded.
*Theoph.* Saw you not
A boy?
*Jul.* Where?
*Theoph.* Here he enter'd; a young lad;
A thousand blessings danced upon his eyes,
A smoothfaced, glorious thing, that brought this basket*.
*Geta.* No, sir!
*Theoph.* Away—but be in reach, if my voice calls you. [*Exeunt.*
No!—vanish'd, and not seen!—Be thou a spirit
Sent from that witch to mock me, I am sure
This is essential, and, howe'er it grows,
Will taste it. [*Eats.*
*Harp.* [*within.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha!
*Theoph.* So good! I'll have some more, sure.

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* ——— ———*is not out of hate*
*To poor tormented wretches*, &c.] This is said to distinguish his character from that of Sapritius, whose zeal is influenced by motives of interest, and by many other considerations, which appear to weigh nothing with Theophilus.

† Great *Britain,—what?*] *Great* Britain, is a curious anachronism; but this our old dramatic writers were little solicitous to avoid. The reader wants not my assistance to discover that this rugged narative is by Decker: the horrible enumeration of facts, is taken from the histories of those times.

‡ *But far enough* for *reaching*:] *For* occurs perpetually in these plays, in the sense of *prevention*, yet the modern editors have here altered it to *from*! indeed, the word is thus used by every writer of Massinger's age; thus Fletcher:

"Walk off, sirrah,
And stir my horse *for* taking cold."
*Love's Pilyrimage.*

Again:

"——— he'll not tell me,
*For* breaking of my heart."
*Maid in the Mill.*

Now I am on the subject, let me observe, that a similar alteration has been unnecessarily made in *Pericles*. The old reading is,

"And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
*For* going on death's net, which none resist."

"This is corrupt," says the editor, "I think it should be *from* going," and so he has printed it; place a comma after *desist*, and all will be right: "*for* going," i. e. *for fear* of going, &c.

* Theoph. *Here he enter'd*. &c.] It may give the reader some idea of the metrical skill with which Massinger has been hitherto treated, to print these lines as they stand in Coxeter and M. Mason:

Theoph. *Here he enter'd, a young lad; a thousand*
*Blessings danc'd upon his eyes; a smoothfac'd glorious*
*Thing, that brought this basket.*

*Harp.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! great liquorish fool.
*Theoph.* What art thou?
*Harp.* A fisherman.
*Theoph.* What dost thou catch?
*Harp.* Souls, souls; a fish call'd souls.
*Theoph.* Geta!

*Enter* Geta.

*Geta.* My lord.
*Harp.* [*within.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha!
*Theoph.* What insolent slave is this, dares laugh
Or what is't the dog grins at so? [at me?
*Geta.* I neither know, my lord, at what, nor whom? for there is none without, but my fellow Julianus, and he is making a garland for Jupiter.
*Theoph.* Jupiter! all within me is not well;
And yet not sick.
*Harp.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!
*Theoph.* What's thy name, slave?
*Harp.* [*at one end.*] Go look.
*Geta.* 'Tis Harpax' voice.
*Theoph.* Harpax! go, drag the caitiff to my foot,
That I may stamp upon him.
*Harp.* [*at the other end.*] Fool, thou liest!
*Geta.* He's yonder, now, my lord.
*Theoph.* Watch thou that end,
Whilst I make good this.
*Harp.* [*at the middle.*] Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
*Theoph.* He is at barley-break, and the last couple
Are now in hell.* [is bloody,
Search for him. [*Exit Geta.*] All this ground, methinks,
And paved with thousands of those Christians' eyes
Whom I have tortured, and they stare upon me.
What was this apparition? sure it had
A shape angelical. Mine eyes, though dazzled
And daunted at first sight, tell me, it wore
A pair of glorious wings; yes, they were wings,
And hence he flew:——'tis vanish'd! Jupiter,
For all my sacrifices done to him,
Never once gave me smile.—How can stone smile,
Or wooden image laugh? [*music.*] Ha! I remember
Such music gave a welcome to mine ear,
When the fair youth came to me:—'tis in the air,
Or from some better place*; a power divine,
Through my dark ignorance on my soul does shine,
And makes me see a conscience all stain'd o'er,
Nay, drown'd and damn'd for ever in Christian gore.
*Harp.* [*within.*] Ha, ha, ha! [tongue
*Theoph.* Again!—What dainty relish on my
This fruit hath left! some angel hath me fed,
If so toothfull† I will be banqueted. [*Eats.*

*Enter* Harpax *in a fearful shape, fire flashing out of the Study.*

*Harp.* Hold!
*Theoph.* Not for Cæsar.
*Harp.* But for me thou shalt. [here.
*Theoph.* Thou art no twin to him that last was
Ye Powers, whom my soul bids me reverence,
What art thou? [guard me!
*Harp* I am thy master.
*Theoph.* Mine!
*Harp.* And thou my everlasting slave; that Harpax,
Who hand in hand hath led thee to thy hell,
Am I.
*Theoph.* Avaunt?
*Harp.* I will not; cast thou down
That basket with the things in't, and fetch up
What thou hast swallow'd, and then take a drink,
Which I shall give thee, and I'm gone.
*Theoph,* My fruit?
Does this offend thee? see! [*Eats again.*
*Harp.* Spit it to the earth‡,
And tread upon it, or I'll piecemeal tear thee.
*Theoph.* Art thou with this affrighted? see, here's more. [*Pulls out a handful of flowers.*
*Harp.* Fling them away, I'll take thee else, and hang thee
In a contorted chain of isicles
In the frigid zone: down with them!
*Theoph.* At the bottom
One thing I found not yet. See!
[*Holds up a cross of flowers.*
*Harp.* Oh! I am tortured. [hence!
*Theoph.* Can this do't? hence, thou fiend infernal,
*Harp.* Clasp Jupiter's image, and away with that.
*Theoph.* At thee I'll fling that Jupiter; for, methinks,
I serve a better master: he now checks me
For murdering my two daughters, put on§ by thee—

* Theoph. *He is at* barley-break, *and the last couple Are now in* hell.] i. e. in the *middle*, alluding to the situation of Harpax. This wretched copy of a wretched original, the *hic et ubique* of the Ghost in *Hamlet*, is much too puerile for the occasion, and the character:—*decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile.* With respect to the amusement of barley-break, allusions to it occur repeatedly in our old writers; and their commentators have piled one parallel passage upon another, without advancing a single step towards explaining what this celebrated pastime really was It was played by six people (three of each sex), who were coupled by lot. A piece of ground was then chosen, and divided into three compartments, of which the middle one was called Hell. It was the object of the couple condemned to this division, to catch the others, who advanced from the two extremities; in which case a change of situation took place, and hell was filled by the couple who were excluded by preoccupation, from the other places: in this "catching," however, there was some difficulty, as, by the regulations of the game, the middle couple were not to separate before they had succeeded, while the others might break hands whenever they found themselves hard pressed. When all had been taken in turn, the last couple was said *to be in hell*, and the game ended. *In tenui labor*'—Mr. M. Mason has given the following description of this pastime with allegorical personages, from Sir John Suckling:

"Love, Reason, Hate, did once bespeak
Three mates to play at barley break;
Love Folly took; and Reason Fancy;
And Hate consorts with Pride; so dance they:
Love coupled last, and so it fell
That Love and Folly were in hell.

They break; and Love would Reason meet,
But Hate was nimbler on her feet;
Fancy looks for Pride, and thither
Hies, and they two hug together:
Yet this new coupling still doth tell
That Love and Folly were in hell.

The rest do break again, and Pride
Hath now got Reason on her side;
Hate and Fancy meet, and stand
Untouch'd by Love in Folly's hand;
Folly was dull, but Love ran well,
So Love and Folly were in hell."

* *Or from some better* place;] In Coxeter's edition, *place* was dropt at the press, I suppose: and M. Mason, who seems to have no conception of any older or other copy, blindly followed him; though the line has neither measure nor sense without the word, inserted from the old quartos:—but indeed the whole of this scene, as it stands in the two former editions, especially the last, is full of the most shameful blunders.

† *If so* toothfull, &c.] So the old copies, the modern editions have *toothsome:* it may perhaps be a better word, but should not have been silently foisted upon the author.

‡ *Harp.* Spit *it to the earth,*] The first and second quartos read *spet*, which was now beginning to grow obsolete; in the succeeding one it is *spit*.

§ ——— put on *by thee*—] i. e. encouraged, instigated. So in Shakspeare:

By thy damn'd rhetoric did I hunt the life
Of Dorothea, the holy virgin-martyr.
She is not angry with the axe, nor me,
But sends these presents to me; and I'll travel
O'er worlds to find her, and from her white hand
Beg a forgiveness.
*Harp.* No; I'll bind thee here. [weapon*,
*Theoph.* I serve a strength above thine; this small
Methinks is armour hard enough.
*Harp.* Keep from me [*Sinks a little.*
*Theoph.* Art posting to thy centre? down, hell-hound! down;
Me thou hast lost: that arm, which hurls thee hence, [*Harpax disappears.*
Save me, and set me up, the strong defence
In the fair Christian's quarrel!

*Enter* Angelo.

*Ang.* Fix thy foot there,
Nor be thou shaken with a Cæsar's voice,
Though thousand deaths were in it; and I then
Will bring thee to a river, that shall wash
Thy bloody hands clean and more white than snow;
And to that garden where these blest things grow,
And to that martyr'd virgin, who hath sent
That heavenly token to thee: spread this brave wing,
And serve, than Cæsar, a far greater king. [*Exit.*
*Theop.* It is, it is some angel. Vanish'd again!
Oh, come back, ravishing boy! bright messenger!
Thou hast, by these mine eyes fix'd on thy beauty,
Illumined all my soul. Now look I back
On my black tyrannies, which, as they did [me,
Outdare the bloodiest, thou, blest spirit, that lead'st
Teach me what I must to do, and, to do well,
That my last act the best may parallel†. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—Dioclesian's *Palace.*

*Enter* Dioclesian, Maximinus, *the Kings of* Epire. Pontus, *and* Macedon, *meeting* Artemia; *Attendants.*

*Artem.* Glory and conquest still attend upon triumphant Cæsar!
*Diocle.* Let thy wish, fair daughter,
Be equally divided; and hereafter
Learn thou to know and reverence Maximinus,
Whose power, with mine united: makes one Cæsar.
*Max.* But that I fear 'twould be held flattery,
The bonds consider'd in which we stand tied,
As love and empire, I should say, till now
I ne'er had seen a lady I thought worthy
To be my mistress.
*Artem.* Sir, you show yourself
Both courtier and soldier; but take heed,
Take heed, my lord, though my dull-pointed beauty,
Stain'd by a harsh refusal in my servant,
Cannot dart forth such beams as may inflame you,
You may encounter such a powerful one,
That with a pleasing heat will thaw your heart,
Though bound in ribs of ice. Love still is love,
His bow and arrows are the same: great Julius,
That to his successors left the name of Cæsar,
Whom war could never tame, that with dry eyes
Beheld the large plains of Pharsalia cover'd
With the dead carcases of senators
And citizens of Rome, when the world knew
No other lord but him, struck deep in years too,
(And men gray-hair'd forget the lusts of youth)
After all this, meeting fair Cleopatra,
A suppliant too, the magic of her eye,
Even in his pride of conquest, took him captive;
Nor are you more secure.
*Max.* Were you deform'd
(But, by the gods, you are most excellent),
Your gravity and discretion would o'ercome me;
And I should be more proud in being prisoner
To your fair virtues, than of all the honours,
Wealth, title, empire, that my sword hath purchased.
*Diocle.* This meets my wishes. Welcome it, Artemia,
With outstretch'd arms, and study to forget
That Antoninus ever was; thy fate
Reserved thee for this better choice, embrace it.
*Max.** This happy match brings new nerves to give strength
To our continued league.
*Diocle* Hymen himself
Will bless this marriage, which we'll solemnize
In the presence of these kings.
*K. of Pontus.* Who rest most happy,
To be eyewitnesses of a match that brings
Peace to the empire.
*Diocle.* We much thank your loves;
But where's Sapritius, our governor,
And our most zealous provost, good Theophilus?
If ever prince were blest in a true servant,
Or could the gods be debtors to a man,
Both they and we stand far engaged to cherish
His piety and service.
*Artem.* Sir, the governor
Brooks sadly his son's loss, although he turn'd
Apostata in death†; but bold Theophilus,
Who, for the same cause, in my presence, seal'd
His holy anger on his daughters' hearts;
Having with tortures first tried to convert her,
Dragg'd the bewitching Christian to the scaffold,
And saw her lose her head.
*Diocle.* He is all worthy:
And from his own mouth I would gladly hear
The manner how she suffer'd.
*Artem.* 'Twill be deliver'd
With such contempt and scorn (I know his nature)
That rather 'twill beget your highness' laughter,
Than the least pity.
*Diocle.* To that end I would hear it.

*Enter* Theophilus, Sapritius, *and* Macrinus.

*Artem.* He comes; with him the governor.
*Diocle.* O, Sapritius,
I am to chide you for your tenderness;
But yet, remembering that you are a father,

---

"———— —— Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powers above
*Put on* their instruments."

* ———— *this small* weapon,] Meaning, I believe, the "cross of flowers," which he had just found. The language and ideas of this play are purely catholic.

† *That my last act the best may parallel*] Thus far Decker; what follows I apprehend was written by Massinger; (and is unsurpassed in the English language.)

* Max. *This happy match*, &c.] The old copies give this to the *K. of Epire*, it is evident, however, that he cannot be the speaker; I make no apology for restoring it to Maximinus.

† Apostata *in death*;] Here again the modern editors, read, Apostate *in death*, though it absolutely destroys the measure. It is very strange that the frequent recurrence of this word should not teach them to hesitate on the propriety of corrupting it upon all occasions.

I will forget it. Good Theophilus,
I'll speak with you anon.—Nearer, your ear.
[*To Sapritius.*
*Theoph.* [*aside to Macrinus.*] By Antonnus' soul,
I do conjure you,
And though not for religion, for his friendship,
Without demanding what's the cause that moves me,
Receive my signet;—by the power of this,
Go to my prisons, and release all Christians
That are in fetters there by my command.
*Mac.* But what shall follow?
*Theoph.* Haste then to the port;
You there shall find two tall ships ready rigg'd*,
In which embark the poor distressed souls,
And bear them from the reach of tyranny.
Enquire not whither you are bound; the Deity
That they adore will give you prosperous winds,
And make your voyage such, and largely pay for
Your hazard, and your travail. Leave me here;
There is a scene that I must act alone. [you!
Haste, good Macrinus; and the great God guide
*Mac.* I'll undertake't, there's something prompts
me to it;
'Tis to save innocent blood, a saint-like act;
And to be merciful has never been
By moral men themselves† esteem'd a sin. [*Exit.*
*Diocle.* You know your charge?
*Sap.* And will with care observe it.
*Diocle.* For I profess he is not Cæsar's friend,
That sheds a tear for any torture that
A Christian suffers. Welcome, my best servant,
My careful zealous provost! thou hast toil'd
To satisfy my will, though in extremes:
I love thee for't; thou art firm rock, no changeling.
Prithee deliver, and for my sake do it,
Without excess of bitterness, or scoffs,
Before my brother and these kings, how took
The Christian her death?
*Theoph.* And such a presence,
Though every private head in this large room
Were circled round with an imperial crown,
Her story will deserve, it is so full
Of excellence and wonder.
*Diocle.* Ha! how is this?
*Theoph.* O! mark it, therefore, and with that
attention,
As you would hear an embassy from heaven
By a wing'd legate; for the truth deliver'd
Both how, and what, this blessed virgin suffer'd,
And Dorothea but hereafter named,
You will rise up with reverence, and no more,
As things unworthy of your thoughts, remember
What the canonized Spartan ladies were, [matrons,
Which lying Greece so boasts of. Your own
Your Roman dames, whose figures you yet keep
As holy relics, in her history
Will find a second urn: Gracchus' Cornelia‡,
Paulina, that in death desired to follow
Her husband Seneca, nor Brutus' Portia,
That swallow'd burning coals to overtake him,
Though all their several worths were given to one,
With this is to be mention'd.
*Max.* Is he mad?
*Diocle.* Why, they did die, Theophilus, and boldly;
This did no more.
*Theoph.* They, out of desperation,
Or for vain glory of an after-name,
Parted with life: this had not mutinous sons,
As the rash Gracchi were; nor was this saint
A doating mother, as Cornelia was:
This lost no husband, in whose overthrow
Her wealth and honour sunk; no fear of want
Did make her being tedious; but, aiming
At an immortal crown, and in his cause
Who only can bestow it, who sent down
Legions of ministering angels to bear up
Her spotless soul to heaven; who entertain'd it
With choice celestial music, equal to
The motion of the spheres, she, uncompell'd,
Changed this life for a better. My lord Sapritius
You were present at her death; did you e'er hear
Such ravishing sounds?
*Sap.* Yet you said then 'twas witchcraft,
And devilish illusions.
*Theoph.* I then heard it
With sinful ears, and belch'd out blasphemous words
Against his Deity, which then I knew not
Nor did believe in him.
*Diocle.* Why, dost thou now?
Or dar'st thou, in our hearing—
*Theoph.* Were my voice
As loud as is his thunder, to be heard
Through all the world, all potentates on earth
Ready to burst with rage, should they but hear it,
Though hell, to aid their malice, lent her furies,
Yet I would speak, and speak again, and boldly,
I am a Christian, and the Powers you worship
But dreams of fools and madmen.
*Max.* Lay hands on him.
*Diocle.* Thou twice a child! for doating age so
makes thee,
Thou couldst not else, thy pilgrimage of life
Being almost past through, in this last moment
Destroy whate'er thou hast done good or great—
Thy youth did promise much; and, grown a man,
Thou mad'st it good, and, with increase of years,
Thy actions still better'd: as the sun,
Thou did'st rise gloriously, kept'st a constant course
In all thy journey; and now, in the evening,
When thou should'st pass with honour to thy rest,
Wilt thou fall like a meteor?
*Sap.* Yet confess
That thou art mad, and that thy tongue and heart
Had no agreement.
*Max.* Do; no way is left, else,
To save thy life, Theophilus.
*Diocle.* But, refuse it,
Destruction as horrid, and as sudden,
Shall fall upon thee, as if hell stood open,
And thou wert sinking thither.
*Theoph.* Hear me, yet;
Hear for my service past.
*Artem.* What will he say?
*Theoph.* As ever I deserved your favour, hear me,
And grant one boon: 'tis not for life I sue for*,

---

* *You there shall find two* tall *ships ready rigg'd,*] We should now say, *two* stout *ships;* but see *the Unnatural Combat.*

† *By* moral *men themselves,* &c,] This is the reading of the first copy: all the the others have, mortal *men.*

‡ *Gracchus' Cornelia,*] This passage, as printed in the old edition, is nonsense. M. Mason.

This is somewhat bold in one who never saw the old editions. In Coxeter, indeed, it is printed, or rather pointed, as nonsense; but to call his the old edition is scarcely correct. The first quarto reads as in the text with the exception of an apostrophe accidentally misplaced; the second follows it, and both are more correct than Mr. M. Mason, either in his text or note.

* *'Tis not for life I sue for*] The modern editors omit

Nor is it fit that I, that ne'er knew pity
To any Christian, being one myself,
Should look for any; no, I rather beg
The utmost of your cruelty; I stand
Accomptable for thousand Christians' deaths;
And, were it possible that I could die
A day for every one, then live again
To be again tormented, 'twere to me
An easy penance, and I should pass through
A gentle cleansing fire; but, that denied me,
It being beyond the strength of feeble nature,
My suit is, you would have no pity on me.
In mine own house there are thousand engines
Of studied cruelty, which I did prepare
For miserable Christians; let me feel,
As the Sicilian did his brazen bull,
The horrid'st you can find, and I will say,
In death that you are merciful.

*Diocle.* Despair not,
In this thou shalt prevail. Go fetch them hither:
[*Exit. Guard.*

Death shall put on a thousand shapes at once,
And so appear before thee; racks, and whips!—
Thy flesh, with burning pincers torn, shall feed
The fire that heats them; and what's wanting to
The torture of thy body, I'll supply
In punishing thy mind. Fetch all the Christians
That are in hold; and here, before his face,
Cut them in pieces.

*Theoph.* 'Tis not in thy power:
It was the first good deed I ever did.
They are removed out of thy reach; howe'er
I was determined for my sins to die,
I first took order for their liberty,
And still I dare thy worst.

*Re-enter* Guard *with the instruments of torture.*

*Diocle.* Bind him I say;
Make every artery and sinew crack:
The slave that makes him give the loudest shriek,*
Shall have ten thousand drachmas: wretch! I'll
To curse the Power thou worship'st: [force thee

*Theoph.* Never, never;
No breath of mine shall e'er be spent on him,
[*They torment him.*

But what shall speak his majesty or mercy.
I'm honour'd in my sufferings. Weak tormentors,
More tortures, more.—alas! you are unskilful—
For heaven's sake more; my breast is yet untorn.
Here purchase the reward that was propounded.
The irons cool,—here are arms yet, and thighs;
Spare no part of me.

*Max.* He endures beyond
The sufferance of a man.

*Sap,* No sigh nor groan,
To witness he hath feeling.

*Diocle.* Harder, villains!

*Enter* Harpax.

*Harp.* Unless that he blaspheme he's lost for ever.
If torments ever could bring forth despair,
Let these compel him to it: Oh me,
My ancient enemies again! [*Falls down.*

*Enter* Dorothea *in a white robe, a crown upon her head, led in by* Angelo; Antoninus, Calista, *and* Christeta *following, all in white, but less glorious;* Angelo *holds out a crown to* Theophilus.

*Theoph.* Most glorious vision!——
Did e'er so hard a bed yield man a dream
So heavenly as this? I am confirm'd,
Confirm'd, you blessed spirits, and make haste
To take that crown of immortality
You offer to me. Death, till this blest minute,
I never thought thee slow-paced; nor would I
Hasten thee now, for any pain I suffer,
But that thou keep'st me from a glorious wreath,
Which through this stormy way I would creep to,
And, humbly kneeling, with humility wear it.
Oh! now I feel thee:—blessed spirits! I come;
And, witness for me all these wounds and scars,
I die a soldier in the Christian wars. [*Dies.*

*Sap.* I have seen thousands tortured, but ne'er yet
A constancy like this.

*Harp.* I am twice damn'd.

*Ang.* Haste to thy place appointed, cursed fiend!
In spite of hell, this soldier's not thy prey;
'Tis I have won, thou that hast lost the day. [*Exit*
[*Harpax sinks with thunder and lightning.*

*Diocle.* I think the centre of the earth be crack'd,
Yet I stand still unmoved, and will go on·
The persecution that is here begun,
Through all the world with violence shall run.
[*Flourish. Exeunt**

---

the last *for:* but they are too squeamish. This reduplication was practised by all the writers of our author's time, of which I could, if it were necessary, give a thousand examples; Massinger himself would furnish a considerable number.

* The slave *that makes him give the loudest shriek,*] So read all the editions before the last; when Mr. M. Mason, to suit the line to his own ideas of harmony, discarded *The slave* for *He!*

* Mr. M. Mason capriciously deranged the order in which Coxeter printed these plays, and began with *The Picture*, a piece which bears the strongest internal marks of being a late production. With respect to *the Virgin-Martyr*, he considerably under-rates it, and indeed displays no portion of judgment in appreciating either its beauties or defects. He adopts Coxeter's idea that it was indebted for its success to the abominable scenes between Hircius and Spungius, pronounces the subject of the tragedy to be unpleasant, the incidents *unnatural*, and the *supernatural* agents employed to bring them about, destitute of the singularity and wildness which distinguish the fictitious beings of Shakspeare. With respect to the subject, it is undoubtedly ill chosen. Scourging, racking, and beheading, are circumstances of no very agreeable kind; and with the poor aids of which the stage was then possessed, must have been somewhat worse than ridiculous. Allowing, however, for the agency of supernatural beings, I scarcely see how the incidents they produce can, as Mr. M. Mason represents them, be unnatural. The comparison drawn between them and the fictitious beings of Shakspeare is injudicious. Shakspeare has no angels nor devils; his wonderful judgment, perhaps, instructed him to avoid such untractable machinery. With fairies and spirits he might wanton in the regions of fancy, but the character of a heavenly messenger was of too sacred a nature for *wildness* and *singularity*, and that of a fiend too horrible for the sportiveness of imagination. It appears to me that Massinger and his associate had conceived the idea of combining the prominent parts of the old Mystery, with the Morality, which was not yet obliterated from the memories, nor perhaps from the affections of many of the spectators; to this, I am willing to hope, and not to the ribaldry, which Mr. M. Mason so properly reprobates, the great success of this singular medley might be in some measure owing. I have taken notice of many beautiful passages; but it would be unjust to the authors to conclude, without remarking on the good sense and dexterity with which they have avoided the concurrence of Angelo and Harpax, till the concluding scene; an error into which Tasso, and others of greater name than Massinger, have inadvertently fallen.

With a neglect of precision which pervades all the arguments of Mr. M. Mason, he declares it is easy to distinguish the hand of Decker from that of Massinger, yet finds a difficulty in appropriating their most characteristic language! If I have spoken with more confidence, it is not done lightly, but from a long and careful study of Massinger

manner, and from that species of internal evidence which, though it might not perhaps sufficiently strike the common reader, is with me decisive. With respect to the scenes between the two buffoons, it would be an injury to the name of Massinger to waste a single argument in proving them not to be his. In saying this I am actuated by no hostility to Decker, who in this Play has many passages which evince that he wanted not talents to rival, if he had pleased, his friend and associate. GIFFORD.

Notwithstanding the blemishes which have been justly objected to this play, it possesses beauties of an extraordinary kind.—Indeed, nothing more base and filthy can be conceived than the dialogues between Hircius and Spungius! but the genuine and dignified piety of Dorothea, her unsullied innocence, her unshaken constancy, the lofty pity she expresses for her persecutors, her calm contempt of tortures, and her heroic death, exalt the mind in no common degree, and make the reader almost insensible of the surrounding impurity, through the holy contempt of it which they inspire.

How sentiments and images thus opposite should be contained in the same piece, it is somewhat difficult to conceive. If Decker had furnished none but the comic parts, the doubt would be soon at an end. But there is good reason to suppose that he wrote the whole of the second act; and the very first scene of it has the same mixture of loathsome beastliness and angelic purity, which are observed in those passages that are more distant from each other.—It is the strange and forced conjunction of Mezentius:

*Mortua——jungebat corpora vivis,*
*Tormenti genus——*

The subject in general is certainly extravagant; and the introduction of a good and evil spirit, disguised in human shapes, was not to be expected in what aspired to the credit of a regular tragedy. Yet it should be remembered, that poetic license calls in "a thousand liveried angels" to "lackey saintly chastity;"—that whatever be their departure from propriety, such representations had a most solemn origin; and that, with this allowance, the business in which the spirits are engaged has a substantial conformity with the opinions of the early ages in which the plot is laid. The permitted but vain opposition of the demons to the progress of the faith, and the reasoning and raillery which Dorothea expresses, under the influence of Angelo, against the pagan gods, are to be found in Justin, Tatian, Arnobius, and others.*

* (Augustine and Gregory the Great, who lived so late as the fourth century, mention the visits of the angels to this earth even in their days. ED.)

—The separate agency of the spirits, and the consequence of their personal encounter, are also described in a characteristic manner.

Apart from Angelo, Harpax seems to advance in his malignant work. When the daughters of Theophilus express their zeal for paganism, he "grows fat to see his labours prosper." Yet he cannot look forward to the defeat of those labours in their approaching conversion, though, on some occasions, we find he could "see a thousand leagues" in his master's service. And this agrees with the doctrine, that when some signal triumph of the faith was at hand, the evil spirits were abridged of their usual powers. Again, when Harpax expects to meet Angelo, he thus expresses the dread of his presence, and the effect which it afterwards produced on him:

"——— I do so hate his sight,
That, should I look on him, I should sink down."
Act II. sc. ii.

And this too, perfectly agrees with the power attributed to the superior spirits of quelling the demons by those indications of their quality which were not to be perceived by mortals: *per occultissimæ signa præsentiæ, quæ angelicis, sensibus etiam malignorum spirituum, potius quam infirmitati hominum, possunt esse perspicua. Civ. Dei.* lib. ix.

The other parts of the Play do not require much observation. Indeed, the characters of Calista and Christeta are well sustained. Hasty, self-confident, readily promising for their steadiness, soon forgetting their resolutions, and equally secure in every change of opinion, they are well contrasted with Dorothea, whose fixed principles always guard her against rashness, and therefore preserve her from contradiction. As to Dioclesian and his captive kings, they come in and go out with little of our admiration or our pity. Artemia's love for Antoninus would be wholly without interest, if we were not moved for a moment by her indignation at the rejection of her offer; and we see her at length consigned to Maximinus with as little emotion as is shewn by themselves. This, however, is somewhat relieved by Antoninus's passion, a genuine one, for Dorothea.

Certainly there is too much horror in this tragedy. The daughters of Theophilus are killed on the stage. Theophilus himself is racked, and Dorothea is dragged by the hair, kicked, tortured, and beheaded. Its popularity must therefore in a considerable degree be attributed to the interest occasioned by the contrary agencies of the two spirits, to the glorious vision of the beatified Dorothea at the conclusion of the piece, and the reappearance of Angelo, in his proper character, with the sacred fruit and flowers, from the "heavenly garden," and the "crown of immortality," for Theophilus. DR. IRELAND.

THE

# UNNATURAL COMBAT.

THE UNNATURAL COMBAT.] Of this Tragedy there is but one edition, which was printed for John Waterson, in 1639. It does not occur in Sir Henry Herbert's Office-book; so that it is probably of a very early date: and indeed Massinger himself calls it "an old tragedy." Like the *Virgin-Martyr*, it has neither Prologue nor Epilogue, for which the author accounts in his Dedication, by observing that the play was composed at a time "when such by-ornaments were not advanced above the fabric of the whole work."

The editors of the *Biographia Dramatica* speak in rapturous terms of the various excellencies of this piece, and think, "that with very little alteration, it might be rendered a valuable acquisition to the present stage." This I doubt: it is indeed a most noble performance; grand in conception, and powerful in execution; but the passion on which the main part of the story hinges, is of too revolting a nature for public representation: we may admire in the closet what we should turn from on the stage.

It is said, in the title-page, to have been "presented by the King's Majesty's Servants, at the Globe."

TO

MY MUCH HONOURED FRIEND,

## ANTHONY SENTLEGER,

OF OAKHAM, IN KENT, ESQ.

SIR,

That the patronage of trifles, in this kind, hath long since rendered dedications, and inscriptions obsolete and out of fashion, I perfectly understand, and cannot but ingenuously confess, that I walking in the same path, may be truly argued by you of weakness, or wilful error: but the reasons and defences, for the tender of my service this way to you, are so just, that I cannot (in my thankfulness for so many favours received) but be ambitious to publish them. Your noble father, Sir Warham Sentleger (whose remarkable virtues must be ever remembered), being, while he lived, a master, for his pleasure, in poetry, feared not to hold converse with divers, whose necessitous fortunes made it their profession, among which, by the clemency of his judgment, I was not in the last place admitted. You (the heir of his honour and estate) inherited his good inclinations to men of my poor quality, of which I cannot give any ampler testimony, than by my free and glad profession of it to the world. Besides (and it was not the least encouragement to me) many of eminence, and the best of such, who disdained not to take notice of me, have not thought themselves disparaged, I dare not say honoured, to be celebrated the patrons of my humble studies: in the first file of which, I am confident, you shall have no cause to blush, to find your name written. I present you with this old tragedy, without prologue or epilogue, it being composed in a time (and that too, peradventure, as knowing as this) when such by-ornaments were not advanced above the fabric of the whole work. Accept it, I beseech you, as it is, and continue your favour to the author,

Your servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BEAUFORT *senior, governor of* Marseilles.
BEAUFORT *junior, his son*
MALEFORT *senior, admiral of* Marseilles.
MALEFORT *junior, his son*
CHAMONT, MONTAIGNE, LANOUR, *assistants to the governor.*
MONTREVILLE, *a pretended friend to* MALEFORT *senior.*
BELGARDE, *a poor captain.*
Three Sea Captains, *of the navy of* MALEFORT *junior*
A Steward.
An Usher.
A Page.
THEOCRINE, *daughter to* MALEFORT *senior*
Two Waiting Women.
Two Courtezans.
A Bawd.
Servants and Soldiers.

SCENE.—MARSEILLES.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Court of Justice.*

*Enter* Montreville, Theocrine, Usher, Page, *and* Waiting Women.

*Montr.* Now to be modest, madam, when you are
A suitor for your father, would appear
Coarser than boldness; you awhile must part with
Soft silence, and the blushings of a virgin:
Though I must grant, did not this cause command it,
They are rich jewels you have ever worn
To all men's admiration. In this age,
If, by our own forced importunity,
Or others purchased intercession, or
Corrupting bribes, we can make our approaches
To justice, guarded from us by stern power,
We bless the means and industry.
*Ush.* Here's music [opium,
In this bag shall wake her, though she had drunk
Or eaten mandrakes*. Let commanders talk
Of cannons to make breaches, give but fire
To this petard, it shall blow open, madam,
The iron doors of a judge, and make you entrance;
When they (let them do what they can) with all
Their mines, their culverins, and basiliscos, [lock
Shall cool their feet without; this being the pick-
That never fails.
*Montr.* 'Tis true, gold can do much,
But beauty more. Were I the governor,
Though the admiral, your father, stood convicted
Of what he's only doubted, half a dozen
Of sweet close kisses from these cherry lips,
With some short active conference in private,
Should sign his general pardon.
*Theoc.* These light words, sir,
Do ill become the weight of my sad fortune;
And I much wonder, you, that do profess
Yourself to be my father's bosom friend,
Can raise mirth from his misery.
*Montr.* You mistake me;
I share in his calamity, and only
Deliver my thoughts freely, what I should do
For such a rare petitioner: and if
You'll follow the directions I prescribe,
With my best judgment I'll mark out the way
For his enlargement.
*Theoc.* With all real joy
I shall put what you counsel into act,
Provided it be honest.
*Montr.* Honesty
In a fair she client (trust to my experience)
Seldom or never prospers; the world's wicked:
We are men, not saints, sweet lady; you must practice
The manners of the time, if you intend
To have favour from it: do not deceive yourself
By building too much on the false foundations
Of chastity and virtue. Bid your waiters
Stand further off, and I'll come nearer to you
1 *Wom.* Some wicked counsel, on my life.
2 *Wom.* Ne'er doubt it*,
If it proceed from him.
*Page* I wonder that
My lord so much affects him.
*Ush.* Thou'rt a child†,
And dost not understand on what strong basis
This friendship's raised between this Montreville
And our lord, Monsieur Malefort; but I'll teach thee
From thy years they have been joint purchasers
In fire and water works, and truck'd together
*Page.* In fire and water works!
*Ush.* Commodities, boy,
Which you may know hereafter.
*Page.* And deal in them,
When the trade has given you over, as appears by
The increase of your high forehead‡.
*Ush.* Here's a crack§!
I think they suck this knowledge in their milk.
*Page.* I had an ignorant nurse else. I have tied,
My lady's garter, and can guess— [sir,
*Ush.* Peace, infant;
Tales out o'school! take heed, you will be breech'd else. [*Theocrine retires.*
1 *Wom.* My lady's colour changes.
2 *Wom.* She falls off too.
*Theoc.* You are a naughty man, indeed you are;
And I will sooner perish with my father,
Than at this price redeem him.
*Montr.* Take your own way,
Your modest, legal way: 'tis not your veil,
Nor mourning habit, nor these creatures taught
To howl, and cry, when you begin to whimper:
Nor following my lord's coach in the dirt,
Nor that which you rely upon, a bribe,
Will do it, when there's something he likes better.
These courses in an old crone of threescore‖,
That had seven years together tired the court
With tedious petitions, and clamours,

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* *Or eaten* mandrakes.] Hill observes, that "the *mandrake* has a soporific quality, and that it was used by the ancients when they wanted a narcotic of a most powerful kind." To this there are perpetual allusions in our old writers.

* 2 Wom. *Ne'er doubt it*
*If it proceed from him.*] The character of Montreville is opened with great beauty and propriety. The freedom of his language, and the advice he gives Theocrine, fully prepare us for any act of treachery or cruelty he may hereafter perpetrate.

† Ush. *Thou'rt a child,*
*And dost not understand,* &c.] This speech, it is impossible to say why, has been hitherto printed as prose, though nothing is clearer than that the author meant it for verse, into which, indeed, it runs as readily as any other part of the play. (Omitted unintentionally in Edit. 1813.)

‡ ——— *as appears by*
*The increase of your* high forehead] Alluding, perhaps, to the premature baldness occasioned by dealing in the commodities just mentioned; or, it may be, to the falling off of his hair from age: so the women to Anacreon, ψιλον δε σευ μετωπον.

§ Ush. *Here's a* crack!] A crack is an arch, sprightly boy. Thus, in *the Devil's an Ass:*

"If we could get a witty boy now, Engine,
That were an excellent *crack*, I could instruct him
To the great height."

The word occurs again in *the Bashful Lover*, and, indeed, in most of our old plays.

‖ *These courses in an old* crone *of threescore,*] This expression, which, as Johnson says, means an old toothless ewe, is contemptuously used for an old woman, by all the writers of Messenger's time. Thus Jonson:

"——— let him alone
With temper'd poison to remove the *crone.*" *Poetaster*

And Shakspeare:

"——— take up the bastard;
Tak't it up, I say; giv't to thy *crone.*" *Winter's Tale.*

For the recovery of a straggling* husband,
To pay, forsooth, the duties of one to her;—
But for a lady of your tempting beauties,
Your youth, and ravishing features, to hope only
In such a suit as this is, to gain favour,
Without exchage of courtesy,—you conceive me—

*Enter* BEAUFORT *junior, and* BELGARDE.

Were madness at the height. Here's brave young Beaufort,
The meteor of Marseilles†, one that holds
The governor his father's will and power
In more awe than his own! Come, come, advance,
Present your bag, cramm'd with crowns of the sun‡;
Do you think he cares for money? he loves pleasure.
Burn your petition, burn it; he doats on you,
Upon my knowledge: to his cabinet, do,
And he will point you out a certain course,
Be the cause right or wrong, to have your father
Released with much facility. [*Exit.*

*Theoc.* Do you hear?
Take a pandar with you.

*Beauf. jun.* I tell thee there is neither
Employment yet, nor money.

*Belg.* I have commanded,
And spent my own means in my country's service,
In hope to raise a fortune.

*Beauf. jun.* Many have hoped so;
But hopes prove seldom certainties with soldiers.

*Belg.* If no preferment, let me but receive
My pay that is behind, to set me up
A tavern, or a vaulting house; while men love
Or drunkenness, or lechery, they'll ne'er fail me:
Shall I have that?

*Beauf. jun.* As our prizes are brought in;
Till then you must be patient.

*Belg.* In the mean time,
How shall I do for clothes?

*Beauf. jun.* As most captains do:
Philosopher-like, carry all you have about you§.

*Belg.* But how shall I do, to satisfy colon‖, monsieur?
There lies the doubt.

*Beauf. jun.* That's easily decided:
My father's table's free for any man
That hath born arms.

*Belg.* And there's good store of meat?

*Beauf. jun.* Never fear that.

*Belg.* I'll seek no other ordinary then,
But be his daily guest without invitement;
And if my stomach hold, I'll feed so heartily,
As he shall pay me suddenly, to be quit of me.

*Beauf. jun.* 'Tis she.

*Belg.* And further——

*Beauf. jun.* Away, you are troublesome;
Designs of more weight——

*Belg.* Ha! fair Theocrine.
Nay, if a velvet petticoat move in the front,
Buff jerkins must to the rear; I know my manners
This is, indeed, great business, mine a gewgaw.
I may dance attendance, this must be dispatch'd,
And suddenly, or all will go to wreck;
Charge her home in the flank, my lord: nay, I am gone sir. [*Exit.*

*Beauf. jun.* Nay, pray you, madam, rise, or I'll kneel with you.

*Page.* I would bring you on your knees, were I a woman.

*Beauf. jun.* What is it can deserve so poor a name
As a suit to me? This more than mortal form
Was fashion'd to command, and not entreat:
Your will but known is served

*Theoc.* Great sir, my father,
My brave, deserving father;—but that sorrow
Forbids the use of speech——

*Beauf. jun.* I understand you,
Without the aids of those interpreters
That fall from your fair eyes; I know you labour
The liberty of your father; at the least,
An equal* hearing to acquit himself:
And 'tis not to endear my service to you,
Though I must add, and pray you with patience hear it,
'Tis hard to be effected, in respect
The state's incensed against him: all presuming,
The world of outrages his impious son,
Turn'd worse than pirate in his cruelties,
Express'd to this poor country, could not be
With such ease put in execution, if
Your father, of late our great admiral,
Held not or correspondence, or connived
At his proceedings.

*Theoc.* And must he then suffer,
His cause unheard?

*Beauf. jun.* As yet it is resolved so,
In their determination. But suppose
(For I would nourish hope, not kill it, in you)
I should divert the torrent of their purpose,
And render them, that are implacable,
Impartial judges, and not sway'd with spleen,
Will you, I dare not say in recompense,
For that includes a debt you cannot owe me,
But in your liberal bounty, in my suit
To you, be gracious?

*Theoc.* You entreat of me, sir,
What I should offer to you, with confession
That you much undervalue your own worth,
Should you receive me, since there come with you
Not lustful fires, but fair and lawful flames.
But I must be excused, 'tis now no time
For me to think of Hymeneal joys.
Can he, (and pray you, sir, consider it)
That gave me life, and faculties to love,
Be, as he's now, ready to be devour'd
By ravenous wolves, and at that instant, I
But entertain a thought of those delights,
In which perhaps, my ardour meets with yours!
Duty and piety forbid it, sir,

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* *For the recovery of a* straggling *husband.*] The old copy reads *strangling.*

† *The meteor of* Marseilles,] It may be proper to observe here, once for all, that Marseilles, or as Massinger spells it, Marsellis, is constantly used by him as a trisyllable, which, in fact, it is.

‡ ——— *crowns of the sun;*] *Escus de soleil,* the best kind of crowns, says Cotgrave, that are now made; they have a kind of little star (sun) on one side. This coin is frequently mentioned by our old writers.

§ *Philosopher-like, carry all you have about you.*] Alluding to the well-known saying of Simonides. "Omnia mea mecum porto."

‖ ——— *to satisfy* colon, *monsieur?*] i. e. the cravings of hunger: the *colon* is the largest of the human intestines: it frequently occurs in the same sense as here, in our old poets. So in *the Wits.*

"Abstain from flesh—whilst *colon* keeps more noise
Than mariners at plays, or apple-wives,
That wrangle for a sieve."

* *An* equal *hearing*] A just impartial hearing; so *equal* is constantly used by Massinger and his contemporaries: thus Fletcher:

"What could this thief have done, had his cause been *equal*
He made my heartstrings tremble." *Knight of Malta.*

*Beauf. jun.* But this effected, and your father free,
What is your answer?
*Theoc.* Every minute to me
Will be a tedious age, till our embraces
Are warrantable to the world.
*Beauf. jun.* I urge no more;
Confirm it with a kiss.
*Theoc.* I doubly seal it.
*Ush.* This would do better abed, the business ended:—
They are the loving'st couple!

*Enter* Beaufort *senior*, Montaigne, Chamont, *and* Lanour.

*Beauf. jun.* Here comes my father,
With the Council of War: deliver your petition,
And leave the rest to me. [*Theoc. offers a paper.*
*Beauf. sen.* I am sorry, lady,
Your father's guilt compels your innocence
To ask what I in justice must deny.
*Beauf. jun.* For my sake, sir, pray you receive and read it. [nothing.
*Beauf. sen.* Thou foolish boy! I can deny thee
*Beauf. jun.* Thus far we are happy, madam: quit
You shall hear how we succeed. [the place;
*Theoc.* Goodness reward you!
[*Exeunt Theocrine, Usher, Page, and Women.*
*Mont.* It is apparent; and we stay too long
To censure Malefort* as he deserves.
[*They take their seats.*
*Cham.* There is no colour of reason that makes for him:
Had he discharged the trust committed to him,
With that experience and fidelity
He practised heretofore, it could not be
Our navy should be block'd up and, in our sight,
Our goods made prize, our sailors sold for slaves,
By his prodigious issue†.
*Lan.* I much grieve,
After so many brave and high achievements
He should in one ill forfeit all the good
He ever did his country.
*Beauf. sen.* Well, 'tis granted‡.
*Beauf. jun.* I humbly thank you, sir.
*Beauf. sen.* He shall have hearing,
His irons too struck off; bring him before us,
But seek no further favour.
*Beauf. jun.* Sir, I dare not. [*Exit.*
*Beauf. sen.* Monsieur Chamont, Montaigne, Lanour, assistants,
By a commission from the most Christian king,
In punishing or freeing Malefort, [not
Our late great admiral: though I know you need
Instructions from me, how to dispose of
Yourselves in this man's trial, that exacts
Your clearest judgments, give me leave, with favour,
To offer my opinion. We are to hear him,
A little looking back on his fair actions,
Loyal, and true demeanour; not as now
By the general voice already he's condemn'd.
But if we find, as most believe, he hath held
Intelligence with his accursed son,
Fallen off from all allegiance, and turn'd
(But for what cause we know not) the most bloody
And fatal enemy this country ever
Repented to have brought forth; all compassion*
* * * * * *
Of what he was, or may be, if now pardon'd;
We sit engaged to censure him with all
Extremity and rigour.
*Cham.* Your lordship shows us
A path which we will tread in.
*Lan.* He that leaves
To follow, as you lead, will lose himself.
*Mont.* I'll not be singular.

*Re-enter* Beaufort *junior, with* Montreville, Malefort *senior*, Belgarde, *and Officers.*

*Beauf. sen.* He comes, but with
A strange distracted look.
*Malef. sen.* Live I once more†
To see these hands and arms free! these, that often,
In the most dreadful horror of a fight,
Have been as seamarks to teach such as were
Seconds in my attempts, to steer between
The rocks of too much daring, and pale fear,
To reach the port of victory! when my sword,
Advanced thus, to my enemies appear'd
A hairy comet, threatening death and ruin‡
To such as durst behold it! These the legs,
That, when our ships were grappled, carried me

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* * * ——— *all compassion*

*Of what* &c.] The quarto reads,

——— *all compassion*
*Of what he was, or may be, if now pardon'd;*

Upon which Mr. M Mason observes, "This sentence as it stands is not sense; if the words *all compassion* are right, we must necessarily suppose that *bring laid aside*, or words of a similar import, have been omitted in the printing: but the most natural manner of amending the passage, is by reading *no compassion*, the word *having* being understood."

I can neither reconcile myself to *no compassion of what he may be*, nor to *all*. He might, if acquitted, be a successful commander as before, and to such a circumstance Beaufort evidently alludes. I believe that a line is lost, and with due hesitation would propose to supply the chasm somewhat in this way:

——— ——— *all compassion*
*Of his years pass'd over, all consideration*
*Of what he was, or may be, if now pardon'd*
*We sit*, &c.

† Malef. sen. *Live I once more* &c.] There is something very striking in the indignant burst of savage ostentation with which this old warrior introduces himself on the scene.

‡ *A hairy comet*, &c.] So in *Fuimus Troes*:

"——— comets *shook their flaming hair*;
Thus all our wars were acted first on high,
And we taught what to look for."

From this, and the passage in the text, Milton, who appears, by various marks of imitation, to have been a careful reader of Massinger, probably formed the magnificent and awful picture which follows:

"——— On the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet *burn'd*,
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid *hair*
*Shakes* pestilence and war."———

(A more explicit illustration may be quoted from Philomel Holland's translation of Pliny, b. ii. c. 25.

"These blazing starres the Greekes call *cometas* our Romanes *crinitas*: dreadful to be seene with bloudie *haires*, and all over rough and shagged in the top, like the bush of of haire upon the head.) Ed.

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* *To censure* Malefort &c.] *Malefort* is here, and throughout the play, properly used as a trisyllable.

† *By his* prodigious *issue.*] i. e. unnatural horrible portentous of evil; in this sense it is often applied to comets, and other extraordinary appearances in the sky

"Behold yon comet shews his head again!
Twice hath he thus at cross turns thrown on us
*Prodigious* looks." *The Honest Whore.*

Again:

"This woman's threats, her eyes e'en red with fury
Which like *prodigious* meteors, foretold
Assured destruction are still before me."
*The Captain.*

‡ Beauf. sen. *Well, 'tis granted.*] It appears, from the subsequent speeches, that young Beaufort had been soliciting his father to allow Malefort to plead without his chains

With such swift motion from deck to deck,
As they that saw it, with amazement cried,
He does not run, but flies!
*Mont.* He still retains
The greatness of his spirit.
*Malef. sen.* Now crampt with irons,
Hunger, and cold, they hardly do support me—
But I forget myself. O, my good lords,
That sit there as my judges, to determine *
The life and death of Malefort, where are now
Those shouts, those cheerful looks, those loud applauses,
With which, when I return'd loaden with spoil,
You entertain'd your admiral? all's forgotten:
And I stand here to give account of that
Of which I am as free and innocent
As he that never saw the eyes of him †,
For whom I stand suspected.
*Beauf. sen.* Monsieur Malefort,
Let not your passion so far transport you,
As to believe from any private malice,
Or envy to your person, you are question'd:
Nor do the suppositions want weight,
That do invite us to a strong assurance,
Your son——
*Malef. sen.* My shame!
*Beauf. sen.* Pray you, hear with patience,—never
Without assistance or sure aids from you,
Could, with the pirates of Argiers ‡ and Tunis,
Even those that you had almost twice defeated,
Acquire such credit, as with them to be
Made absolute commander (pray you observe me);
If there had not some contract pass'd between you,
That, when occasion served, you would join with them,
To the ruin of Marseilles.
*Mont.* More, what urged
Your son to turn apostata §?
*Cham.* Had he from
The state, or governor, the least neglect
Which envy could interpret for a wrong? [could
*Lan.* Or, if you slept not in your charge, how
So many ships as do infest our coast,
And have in our own harbour shut our navy,
Come in unfought with?
*Beauf. jun.* They put him hardly to it.
*Malef. sen.* My lords, with as much brevity as I can,
I'll answer each particular objection [which
With which you charge me. The main ground, on
You raise the building of your accusation,
Hath reference to my son: should I now curse him,
Or wish, in the agony of my troubled soul,
Lightning had found him in his mother's womb,
You'll say 'tis from the purpose; and I therefore
Betake him to the devil, and so leave him.
Did never loyal father but myself
Beget a treacherous issue? was't in me
With as much ease to fashion up his mind,
As in his generation to form
The organs to his body? Must it follow,
Because that he is impious, I am false?——
I would not boast my actions, yet 'tis lawful
To upbraid my benefits to unthankful men.
Who sunk the Turkish gallies in the streights,
But Malefort? Who rescued the French merchants,
When they were boarded, and stow'd under hatches
By the pirates of Argiers, when every minute
They did expect to be chain'd to the oar,
But your now doubted admiral? then you fill'd
The air with shouts of joy, and did proclaim,
When hope had left them, and grim-look'd despair
Hover'd with sail-stretch'd wings over their heads *,
To me, as to the Neptune of the sea,
They owed the restitution of their goods,
Their lives, their liberties. O, can it then
Be probable, my lords, that he that never
Became the master of a pirate's ship,
But at the mainyard hung the captain up,
And caused the rest to be thrown over-board;
Should, after all these proofs of deadly hate,
So oft express'd against them, entertain
A thought of quarter with them, but much less
(To the perpetual ruin of my glories)
To join with them to lift a wicked arm
Against my mother-country, this Marseilles
Which, with my prodigal expense of blood,
I have so oft protected!
*Beauf. sen.* What you have done
Is granted and applauded; but yet know
This glorious relation † of your actions
Must not so blind our judgments, as to suffer
This most unnatural crime you stand accused of,
To pass unquestion'd
*Cham.* No; you must produce
Reasons of more validity and weight,
To plead in your defence, or we shall hardly
Conclude you innocent.
*Mont.* The large volume of
Your former worthy deeds, with your experience,
Both what, and when to do, but makes against you.
*Lan.* For had your care and courage been the same
As heretofore, the dangers we are plunged in
Had been with ease prevented.
*Malef. sen.* What have I
Omitted, in the power of flesh and blood
Even in the birth to strangle the designs of
This hell-bred wolf, my son? alas! my lords,
I am no god, nor like him could foresee
His cruel thoughts, and cursed purposes;
Nor would the sun at my command forbear
To make his progress to the other world,
Affording to us one continued light.
Nor could my breath disperse those foggy mists,
Cover'd with which, and darkness of the night,
Their navy undiscern'd, without resistance,
Beset our harbour: make not that my fault,
Which you in justice must ascribe to fortune.—

* *That sit there as* my *judges, to determine,*] *My*, which completes the metre, is now first inserted from the old copy.

† *The* eyes *of him.*] So the old copy: the modern editors read *eye!*

‡ *Could with the pirates of* Argiers] Argiers is the old reading, and is that of every author of Massinger's time. (So in the *Tempest*,
"*Prospero.* —— Where was she born? speak; tell me.
*Ariel.* Sir, in Argier."—ED.)
The editors invariably modernize it into *Algiers*.

§ *Your son to turn* apostata] The modern editors, as before, read *apostate!* (See note to *Virgin Martyr*, act iv. scene iii.—ED.)

* *Hover'd with* sail stretch'd wings *over their heads*] So Jonson:
"—— o'er our heads
Black ravenous rum, with *her sail stretch'd wings*,
Ready to sink us down, and cover us."
*Every Man out of his Humour.*
And Fletcher:
"Fix here and rest awhile your *sail-stretch'd wings*,
That have outstript the winds." *The Prophetess.*
Milton, too, has the same bold expression: the original to which they are all indebted, is a sublime passage in the Fairy Queen. B. I. c. xi. st. 10.

† *This* glorious *relation.*] Our old writers frequently use this word in the sense of *gloriosus*, vain, boastful, ostentatious.

But if that nor my former acts, nor what
I have deliver'd, can prevail with you,
To make good my integrity and truth;
Rip up this bosom and pluck out the heart
That hath been ever loyal. [*A trumpet within.*
*Beauf. sen.* How! a trumpet!
Enquire the cause. [*Exit Montreville.*
*Malef. sen.* Thou searcher of men's hearts,
And sure defender of the innocent,
(My other crying sins—awhile not look'd on)
If I in this am guilty, strike me dead,
Or by some unexpected means confirm,
I am accused unjustly! [*Aside.*

*Re-enter* MONTREVILLE *with a* Sea Captain.

*Beauf. sen.* Speak the motives
That bring thee hither?
*Capt.* From our admiral thus:
He does salute you fairly, and desires
It may be understood no public hate
Hath brought him to Marseilles; nor seeks he
The ruin of his country, but aims only
To wreak a private wrong: and if from you
He may have leave* and liberty to decide it
In single combat, he'll give up good pledges,
If he fall in the trial of his right,
We shall weigh anchor, and no more molest
This town with hostile arms.
*Beauf. sen.* Speak to the man,
If in this presence he appear to you
To whom you bring this challenge.
*Capt.* 'Tis to you.
*Beauf. sen.* His father!
*Montr.* Can it be?
*Beauf. jun.* Strange and prodigious!
*Malef. sen.* Thou seest I stand unmoved: were
thy voice thunder,
It should not shake me; say, what would the viper?
*Capt.* The reverence a father's name may challenge,
And duty of a son no more remember'd,
He does defy thee to the death.
*Malef. sen.* Go on. [head,
*Capt.* And with his sword will prove it on thy
Thou art a murderer, an atheist;
And that all attributes of men turn'd furies
Cannot express thee; this he will make good,
If thou dar'st give him meeting.
*Malef. sen.* Dare I live!
Dare I, when mountains of my sins o'erwhelm me,
At my last gasp ask for mercy! how I bless
Thy coming, captain; never man to me
Arrived so opportunely; and thy message,
However it may seem to threaten death,
Does yield to me a second life in curing
My wounded honour. Stand I yet suspected
As a confederate with this enemy,
Whom of all men, against all ties of nature,
He marks out for destruction! you are just,
Immortal Powers, and in this, merciful;
And it takes from my sorrow, and my shame
For being the father to so bad a son,
In that you are pleased to offer up the monster
To my correction. Blush and repent
As you are bound, my honourable lords,
Your ill opinions of me. Not great Brutus
The father of the Roman liberty
With more assured constancy beheld
His traitor sons, for labouring to call home
The banish'd Tarquins, scourged with rods to death,
Than I will shew, when I take back the life
This prodigy of mankind received from me.
*Beauf. sen.* We are sorry, monsieur Malefort,
for our error,
And are much taken with your resolution;
But the disparity of years and strength,
Between you and your son, duly consider'd,
We would not so expose you.
*Malef. sen.* Then you kill me,
Under pretence to save me. O my lords,
As you love honour, and a wrong'd man's fame,
Deny me not this fair and noble means
To make me right again to all the world.
Should any other but myself be chosen
To punish this apostata with death*,
You rob a wretched father of a justice
That to all after times will be recorded.
I wish his strength were centuple, his skill equal
To my experience, that in his fall
He may not shame my victory! I feel
The powers and spirits of twenty strong men in me.
Were he with wild fire circled, I undaunted
Would make way to him.—As you do affect, sir,
My daughter Theocrine†; as you are
My true and ancient friend; as thou art valiant‡;
And as all love a soldier, second me
[*They all sue to the governor.*
In this my just petition. In your looks
I see a grant, my lord.
*Beauf. sen.* You shall o'erbear me;
And since you are so confident in your cause,
Prepare you for the combat.
*Malef. sen.* With more joy
Than yet I ever tasted: by the next sun,
The disobedient rebel shall hear from me,
And so return in safety. [*To the Captain.*] My
good lords,
To all my service,—I will die, or purchase
Rest to Marseilles; nor can I make doubt,
But his impiety is a potent charm,
To edge my sword, and add strength to my arm.
[*Exeunt.*

---

* ——— *and if from you*
*He may have leave,* &c.] This passage is very incorrectly pointed in the former editions.

* *To punish this* apostata *with death.*] Both the editors read, *To punish this* apostate son *with death!* Here is the mischief of altering an author's language. When the metre does not suit our new fangled terms, we are obliged to insert words of our own to complete it. *Apostata* stood in the verse very well: but Coxeter and M. Mason having determined to write *apostate*, found themselves compelled to tack *son* to it, and thus enfeebled the original expression.

† *My daughter* Theocrine;] *Theocrine* is constantly used as a quadrisyllable. It should be observed that as the story and the names are French, Massinger adopts the French mode of enouncing them. The reader must bear this in mind.

‡ ——— *as thou art valiant;*] This is said to the captain who brought the challenge: the other persons adjured are young Beaufort and Montreville. It appears, from the pointing of the former editions, that the passage was not understood.

# ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An open Space without the City.*

*Enter three* Sea Captains.

2 *Capt.* He did accept the challenge, then?
1 *Capt.* Nay more,
Was overjoy'd in't; and, as it had been
A fair invitement to a solemn feast,
And not a combat to conclude with death,
He cheerfully embraced it.
3 *Capt* Are the articles
Sign'd to on both parts?
1 *Capt.* At the father's suit,
With much unwillingness the governor
Consented to them.
2 *Capt.* You are inward with
Our admiral; could you yet never learn
What the nature of the quarrel is, that renders
The son more than incensed, implacable,
Against the father?
1 *Capt.* Never; yet I have,
As far as manners would give warrant to it,
With my best curiousness of care observed him.
I have sat with him in his cabin a day together*,
Yet not a syllable exchanged between us
Sigh he did often, as if inward grief
And melancholy at that instant would
Choke up his vital spirits, and now and then
A tear or two, as in derision of
The toughness of his rugged temper, would
Fall on his hollow cheeks, which but once felt,
A sudden flash of fury did dry up;
And laying then his hand upon his sword,
He would murmur, but yet so as I oft heard him,
We shall meet, cruel father, yes, we shall;
When I'll exact, for every womanish drop
Of sorrow from these eyes, a strict accompt
Of much more from thy heart.
2 *Capt.* 'Tis wondrous strange.
3 *Capt.* And past my apprehension.
1 *Capt.* Yet what makes
The miracle greater, when from the maintop
A sail's descried, all thoughts that do concern
Himself laid by, no lion, pinch'd with hunger,
Rouses himself more fiercely from his den,
Than he comes on the deck; and there how wisely
He gives directions, and how stout he is
In his executions, we, to admiration,
Have been eyewitnesses: yet he never mind's
The booty when 'tis made ours: but as if
The danger, in the purchase of the prey,
Delighted him much more than the reward,
His will made known, he does retire himself
To his private contemplation, no joy
Express'd by him for victory.

*Enter* Malefort *junior.*

2 *Capt.* Here he comes,
But with more cheerful looks than ever yet
I saw him wear.
*Malef. jun.* It was long since resolved on,
Nor must I stagger now [in't†]. May the cause,
That forces me to this unnatural act,
Be buried in everlasting silence,
And I find rest in death, or my revenge!
To either I stand equal. Pray you, gentlemen,
Be charitable in your censures of me,
And do not entertain a false belief
That I am mad, for undertaking that
Which must be, when effected, still repented.
It adds to my calamity, that I have
Discourse* and reason, and but too well know
I can nor live, nor end a wretched life,
But both ways I am impious. Do not, therefore,
Ascribe the perturbation of my soul
To a servile fear of death: I oft have view'd
All kinds of his inevitable darts,
Nor are they terrible. Were I condemn'd to leap
From the cloud-cover'd brows of a steep rock,
Into the deep; or Curtius like, to fill up,
For my country's safety, and an after name,
A bottomless abyss, or charge through fire,
It could not so much shake me, as th' encounter
Of this day's single enemy.
1 *Capt.* If you please, sir,
You may shun it, or defer it.
*Malef. jun.* Not for the world:
Yet two things I entreat you: the first is,
You'll not enquire the difference between
Myself and him, which as a father once
I honour'd, now my deadliest enemy;
The last is, if I fall, to bear my body
Far from this place, and where you please inter it.—
I should say more, but by his sudden coming
I am cut off.

*Enter* Blaufort *junior and* Montfevilli, *leading in* Malefort *senior;* Belgarde *following, with others.*

*Beauf. jun.* Let me, sir, have the honour
To be your second.

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* *I have sat with him in his cabin*, &c.] This beautiful passage, expressing concealed resentment, deserves to be remarked by every reader of taste and judgment. Coxeter.

† *Nor must I stagger now* [in't]. In the old copy, a syllable has dropt out, which renders the line quite unmetrical. I have no great confidence in the genuineness of what I have inserted between brackets: it is harmless, however, and serves, as Falstaff says, to fill a pit as well as a better.

* *It adds to my calamity, that I have*
Discourse *and reason*] It is very difficult to determine the precise meaning which our ancestors gave to *discourse*, or to distinguish the line which separated it from *reason*. Perhaps it indicated a *more rapid* deduction of consequences from premises, than was supposed to be effected by reason:—but I speak with hesitation. The acute Glanville says, "The act of the mind which connects propositions, and deduceth conclusions from them, the schools called *discourse*, and we shall not miscall it, if we name it *reason*." Whatever be the sense, it frequently appears in our old writers, by whom it is usually coupled with *reason* or *judgment*, which last should seem to be the more proper word. Thus in *the City Madam:*

——"Such as want
*Discourse* and *judgement*, and through weakness fall,
May merit men's compassion."

Again, in *the Coxcomb*:

"Why should a man that has *discourse* and *reason*,
And knows how near he loses all in these things,
Covet to have his wishes satisfied?"

The reader remembers the exclamation of Hamlet

"Oh heaven! a beast that wants discourse *of* reason, &c.

"This," says Warburton, who contrived to blunder with more ingenuity than usually falls to the lot of a commentator, "is finely expressed, and with a philosophical exactness! Beasts want not *reason*," (this is a new discovery,) "but the *discourse of reason* · i. e. the regular inferring one thing from another by the assistance of universals"! Discourse *of* reason is so poor and perplexed a phrase, that without regard for the "philosophical exactness" of Shakspeare, I should dismiss it at once, for what I believe to be his genuine language:

"O heaven! a beast that wants discourse *and* reason," &c.

*Montr.* With your pardon, sir,
I must put in for that, since our tried friendship
Hath lasted from our infancy.
*Belg.* I have served
Under your command, and you have seen me fight,
And handsomely, though I say it; and if now*,
At this downright game, I may but hold your cards,
I'll not pull down the side.
*Malef. sen.* I rest much bound
To your so noble offers, and I hope
Shall find your pardon, though I now refuse them;
For which I'll yield strong reasons, but as briefly
As the time will give me leave. For me to borrow
(That am supposed the weaker) any aid
From the assistance of my second's sword,
Might write me down in the black list of those
That have nor fire nor spirit of their own;
But dare, and do, as they derive their courage
From his example, on whose help and valour
They wholly do depend. Let this suffice
In my excuse for that. Now, if you please,
On both parts, to retire to yonder mount,
Where you, as in a Roman theatre,
May see the bloody difference determined,
Your favours meet my wishes.
*Malef. jun.* 'Tis approved of
By me; and I command you [*To his Captains*] lead the way,
And leave me to my fortune.
*Beauf. jun.* I would gladly
Be a spectator (since I am denied
To be an actor) of each blow and thrust,
And punctually observe them.
*Malef. jun.* You shall have
All you desire; for in a word or two
I must make bold to entertain the time
If he give suffrage to it.
*Malef. sen.* Yes, I will;
I'll hear thee, and then kill thee: nay, farewell.
*Malef. jun.* Embrace with love on both sides, and
Leave deadly hate and fury. [with us
*Malef. sen.* From this place
You ne'er shall see both living.
*Belg.* What's past help, is
Beyond prevention.
[*They embrace on both sides, and take leave severally of the father and son.*
*Malef. sen.* Now we are alone, sir;
And thou hast liberty to unload the burthen
Which thou groan'st under. Speak thy griefs.
*Malef. jun.* I shall, sir;
But in a perplex'd form and method, which
You only can interpret: Would you had not
A guilty knowledge in your bosom, of
The language which you force me to deliver,
So I were nothing! As you are my father,
I bend my knee, and, uncompell'd, profess
My life, and all that's mine, to be your gift;
And that in a son's duty I stand bound
To lay this head beneath your feet, and run
All desperate hazards for your ease and safety:
But this confest on my part, I rise up
And not as with a father, (all respect,
Love, fear, and reverence cast off,) but as
A wicked man, I thus expostulate with you.
Why have you done that which I dare not speak
And in the action changed the humble shape
Of my obedience, to rebellious rage, [me,
And insolent pride? and with shut eyes constrain'd
To run my bark of honour on a shelf
I must not see, nor, if I saw it, shun it?
In my wrongs nature suffers, and looks backward,
And mankind trembles to see me pursue
What beasts would fly from. For when I advance
This sword, as I must do, against your head,
Piety will weep, and filial duty mourn,
To see their altars which you built up in me,
In a moment razed and ruin'd. *That you could
(From my grieved soul I wish it) but produce,
To qualify, not excuse, your deed of horror,
One seeming reason, that I might fix here,
And move no further!
*Malef. sen.* Have I so far lost
A father's power, that I must give account
Of my actions to my son? or must I plead
As a fearful prisoner at the bar, while he
That owes his being to me sits a judge
To censure that, which only by myself
Ought to be question'd? mountains sooner fall
Beneath their valleys, and the lofty pine
Pay homage to the bramble, or what else is
Preposterous in nature, ere my tongue
In one short syllable yields satisfaction
To any doubt of thine; nay, though it were
A certainty disdaining argument!
Since, though my deeds wore hell's black livery,
To thee they should appear triumphal robes,
Set off with glorious honour, thou being bound
To see with my eyes, and to hold that reason,
That takes or birth or fashion from my will.
*Malef. jun.* This sword divides that slavish knot.
*Malef. sen.* It cannot:
It cannot, wretch; and if thou but remember,
From whom thou hadst this spirit, thou dar'st not hope it.
Who train'd thee up in arms but I? Who taught thee
Men were men only when they durst look down
With scorn on death and danger, and contemn'd
All opposition, till plumed Victory†
Had made her constant stand upon their helmets?

---

* ——— *and if now,*
*At this downright game, I may but hold your cards,*
*I'll not* pull down the side.] i. e. I'll not injure your cause: the same expression occurs in the *Grand Duke of Florence:*
"*Cos.* Pray you pause a little.
If I hold your cards, I shall *pull down the side,*
I am not good at the game."
The allusion is to a party at cards: to *set up a side,* was to become partners in a game; to *pull* or *pluck down a side* (for both these terms are found in our old plays) was to occasion its loss by ignorance or treachery. Thus, in *the Parson's Wedding:*
"*Pleas.* A traitor! bind him, he has *pull'd down a side.*"
And in *the Maid's Tragedy:*
*Evad.* Aspatia, take her part.
*Dela.* I will refuse it,
"She will *pluck down a side,* she does not use it."

* *That you could* &c.] *O that,* &c. This omission of the sign of the optative interjection is common to all our old dramatists.

† ——— *till* plumed *Victory*
*Had made her constant stand upon their helmets?*] This noble image seems to have been copied by Milton, who describing Satan, says,
"His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat Horror *plumed;*" ———
And, in another place:
"——— at his right hand Victory
Sat *eagle-wing'd.*" ———
The whole speech of Malefort here noticed is truly sublime, and above all commendation. Coxeter.

Under my shield thou hast fought as securely
As the young eaglet, cover'd with the wings
Of her fierce dam, learns how and where to prey.
All that is manly in thee, I call mine;
But what is weak and womanish, thine own.
And what I gave, since thou art proud, ungrateful,
Presuming to contend with him, to whom
Submission is due, I will take from thee.
Look, therefore, for extremities, and expect not
I will correct thee as a son, but kill thee
As a serpent swollen with poison; who surviving
A little longer, with infectious breath,
Would render all things near him, like itself,
Contagious. Nay, now my anger's up,
Ten thousand virgins kneeling at my feet,
And with one general cry howling for mercy,
Shall not redeem thee.

*Malef. jun.* Thou incensed Power,
Awhile forbear thy thunder! let me have
No aid in my revenge, if from the grave
My mother——

*Malef. sen.* Thou shalt never name her more.

[*They fight.*

Beaufort *junior*, Montreville, Belgarde, *and the three* Sea Captains, *appear on the* Mount.

*Beauf. jun.* They are at it.

2 *Capt.* That thrust was put strongly home.

*Montr.* But with more strength avoided.

*Belg.* Well come in;
He has drawn blood of him yet: well done, old cock.

1 *Capt.* That was a strange miss.

*Beauf. jun.* That a certain hit.

[*Young Malefort is slain.*

*Belg.* He's fallen, the day is ours!

2 *Capt.* The admiral's slain.

*Montr.* The father is victorious!

*Belg.* Let us haste
To gratulate his conquest.

1 *Capt.* We to mourn
The fortune of the son.

*Beauf. jun.* With utmost speed
Acquaint the governor with the good success,
That he may entertain, to his full merit,
The father of his country's peace and safety.

[*They retire.*

*Malef. sen.* Were a new life hid in each mangled limb,
I would search, and find it: and howe'er to some
I may seem cruel thus to tyrannize
Upon this senseless flesh, I glory in it:—
That I have power to be unnatural,
Is my security; die all my fears,
And waking jealousies, which have so long
Been my tormentors! there's now no suspicion
A fact which I alone am conscious of,
Can never be discover'd, or the cause
That call'd this duel on, I being above
All perturbations; nor is it in
The power of fate, again make me wretched.

*Re-enter* Beaufort *junior*, Montreville, Belgarde, *and the three* Sea Captains.

*Beauf. jun.* All honour to the conqueror! who dares tax
My friend of treachery now?

*Belg.* I am very glad, sir, [much,
You have sped so well: but I must tell you thus
To put you in mind that a low ebb must follow
Your high swoll'n tide of happiness, you have pur-
This honour at a high price. [chased

*Malef.* 'Tis, Belgarde,
Above all estimation, and a little
To be exalted with it cannot savour
Of arrogance. That to this arm and sword
Marseilles owes the freedom of her fears,
Or that my loyalty, not long since eclipsed,
Shines now more bright than ever, are not things
To be lamented: though, indeed, they may
Appear too dearly bought, my falling glories
Being made up again, and cemented
With a son's blood. 'Tis true, he was my son,
While he was worthy; but when he shook off
His duty to me, (which my fond indulgence,
Upon submission, might perhaps have pardon'd,)
And grew his country's enemy, I look'd on him
As a stranger to my family, and a traitor
Justly proscribed, and he to be rewarded
That could bring in his head. I know in this
That I am censured rugged, and austere,
That will vouchsafe not one sad sigh or tear
Upon his slaughter'd body: but I rest
Well satisfied in myself, being assured
That extraordinary virtues, when they soar
Too high a pitch for common sights to judge of,
Losing their proper splendour, are condemn'd
For most remarkable vices*.

*Beauf. jun.* 'Tis too true, sir,
In the opinion of the multitude;
But for myself, that would be held your friend,
And hope to know you by a nearer name,
They are as they deserve, received.

*Malef.* My daughter
Shall thank you for the favour.

*Beauf. jun.* I can wish
No happiness beyond it.

1 *Capt.* Shall we have leave
To bear the corpse of our dead admiral,
As he enjoin'd us, from the coast?

*Malef.* Provided
The articles agreed on be observed,
And you depart hence with it, making oath
Never hereafter, but as friends, to touch
Upon this shore.

1 *Capt.* We'll faithfully perform it.

*Malef.* Then as you please dispose of it. 'tis an object
That I could wish removed. His sins die with him
So far he has my charity.

1 *Capt.* He shall have
A soldier's funeral.

[*The Captains bear the body off with sad music.*

*Malef.* Farewell!

*Beauf. jun.* These rites
Paid to the dead, the conqueror that survives
Must reap the harvest of his bloody labour.
Sound all loud instruments of joy and triumph,
And with all circumstance and ceremony,
Wait on the patron of our liberty,
Which he at all parts merits.

(Pope uses the same figure in the Odyssey 6, xix.
"Auxiliar to his son, Ulysses bears
The *plumy crested* helms and pointed spears
With shields indented deep in glorious wars." Ed.)

* *For most remarkable vices.*] *Remarkable* had in Massinger's time a more dignified sound, and a more appropriate meaning, than it bears at present. With him it constantly stands for surprising, highly striking, or observable in an uncommon degree; of this it will be well to take notice.

*Malef.* I am honour'd
Beyond my hopes.
*Beauf. jun.* 'Tis short of your deserts.
Lead on: oh, sir, you must; you are too modest.
[*Exeunt with loud music.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* MALEFORT'S *House.*

*Enter* THEOCRINE, Page, *and* Waiting Women.

*Theoc.* Talk not of comfort; I am both ways wretched,
And so distracted with my doubts and fears,
I know not where to fix my hopes. My loss
Is certain in a father, or a brother,
Or both; such is the cruelty of my fate,
And not to be avoided.
1 *Wom.* You must bear it,
With patience, madam.
2 *Wom.* And what's not in you
To be prevented, should not cause a sorrow
Which cannot help it.
*Page.* Fear not my brave lord,
Your noble father; fighting is to him
Familiar as eating. He can teach
Our modern duellists how to cleave a button,
And in a new way, never yet found out
By old Caranza*.
1 *Wom.* May he be victorious,
And punish disobedience in his son!
Whose death, in reason, should at no part move you,
He being but half your brother, and the nearness
Which that might challenge from you, forfeited
By his impious purpose to kill him, from whom
He received life. [*A shout within.*
2 *Wom.* A general shout—
1 *Wom.* Of joy.
*Page.* Look up, dear lady; sad news never came
Usher'd with loud applause.
*Theoc.* I stand prepared
To endure the shock of it.

*Enter* Usher.

*Ush.* I am out of breath,
With running to deliver first—
*Theoc.* What?
*Ush.* We are all made.
My lord has won the day; your brother's slain;
The pirates gone: and by the governor,
And states, and all the men of war, he is
Brought home in triumph:—nay, no musing, pay me
For my good news hereafter.
*Theoc.* Heaven is just! [meet him.
*Ush.* Give thanks at leisure; make all haste to
I could wish I were a horse, that I might bear you
To him upon my back.
*Page.* Thou art an ass,
And this is a sweet burthen.
*Ush.* Peace, you crack-rope! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street.*

*Loud music.* *Enter* MONTREVILLE, BELGARDE, BEAUFORT *senior*, BEAUFORT *junior*; MALEFORT, *followed by* MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT, *and* LANOUR.

*Beauf. sen.* All honours we can give you, and rewards,
Though all that's rich or precious in Marseilles
Were laid down at your feet, can hold no weight
With your deservings: let me glory in
Your action, as if it were mine own;
And have the honour, with the arms of love,
To embrace the great performer of a deed
Transcending all this country e'er could boast of.
*Mont.* Imagine, noble sir, in what we may
Express our thankfulness, and rest assured
It shall be freely granted.
*Cham.* He's an enemy
To goodness and to virtue, that dares think
There's any thing within our power to give *,
Which you in justice may not boldly challenge.
*Lan.* And as your own; for we will ever be
At your devotion.
*Malef.* Much honour'd sir,
And you, my noble lords, I can say only,
The greatness of your favours overwhelms me,
And like too large a sail, for the small bark
Of my poor merits, sinks me. That I stand
Upright in your opinions, is an honour
Exceeding my deserts, I having done
Nothing but what in duty I stood bound to:
And to expect a recompense were base,
Good deeds being ever in themselves rewarded.
Yet since your liberal bounties tell me that
I may, with your allowance, be a suitor,
To you, my lord, I am an humble one,
And must ask that, which known, I fear you will
Censure me over bold.
*Beauf. sen.* It must be something
Of a strange nature, if it find from me
Denial or delay.
*Malef.* Thus then, my lord,
Since you encourage me: You are happy in
A worthy son, and all the comfort that
Fortune has left me, is one daughter; now,
If it may not appear too much presumption,
To seek to match my lowness with your height
I should desire (and if I may obtain it,
I write *nil ultra* to my largest hopes)
She may in your opinion be thought worthy
To be received into your family,
And married to your son: their years are equal,
And their desires, I think, too; she is not
Ignoble, nor my state contemptible,
And if you think me worthy your alliance,
'Tis all I do aspire to.
*Beauf. jun.* You demand
That which with all the service of my life
I should have labour'd to obtain from you
O sir, why are you slow to meet so fair
And noble an offer? can France shew a virgin
That may be parallel'd with her? is she not
The phœnix of the time, the fairest star
In the bright sphere of women?
*Beauf. sen.* Be not rapt so:
Though I dislike not what is motion'd, yet
In what so near concerns me, it is fit
I should proceed with judgment.

*Enter* Usher, THEOCRINE, Page, *and* Waiting Women.

*Beauf. jun.* Here she comes:
Look on her with impartial eyes, and then
Let envy, if it can, name one graced feature
In which she is defective.

* *By old Caranza.*] See *the Guardian*, Vol. IV. p. 175.

* *There's any thing within our power to give,*] The old copy incorrectly reads, *There's any* other *thing* &c, and in the next speech, *overwhelm* for *overwhelms*—the last is so common a mode of expression, that I should not have corrected it, if *sinks* had not immediately followed.

*Malef.* Welcome girl!
My joy, my comfort, my delight, my all,
Why dost thou come to greet my victory
In such a sable habit? this shew'd well
When thy father was a prisoner, and suspected;
But now his faith and loyalty are admired,
Rather than doubted, in your outward garments
You are to express the joy you feel within:
Nor should you with more curiousness and care
Pace to the temple to be made a bride,
Than now, when all men's eyes are fixt upon you,
You should appear to entertain the honour
From me descending to you, and in which
You have an equal share.
*Theoc.* Heaven has my thanks,
With all humility paid for your fair fortune,
And so far duty binds me; yet a little
To mourn a brother's loss, however wicked,
The tenderness familiar to our sex
May, if you please, excuse.
*Malef.* Thou art deceived.
He, living, was a blemish to thy beauties,
But in his death gives ornament and lustre
To thy perfections, but that they are
So exquisitely rare, that they admit not
The least addition. Ha! here's yet a print
Of a sad tear on thy cheek, how it takes from
Our present happiness! with a father's lips
A loving father's lips, I'll kiss it off,
The cause no more remember'd.
*Theoc.* You forget, sir,
The presence we are in.
*Malef.* 'Tis well consider'd;
And yet, who is the owner of a treasure
Above all value, but without offence,
May glory in the glad possession of it?
Nor let it in your excellence beget wonder,
Or any here, that looking on the daughter,
I feast myself in the imagination
Of those sweet pleasures, and allow'd delights,
I tasted from the mother, who still lives
In this her perfect model; for she had
Such smooth and high-arch'd brows, such sparkling eyes.
Whose every glance stored Cupid's emptied quiver,
Such ruby lips,—and such a lovely bloom*,
Disdaining all adulterate aids of art,
Kept a perpetual spring upon her face,
As Death himself lamented, being forced
To blast it with his paleness: and if now [you,
Her brightness dimm'd with sorrow, take and please
Think, think, young lord, when she appears herself,
This veil removed, in her own natural pureness,
How far she will transport you.
*Beauf. jun.* Did she need it,
The praise which you (and well deserved) give to her,
Must of necessity raise new desires
In one indebted more to years; to me
Your words are but as oil pour'd on a fire,
That flames already at the height.
*Malef.* No more;
I do believe you, and let me from you
Find so much credit; when I make her yours,
I do possess you of a gift which I
With much unwillingness part from. My good lords
Forbear your further trouble; give me leave,
For on the sudden I am indisposed,
To retire to my own house, and rest: to-morrow,
As you command me, I will be your guest,
And having deck'd my daughter like herself,
You shall have further conference.
*Beauf, sen.* You are master
Of your own will: but fail not, I'll expect you.
*Malef.* Nay, I will be excused; I must part with you. [*To young Beaufort and the rest.*
My dearest Theocrine, give me thy hand,
I will support thee.
*Theoc.* You gripe it too hard, sir.
*Malef.* Indeed I do, but have no further end in it
But love and tenderness, such as I may challenge,
And you must grant. Thou art a sweet one; yes,
And to be cherish'd.
*Theoc.* May I still deserve it!
[*Exeunt several ways.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Banqueting Room in* Beaufort's *House.*

*Enter* BEAUFORT *senior, and Steward.*

*Beauf, sen.* Have you been careful?
*Stew.* With my best endeavours.
Let them bring stomachs, there's no want of meat, sir,
Portly and curious viands are prepared,
To please all kinds of appetites.
*Beauf. sen.* 'Tis well,
I love a table furnish'd with full plenty,
And store of friends to eat it: but with this caution,
I would not have my house a common inn,
For some men that come rather to devour me,
Than to present their service. At this time, too,
It being a serious and solemn meeting,
I must not have my board pester'd with shadows*,
That, under other men's protection, break in
Without invitement.
*Stew.* With your favour then, [knowledge
You must double your guard, my lord, for on my
There are some so sharp set, not to be kept out
By a file of musketeers: and 'tis less danger,
I'll undertake, to stand at push of pike
With an enemy in a breach, that undermined too,
And the cannon playing on it, than to stop
One harpy, your perpetual guest, from entrance,
When the dresser, the cook's drum, thunders, Come
The service will be lost else†! [on,

* *I must not have my board pester'd with* shadows,] It was considered, Plutarch says, as a mark of politeness, to let an invited guest know that he was at liberty to bring a friend or two with him; a permission that was, however, sometimes abused. These friends the Romans called *shadows, (umbræ,)* a term which Massinger has very happily explained.

* *And such a lovely* bloom,] For this reading we are indebted to Mr. M. Mason. All the former editions read *brown;* which the concluding lines of this beautiful speech incontestably prove to be a misprint.

† *When the dresser, the cook's drum, thunders, Come on, The service will be lost else!*] It was formerly customary for the cook, when dinner was ready, to knock on the dresser with his knife, by way of summoning the servants to carry it into the hall; to this there are many allusions. In *the Merry Beggars,* Old Rents says Hark!

*Beauf. sen.* What is he?
*Stew.* As tall a trencherman*, that is most certain,
As e'er demolish'd pye-fortification
As soon as batter'd; and if the rim of his belly
Were not made up of a much tougher stuff
Than his buff jerkin, there were no defence
Against the charge of his guts: you needs must know him,
He's eminent for his eating.
*Beauf. sen.* O, Belgarde?
*Stew.* The same; one of the admiral's cast captains,
Who sweart, there being no war, nor hope of any,
The only drilling is to eat devoutly,
And to be ever drinking—that's allow'd of
But they know not where to get it, there's the spite on't.
*Beauf. sen.* The more their misery; yet, if you can,
For this day put him off‡.
*Stew.* It is beyond
The invention of man.
*Beauf. sen.* No:—say this only, [*Whispers to him.*
And as from me; you apprehend me?
*Stew.* Yes, sir.
*Beauf. sen.* But it must be done gravely.
*Stew.* Never,doubt me, sir.
*Beauf. sen.* We'll dine in the great room, but let the musick
And banquet§ be prepared here. [*Exit.*
*Stew.* This will make him
Lose his dinner at the least, and that will vex him.
As for the sweetmeats, when they are trod under foot,
Let him take his share with the pages and the jackies,
Or scramble in the rushes.

*Enter* Belgarde.

*Belg.* 'Tis near twelve;
I keep a watch within me never misses.
Save thee, master steward!
*Stew.* You are most welcome, sir.
*Belg.* Has thy lord slept well to night? I come to enquire.
I had a foolish dream, that, against my will,
Carried me from my lodging, to learn only
How he's disposed.
*Stew.* He's in most perfect health, sir.
*Belg.* Let me but see him feed heartily at dinner,
And I'll believe so too; for from that ever
I make a certain judgment.
*Stew.* It holds surely
In your own constitution.
*Belg.* And in all men's,
'Tis the best symptom; let us lose no time.
Delay is dangerous.
*Stew.* Troth, sir, if I might,
Without offence, deliver what my lord has
Committed to my trust, I shall receive it
As a special favour.
*Belg.* We'll see it, and discourse,
As the proverb says, for health sake, after dinner,
Or rather after supper; willingly then
I'll walk a mile to hear thee*.
*Stew.* Nay, good sir,
I will be brief and pithy.
*Belg.* Prithee be so.
*Stew.* He bid me say, of all his guests, that he
Stands most affected to you, for the freedom
And plainness of your manners. He ne'er observed
To twirl a dish about, you did not like of, you
All being pleasing to you; or to take
A sayt, of venison, or stale fowl, by your nose,
Which, is a solecism at another's table;
But by strong eating of them, did confirm
They never were delicious, to your palate,
But when they were mortified, as the Hugonot says,
And so your part grows greater; nor do you
Find fault with the sauce, keen hunger being the best,
Which ever, to your much praise, you bring with
Nor will you with impertinent relations, you
Which is a masterpiece when meat's before you,
Forget your teeth, to use your nimble tongue,
But do the feat you come for.
*Belg.* Be advised,
And end your jeering: for if you proceed,
You'll feel, as I can eat I can be angry,
And beating may ensue.
*Stew.* I'll take your counsel,
And roundly come to the point: my lord much wonders,
That you, that are a courtier as a soldier,
In all things else, and every day can vary
Your actions and discourse, continue constant
To this one suit.
*Belg.* To one! 'tis well I have one,
Unpawn'd, in these days; every cast commander
Is not blest with the fortune, I assure you.
But why this question? does this offend him?
*Stew.* Not much; but he believes it is the reason
You ne'er presume to sit above the salt‡;

---

they *knock to the dresser.*" Servants were not then allowed, as at present, to frequent the kitchen, lest they should interfere with the momentous concerns of the cook. Mr. Reed says that this practice "was continued in the family of Lord Fairfax" (and doubtless in that of many others) "after the civil wars: in that nobleman's orders for the servants of his household, is the following: *Then must he warn to the dresser*, Gentlemen and yeomen, *to the dresser.*" Old Plays xii. 430.

* Steward. *As* tall *a trencherman*, &c.] *Tall*, in the language of our old writers, meant stout, or rather bold and fearless; but they abused the word (of which they seem fond) in a great variety of senses. A *tall man of his hands* was a great fighter; a *tall man of his tongue*, a licentious speaker; and a *tall man of his trencher*, or, as above, *a tall trencherman*, a hearty feeder. Instances of these phrases occur so frequently, that it would be a waste of time to dwell upon them.

† *Who* swear, &c.] So the old copy: the modern editors read *swears*, than which nothing can be more injudicious.

‡ Beauf. sen. *The more their misery; yet, if you can, For this day put him off.*] This has been hitherto given as an imperfect speech; why, it is difficult to imagine.

§ ——— *but let the music And* banquet *be prepared here.*] That is, the dessert. See *the City Madam.*

* *Or rather after* supper; *willingly then I'll* walk a mile *to hear thee.*] Alluding to the good old proverb, which inculcates temperance at this meal, by recommending a walk after it.

† (In edit. of 1813, Gifford has a long note to this word to prove its distinction from *assay*, a trial, a proof. The same meaning attaches to *say* as in Spenser's Faerie Queene, b. vi. c. ii.

"Which when he spyde upon the earth t'encroach.
Through the dead carcases he made his way;
Mongst which he found a sword of better *say*,
With which he forth went into th' open light."

In King Lear the word also occurs, meaning *proof*, and although somewhat different in the application, this is evidently the sense here intended. Our ancestors doubtless considered the word synonimous with *taste*. Ed.)

‡ *You ne'er presume to sit above* the salt;] This refers to the manner in which our ancestors were usually seated at their meals. The tables being long, the salt was commonly placed about the middle, and served as a kind of boundary to the different quality of the guests invited. Those of distinction were ranked above: the space below was assigned to the dependents, inferior relations of the master of the house, &c It argues little for the delicacy of our ancestors

And therefore, this day, our great admiral,
With other states, being invited guests,
He does entreat you to appear among them,
In some fresh habit.

*Belg.* This staff shall not serve
To beat the dog off; these are soldier's garments,
And so by consequence grow contemptible.

*Stew.* It has stung him.

*Belg.* I would I were acquainted with the players,
In charity they might furnish me: but there is
No faith in brokers; and for believing tailors,
They are only to be read of, but not seen;
And sure they are confined to their own hells,
And there they live invisible. Well, I must not
Be fubb'd off thus: pray you report my service
To the lord governor; I will obey him;
And though my wardrobe's poor, rather than lose
His company at this feast, I will put on
The richest suit I have, and fill the chair
That makes me worthy of* [*Exit.*

*Stew.* We are shut of him,
He will be seen no more here: how my fellows
Will bless me for his absence! he had starved them,
Had he staid a little longer. Would he could,
For his own sake, shift a shirt! and that's the utmost
Of his ambition: adieu, good captain. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter* Beaufort *senior, and* Beaufort *junior.*

*Beauf. sen.* 'Tis a strange fondness.

*Beauf. jun.* 'Tis beyond example.
His resolution to part with his estate,
To make her dower the weightier, is nothing;
But to observe how curious he is
In his own person, to add ornament
To his daughter's ravishing features, is the wonder.
I sent a page of mine in the way of courtship
This morning to her, to present my service,
From whom I understand all: there he found him
Solicitous in what shape she should appear;
This gown was rich, but the fashion stale; the other
Was quaint, and neat, but the stuff not rich enough:
Then does he curse the tailor, and in rage
Falls on her shoemaker, for wanting art
To express in every circumstance the form
Of her most delicate foot; then sits in council
With much deliberation, to find out
What tire would best adorn her; and one chosen,
Varying in his opinion, he tears off,
And stamps it under foot; then tries a second,
A third, and fourth, and satisfied at length,
With much ado, in that, he grows again
Perplex'd and troubled where to place her jewels,
To be most mark'd, and whether she should wear
This diamond on her forehead, or between
Her milkwhite paps, disputing on it both ways;
Then taking in his hand a rope of pearl,
(The best of France,) he seriously considers,
Whether he should dispose it on her arm,
Or on her neck; with twenty other trifles,
Too tedious to deliver.

*Beauf. sen.* I have known him
From his first youth, but never yet observed,
In all the passages of his life and fortunes,
Virtues so mix'd with vices: valiant the world
speaks him,
But with that, bloody; liberal in his gifts too,
But to maintain his prodigal expense,
A fierce extortioner; an impotent lover
Of women for a flash*, but, his fires quench'd,
Hating as deadly: the truth is, I am not
Ambitious of this match; nor will I cross you
In your affections.

*Beauf. jun.* I have ever found you
(And 'tis my happiness) a loving father,
[*Loud music.*
And careful of my good:——by the loud music,
As you gave order for his entertainment,
He's come into the house. Two long hours since,
The colonels, commissioners, and captains,
To pay him all the rites his worth can challenge,
Went to wait on him hither.

*Enter* Malefort, Montaigne, Chamont, Lanour, Montreville, Thiocrine, Usher, Page, *and* Waiting Women.

*Beauf. sen.* You are most welcome,
And what I speak to you, does from my heart
Disperse itself to all.

*Malef.* You meet, my lord.
Your trouble.

*Beauf. sen.* Rather, sir, increase of honour,
When you are pleased to grace my house.

*Beauf. jun.* The favour
Is doubled on my part, most worthy sir,
Since your fair daughter, my incomparable mistress,
Deigns us her presence.

*Malef.* View her well, brave Beaufort,
But yet at distance; you hereafter may
Make your approaches nearer, when the priest
Hath made it lawful: and were not she mine
I durst aloud proclaim it, Hymen never
Put on his saffron-colour'd robe, to change
A barren virgin name, with more good omens
Than at her nuptials. Look on her again,
Then tell me if she now appear the same
That she was yesterday.

*Beauf. sen.* Being herself,
She cannot but be excellent; these rich
And curious dressings, which in others might
Cover deformities, from her take lustre,
Nor can add to her.

---

that they should admit of such distinctions at their board; but, in truth, they seem to have placed their guests *below the salt*, for no better purpose than that of mortifying them. Nixon, in his *Strange Footpost*, (F. 3.) gives a very admirable account, of the miseries "of a poor scholar," (Hall's well known satire, "*A gentle squyre*," &c., is a versification of it,) from which I have taken the following characteristic traits: "Now as for his fare, it is lightly at the cheapest table, but he must sit *under the salt*, that is an axiome in such places;—then, having drawne his knife leisurably, unfolded his napkin mannerly, after twice or thrice wyping his beard, if he have it, he may reach the bread on his knife's point, and fall to his porrige, and between every sponefull take as much deliberaton, as a capon craming, *lest he be out of his porrige before they have buried part of their first course in their bellies.*"

(The saltcellar was a massy piece of plate with a cover of equal dimensions. In Nicholls's Progresses of Queen Elizabeth, occurs a figure of one, and in Dibdin's Literary Reminiscences, is an engraving of one belonging to the celebrated Archbishop Parker, it is figured half the original size, and from it some idea may be formed of the dimensions of these ancient pieces of furniture. Ed.)

* ——— *and fill the chair*
*That makes me worthy of.*] This too has been hitherto printed as an imperfect sentence; but surely, without necessity. The meaning is, "I will fill the chair of which *that* (i. e. the richest suit I have) makes me worthy."

* ——— *an* impotent *lover*
*Of women for a flash*, &c.] Wild, fierce, uncontrollable in his passions; this is a Latinism, *impotens amoris*, and is a very strong expression.

*Malef.* You conceive her right,
And in your admiration of her sweetness,
You only can deserve her. Blush not, girl,
Thou art above his praise, or mine; nor can
Obsequious Flattery, though she should use
Her thousand oil'd tongues to advance thy worth,
Give aught, (for that's impossible,) but take from
Thy more than human graces; and even then,
When she hath spent herself with her best strength,
The wrong she has done thee shall be so apparent,
That, losing her own servile shape and name,
She will be thought Detraction: but I
Forget myself; and something whispers to me,
I have said too much.

*Mont.* I know not what to think on't,
But there's some mystery in it, which I fear
Will be too soon discover'd.

*Malef.* I much wrong
Your patience, noble sir, by too much hugging
My proper issue, and, like the foolish crow,
Believe my black brood swans.

*Beauf. sen.* There needs not, sir,
The least excuse for this; nay, I must have
Your arm, you being the master of the feast,
And this the mistress.

*Theoc.* I am any thing
That you shall please to make me.

*Beauf. jun.* Nay, 'tis yours,
Without more compliment.

*Mont**. Your will's a law, sir.

[*Loud music. Exeunt Beaufort senior, Malefort, Theocrine, Beaufort junior, Montaigne, Chamont, Lanour, Montreville.*

*Ush.* Would I had been born a lord!

1 *Wom.* Or I a lady!

*Page.* It may be you were both begot in court,
Though bred up in the city; for your mothers,
As I have heard, loved the lobby; and there, nightly,
Are seen strange apparitions: and who knows
But that some noble faun, heated with wine,
And cloy'd with partridge, had a kind of longing
To trade in sprats? this needs no exposition:—
But can you yield a reason for your wishes?

*Ush.* Why, had I been born a lord, I had been
no servant. [waiters,

1 *Wom.* And whereas now necessity makes us
We had been attended on.

2 *Wom.* And might have slept then
As long as we pleased, and fed when we had stomachs,
And worn new clothes, nor lived, as now, in hope
Of a cast gown, or petticoat.

*Page.* You are fools,
And ignorant of your happiness. Ere I was sworn
To the pantofle†, I have heard my tutor
Prove it by logic, that a servant's life
Was better than his master's and by that
I learn'd from him, if that my memory fail not,
I'll make it good.

*Ush.* Proceed, my little wit
*In decimo sexto.*

*Page.* Thus then: from the king
To the beggar, by gradation, all are servants,
And you must grant the slavery is less
To study to please one, than many.

*Ush.* True. [plain

*Page.* Well then; and first to you, sir, you com-
You serve one lord, but your lord serves a thousand,
Besides his passions, that are his worst masters;
You must humour him, and he is bound to sooth
Every grim sir above him*: if he frown,
For the least neglect you fear to lose your place;
But if, and with all slavish observation, [stool,
From the minion's self, to the groom of his close-
He hourly seeks not favour, he is sure it.]
To be eased of his office, though perhaps he bought
Nay, more: that high disposer of all such
That are subordinate to him, serves and fears
The fury of the many-headed monster,
The giddy multitude: and, as a horse
Is still a horse, for all his golden trappings,
So your men of purchased titles, at their best, are
But serving men in rich liveries.

*Ush.* Most rare infant!
Where learnd'st thou this morality?

*Page.* Why, thou dull pate,
As I told thee, of my tutor.

2 *Wom.* Now for us, boy.

*Page.* I am cut off:—the governor.

*Enter* Beaufort *senior, and* Beaufort *junior; Servants setting forth a banquet.*

*Beauf. sen.* Quick, quick, sirs.
See all things perfect.

*Serv.* Let the blame be ours else.

*Beauf. sen.* And, as I said, when we are at the banquet,
And high in our cups, for 'tis no feast without it,
Especially among soldiers; Theocrine
Being retired, as that's no place for her,
Take you occasion to rise from the table,
And lose no opportunity.

*Beauf. jun.* 'Tis my purpose;
And if I can win her to give her heart,
I have a holy man in readiness
To join our hands; for the admiral, her father,
Repents him of his grant to me, and seems
So far transported with a strange opinion
Of her fair features, that, should we defer it,
I think, ere long, he will believe, and strongly,
The dauphin is not worthy of her: I
Am much amazed with't.

*Beauf. sen.* Nay, dispatch there, fellows.

[*Exeunt Beaufort senior and Beaufort junior.*

*Serv.* We are ready, when you please. Sweet forms†, your pardon!
It has been such a busy time, I could not.
Tender that ceremonious respect
Which you deserve; but now, the great work
I will attend the less, and with all care [ended,
Observe and serve you.

---

* *Mont.*] So the old copy: it must, however, be a mistake for *Theoc.* or rather, perhaps, for *Malef.*

† ——— *Ere I was*
Sworn to the pantofle,] i. e. taken from attending in the porter's lodge, (which seems to have been the first degree of servitude,) to wait on Theocrine.

* ——— *he is bound to sooth*
*Every* grim sir *above him:*] *Grim* sir, Mr. Dodsley injudiciously altered to *trim* sir! for this he is honoured with the approbation of Coxeter; though nothing can be more certain than that the old reading is right. Skelton calls Wolsey *a grim sire,* and Fletcher has a similar expression in *the Elder Brother:*

"*Cowsy.* It is a faith
That we will die in; since from the blackguard
To the *grim sir in office,* there are few
Hold other tenets."

† *Sweet* forms, &c.] This is a paltry play on words. The *forms* meant by the servant, are the long benches on which the guests were to sit. The trite pedantry of the speech is well exposed by the Page.

*Page.* This is a penn'd speech,
And serves as a perpetual preface to
A dinner made of fragments.
*Ush.* We wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Banquet set forth.*

*Loud Music. Enter* BEAUFORT *senior*, MALFFORT, MONTAIGNE, CHAMONT, LANOUR, BLAUFORT *junior*, MONTREVILLE, *and* Servants.

*Beauf. sen.* You are not merry, sir.
*Malef.* Yes, my good lord,
You have given us ample means to drown all cares :—
And yet I nourish strange thoughts, which I would
Most willingly destroy. [*Aside.*
*Beauf. sen.* Pray you, take your place.
*Beauf. jun.* And drink a health ; and let it be, if you please,
To the worthiest of women. Now observe him.
*Malef.* Give me the bowl ; since you do me the honour, I will begin it. [honour,
*Cham.* May we know her name, sir ? [queen's,
*Malef.* You shall ; I will not choose a foreign
Nor yet our own, for that would relish of
Tame flattery ; nor do their height of title, [ness,
Or absolute power, confirm their worth and good-
These being heaven's gifts, and frequently conferr'd
On such as are beneath them ; nor will I
Name the king's mistress, howsoever she
In his esteem may carry it ; but if I,
As wine gives liberty, may use my freedom,
Not sway'd this way or that, with confidence,
(And I will make it good on any equal,)
If it must be to her whose outward form
Is better'd by the beauty of her mind,
She lives not that with justice can pretend
An interest to this so sacred health,
But my fair daughter. He that only doubts it,
I do pronounce a villain : this to her, then.
[*Drinks.*
*Mont.* What may we think of this ?
*Beauf. sen.* It matters not.
*Lan.* For my part, I will sooth him, rather than
Draw on a quarrel *.
*Cham.* It is the safest course ;
And one I mean to follow.
*Beauf. jun.* It has gone round, sir. [*Exit.*
*Malef.* Now you have done her right ; if there
Worthy to second this, propose it boldly, [be any
I am your pledge.
*Beauf. sen.* Let's pause here, if you please,
And entertain the time with something else.
Music there ! in some lofty strain ; the song too
That I gave order for ; the new one, call'd
*The Soldier's Delight.* [*Music and a song.*

*Enter* BELGARDE *in armour, a case of carbines by his side.*

*Belg.* Who stops me now ?
Or who dares only say that I appear not
In the most rich and glorious habit that
Renders a man complete ? What court so set off
With state and ceremonious pomp, but, thus
Accoutred, I may enter ? Or what feast,
Though all the elements at once were ransack'd
To store it with variety transcending
The curiousness and cost on Trajan's birthday ;
(Where princes only, and confederate kings,
Did sit as guests, served and attended on
By the senators of Rome), at which * a soldier,
In this his natural and proper shape,
Might not, and boldly, fill a seat, and by
His presence make the great solemnity
More honour'd and remarkable ?
*Beauf. sen.* 'Tis acknowledged ;
And this a grace done to me unexpected.
*Mont.* But why in armour ?
*Malef.* What's the mystery ?
Pray you, reveal that.
†*Belg.* Soldiers out of action,
That very rare * * * *
* * * * but, like unbidden guests,
Bring their stools with them, for their own defence ‡,
At court should feed in gauntlets, they may have
Their fingers cut else : there your carpet knights,
That never charged beyond a mistress' lips,
Are still most keen, and valiant. But to you,
Whom it does most concern, my lord, I will
Address my speech, and with a soldier's freedom
In my reproof, return the bitter scoff
You threw upon my poverty : you contemn'd
My coarser outside, and from that concluded

* *Draw on a quarrel.*] This has hitherto been printed, *Draw on a quarrel*, Chamont ; and the next speech given to Montreville. It is not very probable that the latter should reply to an observation addressed to Chamont, with whom he does not appear to be familiar : and besides, the excess of metre seems to prove that the name has slipt from the margin of the succeeding line into the text of this.

* ——— at which *a soldier* &c.] The old copy reads, *sat with* a soldier. The emendation, which is a very happy one, was made by Mr. M. Mason. The corruption is easily accounted for : the printer mistook the second parenthesis for an *s*, and having given *sat* for *at*, was obliged to alter the next word, to make sense of the line. This will be understood at once by a reference to the quarto, where the first parenthesis only appears, which was therefore omitted by the succeeding editors. I know not where Massinger found this anecdote of Trajan ; he was, indeed, a magnificent, and, in some cases, an ostentatious prince ; but neither his pride, nor his prudence, I believe, would have allowed the "senators of Rome" to degrade themselves by waiting on the allies of the republic.

† Belg. *Soldiers out of action,*
*That very rare,* * * * * * * *
* * * * *but, like unbidden guests*
*Bring their stools with them,* &c.] So I have ventured to print this passage, being persuaded that a line is lost. The breaks cannot be filled up, but the sense might be, *Soldiers out of action, that very rarely* find seats reserved for them, i. e. are invited, *but, like,* &c. How the modern editors understood this passage I know not but, they all give it thus.

Belg. *Soldiers out of action,*
*That very rare, but like unbidden guests*
*Bring* &c.

This custom of guests, who are uninvited bringing their seats with them, is frequently referred to by our old writers : so Rowley :

*Widow.* What copesmate's this trow ? Who let him in ?
*Jarvis.* By this light, a fellow of an excellent breeding ; he came *unbidden, and brought his stool with him.*

‡ ——— *for their own defence,*
*At court should feed* in gauntlets, *they may have*
*Their fingers cut else :* Here is the bon-mot for which Quin was so much celebrated that "at city feasts it was neither safe nor prudent to help one's self without a basket-hilted knife." Massinger got it, I suppose, from Barclay's *second Eclogue*, which has great merit for the time in which it was written :

"If the dishe be pleasaunt eyther fleshe or fishe,
Ten handes at once swarme in the dishe——
To put there thy handes is peril without fayle,
Without *a gauntlet, or els a glove of mayle ;*
Among all those knives, thou one of both must have,
Or els it is harde thy fingers to save."

Where Barclay found it, I cannot tell ; but there is something of the kind in Diogenes Laertius. "There is nothing new under the sun !"

(As by your groom you made me understand)
I was unworthy to sit at your table,
Among these tissues and embroideries,
Unless I changed my habit: I have done it,
And show myself in that which I have worn
In the heat and fervour of a bloody fight;
And then it was in fashion, not as now,
Ridiculous and despised. This hath past through
A wood of pikes, and every one aim'd at it,
Yet scorn'd to take impression from their fury:
With this, as still you see it, fresh and new,
I've charged through fire that would have singed your sables, [colour
Black fox, and ermines, and changed the proud
Of scarlet, though of the right Tyrian die.—
But now, as if the trappings made the man,
Such only are admired that come adorn'd
With what's no part of them. This is mine own,
My richest suit, a suit I must not part from,
But not regarded now: and yet remember,
'Tis we that bring you in the means of feasts,
Banquets, and revels, which, when you possess,
With barbarous ingratitude you deny us
To be made sharers in the harvest, which
Our sweat and industry reap'd, and sow'd for you.
The silks you wear, we with our blood spin for you;
This massy plate, that with the ponderous weight
Does make your cupboards crack, we (unaffrighted
With tempests, or the long and tedious way,
Or dreadful monsters of the deep, that wait
With open jaws still ready to devour us,)
Fetch from the other world. Let it not then,
In after ages, to your shame be spoken,
That you, with no relenting eyes, look on
Our wants that feed your plenty: or consume,
In prodigal and wanton gifts on drones,
The kingdom's treasure, yet detain from us
The debt that with the hazard of our lives,
We have made you stand engaged for; or force us,
Against all civil government, in armour
To require that, which with all willingness
Should be tender'd ere demanded.

*Beauf. sen.* I commend
This wholesome sharpness in you, and prefer it
Before obsequious tameness; it shews lovely:
Nor shall the rain of your good counsel fall
Upon the barren sands, but spring up fruit*,
Such as you long have wish'd for. And the rest
Of your profession, like you, discontented
For want of means, shall in their present payment
Be bound to praise your boldness: and hereafter
I will take order you shall have no cause,
For want of change, to put your armour on,
But in the face of an enemy; not as now,
Among your friends. To that which is due to you,
To furnish you like yourself, of mine own bounty
I'll add two hundred crowns.

*Cham.* I, to my power,
Will follow the example.

*Mont.* Take this, captain,
'Tis all my present store; but when you please,
Command me further.

*Lan.* I could wish it more.

*Belg.* This is the luckiest jest ever came from me.
Let a soldier use no other scribe to draw
The form of his position. This will speed
When your thrice-humble supplications,
With prayers for increase of health and honours
To their grave lordships, shall, as soon as read,
Be pocketed up, the cause no more remember'd;
When this dumb rhetoric—Well, I have a life,
Which I, in thankfulness for your great favours,
My noble lords, when you please to command it,
Must never think mine own. Broker, be happy,
These golden birds fly to thee. [*Exit.*

*Beauf. sen.* You are dull, sir,
And seem not to be taken with the passage
You saw presented.

*Malef.* Passage! I observed none,
My thoughts were elsewhere busied. Ha! she is
In danger to be lost, to be lost for ever,
If speedily I come not to her rescue,
For so my genius tells me.

*Montr.* What chimeras
Work on your fantasy?

*Malef.* Fantasies! they are truths.
Where is my Theocrine? you have plotted
To rob me of my daughter; bring me to her,
Or I'll call down the saints to witness for me,
You are inhospitable.

*Beauf. sen.* You amaze me.
Your daughter's safe, and now exchanging courtship
With my son, her servant*. Why do you bear this
With such distracted looks, since to that end
You brought her hither?

*Malef.* 'Tis confess'd I did;
But now, pray you, pardon me; and, if you please,
Ere she delivers up her virgin fort,
I would observe what is the art he uses
In planting his artillery against it:
She is my only care, nor must she yield,
But upon noble terms.

*Beauf. sen.* 'Tis so determined.

*Malef.* Yet I am jealous.

*Mont.* Overmuch, I fear.
What passions are these?

*Beauf. sen.* Come, I will bring you
Where you, with these, if they so please, may see
The love-scene acted.

*Montr.* There is something more
Than fatherly love in this.

*Mont.* We wait upon you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in* Beaufort's *House.*

*Enter* Beaufort *junior, and* Theocrine.

*Beauf. jun.* Since then you meet my flames with equal ardour,
As you profess, it is your bounty, mistress,
Nor must I call it debt; yet 'tis your glory,
That your excess supplies my want, and makes me
Strong in my weakness, which could never be,
But in your good opinion.

*Theoc.* You teach me, sir,
What I should say; since from your sun of favour,

* —— —— *but* spring *up fruit,*] i. e. *cause* it to spring up. This sense of the word is familiar to Massinger and his contemporaries,

* *Your daughter's safe, and now exchanging courtship With my son,* her servant.] *Servant* was at this time the invariable term for a suitor, who, in return, called the object of his addresses, *mistress.* Thus Shirley, (one example for all,)

"*Bon.* What's the gentleman she has married?
*Serv.* A man of pretty fortune, that has been
Her *servant* many years.
*Bon.* How do you mean,
Wantonly, or does he serve for wages?
*Serv.* Neither; I mean her *suitor.*"

I, like dim Phœbe, in herself obscure,
Borrow that light I have.
*Beauf. jun.* Which you return
With large increase, since that you will o'ercome,
And I dare not contend, were you but pleased
To make what's yet divided one.
*Theoc.* I have
Already in my wishes; modesty
Forbids me to speak more.
*Beauf. jun.* But what assurance,
But still without offence, may I demand,
That may secure me that your heart and tongue
Join to make harmony.
*Theoc.* Choose any,
Suiting your love, distinguished from lust,
To ask, and mine to grant.

*Enter, behind,* BEAUFORT *senior*, MALEFORT, MONTREVILLE, *and the rest.*

*Beauf. sen.* Yonder they are.
*Malef.* At distance too! 'tis yet well.
*Beauf. jun.* I may take then
This hand, and with a thousand burning kisses,
Swear 'tis the anchor to my hopes?
*Theoc.* You may, sir.
*Malef.* Somewhat too much.
*Beauf. jun.* And this done, view myself
In these true mirrors?
*Theoc.* Ever true to you, sir:
And may they lose the ability of sight,
When they seek other object!
*Malef.* This is more
Than I can give consent to.
*Beauf. jun.* And a kiss
Thus printed on your lips, will not distaste you*?
*Malef.* Her lips! [tracted?
*Montr.* Why, where should he kiss? are you dis-
*Beauf. jun.* Then, when this holy man hath made
it lawful—— [*Brings in a Priest.*
*Malef.* A priest so ready too! I must break in.
*Beauf. jun.* And what's spoke here is register'd
I must engross those favours to myself [above;
Which are not to be named.
*Theoc.* All I can give,
But what they are I know not.
*Beauf. jun.* I'll instruct you.
*Malef.* O how my blood boils!
*Montr.* Pray you, contain yourself;
Methinks his courtship's modest†.
*Beauf. jun.* Then being mine,
And wholly mine, the river of your love
To kinsmen and allies, nay, to your father,
(Howe'er out of his tenderness he admires you,)
Must in the ocean of your affection
To me, be swallow'd up, and want a name,
Compared with what you owe me.
*Theoc.* 'Tis most fit, sir.
The stronger bond that binds me to you, must
Dissolve the weaker.
*Malef.* I am ruin'd, if
I come not fairly off.

*Beauf. sen.* There's nothing wanting
But your consent.
*Malef.* Some strange invention aid me!
This! yes, it must be so. [*Aside*
*Montr.* Why do you stagger,
When what you seem'd so much to wish, is offer'd,
Both parties being agreed too*?
*Beauf. sen.* I'll not court
A grant from you, nor do I wrong your daughter,
Though I say my son deserves her.
*Malef.* 'Tis far from
My humble thoughts to undervalue him
I cannot prize too high: for howsoever
From my own fond indulgence I have sung
Her praises with too prodigal a tongue,
That tenderness laid by, I stand confirm'd
All that I fancied excellent in her,
Balanced with what is really his own,
Holds weight in no proportion.
*Montr.* New turnings!
*Beauf. sen.* Whither tends this?
*Malef.* Had you observed, my lord,
With what a sweet gradation he woo'd,
As I did punctually, you cannot blame her,
Though she did listen with a greedy ear
To his fair modest offers: but so great
A good as then flow'd to her, should have been
With more deliberation entertain'd,
And not with such haste swallow'd; she shall first
Consider seriously what the blessing is,
And in what ample manner to give thanks for't,
And then receive it. And though I shall think
Short minutes years, till it be perfected†,
I will defer that which I most desire;
And so must she, till longing expectation,
That heightens pleasure, makes her truly know
Her happiness, and with what outstretch'd arms
She must embrace it.
*Beauf. jun.* This is curiousness
Beyond example‡.
*Malef.* Let it then begin
From me: in what's mine own I'll use my will,
And yield no further reason. I lay claim to
The liberty of a subject. Fall not off,
But be obedient, or by the hair
I'll drag thee home. Censure me as you please,
I'll take my own way.—O the inward fires
That, wanting vent, consume me! [*Exit with Theocrine.*
*Montr.* 'Tis most certain
He's mad, or worse.
*Beauf. sen.* How worse§?

* Beauf. jun. *And a kiss*
*Thus printed on your lips, will not* distaste *you?*] i. e. displease *you:* the word perpetually recurs in this sense.
† *Methinks* his *courtship's modest.*] For *his* the modern editors have *this.* The change is unnecessary. The next speech, as Mr. Gilchrist observes, bears a distant resemblance to the first sonnet of Daniel to Delia:
" Unto the boundlesse ocean of thy beautie
Runnes this poor river, charg'd with streames of zeale,
Returning thee the tribute of my dutie.
Which here my love, my truth, my plaints reveale."

* *Both parties being agreed* too?] The old copy gives this hemistich to Beaufort junior, and is probably right, as Malefort had by this time interposed between the lovers The alteration is by Coxeter. For *to*, which stands in all the editions, I read *too.* It should be observed that our old writers usually spell those two words alike, leaving the sense to be discovered by the context (omitted in edit. 1813).
† ——*till it be* perfected,] The old orthography was *perfitted*, a mode of spelling much better adapted to poetry, and which I am sorry we have suffered to grow obsolete.
‡ Beauf. jun. *This is* curiousness
*Beyond example.*] i. e. a refined and over scrupulous consideration of the subject. So the word is frequently applied by our old writers. (It occurs again in the "Parliament of Love," Act. i, sc. 4; and in the Works of Tyndall, folio p 67, I find the following apposite illustration of this expression, "Be diligent, therefore, that those be not deceaved with *curiousnes.* For me of no small reputation have been deceaved with their owne sophistry."—ED.)
§ Beauf. sen. *How worse?*] This short speech is not appropriated in the old copy. Dodsley gives it to the present

*Montr.* Nay, there I leave you ;
My thoughts are free.
*Beauf. jun.* This I foresaw.
*Beauf. sen.* Take comfort,
He shall walk in clouds, but I'll discover him :
And he shall find and feel, if he excuse not,
And with strong reasons, this gross injury,
I can make use of my authority. [*Exeunt*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in* Malefort's *House.*

*Enter* Malefort.

What flames are these my wild desires fan in me ?
The torch that feeds them was not lighted at
Thy altars, Cupid : vindicate thyself,
And do not own it ; and confirm it rather,
That this infernal brand, that turns me cinders,
Was by the snake-hair'd sisters thrown into
My guilty bosom. O that I was ever
Accurs'd in having issue ! my son's blood,
(That like the poison'd shirt of Hercules
Grows to each part about me,) which my hate
Forced from him with much willingness, may admit
Some weak defence ; but my most impious love
To my fair daughter Theocrine, none ;
Since my affection (rather wicked lust)
That does pursue her, is a greater crime
Than any detestation, with which
I should afflict her innocence. With what cunning
I have betray'd myself *, and did not feel
The scorching heat that now with fury rages !
Why was I tender of her ? cover'd with
That fond disguise, this mischief stole upon me.
I thought it no offence to kiss her often.
Or twine mine arms about her softer neck †,
And by false shadows of a father's kindness
I long deceived myself : but now the effect
Is too apparent. How I strove to be
In her opinion held the worthiest man
In courtship, form, and feature ! envying him
That was preferr'd before me ; and yet then
My wishes to myself were not discover'd.
But still my fires increased, and with delight
I would call her mistress ‡, willingly forgetting
The name of daughter, choosing rather she
Should style me servant, than, with reverence, father :
Yet, waking, I ne'er cherish'd obscene hopes *,
But in my troubled slumbers often thought
She was too near to me, and then sleeping blush'd
At my imagination ; which pass'd,
(My eyes being open not condemning it,)
I was ravish'd with the pleasure of the dream.
Yet spite of these temptations I have reason
That pleads against them, and commands me to
Extinguish these abominable fires ;
And I will do it ; I will send her back
To him that loves her lawfully. Within there !

*Enter* Theocrine.

*Theoc.* Sir, did you call ?
*Malef.* I look no sooner on her,
But all my boasted power of reason leaves me
And passion again usurps her empire.
Does none else wait me ?
*Theoc.* I am wretched, sir,
Should any owe more duty ?
*Malef.* This is worse
Than disobedience ; leave me.
*Theoc.* On my knees, sir,
As I have ever squared my will by yours,
And liked and loath'd with your eyes, I beseech you
To teach me what the nature of my fault is,
That hath incensed you ; sure 'tis one of weakness
And not of malice, which your gentler temper,
On my submission, I hope, will pardon :
Which granted by your piety, if that I,
Out of the least neglect of mine hereafter,
Make you remember it, may I sink ever
Under your dread command, sir.
*Malef.* O my stars !
Who can but doat on this humility, [ters
That sweetens——Lovely in her tears !——The fet-
That seem'd to lessen in their weight but now †,
But this grow heavier on me.

---

speaker, and is evidently right. M. Mason follows Coxeter, who gives it to no one !

* ——*With what cunning*
*I have betrayed myself, &c.*] Gifford, in the edition of 1813, remarks on this speech that it is a close translation of the description of the fatal passion of Byblis, by Ovid, to whom I must refer the reader for the parallel passage.—Metamorph, Lib. ix, 456.—Ed.)

† *Or twine mine arms about her* softer *neck,*] i. e. *her* soft *neck:* our old poets frequently adopt, and indeed with singular good taste, the comparative for the positive. Thus, in a very pretty passage in *the Combat of Love and Friendship,* by R. Mead :

" When I shall sit circled within your armes,
How shall I cast a blemish on your honour,
And appear onely like some *falser* stone,
Placed in a ring of gold, which grows a jewel
But from the seat which holds it !"

And indeed Massinger himself furnishes numerous instances of this practice ; one occurs just below :

" ——which your *gentler* temper,
On my submission, I hope, will pardon."

Another we have already had, in *the Virgin-Martyr :*

" Judge not my *readier* will by the event."

‡ *I would call her* mistress, &c.] See note to Act iii, sc. 4. ante

* *Yet* waking, *I ne'er cherish'd obscene hopes,*] The old copy reads, *Yet* mocking,—if this be the genuine word, it must mean " notwithstanding my wanton abuse of the terms mentioned above, I never cherished," &c. this is certainly not defective in sense ; but the rest of the sentence calls so loudly for *waking,* that I have not scrupled to insert it in the text ; the corruption, at the press, was sufficiently easy.

† Malef. *O my stars !*
*Who can but doat on this humility,*
*That sweetens——Lovely in her tears !——The fetters,*
*That seem'd to lessen in their weight but now,*
*By this grow heavier on me.*] So I venture to point the passage : it is abrupt, and denotes the distracted state of the speaker's mind. It stands thus in Mr. M. Mason :

Malef. *O my stars ! who can but doat on this humility*
*That sweetens (lovely in her tears) the fetters*
*That seem'd to lessen in their weight ; but now*
*By this grow heavier on me.*

Coxeter follows the old copies, which only differ from this, in placing a note of interrogation after *tears.* Both are evidently wrong, because unintelligible.

The reader must not be surprised at the portentous verse which begins the quotation from Mr. M. Mason. Neither he, nor Coxeter, nor Dodsley, seems to have had the smallest solicitude (I will not say knowledge) respecting the metre of their author : and Massinger, the most harmonious of poets, appears, in their desultory pages, as untuneable as Marston or Donne.

*Theoc:* Dear sir.
*Malef.* Peace!
I must not hear thee.
*Theoc.* Nor look on me?
*Malef.* No,
Thy looks and words are charms.
*Theoc.* May they have power then
To calm the tempest of your wrath! Alas, sir,
Did I but know in what I give offence,
In my repentance I would show my sorrow
For what is past, and, in my care hereafter,
Kill the occasion, or cease to be;
Since life, without your favour, is to me
A load I would cast off.
*Malef.* O that my heart
Were rent in sunder, that I might expire,
The cause in my death buried *! yet I know not.—
With such prevailing oratory 'tis begg'd from me,
That to deny thee would convince me to
Have suck'd the milk of tigers: rise, and I,
† But in a perplex'd and mysterious method,
Will make relation: That which all the world
Admires and cries up in thee for perfections,
Are to unhappy me foul blemishes,
And mulcts in nature. If thou hadst been born ‡
Deform'd and crooked in the features of
Thy body, as the manners of thy mind;
Moor-lipp'd, flat-nosed, dim-eyed, and beetle-brow'd
With a dwarf's stature to a giant's waist;
Sour-breath'd, with claws for fingers on thy hands,
Splay-footed, gouty-legg'd, and over all
A loathsome leprosy had spread itself,
And made thee shunn'd of human fellowships;
I had been blest.
*Theoc.* Why, would you wish a monster
(For such a one, or worse, you have described)
To call you father?
*Malef.* Rather than as now,
(Though I had drown'd thee for it in the sea,)
Appearing, as thou dost, a new Pandora,
With Juno's fair cow-eyes §, Minerva's brow,
Aurora's blushing cheeks, Hebe's fresh youth,
Venus' soft paps, with Thetis' silver feet.
*Theoc.* Sir, you have liked and loved them, and oft forced,
With your hyperboles of praise pour'd on them,
My modesty to a defensive red, [pleased
Strew'd o'er that paleness, which you then were
To style the purest white.
*Malef.* And in that cup
I drank the poison I now feel dispersed
Through every vein and artery. Wherefore art thou
So cruel to me? This thy outward shape
Brought a fierce war against me, not to be
By flesh and blood resisted: but to leave me
No hope of freedom, from the magazine
Of thy mind's forces, treacherously thou drew'st up
Auxiliary helps to strengthen that
Which was already in itself too potent.
Thy beauty gave the first charge, but thy duty,
Seconded with thy care and watchful studies
To please, and serve my will, in all that might
Raise up content in me, like thunder brake through
All opposition; and, my ranks of reason
Disbanded, my victorious passions fell
To bloody execution, and compell'd me
With willing hands to tie on my own chains,
And, with a kind of flattering joy, to glory
In my captivity.
*Theoc.* I, in this you speak, sir,
Am ignorance itself.
*Malef.* And so continue;
For knowledge of the arms thou bear'st against me,
Would make thee curse thyself, but yield no aids
For thee to help me; and 'twere cruelty
In me to wound that spotless innocence,
Howe'er it make me guilty. In a word,
Thy plurisy * of goodness is thy ill;
Thy virtues vices, and thy humble lowness
Far worse than stubborn sullenness and pride;
Thy looks, that ravish all beholders else,
As killing as the basilisk's, thy tears,
Express'd in sorrow for the much I suffer,
A glorious insultation †, and no sign
Of pity in thee: and to hear thee speak
In thy defence, though but in silent action,
Would make the hurt, already deeply fester'd,
Incurable: and therefore, as thou wouldst not
By thy presence raise fresh furies to torment me,
I do conjure thee by a father's power,
(And 'tis my curse I dare not think it lawful
To sue unto thee in a nearer name,)
Without reply to leave me.
*Theoc.* My obedience
Never learn'd yet to question your commands,
But willingly to serve them; yet I must,
Since that your will forbids the knowledge of
My fault, lament my fortune. [*Exit.*
*Malef.* O that I
Have reason to discern the better way,
And yet pursue the worse ‡! When I look on her,
I burn with heat, and in her absence freeze
With the cold blasts of jealousy, that another

---

* *The cause in my death buried!*] yet I know not.—Meaning, I apprehend, that his incestuous passion was perhaps suspected. As this passage hath been hitherto pointed, it was not to be understood.

† *But in a perplex'd and mysterious method,*] We have already had this expression from the son:

"But in a perplex'd form and method," &c., Act ii, sc. 1. And nothing can more strongly express the character of this most vicious father, whose crimes were too horrible for his son to express, and whose wishes are too flagitious for his daughter to hear.

‡ *If thou hadst been born,* &c.] Thus in *King John:*

"If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and slander'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee;" COXETER.

§ *With Juno's fair* cow-eyes, &c.] These lines of Massinger are an immediate translation from a pretty Greek epigram:

Ομματ' εχεις Ηρης, Μελιτη, τας χειρας Αθηνης,
Τας μαζας Παφιης, τα σφυρα της Θετιδος, &c.
DODD.

These *cow-eyes*, however, make but a sorry kind of appearance in English poetry; but so it ever will be when the figurative terms of one language are literally applied to another. See *the Emperor of the East.*

* *Thy* plurisy *of goodness is thy ill;*] i. e. thy superabundance of goodness: the thought is from Shakspeare.

"For goodness, growing to a *plurisy*,
Dies in his own too much."

For *thy*, the old copy reads *the;* it is, however, an evident error of the press.

† *A* glorious *insultation,*] used in the sense of *gloriosus* See note to Act. i, sc. 1.

‡ Malef. *O that I*
*Have reason to discern the better way,*
*And yet pursue the worse!*] This had been said before by Medea:

———*video meliora, proboque,*
*Deteriora sequor.*

Should e'er taste those delights that are denied me;
And which of these afflictions brings less torture,
I hardly can distinguish: Is there then
No mean? No; so my understanding tells me,
And that by my cross fates it is determined
That I am both ways wretched.

*Enter* Usher *and* Montreville.

*Usher.* Yonder he walks, sir,
In much vexation: he hath sent my lady,
His daughter, weeping in; but what the cause is,
Rests yet in supposition.

*Montr.* I guess at it,
But must be further satisfied; I will sift him
In private, therefore quit the room.

*Usher.* I am gone, sir. [*Exit.*

*Malef.* Ha! who disturbs me? Montreville! your pardon.

*Montr.* Would you could grant one to yourself!
With the assurance of a friend, and yet, [I speak it
Before it be too late, make reparation
Of the gross wrong your indiscretion offer'd
To the governor and his son; nay, to yourself;
For there begins my sorrow.

*Malef.* Would I had
No greater cause to mourn, than their displeasure!
For I dare justify——

*Montr.* We must not do *
All that we dare. We're private, friend. I observed
Your alterations with a stricter eye,
Perhaps, than others; and, to lose no time
In repetition, your strange demeanour
To your sweet daughter.

*Malef.* Would you could find out
Some other theme to treat of.

*Montr.* None but this;
And this I'll dwell on; how ridiculous,
And subject to construction——

*Malef.* No more!

*Montr.* You made yourself, amazes me, and if
The frequent trials interchanged between us
Of love and friendship, be to their desert
Esteem'd by you, as they hold weight with me,
No inward trouble should be of a shape
So horrid to yourself, but that to me
You stand bound to discover it, and unlock
Your secret'st thoughts; though the most innocent [were
Loud crying sins.

*Malef.* And so, perhaps, they are:
And therefore be not curious to learn that
Which, known, must make you hate me.

*Montr.* Think not so:
I am yours in right and wrong; nor shall you find
A verbal friendship in me, but an active;
And here I vow, I shall no sooner know
What the disease is, but, if you give leave,
I will apply a remedy. Is it madness?
† I am familiarly acquainted with
A deep-read man, that can with charms and herbs
Restore you to your reason; or suppose
You are bewitch'd? he with more potent spells
And magical rites shall cure you. Is't heaven's anger?
With penitence and sacrifice appease it:——
Beyond this, there is nothing that I can
Imagine dreadful; in your fame and fortunes
You are secure; your impious son removed too,
That render'd you suspected to the state;
And your fair daughter——

*Malef.* Oh! press me no further. [hath she

*Montr.* Are you wrung there! Why, what of her?
Made shipwreck of her honour, or conspired
Against your life? or seal'd a contract with
The devil of hell, for the recovery of
Her young Inamorato?

*Malef.* None of these;
And yet, what must increase the wonder in you,
Being innocent in herself, she hath wounded me
But where, enquire not. Yet, I know not how
I am persuaded, from my confidence
Of your vow'd love to me, to trust you with
My dearest secret; pray you chide me for it,
But with a kind of pity, not insulting
On my calamity.

*Montr.* Forward.

*Malef.* This same daughter——

*Montr.* What is her fault?

*Malef.* She is too fair to me.

*Montr.* Ha! how is this?

*Malef.* And I have look'd upon her
More than a father should, and languish to
Enjoy her as a husband.

*Montr.* Heaven forbid it!

*Malef.* And this is all the comfort you can give me!
Where are your promised aids, your charms, your herbs,
Your deep-read scholar's spells and magic rites?
Can all these disenchant me? No, I must be
My own physician, and upon myself
Practise a desperate cure.

*Montr.* Do not contemn me:
Enjoin me what you please, with any hazard
I'll undertake it. What means have you practised
To quench this hellish fire?

*Malef.* All I could think on,
But to no purpose; and yet sometimes absence
Does yield a kind of intermission to
The fury of the fit.

*Montr.* See her no more, then.

*Malef.* 'Tis my last refuge, and 'twas my intent,
And still 'tis, to desire your help.

*Montr.* Command it. [are

*Malef.* Thus then: you have a fort, of which you
The absolute lord, whither, I pray you, bear her:
And that the sight of her may not again
Nourish those flames, which I feel something lessen'd
By all the ties of friendship I conjure you,
And by a solemn oath you must confirm it,
That though my now calm'd passions should rage higher
Than ever heretofore, and so compel me
Once more to wish to see her; though I use
Persuasions mix'd with threatnings, (nay, add to it,
That I, this failing, should with hands held up thus,
Kneel at your feet, and bathe them with tears
Prayers or curses, vows, or imprecations,
Only to look upon her, though at distance
You still must be obdurate.

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* *We must not do*, &c.] This and the two next speeches are jumbled entirely out of metre by the modern editors. It seems odd that they should not know whether they were printing prose or verse

† *I am familiarly acquainted with a deep-read man, That can with charms and herbs*] So the lines stand in all the editions: upon which Mr. M. Mason remarks, for the first time, that the metre requires a different division. This is well thought of! In his edition, *the Unnatural Combat* stands towards the end of the third volume, and, to speak moderately, I have already corrected his versification in a hundred places within the compass of as many pages: nay, of the little which has passed since the entrance of Montreville, nearly a moiety has undergone a new arrangement.

*Montr.* If it be
Your pleasure, sir, that I shall be unmoved,
I will endeavour.
*Malef.* You must swear to be
Inexorable, as you would prevent
The greatest mischief to your friend, that fate
Could throw upon him.
*Montr.* Well, I will obey you.
But how the governor will be answer'd yet,
And 'tis material, is not consider'd.
*Malef.* Leave that to me. I'll presently give order
How you shall surprise her; be not frighted with
Her exclamations.
*Montr.* Be you constant to
Your resolution, I will not fail
In what concerns my part.
*Malef.* Be ever bless'd for't! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*A Street.*

*Enter* BEAUFORT *junior*, CHAMONT, *and* LANOUR.

*Cham.* Not to be spoke with, say you?
*Beauf. jun.* No.
*Lan.* Nor you
Admitted to have conference with her?
*Beauf. jun.* Neither.
His doors are fast lock'd up, and solitude
Dwells round about them, no access allow'd
To friend or enemy; but——
*Cham.* Nay, be not moved, sir;
Let his passion work, and, like a hot-rein'd horse*,
'Twill quickly tire itself.
*Beauf. jun.* Or in his death,
Which, for her sake, 'till now I have forborn,
I will revenge the injury he hath done to
My true and lawful love.
*Lan.* How does your father,
The governor, relish it?
*Beauf. jun.* Troth, he never had
Affection to the match; yet in his pity
To me, he's gone in person to his house,
Nor will he be denied; and if he find not
Strong and fair reasons, Malefort will hear from him
In a kind he does not look for.
*Cham.* In the mean time,
Pray you put on cheerful looks.

*Enter* MONTAIGNE.

*Beauf. jun.* Mine suit my fortune.
*Lan.* O here's Montaigne.
*Mont.* I never could have met you
More opportunely. I'll not stale the jest
By my relation†; but if you will look on
The malecontent Belgarde, newly rigg'd up,
With the train that follows him, 'twill be an object
Worthy of your noting.
*Beauf. jun.* Look you the comedy
Make good the prologue, or the scorn will dwell
Upon yourself.
*Mont.* I'll hazard that; observe now.

BELGARDE *comes out in a gallant habit; stays at the door with his sword drawn.*

*Several voices within.* Nay, captain! glorious captain!
*Belg.* Fall back, rascals!
Do you make an owl of me? this day I will
Receive no more petitions.——
Here are bills of all occasions, and all sizes!
If this be the pleasure of a rich suit, would I were
Again in my buff jerkin, or my armour!
Then I walk'd securely by my creditors' noses,
Not a dog marked me; every officer shunn'd me,
And not one lousy prison would receive me:
But now, as the ballad says, *I am turn'd gallant*,
There does not live that thing I owe a sous to,
But does torment me. A faithful cobler told me,
With his awl in his hand, I was behind hand with him
For setting me upright, and bade me look to myself.
A sempstress too, that traded but in socks,
Swore she would set a serjeant on my back
For a borrow'd shirt, my pay, and the benevolence
The governor and the states bestow'd upon me,
The city cormorants, my money-mongers,
Have swallow'd down already; they were sums,
I grant,—but that I should be such a fool,
Against my oath, being a cashier'd captain,
To pay debts, though grown up to one and twenty
Deserves more reprehension, in my judgment,
Than a shopkeeper, or a lawyer that lends money,
In a long, dead vacation.
*Mont.* How do you like
His meditation?
*Cham.* Peace! let him proceed.
*Belg.* I cannot now go on the score for shame,
And where I shall begin to pawn—ay, marry,
That is considered timely! I paid for
This train of yours, dame Estridge*, fourteen crowns,
And yet it is so light, 'twill hardly pass
For a tavern reckoning, unless it be
To save the charge of painting, nail'd on a post
For the sign of the feathers. Pox upon the fashion,
That a captain cannot think himself a captain,
If he wear not this, like a fore-horse! yet it is not
Staple commodity: these are perfumed too
O' the Roman wash, and yet a stale red herring

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* ——————*and, like a hot-rein'd horse,*
*'Twill quickly tire itself.*] This is from Shakspeare,
" ——————Anger is like
A full hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him." COXETER.

† ——————*I'll not* stale *the jest*
*By my relation;*] i. e. render it flat, deprive it of zest by previous intimation. This is one of a thousand instances which might be brought to prove that the true reading in *Coriolanus*, Act. I. sc. i. is,
" I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To *stale't* a little more."
The old copies have *scale*, for which Theobald judiciously proposed *stale*. To this Warburton objects petulantly enough, it must be confessed, because to *scale* signifies to *weigh*; so, indeed, it does, and many other things; none of which, however, bear any relation to the text. Steevens, too, prefers *scale*, which he proves, from a variety of learned authorities, to mean "scatter, disperse, spread:" to make any of them, however, suit his purpose, he is obliged to give an unfaithful version of the text: "Though *some of you* have heard the story, I will *spread* it yet wider, and diffuse it among *the rest.*"! There is nothing of this in Shakspeare, and indeed I cannot avoid looking upon the whole of his long note, as a feeble attempt to justify a palpable error of the press, at the cost of taste and sense.

The mistakes of Steevens are dangerous, and should be noticed. They have seduced the editors of Beaumont and Fletcher, who have brought back to the text of their authors, a corruption long since removed, on the authority (as they say) of the quotations produced in the note to *Coriolanus* See Vol. vii. p. 258.

* ——————*I paid for*
*This* train *of yours, dame Estridge,*] i. e. this *tail*; there is some humour in this lively apostrophe to the ostrich.

Would fill the belly better, and hurt the head less:
And this is Venice gold; would I had it again
In French crowns in my pocket! O you commanders,
That, like me, have no dead pays, nor can cozen
The commissary at a muster *, let me stand
For an example to you! as you would
Enjoy your privileges, *videlicet*,
To pay your debts, and take your letchery gratis;
To have your issue warm'd by others fires;
To be often drunk, and swear, yet pay no forfeit
To the poor, but when you share with one another;
With all your other choice immunities:
Only of this I seriously advise you,
Let courtiers † trip like courtiers, and your lords
Of dirt and dunghills mete their woods and acres,
In velvets, satins, tissues; but keep you
Constant to cloth and shamois.
*Mont.* Have you heard
Of such a penitent homily?
*Belg.* I am studying now
Where I shall hide myself till the rumour of
My wealth and bravery vanish ‡: let me see,
There is a kind of vaulting house not far off,
Where I used to spend my afternoons, among
Suburb she gamesters; and yet, now I think on't,
I have crack'd a ring or two there, which they made
Others to solder: No——

*Enter a* Bawd, *and two* Courtezans *with two Children.*

1 *Court.* O! have we spied you! [time,
*Bawd.* Upon him without ceremony! now's the
While he's in the paying vein.
2 *Court.* Save you, brave captain!
*Beauf. jun.* 'Slight, how he stares! they are worse than she-wolves to him.
*Belg.* Shame me not in the streets; I was coming to you.
1 *Court.* O sir, you may in public pay for the
You had in private. [fiddling
2 *Court.* We hear you are full of crowns, sir,
1 *Court.* And therefore, knowing you are open-handed,
Before all be destroy'd, I'll put you in mind, sir,
Of your young heir here.
2 *Court.* Here's a second, sir,
That looks for a child's portion.
*Bawd.* There are reckonings
For muskadine and eggs too, must be thought on.
1 *Court.* We have not been hasty, sir.
*Bawd.* But staid your leisure:
But now you are ripe, and loaden with fruit——
2 *Court.* 'Tis fit you should be pull'd; here's a boy,
Pray you, kiss him, 'tis your own, sir. [sir,
1 *Court.* Nay, buss this first,
It hath just your eyes; and such a promising nose,
That if the sign deceive me not, in time
'Twill prove a notable striker *, like his father.
*Belg.* And yet you laid it to another.
1 *Court.* True,
While you were poor; and it was policy;
But she that has variety of fathers,
And makes not choice of him that can maintain it,
Ne'er studied Aristotle †.
*Lan.* A smart quean!
*Belg.* Why, braches, will you worry me ‡?
2 *Court.* No, but ease you
Of your golden burthen; the heavy carriage may
Bring you to a sweating sickness.
*Belg.* Very likely;
I foam all o'er already.
1 *Court.* Will you come off, sir §?
*Belg.* Would I had ne'er come on! Hear me with patience,
Or I will anger you. Go to, you know me,
And do not vex me further: by my sins,
And your diseases, which are certain truths,
Whate'er you think, I am not master, at
This instant, of a livre.
2 *Court.* What, and in
Such a glorious suit!
*Belg.* The liker, wretched things,
To have no money.
*Bawd.* You may pawn your clothes, sir.
1 *Court.* Will you see your issue starve?
2 *Court.* Or the mothers beg?
*Belg.* Why, you unconscionable strumpets, would you have me
Transform my hat to double clouts and biggins?
My corselet to a cradle? or my belt
To swaddlebands? or turn my cloak to blankets?
Or to sell my sword and spurs, for soap and candles?

---

* ——— *O you commanders,*
*That, like me, have no* dead pays, *nor can cozen*
*The commissary at a muster,*] The collusory practices here alluded to (as Mr. Gilchrist observes) appear not to have been unfrequent, and indeed, Sir W. D'Avenant, with this, mentions many similar corruptions in the "war department" of his time:

"Can you not gull the state finely,
Muster up your ammunition cassocks stuffed with straw,
Number a hundred forty nine *dead pays*,
And thank heaven for your arithmetick?
Cannot you clothe your ragged infantry
With cabbage leaves? devour the reckonings,
And grow fat in the ribs, but you must hinder
Poor ancients from eating warm beef?" *The Siege*, Act iii.

† *Let courtiers*, &c.] The reader will smile at the accurate notions of metre possessed by the former editors: this and the four following lines stand thus in Coxeter, and Mr. M. Mason:

*Let courtiers trip like courtiers,*
*And your lords of dirt and dunghills mete*
*Their woods and acres, in velvets, satins, tissues;*
*But keep you constant to cloth and shamois.*
Mont. *Have you heard of such a penitent homily?*

‡ *My wealth and* bravery *vanish:*] *Bravery* is used by all the writers of Massinger's time, for ostentatious finery of apparel.

* *'Twill prove a notable* striker,] A *striker* is a *wencher:* the word occurs again in *the Parliament of Love.*

† *Ne'er studied Aristotle.*] This has been hitherto printed, *Ne'er studied Aristotle's* problems: a prosaic redundancy, of which every reader of Massinger will readily acquit him.

‡ Belg. *Why,* braches, *will you worry me?*] A brache is a female hound. It is strange to see what quantities of paper have been wasted in confounding the sense of this plain word! The pages of Shakspeare, and Jonson, and Fletcher, are incumbered with endless quotations, which generally leave the reader as ignorant as they found him. One, however, which has escaped the commentators, at least the material part of it, is worth all that they have advanced on the word. *The Gentleman's Recreation*, p. 28. "There are in England and Scotland two kinds of hunting dogs, and no where else in the world; the first kind is called a *rache*, and this is a foot-scenting creature both of wilde-beasts, birds, and fishes also which lie hid among the rocks. *The female hereof in England is called a brache: a brache is* A MANNERLY NAME for all hound-*bitches:*" and when we add *for all others*, it will be allowed that enough has been said on the subject.

§ 1 Court. *Will you* come off, *sir?*] i. e. Will you pay, sir? so the word is used by all our old dramatic writers:

" ———— if he
In the old justice's suit, whom he robb'd lately,
Will *come off* roundly, we'll set him free too"
*The Widow.*

Again, in the *Wedding*, by Shirley:

"What was the price you took for Gratiana?
Did Marwood *come off* roundly with his wages?"

Have you no mercy? what a chargeable devil
We carry in our breeches!
*Beauf. jun.* Now 'tis time
To fetch him off.

*Enter* BEAUFORT *senior.*

*Mont.* Your father does it for us.
*Bawd.* The governor!
*Beauf. sen.* What are these?
1 *Court.* An it like your lordship,
Very poor spinsters.
*Bawd.* I am his nurse and laundress,
*Belg.* You have nurs'd and launder'd me, hell
Vanish! [take you for it!
*Cham.* Do, do, and talk with him hereafter.
1 *Court.* 'Tis our best course.
2 *Court.* We'll find a time to fit him.
[*Exeunt Bawd and Courtezans.*
*Beauf. sen.* Why in this heat, Belgarde?
*Belg.* You are the cause of't.
*Beauf. sen.* Who, I?
*Belg.* Yes, your pied livery and your gold
Draw these vexations on me; pray you strip me,
And let me be as I was: I will not lose
The pleasures and the freedom which I had
In my certain poverty, for all the wealth
Fair France is proud of.
*Beauf. sen.* We at better leisure
Will learn the cause of this.
*Beauf. jun.* What answer, sir,
From the admiral?
*Beauf. sen.* None; his daughter is removed
To the fort of Montreville, and he himself
In person fled, but where, is not discover'd;
I could tell you wonders, but the time denies me
Fit liberty. In a word, let it suffice
The power of our great master is contemn'd
The sacred laws of God and man profaned;
And if I sit down with this injury,
I am unworthy of my place, and thou
Of my acknowledgment: draw up all the troops;
As I go, I will instruct you to what purpose.
Such as have power to punish, and yet spare,
From fear or from connivance, others ill,
Though not in act, assist them in their will.
[*Exeunt.*

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## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street near* MALFORT'S *House.*

*Enter* MONTREVILLE *with* Servants, THEOCRINE, Page, *and* Waiting Women.

*Montr.* Bind them, and gag their mouths sure; I alone
Will be your convoy.
1 *Wom.* Madam!
2 *Wom.* Dearest lady!
*Page.* Let me fight for my mistress.
*Serv.* 'Tis in vain,
Little cockerel of the kind.
*Montr.* Away with them,
And do as I command you.
[*Exeunt Servants with Page and Waiting Women.*
*Theoc.* Montreville,
You are my father's friend; nay more, a soldier,
And if a right one, as I hope to find you,
Though in a lawful war you had surprised
A city, that bow'd humbly to your pleasure,
In honour you stand bound to guard a virgin
From violence; but in a free estate,
Of which you are a limb, to do a wrong
Which noble enemies never consent to,
Is such an insolence——
*Montr.* How her heart beats*!
Much like a partridge in a sparhawk's foot,
That with a panting silence does lament
The fate she cannot fly from! Sweet, take comfort,
You are safe, and nothing is intended to you,
But love and service.
*Theoc.* They came never clothed
In force and outrage. Upon what assurance
(Remembering only that my father lives,
Who will not tamely suffer the disgrace)
Have you presumed to hurry me from his house,
And, as I were not worth the waiting on,
To snatch me from the duty and attendance
Of my poor servants?
*Montr.* Let not that afflict you,
You shall not want observance; I will be
Your page, your woman, parasite, or fool,
Or any other property, provided
You answer my affection.
*Theoc.* In what kind?
*Montr.* As you had done young Beaufort's.
*Theoc.* How!
*Montr.* So, lady;
Or, if the name of wife appear a yoke
Too heavy for your tender neck, so I
Enjoy you as a private friend or mistress,
'Twill be sufficient.
*Theoc.* Blessed angels guard me!
What frontless impudence is this? what devil
Hath, to thy certain ruin, tempted thee
To offer me this motion? by my hopes
Of after joys, submission nor repentance
Shall expiate this foul intent.
*Montr.* Intent!
'Tis more, I'll make it act.
*Theoc.* Ribald, thou darest not:
And if (and with a fever to thy soul)
Thou but consider that I have a father,
And such a father, as, when this arrives at
His knowledge, as it shall, the terror of
His vengeance, which as sure as fate must follow,
Will make thee curse the hour in which lust taught thee
To nourish these bad hopes;—and 'tis my wonder
Thou darest forget how tender he is of me,
And that each shadow of wrong done to me,
Will raise in him a tempest not to be [him——
But with thy heart-blood calm'd: this, when I see,
*Montr.* As thou shalt never
*Theoc.* Wilt thou murder me?

* Montr. *How her heart beats!* &c.] This is a very pretty simile, and, though not altogether new, is made striking by the elegance with which it is expressed.

*Montr.* No, no, 'tis otherwise determined, fool.
The master which in passion kills his slave
That may be useful to him, does himself
The injury: know, thou most wretched creature,
That father thou presumest upon, that father,
That, when I sought thee in a noble way,
Denied thee to me, fancying in his hope
A higher match from his excess of dotage,
Hath in his bowels kindled such a flame
Of impious and most unnatural lust,
That now he fears his most furious desires
May force him to do that, he shakes to think on.
*Theoc.* O me, most wretched!
*Montr.* Never hope again
To blast him with those eyes: their golden beams
Are to him arrows of death and hell,
But unto me divine artillery
And therefore, since what I so long in vain
Pursued, is offer'd to me, and by him
Given up to my possession; do not flatter
Thyself with an imaginary hope,
But that I'll take occasion by the forelock,
And make use of my fortune. As we walk,
I'll tell thee more.
*Theoc.* I will not stir.
*Montr.* I'll force thee.
*Theoc.* Help, help!
*Montr.* In vain.
*Theoc.* In me my brother's blood
Is punish'd at the height.
*Montr.* The coach there!
*Theoc.* Dear sir——
*Montr.* Tears, curses, prayers, are alike to me;
I can, and must enjoy my present pleasure,
And shall take time to mourn for it at leisure.
[*He bears her off.*

## SCENE II.—*A Space before the Fort.*

*Enter* Malefort.

I have play'd the fool, the gross fool, to believe
The bosom of a friend will hold a secret,
Mine own could not contain; and my industry
In taking liberty from my innocent daughter,
Out of false hopes of freedom to myself,
Is, in the little help it yields me, punish'd.
She's absent, but I have her figure here;
And every grace and rarity about her,
Are by the pencil of my memory,
In living colours painted on my heart.
My fires too, a short interim closed up,
Break out with greater fury. Why was I,
Since 'twas my fate, and not to be declined,
In this so tender-conscienced? Say I had
Enjoy'd what I desired, what had it been
But incest? and there's something here that tells me
I stand accomptable for greater sins
I never check'd at*. Neither had the crime
Wanted a precedent: I have read in story†,
Those first great heroes, that for their brave deeds
Were in the world's first infancy styled gods,
Freely enjoy'd what I denied myself.
Old Saturn, in the golden age, embraced
His sister Ops, and, in the same degree,
The Thunderer Juno, Neptune Thetis, and,
By their example, after the first deluge,
Deucalion Pyrrha. Universal nature,
As every day 'tis evident, allows it
To creatures of all kinds: the gallant horse
Covers the mare to which he was the sire;
The bird with fertile seed gives new increase
To her that hatch'd him: why should envious man
Brand that close act, which adds proximity [then
To what's most near him, with the abhorred title
Of incest? or our later laws forbid
What by the first was granted? Let old men,
That are not capable of these delights,
And solemn superstitious fools, prescribe
Rules to themselves; I will not curb my freedom,
But constantly go on, with this assurance,
I but walk in a path which greater men
Have trod before me. Ha! this is the fort:
Open the gate! Within, there!

*Enter two* Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* With your pardon
We must forbid your entrance.
*Malef.* Do you know me?
2 *Sold.* Perfectly, my lord.
*Malef.* I am [your] captain's friend*.
1 *Sold.* It may be so; but till we know his plea-
You must excuse us. [sure,
2 *Sold.* We'll acquaint him with
Your waiting here.
*Malef.* Waiting, slave! he was ever
By me commanded.
1 *Sold.* As we are by him.
*Malef.* So punctual! pray you then, in my name
His presence. [entreat
2 *Sold.* That we shall do. [*Exeunt*
*Malef.* I must use
Some strange persuasions to work him to
Deliver her, and to forget the vows,
And horrid oaths I, in my madness, made him
Take to the contrary: and may I get her
Once more in my possession, I will bear her
Into some close cave or desert, where we'll end
Our lusts and lives together.

*Enter* Montreville, *and* Soldiers.

*Montr.* Fail not, on
The forfeit of your lives, to execute
What I command. [*Exeunt Soldiers*
*Malef.* Montreville! how is't friend?
*Montr.* I am glad to see you wear such cheerful
The world's well alter'd. [looks;
*Malef.* Yes, I thank my stars:
But methinks thou art troubled.
*Montr.* Some light cross,
But of no moment.

---

* ——*and there's something here that tells me*
*I stand accomptable for greater sins*
*I never check'd at.*] These dark allusions to a dreadful fact, are introduced with admirable judgment, as they awaken, without gratifying, the curiosity of the reader, and continue the interest of the story.

† ——*I have read in story*, &c.] He had been studying Ovid, and particularly the dreadful story of Myrrha. This wretched attempt of Malefort (a Christian, at least in name, we may suppose) to palliate, or defend his meditated crime, by the examples of fabulous deities, men in a state of nature, and beasts, is a just and striking picture of the eagerness with which a mind resolved on guilt ministers to its own deception. This, in the Scripture phraseology, is called, "hardening the heart;" and seems to be the last stage of human depravation.

* Malef. *I am* (your) *captain's friend.*] Coxeter following the old copy, reads, *I am* this *captain's friend.* Mr. M. Mason altered *this* to *thy:* if any change be necessary, of which I am doubtful, the word now inserted bids fairest to be genuine (omitted in edit. 1813).

*Malef.* So I hope; beware
Of sad and impious thoughts; you know how far
They wrought on me.
*Montr.* No such come near me, sir.
I have, like you, no daughter, and much wish
You never had been curs'd with one.
*Malef.* Who, I?
Thou art deceived, I am most happy in her.
*Montr.* I am glad to hear it.
*Malef.* My incestuous fires
To'ards her are quite burnt out; I love her now
As a father, and no further
*Montr.* Fix there then
Your constant peace, and do not try a second
Temptation from her.
*Malef.* Yes, friend, though she were
By millions of degrees more excellent
In her perfections; nay, though she could borrow
A form angelical to take my frailty,
It would not do: and therefore, Montreville,
My chief delight next her, I come to tell thee
The governor and I are reconciled,
And I confirm'd, and with all possible speed,
To make large satisfaction to young Beaufort,
And her, whom I have so much wrong'd: and for
Thy trouble in her custody, of which
I'll now discharge thee, there is nothing in
My nerves or fortunes, but shall ever be
At thy devotion.
*Montr.* You promise fairly,
Nor doubt I the performance; yet I would not
Hereafter be reported to have been
The principal occasion of your falling
Into a relapse: or but suppose, out of
The easiness of my nature, and assurance
You are firm and can hold out, I could consent;
You needs must know there are so many lets*
That make against it, that it is my wonder
You offer me the motion; having bound me
With oaths and imprecations on no terms,
Reasons, or arguments, you could propose,
I ever should admit you to her sight,
Much less restore her to you.
*Malef.* Are we soldiers,
And stand on oaths!
*Montr.* It is beyond my knowledge
In what we are more worthy, than in keeping
Our words, much more our vows.
*Malef.* Heaven pardon all!
How many thousands, in our heat of wine,
Quarrels, and play, and in our younger days,
In private I may say, between ourselves,
In points of love, have we to answer for,
Should we be scrupulous that way?
*Montr.* You say well:
And very aptly call to memory
Two oaths against all ties and rites of friendship
Broken by you to me.
*Malef.* No more of that.
*Montr.* Yes, 'tis material, and to the purpose:
The first (and think upon't) was, when I brought you
As a visitant to my mistress then, (the mother
Of this same daughter,) whom, with dreadful words,
Too hideous to remember, you swore deeply
For my sake never to attempt; yet then,
Then, when you had a sweet wife of your own,
I know not with what arts, philtres, and charms
(Unless in wealth* and fame you were above me)
You won her from me; and, her grant obtain'd,
A marriage with the second waited on
The burial of the first, that to the world
Brought your dead son: this I sat tamely down by,
Wanting, indeed, occasion and power
To be at the height revenged.
*Malef.* Yet this you seem'd
Freely to pardon.
*Montr.* As perhaps I did.
Your daughter Theocrine growing ripe,
(Her mother too deceased,) and fit for marriage,
I was a suitor for her, had your word,
Upon your honour, and our friendship made
Authentical, and ratified with an oath,
She should be mine: but vows with you being like
To your religion, a nose of wax
To be turn'd every way, that very day
The governor's son but making his approaches
Of courtship to her, the wind of your ambition
For her advancement, scatter'd the thin sand
In which you wrote your full consent to me,
And drew you to his party. What hath pass'd since,
You bear a register in your own bosom,
That can at large inform you.
*Malef.* Montreville,
I do confess all that you charge me with
To be strong truth, and that I bring a cause
Most miserably guilty, and acknowledge
That though your goodness made me mine own judge,
I should not shew the least compassion
Or mercy to myself. O, let not yet
My foulness taint your pureness, or my falsehood
Divert the torrent of your loyal faith!
My ills, if not return'd by you, will add
Lustre to your much good; and to o'ercome
With noble sufferance, will express your strength
And triumph o'er my weakness. If you please too
My black deeds being only known to you,
And, in surrendering up my daughter, buried,
You not alone make me your slave, (for I
At no part do deserve the name of friend,)
But in your own breast raise a monument
Of pity to a wretch, on whom with justice
You may express all cruelty.
*Montr.* You much move me.
*Malef.* O that I could but hope it! To revenge
An injury is proper to the wishes
Of feeble women, that want strength to act it†
But to have power to punish, and yet pardon,
Peculiar to princes. See! these knees,
That have been ever stiff to bend to heaven,
To you are supple. Is there aught beyond this
That may speak my submission? or can pride
(Though I well know it is a stranger to you)
Desire a feast of more humility,
To kill her growing appetite?
*Montr.* I required not
To be sought to this poor way‡; yet 'tis so far

* *You needs must know there are so many* lets] i. e. impediments, obstacles, &c. See *the Virgin-Martyr.*

* (*Unless in wealth*, &c.] i. e. *Unless it were* that *in wealth*, &c.

† ——— *To revenge*
*An injury is proper to the wishes*
*Of feeble women, that want strength to act it:*]
——— ——— *Quis pe minuti*
*Semper et infirmi est animi exiguique voluptas*
*Ultio. Continuo sic collige, quod vindicta*
*Nemo magis gaudet, quam femina.*"———
Juv. *Sat.* xiii. 192.

‡ Montr. *I required not*
*To be* sought to *this poor way*,] So the old copy: the

A kind of satisfaction, that I will
Dispense a little with those serious oaths
You made me take: your daughter shall come to you,
I will not say, as you deliver'd her,
But as she is, you may dispose of her
As you shall think most requisite. [*Exit.*
*Malef.* His last words
Are riddles to me. Here the lion's force
Would have proved useless, and, against my nature,
Compell'd me from the crocodile to borrow
Her counterfeit tears: there's now no turning backward.
May I but quench these fires that rage within me,
And fall what can fall, I am arm'd to bear it!

*Enter* Soldiers, *thrusting forth* Theocrine; *her garments loose, her hair dishevelled.*

2 *Sold.* You must be packing.
*Theoc.* Hath he robb'd me of
Mine honour, and denies me now a room
To hide my shame!
2 *Sold.* My lord the admiral
Attends your ladyship.
1 *Sold.* Close the port, and leave them.
[*Exeunt Soldiers.*
*Malef.* Ha! who is this? how alter'd! how deform'd!
It cannot be: and yet this creature has
A kind of a resemblance to my daughter,
My Theocrine! but as different
From that she was, as bodies dead are, in
Their best perfections, from what they were
When they had life and motion.
*Theoc.* 'Tis most true, sir;
I am dead, indeed, to all but misery.
O come not near me, sir, I am infectious;
To look on me at distance, is as dangerous
As from a pinnacle's cloud-kissing spire
With giddy eyes to view the steep descent;
But to acknowledge me, a certain ruin.
O, sir!
*Malef.* Speak, Theocrine, force me not
To further question; my fears already
Have choked my vital spirits.
*Theoc.* Pray you turn away
Your face and hear me, and with my last breath
Give me leave to accuse you: what offence,
From my first infancy, did I commit,
That for a punishment you should give up
My virgin chastity to the treacherous guard
Of goatish Montreville?
*Malef.* What hath he done?
*Theoc.* Abused me, sir, by violence; and this told,
I cannot live to speak more: may the cause
In you find pardon, but the speeding curse
Of a ravish'd maid fall heavy, heavy on him!
Beaufort, my lawful love, farewell for ever. [*Dies.*

*Malef.* Take not thy flight so soon, immaculate
'Tis fled already.—How the innocent, [spirit
As in a gentle slumber, pass away!
But to cut off the knotty thread of life
In guilty men, must force stern Atropos
To use her sharp knife often. I would help
The edge of her's with the sharp point of mine,
But that I dare not die, till I have rent
This dog's heart piecemeal. O, that I had wings
To scale these walls, or that my hands were cannons,
To bore their flinty sides! that I might bring
The villain in the reach of my good sword?
The Turkish empire offer'd for his ransome,
Should not redeem his life. O that my voice
Were loud as thunder, and with horrid sounds
Might force a dreadful passage to his ears,
And through them reach his soul! libidinous monster!
Foul ravisher! as thou durst do a deed
Which forced the sun to hide his glorious face
Behind a sable mask of clouds, appear,
And as a man defend it; or like me,
Shew some compunction for it.

*Enter* Montreville *on the Walls above.*

*Montr.* Ha, ha, ha!
*Malef.* Is this an object to raise mirth?
*Montr.* Yes, yes.
*Malef.* My daughter's dead.
*Montr.* Thou hadst best follow her;
Or if thou art the thing thou art reported,
Thou shouldst have led the way. Do tear thy hair,
Like a village nurse, and mourn, while I laugh at thee.
Be but a just examiner of thyself,
And in an equal balance poize the nothing,
Or little mischief I have done, compared [thou
With the pond'rous weight of thine; and how canst
Accuse or argue with me? mine was a rape,
And she being in a kind contracted to me,
The fact may challenge some qualification;
But thy intent made nature's self run backward,
And done, had caused an earthquake.

*Enter* Soldiers *above.*

1 *Sold.* Captain!
*Montr.* Ha! [slain.
2 *Sold.* Our outworks are surprised, the sentinel
The corps de guard defeated too.
*Montr.* By whom?
1 *Sold.* The sudden storm and darkness of the night
Forbids the knowledge; make up speedily,
Or all is lost. [*Exeunt.*
*Montr.* In the devil's name, whence comes this? [*Exit.*

[*A Storm; with thunder and lightning.*

*Malef.* Do, do rage on! rend open, Æolus,
Thy brazen prison, and let loose at once
Thy stormy issue! Blustering Boreas,
Aided with all the gales the pilot numbers
Upon his compass, cannot raise a tempest
Through the vast region of the air, like that
I feel within me: for I am possess'd
With whirlwinds, and each guilty thought to me is
A dreadful hurricano*. Though this centre

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modern editors, ignorant of the language of the time, arbitrarily exchange *to* for *in*, and thus pervert the sense. To *seek to*, is to supplicate, entreat, have earnest recourse to, &c., which is the meaning of the text.

There was a book, much read by our ancestors, from which, as being the pure well-head of English prose, they derived a number of phrases that have sorely puzzled their descendants. This book, which is fortunately still in existence, is the Bible: and I venture to affirm, without fear of contradiction, that those old fashioned people who have studied it well, are as competent judges of the meaning of our ancient writers, as most of the devourers of black literature, from Theobald to Steevens. The expression in the text frequently occurs in it: "And Asa was diseased in his feet—yet in his disease he *sought* not *to* the Lord, but *to* the physicians." 2 Chron. xvi. 12.

* *A dreadful* hurricano.] So the old copy, and rightly: the modern editors prefer *hurricane*, a simple improvement, which merely destroys the metre! How they contrive to read the line, thus printed, I cannot conceive. With respect to *hurricane*, I doubt whether it was much in use in Massinger's time; he and his contemporaries almost invariably write *hurricano*, just as they receive it from the Portuguese narrators of voyages, &c.

Labour to bring forth earthquakes, and hell open
Her wide-stretch'd jaws, and let out all her furies,
They cannot add an atom to the mountain
Of fears and terrours that each minute threaten
To fall on my accursed head.—

*Enter the Ghost of young* Maiefort, *naked from the waist, full of wounds, leading in the Shadow of a Lady, her face leprous.*

Ha! is't fancy?
Or hath hell heard me, and makes proof if I
Dare stand the trial? Yes, I do; and now
I view these apparitions, I feel
I once did know the substances. For what come you?
Are your aerial forms deprived of language,
And so denied to tell me, that by signs
[*The Ghosts use gestures.*
You bid me ask here of myself*? 'Tis so:
And there is something here makes answer for you.
You come to lance my sear'd up conscience; yes,
And to instruct me, that those thunderbolts,
That hurl'd me headlong from the height of glory,
Wealth, honours, worldly happiness, were forged
Upon the anvil of my impious wrongs
And cruelty to you! I do confess it;
And that my lust compelling me to make way
For a second wife, I poison'd thee; and that
The cause (which to the world is undiscover'd)
That forced thee to shake off thy filial duty
To me, thy father, had its spring and source
From thy impatience, to know thy mother,
That with all duty and obedience served me,
(For now with horror I acknowledge it,)
Removed unjustly: yet, thou being my son,
Wert not a competent judge mark'd out by heaven
For her revenger, which thy falling by
My weaker hand confirm'd.—[*Answered still by signs.*
——'Tis granted by thee.
Can any penance expiate my guilt,
Or can repentance save me?— [*The ghosts disappear.*
——They are vanish'd!
What's left to do then? I'll accuse my fate,
That did not fashion me for nobler uses:
For if those stars cross to me in my birth,
Had not denied their prosperous influence to it,
With peace of conscience, like to innocent men,
I might have ceased to be, and not as now,
To curse my cause of being——
[*He is killed with a flash of lightning.*

*Enter* Belgarde *with* Soldiers.

*Belg.* Here's a night
To season my silks! Buff-jerkin, now I miss thee:
Thou hast endured many foul nights, but never
One like to this. How fine my feather looks now!
Just like a capon's tail stol'n out of the pen,
And hid in the sink; and yet 't had been dishonour
To have charged without it.—Wilt thou never cease†?
Is the petard, as I gave directions, fasten'd
On the portcullis?

1 *Sold.* It hath been attempted
By divers, but in vain.

*Belg.* These are your gallants,
That at a feast take the first place, poor I
Hardly allow'd to follow; marry, in
These foolish businesses they are content
That I shall have precedence: I much thank
Their manners or their fear. Second me, soldiers;
They have had no time to undermine, or if
They have, it is but blowing up, and fetching
A caper or two in the air; and I will do it,
Rather than blow my nails here.

2 *Sold.* O brave captain? [*Exeunt.*

*An alarum; noise and cries within. After a flourish, enter* Beaufort *senior*, Beaufort *junior*, Montaigne, Chamont, Lanour, Belgarde, *and* Soldiers, *with* Montreville.

*Montr.* Racks cannot force more from me than I have
Already told you: I expect no favour;
I have cast up my accompt.

*Beauf. sen.* Take you the charge
Of the fort, Belgarde; your dangers have deserved it.

*Belg.* I thank your excellence; this will keep me safe yet
From being pull'd by the sleeve, and bid remember
The thing I wot of.

*Beauf. jun.* All that have eyes to weep,
Spare one tear with me. Theocrine's dead.

*Montr.* Her father too lies breathless here, I think
Struck dead with thunder.

*Cham.* 'Tis apparent: how
His carcass smells!

*Lan.* His face is alter'd to
Another colour.

*Beauf. jun* But here's one retains
Her native innocence, that never yet
Call'd down heaven's anger.

*Beauf. sen.* 'Tis in vain to mourn
For what's past help. We will refer, bad man,
Your sentence to the king. May we make use of
This great example, and learn from it, that
There cannot be a want of power above,
To punish murder and unlawful love! [*Exeunt*.

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* *You bid me ask* here *of myself?*] Δεικτικως, pointing to his breast.

† *Wilt thou never cease?*] This short apostrophe is addressed to the storm.

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* This Play opens with considerable interest and vigour: but the principal action is quickly exhausted by its own briskness. The Unnatural Combat ends early in the second act, and leaves the reader at a loss what further to expect. The remaining part, at least from the beginning of the fourth act, might be called the Unnatural Attachment. Yet the two subjects are not without connexion; and this is afforded chiefly by the projected marriage of young Beaufort and Theocrine, which Malefort urges as the consequence of his victory.

The piece is therefore to be considered not so much in its plot, as in its characters; and these are drawn with great force, and admirable discrimination. The pity felt at first for old Malefort, is soon changed into horror and detestation; while the dread inspired by the son is somewhat relieved by the suspicion that he avenges the cause of a murdered mother. Their parley is as terrible as their combat; and they encounter with a fury of passion and a deadliness of hatred approaching to savage nature.—Claudian will almost describe them:—

*Torvus aper, fulvusque leo coiere superbis*
*Viribus, hic seta sævior, ille juba.*

On the other hand, Montreville artfully conceals his enmity till he can be "at the height revenged." Deprived of Theocrine by Malefort's treachery, he yet appears his "bosom friend," offers to be his second in the combat, on account of their tried affection "from his infancy," and seems even to recommend the marriage of Theocrine with his rival. To Theocrine herself, who can less comprehend his designs, he shews some glimpses of spleen from the beginning. He takes a malignant pleasure in wounding her delicacy with light and vicious talking; and when at length he has possession of her person, and is preparing the dishonour which ends in her death, he talks to her of his villainous purpose with a coolness which shews him determined on his revenge, and secure of its accomplishment.

Theocrine herself is admirable throughout the piece. She

has a true virgin modesty, and, perhaps, one of the best marks of modesty, a true virgin frankness. We admire her fearless purity of thought, her filial reverence, and her unconsciousness of the iniquity that approaches her; and we are filled with the most tender concern for the indignities to which she is exposed, and the fate which she suffers.

Among the lighter characters, Montaigne, Chamont, and Lanour are well drawn. They are some of those insignificant people who endeavour to support themselves in society by a ready subjection to the will of others. When Malefort is on his trial, they are glad to be his accusers; and it is allowed that they "push him hard." After his victory, they are most eager to profess themselves his friends and admirers. When he is in his moody humour, they sooth him, that being the "safest course*," and when Beaufort at length takes up the neglected Belgarde, they are the first to lavish their money upon him.—Dr. Ireland.

* This consistency in their insipid characters would of itself determine to whom these words belong, if the editor had not given them to Chamont on other accounts.

# THE DUKE OF MILAN.

THE DUKE OF MILAN.] Of this Tragedy there are two editions in quarto; the first, which is very correct and now very rare, bears date 1623; the other, of little value, 1638. It does not appear in the Office-book of the licenser; from which we may be certain that it was among the author's earliest performances.

The plot, as the editor of the *Companion to the Play House* observes, is founded on Guicciardini, Lib. viii. This, however, is a mistaken idea, as if Massinger was at all indebted to Guicciardini, it must be to his xvth and xixth books. It should be added, however, that by this expression nothing more must be understood than that a leading circumstance or two is taken from the historian. There was certainly a struggle, in Italy between the emperor and the king of France, in which the duke of Milan sided with the latter, who was defeated and taken prisoner at the fatal battle of Pavia. The rest, the poet has supplied, as suited his design. Charles was not in Italy when this victory was gained by his generals; and the final restoration of the Milanese to Sforza took place at a period long subsequent to that event. The duke is named Ludovico in the list of dramatis personæ; and it is observable that Massinger has entered with great accuracy into the vigorous and active character of that prince: he, however, had long been dead, and Francis Sforza, the real agent in this play, was little capable of the spirited part here allotted to him. The Italian writers term him a weak and irresolute prince, the sport of fortune, and the victim of indecision.

The remaining part of the plot is from Josephus's *History of the Jews*, lib. xv. ch. 4; an interesting story, which has been told in many languages, and more than once in our own. The last piece on the subject was, I believe, the *Mariamne* of Fenton, which, though infinitely inferior to the *Duke of Milan*, was, as I have heard, very well received.

That Fenton had read Massinger before he wrote his tragedy, is certain from internal evidence; there are not, however, many marks of similarity: on the whole the former is as cold, uninteresting, and improbable, as the latter is ardent, natural, and affecting. Massinger has but two deaths; while, in Fenton, six out of eleven personages perish, with nearly as much rapidity, and as little necessity as the heroes of *Tom Thumb* or *Chrononhotonthologos*.

It is said, in the title-page, to have "been often acted by his Majesty's Servants at the Black Friars." Either through ignorance or disingenuity, Coxeter and M. Mason represent it as frequently performed in 1623, giving, as in every other instance, the time of publication for that of its appearance on the stage.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,

AND MUCH ESTEEMED FOR HER HIGH BIRTH, BUT MORE ADMIRED FOR HER VIRTUE,

## THE LADY CATHERINE STANHOPE,

WIFE TO PHILIP LORD STANHOPE,

BARON OF SHELFORD.

MADAM,

If I were not most assured that works of this nature have found both patronage and protection amongst the greatest princesses* of Italy, and are at this day cherished by persons most eminent in our kingdom, I should not presume to offer these my weak and imperfect labours at the altar of your favour. Let the example of others, more knowing, and more experienced in this kindness (if my boldness offend) plead my pardon, and the rather, since there is no other means left me (my misfortunes having cast me on this course) to publish to the world (if it hold the least good opinion of me) that I am ever your ladyship's creature. Vouchsafe, therefore, with the never-failing clemency of your noble disposition, not to contemn the tender of his duty, who, while he is, will ever be

An humble Servant to your

Ladyship, and yours

PHILIP MASSINGER.

* *Princesses*] So the quarto 1623. That of 1638 exhibits *princes*, which Coxeter, and consequently M. Mason, follows

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Ludovico Sforza, *supposed duke of* Milan.
Francisco, *his especial favourite.*
Tiberio, Stephano, } *lords of his council.*
Graccho, *a creature of* Mariana.
Julio, Giovanni, } *courtiers.*
Charles *the emperor.*
Pescara, *an imperialist, but a friend to* Sforza.
Hernando, Medina, Alphonso, } *captains to the emperor.*

Three Gentlemen.
An Officer.
Two Doctors. Two Couriers.

Marcelia, *the dutchess, wife to* Sforza.
Isabella, *mother to* Sforza.
Mariana, *wife to* Francisco, *and sister to* Sforza.
Eugenia, *sister to* Francisco.
A Gentlewoman.

A Guard, Servants, Fiddlers, Attendants.

SCENE, for the first and second acts, in Milan; during part of the third, in the Imperial Camp near Pavia; the rest of the play, in Milan, and its neighbourhood.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Milan. An outer Room in the Castle*.*

*Enter* Graccho, Julio, *and* Giovanni †, *with Flaggons.*

*Grac.* Take every man his flaggon: give the oath
To all you meet; I am this day the state-drunkard,
I'm sure against my will; and if you find
A man at ten that's sober, he's a traitor,
And, in my name, arrest him.
*Jul.* Very good, sir:
But, say he be a sexton?
*Grac.* If the bells
Ring out of tune‡, as if the street were burning,
And he cry, *'Tis rare music;* bid him sleep:
'Tis a sign he has ta'en his liquor; and if you meet
An officer preaching of sobriety,
Unless he read it in Geneva print §,
Lay him by the heels.
*Jul.* But think you 'tis a fault
To be found sober?
*Grac.* It is capital treason;
Or, if you mitigate it, let such pay
Forty crowns to the poor: but give a pension
To all the magistrates you find singing catches,
Or their wives dancing; for the courtiers reeling,
And the duke himself, I dare not say distemper'd *,
But kind, and in his tottering chair carousing,
They do the country service. If you meet
One that eats bread, a child of ignorance,
And bred up in darkness of no drinking,
Against his will you may initiate him
In the true posture; though he die in the taking
His drench, it skills not†: what's a private man,
For the public honour? We've nought else to think
And so, dear friends, copartners in my travails, [on.
Drink hard; and let the health run through the city,
Until it reel again, and with me cry,
Long live the dutchess!

*Enter* Tiberio *and* Stephano.

*Jul.* Here are two lords;—what think you?
Shall we give the oath to them?
*Grac.* Fie! no: I know them,
You need not swear them; your lord, by his patent,
Stands bound to take his rouse‡. Long live the dutchess! [*Exeunt Grac. Jul. and Gio.*

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* Milan. *An outer Room in the Castle*] The old copies have no distinction of scenery; indeed, they could have none with their miserable platform and raised gallery, but what was furnished by a board with *Milan* or *Rhodes* painted upon it. I have ventured to supply it, in conformity to the modern mode of printing Shakspeare, and to consult the ease of the general reader. I know not what pricked forward Coxeter, but he thought proper (for the first time) to be precise in this Play, and specify the place of action. I can neither compliment him upon his judgment, nor Mr. M. Mason upon his good sense in following him: the description here is, "*Scene, a public Palace in* Pisa," Pisa! a place which is not once mentioned, nor even hinted at, in the whole play.

† Julio, *and* Giovanni,] These are not found among the old dramatis personæ, nor are they of much importance. In a subsequent scene, where they make their appearance as *1st* and *2nd Gentlemen*, I have taken the liberty to name them again. *Jonio*, which stood in this scene, appears to be a misprint for *Julio*.

‡ Grac. *If the bells*
Ring out of tune, &c.] i. e. backward: the usual signal of alarm, on the breaking out of fires. So in *the Captain:*
" ——certainly, my body
Is all a wildfire, for my head *rings backward.*"
Again: in *the City Match:*
" ——Then, sir, in time
You may be remember'd at the quenching of
Fired houses, when the bells *ring backward*, by
Your name upon the buckets."

§ *Unless he read it in* Geneva *print,*] Alluding to the spirituous liquor so called. M. Mason.

* ——*I dare not say* distemper'd,] i. e intoxicated: so the word is frequently used by our old writers. Thus Shirley:
" *Clear.* My lord, he's gone,
" *Lod.* How?
" *Clear. Distemper'd.*
" *Lod.* Not with wine?" *The Grateful Servant.*
It occurs also in *Hamlet.*

† ——*though he die in the taking*
*His drench,* it skills not: &c.] It matters or signifies not. So in *the Gamester:*
" *Neph.* I desire no man's privilege: it *skills not* whether I be kin to any man living."

‡ ——*your lord, by his patent,*
*Stands bound to take his* rouse.] This word has never been properly explained. It occurs in *Hamlet*, where it is said by Steevens, as well as Johnson, to mean a quantity of liquor rather too large: the latter derives it from *rusch*, half drunk, Germ. while he brings *carouse* from *gar ausz*, all out! *Rouse*

*Steph.* The cause of this? but yesterday the court
Wore the sad livery of distrust and fear;
No smile, not in a buffoon to be seen,
Or common jester: the Great Duke himself
Had sorrow in his face; which, waited on
By his mother, sister, and his fairest dutchess,
Dispersed a silent mourning through all Milan;
As if some great blow had been given the state,
Or were at least expected.

*Tib.* Stephano,
I know as you are noble, you are honest,
And capable of secrets of more weight
Than now I shall deliver. If that Sforza,
The present duke, (though his whole life hath been
But one continued pilgrimage through dangers,
Affrights, and horrors, which his fortune guided
By his strong judgment, still hath overcome,)
Appears now shaken, it deserves no wonder:
All that his youth hath labour'd for, the harvest
Sown by his industry ready to be reap'd too,
Being now at stake; and all his hopes confirm'd,
Or lost for ever.

*Steph.* I know no such hazard:
His guards are strong and sure, his coffers full;
The people well affected; and so wisely
His provident care hath wrought, that though war rages
In most parts of our western world, there is
No enemy near us.

*Tib.* Dangers, that we see
To threaten ruin, are with ease prevented;
But those strike deadly, that come unexpected:
The lightning is far off, yet, soon as seen,
We may behold the terrible effects
That it produceth. But I'll help your knowledge,
And make his cause of fear familiar to you.
The wars so long continued between
The emperor Charles, and Francis the French king,
Have interess'd, in either's cause, the most
Of the Italian princes*; among which, Sforza,
As one of greatest power, was sought by both;
But with assurance, having one his friend,
The other lived his enemy.

*Steph.* 'Tis true:
And 'twas a doubtful choice.

*Tib.* But he, well knowing,
And hating too, it seems, the Spanish pride,
Lent his assistance to the King of France:
Which hath so far incensed the emperor,
That all his hopes and honours are embark'd
With his great patron's fortune.

*Steph.* Which stands fair,
For aught I yet can hear.

*Tib.* But should it change,
The duke's undone. They have drawn to the field
Two royal armies, full of fiery youth;
Of equal spirit to dare, and power to do:
So near intrench'd †, that 'tis beyond all hope
Of human counsel they can e'er be severed,
Until it be determined by the sword,
Who hath the better cause: for the success
Concludes the victor innocent, and the vanquish'd
Most miserably guilty. How uncertain
The fortune of the war is, children know;
And, it being in suspense, on whose fair tent
Wing'd Victory will make her glorious stand,
You cannot blame the duke, though he appear
Perplex'd and troubled.

*Steph.* But why, then,
In such a time, when every knee should bend
For the success and safety of his person,
Are these loud triumphs? in my weak opinion,
They are unseasonable.

*Tib.* I judge so too;
But only in the cause to be excused.
It is the dutchess' birthday, once a year
Solemnized with all pomp and ceremony;
In which the duke is not his own, but hers:
Nay, every day, indeed, he is her creature,
For never man so doated;—but to tell
The tenth part of his fondness to a stranger,
Would argue me of fiction.

*Steph.* She's, indeed,
A lady of most exquisite form.

*Tib.* She knows it,
And how to prize it.

---

and *carouse*, however, like *vye* and *revye*, are but the reciprocation of the same action, and must therefore be derived from the same source. A *rouse* was a large glass ("not past a pint," as Iago says) in which a health was given, the drinking of which by the rest of the company formed a *carouse*. Barnaby Rich is exceedingly angry with the inventor of this custom, which, however, with a laudable zeal for the honour of his country, he attributes to an Englishman, who, it seems "had his brains beat out with a pottlepot" for his ingenuity. "In former ages," says he, "they had no conceit whereby to draw on drunkenesse," (Barnaby was no great historian,) "their best was, I drinke to you, and I pledge you, till at length some shallow-witted drunkard found out the *carouse*, an invention of that worth and worthinesse as it is pitie the first founder was not hanged, that we might have found out his name in the antient record of the hangman's register." *English Hue and Cry*, 1617, p. 24. It is necessary to add, that there could be no *rouse* or *carouse*, unless the glasses were emptied: "The leader," continues honest Barnaby, "soupes up his broath, turnes the bottom of the cuppe upward, and in ostentation of his dexteritie, gives it a phylip, to make it cry *tynge*" *id.*

In process of time, both these words were used in a laxer sense; but I believe that what is here advanced, will serve to explain many passages of our old dramatists, in which they occur in their primal and appropriate signification:

"*Nor.* I've ta'en, since supper,
A *rouse* or *two* too much, and by the gods
It warms my blood." *Knight of Malta*

This proves that Johnson and Steevens are wrong: a *rouse* has here a fixed and determinate sense. In the language of the present day it would be, a bumper or two too much Again:

"*Duke.* Come, bring some wine. Here's to my sister, gentlemen,
A *health*, and mirth to all!
"*Archas.* Pray *fill it full, sir*;
'Tis a high *health* to virtue. Here, lord Burris,
A maiden health!—
"*Duke.* Go to, no more of this.
"*Archas.* Take the *rouse* freely, sir,
'Twill warm your blood, and make you fit for jollity."
*The Loyal Subject*

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* *Have* interess'd *in either's cause the most Of the Italian princes*, &c.] So the old copies. The modern editors, much to the advantage of the rhythm, read:

"*Have* interested *in either's cause, the most*, &c."

Probably they were ignorant of the existence of such a word as *interess*, which occurs, however, pretty frequently in our old writers. Johnson considers it as synonymous with *interest*, but in some of the examples which he gives, and in many others which I could produce, it seems to convey an idea of a more intimate connexion than is usually understood by that term; somewhat, for instance, like implicate, involve, inweave, &c. in which case, it must be derived from *intreccio*, through the medium of the French. (As, one example for all, I may refer the reader to Ben Jonson's Sejanus, Act III. sc. 1.

"*Tib* By the Capitoll
And all our Gods, but that the deare Republick
Our sacred lawes, and just authoritie
Are *interessed* therein, I should be silent."—Ed.)

† *So near intrench'd*, &c.] The French army was at this time engaged in the siege of Pavia, under the walls of which the decisive battle was fought, on the 24th of February, 1525

*Steph.* I ne'er heard her tainted
In any point of honour.
*Tib.* On my life,
She's constant to his bed, and well deserves
His largest favours. But, when beauty is
Stamp'd on great women, great in birth and fortune,
And blown by flatterers greater than it is,
'Tis seldom unaccompanied with pride;
Nor is she that way free: presuming on
The duke's affection, and her own desert,
She bears herself with such a majesty,
Looking with scorn on all as things beneath her,
That Sforza's mother, that would lose no part
Of what was once her own, nor his fair sister
A lady too acquainted with her worth,
Will brook it well; and howsoe'er their hate
Is smother'd for a time, 'tis more than fear'd
It will at length break out.
*Steph.* He in whose power it is,
Turn all to the best!
*Tib.* Come, let us to the court;
We there shall see all bravery and cost,
That art can boast of.
*Steph.* I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter* Francisco, Isabella, *and* Mariana.

*Mari.* I will not go; I scorn to be a spot
In her proud train.
*Isab.* Shall I, that am his mother,
Be so indulgent, as to wait on her
That owes me duty?
*Fran.* 'Tis done to the duke,
And not to her: and, my sweet wife, remember,
And, madam, if you please, receive my counsel,
As Sforza is your son, you may command him;
And, as a sister, you may challenge from him
A brother's love and favour: but, this granted,
Consider he's the prince, and you his subjects,
And not to question or contend with her
Whom he is pleased to honour. Private men
Prefer their wives; and shall he, being a prince,
And blest with one that is the paradise
Of sweetness, and of beauty, to whose charge
The stock of women's goodness is given up,
Not use her like herself?
*Isab.* You are ever forward
To sing her praises.
*Mari.* Others are as fair;
I am sure, as noble.
*Fran.* I detract from none,
In giving her what's due. Were she deform'd,
Yet being the dutchess, I stand bound to serve her;
But, as she is, to admire her. Never wife
Met with a purer heat her husband's fervour;
A happy pair, one in the other blest!
She confident in herself he's wholly her's,
And cannot seek for change; and he secure
That 'tis not in the power of man to tempt her.
And therefore to contest with her, that is
The stronger and the better part of him,
Is more than folly: you know him of a nature
Not to be play'd with; and, should you forget
To obey him as your prince, he'll not remember
The duty that he owes you.
*Isab.* 'Tis but truth:
Come, clear our brows, and let us to the banquet;
But not to serve his idol.
*Mari.* I shall do
What may become the sister of a prince;
But will not stoop beneath it.
*Fran.* Yet, be wise;
Soar not too high to fall; but stoop to rise.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A State Room in the same.*

*Enter three* Gentlemen, *setting forth a banquet.*

1 *Gent.* Quick, quick, for love's sake! let the court put on
Her choicest outside: cost and bravery
Be only thought of.
2 *Gent.* All that may be had
To please the eye, the ear, taste, touch, or smell,
Are carefully provided.
3 *Gent.* There's a mask:
Have you heard what's the invention?
1 *Gent.* No matter:
It is intended for the dutchess' honour;
And if it give her glorious attributes,
As the most fair, most virtuous, and the rest,
'Twill please the duke. They come.
3 *Gent.* All is in order.

*Enter* Tiberio, Stephano, Francisco, Sforza, Marcellia, Isabella, Mariana, *and Attendants.*

*Sfor.* You are the mistress of the feast—sit here,
O my soul's comfort! and when Sforza bows
Thus low to do you honour, let none think
The meanest service they can pay my love,
But as a fair addition to those titles
They stand possest of. Let me glory in
My happiness, and mighty kings look pale
With envy, while I triumph in mine own.
O mother, look on her! sister, admire her!
And, since this present age yields not a woman
Worthy to be her second, borrow of
Times past, and let imagination help,
Of those canonized ladies Sparta boasts of,
And, in her greatness, Rome was proud to owe,
To fashion one; yet still you must confess,
The phœnix of perfection ne'er was seen,
But in my fair Marcella.
*Fran.* She's, indeed,
The wonder of all times.
*Tib.* Your excellence,
Though I confess, you give her but her own,
Forces * her modesty to the defence
Of a sweet blush.
*Sfor.* It need not, my Marcelia;
When most I strive to praise thee, I appear
A poor detractor: for thou art, indeed,
So absolute † in body and in mind,
That, but to speak the least part to the height,
Would ask an angel's tongue, and yet then end
In silent admiration!
*Isab.* You still court her,
As if she were a mistress, not your wife.
*Sfor.* A mistress, mother! She is more to me,
And every day deserves more to be sued to.

* Forces *her modesty*] So the edition 1623, which Coxete does not appear to have often consulted. He reads, after that of 1638, *enforces*, though it destroys the metre. Mr. M. Mason, of course, follows him.

† *So* absolute *in body and in mind*,] For this spirited reading, which is that of the first edition, the second has, *So* perfect both *in body and in mind*, and thus it stands in Coxeter and M. Mason!

Such as are cloy'd with those they have embraced.
May think their wooing done: no night to me
But is a bridal one, where Hymen lights
His torches fresh and new; and those delights,
Which are not to be clothed in airy sounds,
Enjoy'd, beget desires as full of heat
And jovial fervour, as when first I tasted
Her virgin fruit.—Blest night! and be it number'd
Amongst those happy ones, in which a blessing
Was, by the full consent of all the stars,
Conferr'd upon mankind.
*Marc.* My worthiest lord!
The only object I behold with pleasure,—
My pride, my glory, in a word, my all!
Bear witness, heaven, that I esteem myself
In nothing worthy of the meanest praise
You can bestow, unless it be in this,
That in my heart I love and honour you.
And, but that it would smell of arrogance,
To speak my strong desire and zeal to serve you,
I then could say, these eyes yet never saw
The rising sun, but that my vows and prayers
Were sent to heaven for the prosperity
And safety of my lord: nor have I ever
Had other study, but how to appear
Worthy your favour; and that my embraces
Might yield a fruitful harvest of content
For all your noble travail, in the purchase
Of her that's still your servant; by these lips,
Which, pardon me, that I presume to kiss——
*Sfor.* O swear, for ever swear *!
*Marc.* I ne'er will seek
Delight but in your pleasure; and desire,
When you are sated with all earthly glories,
And age and honours make you fit for heaven,
That one grave may receive us.
*Sfor.* 'Tis believed,
Believed, my blest one.
*Mari.* How she winds herself
Into his soul!
*Sfor.* Sit all.—Let others feed
On shore gross cates, while Sforza banquets with
Immortal viands ta'en in at his eyes.
I could live ever thus. Command the eunuch
To sing the ditty that I last composed,

*Enter a* Courier.

In praise of my Marcelia.——From whence?
*Cour.* From Pavia, my dread lord.
*Sfor.* Speak, is all lost?
*Cour.* [*Delivers a letter.*] The letter will inform you. [*Exit.*
*Fran.* How his hand shakes,
As he receives it!
*Mari.* This is some allay
To his hot passion.
*Sfor.* Though it bring death, I'll read it·

*May it please your excellence to understand, that the very hour I wrote this, I heard a bold defiance delivered by a herald from the emperor, which was cheerfully received by the King of France. The battailes being ready to join, and the vanguard committed to my charge, enforces me to end abruptly.*

*Your highness's humble servant,*

GASPERO.

* Sfor. *O swear, for ever swear!*] This is the lection of the first quarto; the second poorly reads, *O sweet, for ever swear!* and is followed by Coxeter and M. Mason.

*Ready to join!*—By this, then, I am nothing,
Or my estate secure.
*Marc.* My lord.
*Sfor.* To doubt,
Is worse than to have lost; and to despair,
Is but to antedate those miseries
That must fall on us; all my hopes depending
Upon this battle's fortune. In my soul,
Methinks, there should be that imperious power,
By supernatural, not usual means,
T' inform me what I am. The cause consider'd,
Why should I fear? The French are bold and strong,
Their numbers full, and in their councils wise;
But then, the haughty Spaniard is all fire,
Hot in his executions; fortunate
In his attempts; married to victory:—
Ay, there it is that shakes me.
*Fran.* Excellent lady
This day was dedicated to your honour;
One gale of your sweet breath will easily [none
Disperse these clouds; and, but yourself, there's
That dare speak to him.
*Marc.* I will run the hazard.
My lord!
*Sfor.* Ha!—pardon me, Marcelia, I am troubled;
And stand uncertain, whether I am master
Of aught that's worth the owning.
*Marc.* I am yours, sir;
And I have heard you swear, I being safe,
There was no loss could move you. This day, sir,
Is by your gift made mine. Can you revoke
A grant made to Marcelia? your Marcelia?—
For whose love, nay, whose honour, gentle sir,
All deep designs, and state-affairs deferr'd,
Be, as you purposed, merry.
*Sfor.* Out of my sight! [*Throws away the letter*
And all thoughts that may strangle mirth forsake me.
Fall what can fall, I dare the worst of fate:
Though the foundation of the earth should shrink,
The glorious eye of heaven lose his splendour,
Supported thus, I'll stand upon the ruins,
And seek for new life here. Why are you sad?
No other sports! by heaven, he's not my friend,
That wears one furrow in his face. I was told
There was a mask.
*Fran.* They wait your highness' pleasure,
And when you please to have it.
*Sfor.* Bid them enter:
Come, make me happy once again. I am rapt—
'Tis not to day, to morrow, or the next,
But all my days, and years shall be employ'd
To do thee honor.
*Marc.* And my life to serve you.
[*A horn sounded.*
*Sfor.* Another post! Go hang him, hang him, I say:
I will not interrupt my present pleasures,
Although his message should import my head:
Hang him, I say.
*Marc.* Nay, good sir, I am pleased
To grant a little intermission to you;
Who knows but he brings news we wish to hear,
To heighten our delights.
*Sfor.* As wise as fair!

*Enter another* Courier.

From Gaspero?
*Cour.* That was, my lord.
*Sfor.* How! dead?
*Cour.* [*Delivers a letter.*] With the delivery of this, and prayers,

To guard your excellency from certain dangers,
He ceased to be a man. [*Exit.*
*Sfor.* All that my fears
Could fashion to me, or my enemies wish,
Is fallen upon me. Silence that harsh music;
'Tis now unseasonable: a tolling bell,
As a sad harbinger to tell me, that
This pamper'd lump of flesh must feast the worms,
Is fitter for me:—I am sick.
*Marc.* My lord!
*Sfor.* Sick to the death *, Marcelia. Remove
These signs of mirth; they were ominous, and
but usher'd
Sorrow and ruin.
*Marc.* Bless us, heaven!
*Isab.* My son.
*Marc.* What sudden change is this?
*Sfor.* All leave the room;
I'll bear alone the burden of my grief,
And must admit no partner. I am yet
Your prince, where's your obedience? Stay,
Marcelia;
I cannot be so greedy of a sorrow,
In which you must not share.

*Exeunt Tiberio, Stephano, Francisco, Isabella, Mariana, and Attendants.*

*Marc.* And cheerfully
I will sustain my part. Why look you pale?
Where is that wonted constancy, and courage,
That dared the worst of fortune? where is Sforza,
To whom all dangers, that fright common men,
Appear'd but panic terrors? why do you eye me
With such fix'd looks? love, counsel, duty, service,
May flow from me, not danger.
*Sfor.* O, Marcelia!
It is for thee I fear; for thee, thy Sforza
Shakes like a coward; for myself, unmoved
I could have heard my troops were cut in pieces,
My general slain, and he, on whom my hopes
Of rule, of state, of life, had their dependence,
The King of France, my greatest friend, made prisoner
To so proud enemies †.
*Marc.* Then you have just cause
To shew you are a man.
*Sfor.* All this were nothing,
Though I add to it, that I am assured,
For giving aid to this unfortunate king,
The emperor, incens'd, lays his command
On his victorious army, flesh'd with spoil,
And bold of conquest, to march up against me,
And seize on my estates: suppose that done too,
The city ta'en, the kennels running blood,
The ransack'd temples falling on their saints;
My mother, in my sight, toss'd on their pikes,
And sister ravish'd; and myself bound fast
In chains, to grace their triumph; or what else
An enemy's insolence could load me with,
I would be Sforza still. But, when I think
That my Marcelia, to whom all these
Are but as atoms to the greatest hill,
Must suffer in my cause, and for me suffer!
All earthly torments, nay, even those the damn'd
Howl for in hell, are gentle strokes, compared
To what I feel, Marcelia.
*Marc.* Good sir, have patience:
I can as well partake your adverse fortune,
As I thus long have had an ample share
In your prosperity. 'Tis not in the power
Of fate to alter me: for while I am,
In spite of it, I'm yours.
*Sfor.* But should that will
To be so, be forced*, Marcelia; and I live
To see those eyes I prize above my own,
Dart favours, though compell'd, upon another;
Or those sweet lips, yielding immortal nectar,
Be gently touch'd by any but myself;
Think, think, Marcelia, what a cursed thing
I were, beyond expression!
*Marc.* Do not feed
Those jealous thoughts; the only blessing that
Heaven hath bestow'd on us, more than on beasts,
Is, that 'tis in our pleasure when to die.
Besides, where I now in another's power,
There are so many ways to let out life,
I would not live, for one short minute, his;
I was born only yours, and I will die so.
*Sfor.* Angels reward the goodness of this woman!

*Enter* Francisco.

All I can pay is nothing.—Why, uncall'd for?
*Fran.* It is of weight, sir, that makes me thus
press
Upon your privacies. Your constant friend,
The marquis of Pescara, tired with haste,
Hath business that concerns your life and fortunes,
And with speed, to impart.
*Sfor.* Wait on him hither: [*Exit Francisco*
And, dearest, to thy closet. Let thy prayers
Assist my councils.
*Marc.* To spare imprecations
Against myself, without you I am nothing. [*Exit.*
*Sfor.* The marquis of Pescara! a great soldier†;
And, though he serv'd upon the adverse party,
Ever my constant friend.

*Enter* Francisco *and* Pescara,

*Fran.* Yonder he walks,
Full of sad thoughts,
*Pesc.* Blame him not, good Francisco,
He hath much cause to grieve; would I might
end so,
And not add this,—to fear.
*Sfor.* My dear Pescara;
A miracle in these times! a friend, and happy,
Cleaves to a falling fortune!

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* *Sick to* the *death,*] The modern editors omit the article, no less to the injury of the metre than of the language of the poet, which was, indeed, that of the time.

† There is a striking similarity (as Mr. Gilchrist observes to me) between this passage, and the parting speech of Hector and Andromache:

Αλλ' ε μοι Τρωων τοσσον μελει αλγος οπισσω,
Ουδ' αυτης Εκαβης, ουτε Πριαμοιο ανακτος
Ουτε κασιγνητων, οι κεν πολεες τε και εσθλοι
Εν κονιησι πεσοιεν υπ' ανδρασι δυσμενεσσιν,
Οσσον σει, κ. τ. α. Il. vi, 450.

* *But should that will*
*To be so,* be *forced,*] I have ventured to insert *be,* which was probably dropt at the press, before *forced.* (In the Edit. of 1813, Mr. Gifford being diffident of the correctness of his emendation, has supplied the place of the inserted *be,* by spaces, thus - - -. I have however retained his original correction, which I think superior to the subsequent one, although unnecessary to the rhythm and perhaps rendering the verse rather harsh.—Ed.)

† Sfor. *The marquis of Pescara! a* great soldier;] The duke does not exaggerate the merits of Pescara: he was, indeed, a *great soldier,* a fortunate commander, an able negociator, in a word, one of the greatest ornaments of a period which abounded in extraordinary characters.

*Pesc.* If it were
As well in my weak power, in act, to raise it,
As 'tis to bear a part of sorrow with you,
You then should have just cause to say, Pescara
Look'd not upon your state, but on your virtues,
When he made suit to be writ in the list
Of those you favour'd.——But my haste forbids
All compliment; thus, then sir, to the purpose:
The cause that, unattended, brought me hither,
Was not to tell you of your loss, or danger;
For fame hath many wings to bring ill tidings,
And I presume you've heard it; but to give you
Such friendly counsel, as, perhaps, may make
Your sad disaster less.
*Sfor.* Your are all goodness:
And I give up myself to be disposed of,
As in your wisdom you think fit.
*Pesc.* Thus, then, sir:
To hope you can hold out against the emperor,
Were flattery in yourself*, to your undoing:
Therefore, the safest course that you can take,
Is, to give up yourself to his discretion,
Before you be compell'd; for, rest assured,
A voluntary yielding may find grace,
And will admit defence, at least excuse:
But, should you linger doubtful, till his powers
Have seized your person and estates perforce,
You must expect extremes.
*Sfor.* I understand you;
And I will put your counsel into act,
And speedily. I only will take order
For some domestical affairs, that do
Concern me nearly, and with the next sun
Ride with you: in the mean time, my best friend,
Pray take your rest.
*Prec.* Indeed, I have travell'd hard;
And will embrace your counsel. [*Exit.*
*Sfor.* With all care,
Attend my noble friend. Stay you, Francisco.
You see how things stand with me?
*Fran.* To my grief:
And if the loss of my poor life could be
A sacrifice to restore them as they were,
I willingly would lay it down.
*Sfor.* I think so;
For I have ever found you true and thankful,
Which makes me love the building I have raised
In your advancement; and repent no grace
I have conferr'd upon you. And, believe me,
Though now I should repeat my favours to you,
The titles I have given you, and the means
Suitable to your honours; that I thought you
Worthy my sister and my family,
And in my dukedom made you next myself;
It is not to upbraid you; but to tell you
I find you are worthy of them, in your love
And service to me.
*Fran.* Sir, I am your creature;
And any shape, that you would have me wear,
I gladly will put on.
*Sfor.* Thus, then, Francisco:
I now am to deliver to your trust
A weighty secret; of so strange a nature,
And 'twill, I know, appear so monstrous to you,
That you will tremble in the execution,
As much as I am tortured to command it:
For 'tis a deed so horrid, that, but to hear it,
Would strike into a ruffian flesh'd in murders,
Or an obdurate hangman, soft compassion;
And yet, Francisco, of all men the dearest,
And from me most deserving, such my state
And strange condition is, that thou alone
Must know the fatal service, and perform it.
*Fran.* These preparations, sir, to work a stranger,
Or to one unacquainted with your bounties,
Might appear useful; but to me they are
Needless impertinencies: for I dare do
Whate'er you dare command.
*Sfor.* But you must swear it;
And put into the oath all joys or torments
That fright the wicked, or confirm the good;
Not to conceal it only, that is nothing,
But, whensoe'er my will shall speak, Strike now!
To fall upon't like thunder.
*Fran.* Minister
The oath in any way or form you please,
I stand resolved to take it.
*Sfor.* Thou must do, then,
What no malevolent star will dare to look on,
It is so wicked: for which men will curse thee
For being the instrument; and the blest angels
Forsake me at my need, for being the author:
For 'tis a deed of night, of night, Francisco!
In which the memory of all good actions
We can pretend to, shall be buried quick:
Or, if we be remember'd, it shall be
To fright posterity by our example,
That have outgone all precedents of villains
That were before us; and such as succeed,
Though taught in hell's black school, shall ne'er
Art thou not shaken yet? [come near us.
*Fran.* I grant you move me:
But to a man confirm'd——
*Sfor.* I'll try your temper:
What think you of my wife?
*Fran.* As a thing sacred;
To whose fair name and memory I pay gladly
These signs of duty.
*Sfor.* Is she not the abstract
Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in woman?
*Fran.* It were a kind of blasphemy to dispute it:
But to the purpose, sir.
*Sfor.* Add too, her goodness,
Her tenderness of me, her care to please me,
Her unsuspected chastity, ne'er equall'd;
Her innocence, her honour:—O, I am lost
In the ocean of her virtues and her graces,
When I think of them!
*Fran.* Now I find the end
Of all your conjurations; there's some service
To be done for this sweet lady. If she have enemies
That she would have removed——
*Sfor.* Alas! Francisco,
Her greatest enemy is her greatest lover;
Yet, in that hatred, her idolater.
One smile of her's would make a savage tame;
One accent of that tongue would calm the seas,
Though all the winds at once strove there for empire.
Yet I, for whom she thinks all this too little,
Should I miscarry in this present journey,
From whence it is all number to a cipher,
I ne'er return with honour, by thy hand
Must have her murder'd.
*Fran.* Murder'd!—She that loves so,
And so deserves to be beloved again!

* *Were* flattery *in yourself.*] So, both the quartos; the modern editors read, *Were* flattering *yourself.*

And I, who sometimes you were pleased to favour,
Pick'd out the intrument!
*Sfor.* Do not fly off:
What is decreed can never be recall'd;
'Tis more than love to her, that marks her out
A wish'd companion to me in both fortunes:
And strong assurance of thy zealous faith,
That gives up to thy trust a secret, that
Racks should not have forced from me. O, Francisco!
There is no heaven without her; nor a hell,
Where she resides. I ask from her but justice,
And what I would have paid to her, had sickness,
Or any other accident, divorced
Her purer soul from her unspotted body*.
The slavish Indian princes, when they die,
Are cheerfully attended to the fire,
By the wife and slave that, living, they loved best,
To do them service in another world:
Nor will I be less honour'd, that love more.
And therefore trifle not, but in thy looks
Express a ready purpose to perform
What I command; or, by Marcelia's soul,
This is thy latest minute.
*Fran.* 'Tis not fear
Of death, but love to you, makes me embrace it:
But for mine own security, when 'tis done,
What warrant have I? If you please to sign one,
I shall, though with unwillingness and horror,
Perform your dreadful charge.
*Sfor.* I will, Francisco:
But still remember, that a prince's secrets
Are balm, conceal'd; but poison, if discover'd.
I may come back; then this is but a trial
To purchase thee, if it were possible,
A nearer place in my affection:—but
I know thee honest.
*Fran.* 'Tis a character
I will not part with.
*Sfor.* I may live to reward it*. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. An open Space before the Castle.*

*Enter* Tiberio *and* Stephano.

*Steph.* How, left the court!
*Tib.* Without guard or retinue
Fitting a prince.
*Steph.* No enemy near, to force him
To leave his own strengths, yet deliver up
Himself, as 'twere, in bonds, to the discretion
Of him that hates him! 'tis beyond example.
You never heard the motives that induced him
To this strange course?
*Tib.* No, those are cabinet councils,
And not to be communicated, but
To such as are his own, and sure. Alas!
We fill up empty places, and in public
Are taught to give our suffrages to that
Which was before determined; and are safe so.
Signior Francisco (upon whom alone
His absolute power is with all strength conferr'd,
During his absence) can with ease resolve you:
To me they are riddles.
*Steph.* Well, he shall not be
My Œdipus; I'll rather dwell in darkness.
But, my good lord Tiberio, this Francisco
Is, on the sudden, strangely raised.
*Tib.* O sir
He took the tariving course: he had a sister†,
A fair one too, with whom, as it is rumour'd,
The duke was too familiar; but she, cast off
(What promises soever past between them)
Upon the sight of this†, forsook the court,
And since was never seen. To smother this,
As honours never fail to purchase silence,
Francisco first was graced, and, step by step,
Is raised up to this height.
*Steph.* But how is
His absence born?
*Tib.* Sadly, it seems, by the dutchess;
For since he left the court,
For the most part she hath kept her private chamber,
No visitants admitted. In the church,
She hath been seen to pay her pure devotions
Season'd with tears; and sure her sorrow's true,
Or deeply counterfeited; pomp, and state,
And bravery cast of: and she, that lately
Rivall'd Poppæa in her varied shapes,
Or the Egyptian queen, now, widow-like,
In sable colours, as her husband's dangers
Strangled in her the use of any pleasure,
Mourns for his absence.
*Steph.* It becomes her virtue,
And does confirm what was reported of her.
*Tib.* You take it right: but, on the other side,
The darling of his mother, Mariana,
As there were an antipathy between
Her and the dutchess' passions; and as
She'd no dependence on her brother's fortune,
She ne'er appear'd so full of mirth.
*Steph.* 'Tis strange.

*Enter* Graccho *with* Fiddlers.

But see! her favourite, and accompanied,
To your report.
*Grac.* You shall scrape, and I will sing
A scurvy ditty to a scurvy tune,
Repine who dares.

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* *Her* purer *soul from her unspotted body.*] *Purer* is used in perfect concurrence with the practice of Massinger's contemporaries, for *pure*, the comparative for the positive. See the Unnatural Combat.

† ——*He had a sister*, &c.] There is great art in this introduction of the sister. In the management of these preparatory hints, Massinger surpasses all his contemporaries. In Beaumont and Fletcher, "the end sometimes forgets the beginning;" and even Shakspeare is not entirely free from inattentions of a similar nature. I will not here praise the general felicity of our author's plots; but whatever they were, he seems to have minutely arranged all the component parts before a line of the dialogue was written.

* The observations in the Essay prefixed to this Volume, preclude the necessity of any remarks from me, on this admirable scene: as it seems, however, to have engrossed the critic's attention, (to the manifest neglect of the rest,) let me suggest, in justice to the author, that it is equalled, if not surpassed, by some of the succeeding ones, and, among the rest, by that which concludes the second act.

† *Upon the sight of* this, &c.] i. e. of the present dutchess. M. Mason.

1 *Fid.* But, if we should offend,
The dutchess having silenced us;—and these lords
Stand by to hear us.
*Grac.* They in name are lords,
But I am one in power: and, for the dutchess,
But yesterday we were merry for her pleasure,
We now'll be for my lady's.
*Tib.* Signior Graccho.
*Grac.* A poor man, sir, a servant to the princess;
But you, great lords* and counsellors of state,
Whom I stand bound to reverence.
*Tib.* Come; we know
You are a man in grace.
*Grac.* Fie! no: I grant,
I bear my fortunes patiently; serve the princess,
And have access at all times to her closet,
Such is my impudence! when your grave lordships
Are masters of the modesty to attend
Three hours, nay sometimes four; and then bid
Upon her the next morning. [wait
*Steph.* He derides us.
*Tib.* Pray you, what news is stirring? you know
*Grac.* Who, I? alas! I've no intelligence [all.
At home nor abroad; I only sometimes guess
The change of the times: I should ask of your lordships
Who are to keep their honours, who to lose them:
Who the dutchess smiled on last, or on whom frown'd,
You only can resolve me; we poor waiters
Deal, as you see, in mirth, and foolish fiddles:
It is our element? and—could you tell me
What point of state 'tis that I am commanded
To muster up this music, on mine honesty,
You should much befriend me.
*Steph.* Sirrah, you grow saucy.
*Tib.* And would be laid by the heels.
*Grac.* Not by your lordships,
Without a special warrant; look to your own stakes;
Were I committed, here come those would bail me:
Perhaps, we might change places too.

*Enter* ISABELLA, *and* MARIANA.

*Tib.* The princess!
We must be patient.
*Steph.* There is no contending.
*Tib.* See, the informing rogue!
*Steph.* That we should stoop
To such a mushroom!
*Mari.* Thou dost mistake; they durst not
Use the least word of scorn, although provoked,
To any thing of mine. Go, get you home,
And to your servants, friends, and flatterers number
How many descents you're noble:—look to your wives too:
The smooth-chinn'd courtiers are abroad.
*Tib.* No way to be a freeman!
*Exeunt Tiberio and Stephano.*
*Grac.* Your excellence hath the best gift to dispatch
These arras pictures of nobility,
I ever read of.
*Mari.* I can speak sometimes.
*Grac.* And cover so your bitter pills, with sweet-
Of princely language to forbid reply, [ness,
They are greedily swallowed.
*Isab.* But to the purpose, daughter,
That brings us hither. Is it to bestow
A visit on this woman, that, because
She only would be thought truly to grieve
The absence and the dangers of my son,
Proclaims a general sadness?
*Mari.* If to vex her
May be interpreted to do her honour,
She shall have many of them. I'll make use
Of my short reign: my lord now governs all;
And she shall know that her idolater,
My brother, being not by now to protect her,
I am her equal.
*Grac.* Of a little thing,
It is so full of gall*! A devil of this size,
Should they run for a wager to be spiteful.
Gets not a horse-head of her. [*Aside,*
*Mari.* On her birthday,
We were forced to be merry, and now she's musty,
We must be sad, on pain of her displeasure:
We will, we will! this is her private chamber,
Where, like an hypocrite, not a true turtle,
She seems to mourn her absent mate; her servants
Attending her like mutes: but I'll speak to her,
And in a high key too. Play any thing
That's light and loud enough but to torment her,
And we will have rare sport. [*Music and a song*†.

MARCELIA *appears at a Window above, in black.*

*Isab.* She frowns as if
Her looks could fright us.
*Mari.* May it please your greatness,
We heard that your late physic hath not work'd;
And that breeds melancholy, as your doctor tells us
To purge which, we, that are born your highness vassals,
And are to play the fool to do you service,
Present you with a fit of mirth. What think you
Of a new antic?
*Isab.* 'Twould show rare in ladies.
*Mari.* Being intended for so sweet a creature,
Were she but pleased to grace it.
*Isab.* Fie! she will,
Be it ne'er so mean; she's made of courtesy.
*Mari.* The mistress of all hearts. One smile, I pray you,
On your poor servants, or a fiddler's fee;
Coming from those fair hands, though but a ducat,
We will inshrine it as a holy relic.
*Isab.* 'Tis wormwood, and it works.
*Marc.* If I lay by
My fears and griefs, in which you should be sharers,
If doting age could let you but remember,
You have a son; or frontless impudence,
You are a sister; and in making answer,

* *But you, great lords,* &c.] So the old copies. Mr. M. Mason chooses to deviate from them, and read *But you are great lords,* &c. Never was alteration more unnecessary.

* Grac. *Of a* little thing,
*It is so full of gall!*] Nothing more strongly marks the poverty of the stage in those times, than the frequent allusions we find to the size of the actors, which may be considered as a kind of apology to the audience. It is not possible to ascertain who played the part of Mariana, but it was, not improbably, Theophilus Bourne, who acted Paulina in *the Renegado*, where an expression of the same nature occurs. Domitilla, in *the Roman Actor*, is also little; she was played by John Hunnieman. I do not condemn these indirect apologies; indeed, there appears to be something of good sense in them, and of proper deference to the understandings of the audience. At present, we run intrepidly into every species of absurdity, men and women unwieldly at once from age and fatness, take upon them the parts of active boys and girls; and it is not only in a pantomime that we are accustomed to see children of six feet high in leading strings!

† *A song.*] This, like many others, does not appear; it was probably supplied at pleasure, by the actors

To what was most unfit for you to speak,
Or me to hear, borrow of my just anger——
*Isab.* A set speech, on my life.
*Mari.* Penn'd by her chaplain. [speak,
*Marc.* Yes, it* can speak, without instruction
And tell your want of manners, that you are rude,
And saucily rude, too.
*Grac.* Now the game begins.
*Marc.* You durst not, else, on any hire or hope,
Remembering what I am, and whose I am,
Put on the desperate boldness, to disturb
The least of my retirements.
*Mari.* Note her, now. [presume
*Marc.* For both shall understand, though the one
Upon the privilege due to a mother,
The duke stands now on his own legs, and needs
No nurse to lead him.
*Isab.* How, a nurse!
*Marc.* A dry one,
And useless too:—but I am merciful,
And dotage signs your pardon.
*Isab.* I defy thee;
Thee, and thy pardons, proud one.
*Marc.* For you, puppet——
*Mari.* What of me, pine-tree† !
*Marc.* Little you are, I grant,
And have as little worth, but much less wit;
You durst not else, the duke being wholly mine,
His power and honour mine, and the allegiance,
You owe him, as a subject, due to me——
*Mari.* To you?
*Marc.* To me: and therefore, as a vassal,
From this hour learn to serve me, or you'll fee.
I must make use of my authority,
And, as a princess, punish it.
*Isab.* A princess!
*Mari.* I had rather be a slave unto a Moor,
Than know thee for my equal.
*Isab.* Scornful thing!
Proud of a white face.
*Mari.* Let her but remember‡
The issue in her leg.
*Isab.* The charge she puts
The state to, for perfumes.
*Mari.* And howsoe'er
She seems when she's made up, as she's herself,
She stinks above the ground. O that I could reach
The little one you scorn so, with her nails [you!
Would tear your painted face, and scratch those
Do but come down. [eyes out.
*Marc.* Were there no other way,
But leaping on thy neck, to break mine own,
Rather than be outbraved thus. [*She retires.*
*Grac.* Forty ducats
Upon the little hen: she's of the kind,
And will not leave the pit. [*Aside.*
*Mari.* That it were lawful
To meet her with a poniard and a pistol!
But these weak hands shall shew my spleen.

*Re-enter* Marcelia *below.*

*Marc.* Where are you?
You modicum, you dwarf!
*Mari.* Here, giantess, here.
*Enter* Francisco, Tiberio, *and* Stephano.
*Fran.* A tumult in the court!
*Mari.* Let her come on.
*Fran.* What wind hath raised this tempest?
Sever them, I command you. What's the cause?
Speak, Mariana.
*Mari.* I am out of breath;
But we shall meet, we shall.—And do you hear sir!
Or right me on this monster, (she's three feet
Too high for a woman,) or ne'er look to have
A quiet hour with me.
*Isab.* If my son were here,
And would endure this, may a mother's curse
Pursue and overtake him!
*Fran.* O forbear:
In me he's present, both in power and will;
And, madam, I much grieve that, in his absence,
There should arise the least distaste to move you:
It being his principal, nay, only charge,
To have you, in his absence, served and honour'd,
As when himself perform'd the willing office.
*Mari.* This is fine, i'faith.
*Grac.* I would I were well off! [not,
*Fran.* And therefore, I beseech you, madam, frown
Till most unwittingly he hath deserved it,
On your poor servant; to your excellence
I ever was and will be such; and lay
The duke's authority, trusted to me,
With willingness at your feet.
*Mari.* O base!
*Isab.* We are like
To have an equal judge!
*Fran.* But, should I find
That you are touch'd in any point of honour
Or that the least neglect is fall'n upon you,
I then stand up a prince.
1 *Fid.* Without reward,
Pray you dismiss us.
*Grac.* Would I were five leagues hence!
*Fran.* I will be partial
To none, not to myself;
Be you but pleased to shew me my offence,
Or if you hold me in your good opinion,
Name those that have offended you.
*Isab.* I am one,
And I will justify it.
*Mari.* Thou art a base fellow,
To take her part.
*Fran.* Remember, she's the dutchess.
*Marc.* But used with more contempt, than if I were
A peasant's daughter; baited, and hooted at,
Like to a common strumpet; with loud noises
Forced from my prayers; and my private chamber,
Which, with all willingness, I would make my prison

* Marc. *Yes,* it *can speak,*] So the old copies: the modern editions, *Yes, I can speak!*

† Marc. *For you,* puppet——
Mari. *What of me,* pine-tree?]
" Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures"——
*Puppet* and *may-pole*, and many other terms of equal elegance are bandied about between Hermia and Helena, in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, which is here too closely imitated. I forbear to quote the passages, which are familiar to every reader of Shakspeare.

‡ Mari. *Let her but remember,* &c.] For this, Massinger is indebted to less respectable authority, to the treacherous loquacity of the dutchess's waiting woman, in her midnight conference with Don Quixote. These traits, however disgusting, are not without their value; they strongly mark the prevailing features of the times, which are universally coarse and indelicate: they exhibit also a circumstance worthy of particular notice, namely, that those vigorous powers of genius which carry men far beyond the literary state of their age, do not enable them to outgo that of its manners. This must serve as an apology for our author; indeed, it is the only one that can be offered for many who stand higher in the ranks of fame than Massinger, and who have still more need of it.

During the absence of my lord, denied me:
But if he e'er return——
*Fran.* Were you an actor
In this lewd comedy?
*Mari.* Ay, marry was I;
And will be one again.
*Isab.* I'll join with her,
Though you repine at it.
*Fran.* Think not, then, I speak,
For I stand bound to honour, and to serve you,
But that the duke, that lives in this great lady,
For the contempt of him in her, commands you
To be close prisoners.
*Isab. Mari.* Prisoners!
*Fran.* Bear them hence;
This is your charge, my lord Tiberio,
And, Stephano, this is yours.
*Marc.* I am not cruel,
But pleased they may have liberty.
*Isab.* Pleased, with a mischief!
*Mari.* I'll rather live in any loathsome dungeon,
Than in a paradise at her entreaty:
And, for you, upstart——
*Steph.* There is no contending.
*Tib.* What shall become of these?
*Fran.* See them well whipp'd,
As you will answer it.
*Tib.* Now, signior Graccho,
What think you* of your greatness?
*Grac.* I preach patience,
And must endure my fortune.
1 *Fid.* I was never yet
At such a hunt's-up†, nor was so rewarded.
[*Exeunt all but Francisco and Marcelia.*
*Fran.* Let them first know themselves, and how you are
To be served and honour'd; which, when they confess,
You may again receive them to your favour:
And then it will shew nobly.
*Marc.* With my thanks
The duke shall pay you his, if he return
To bless us with his presence.
*Fran.* There is nothing
That can be added to your fair acceptance;
That is the prize, indeed; all else are blanks.
And of no value. As, in virtuous actions,
The undertaker finds a full reward,
Although conferr'd upon unthankful men;
So, any service done to so much sweetness,
However dangerous, and subject to
An ill construction, in your favour finds
A wish'd, and glorious end.
*Marc.* From you, I take this
As loyal duty; but, in any other,
It would appear gross flattery.
*Fran.* Flattery, madam!
You are so rare and excellent in all things,
And raised so high upon a rock of goodness,
As that vice cannot reach you*; who but looks on
This temple, built by nature to perfection,
But must bow to it; and out of that zeal,
Not only learn to adore it, but to love it?
*Marc.* Whither will this fellow? [*Aside.*
*Fran.* Pardon, therefore, madam,
If an excess in me of humble duty,
Teach me to hope, and though it be not in
The power of man to merit such a blessing,
My piety, for it is more than love,
May find reward.
*Marc.* You have it in my thanks;
And, on my hand, I am pleased that you shall take
A full possession of it; but, take heed
That you fix here, and feed no hope beyond it;
If you do, it will prove fatal.
*Fran.* Be it death,
And death with torments tyrants ne'er found out,
Yet I must say, I love you.
*Marc.* As a subject;
And 'twill become you.
*Fran.* Farewell circumstance!
And since you are not pleased to understand me,
But by a plain and usual form of speech;
All superstitious reverence laid by,
I love you as a man, and, as a man,
I would enjoy you. Why do you start, and fly me?
I am no monster, and you but a woman,
A woman made to yield, and by example
Told it is lawful: favours of this nature,
Are, in our age, no miracles in the greatest;
And, therefore, lady——
*Marc.* Keep off. O you Powers!——
Libidinous beast! and, add to that, unthankful!
A crime, which creatures wanting reason, fly from;
Are all the princely bounties, favours, honours,
Which, with some prejudice to his own wisdom,
Thy lord and raiser hath conferr'd upon thee,
In three days absence buried? Hath he made thee,
A thing obscure, almost without a name,
The envy of great fortunes? Have I graced thee,
Beyond thy rank, and entertain'd thee, as
A friend, and not a servant? and is this,
This impudent attempt to taint mine honour,
The fair return of both our ventured favours!
*Fran.* Hear my excuse.
*Marc.* The devil may plead mercy,
And with as much assurance, as thou yield one,
Burns lust so hot in thee? or is thy pride
Grown up to such a height, that, but a princess,
No woman can content thee; and, add to it,
His wife and princess, to whom thou art tied
In all the bonds of duty?—Read my life,
And find one act of mine so loosely carried,
That could invite a most self-loving fool,

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* Tib. *Now Signior Graccho,*
*What* think you *of your greatness?*] So the first quarto. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason follow the second, which reads, What's become *of your greatness?*

† 1 Fid. *I was never yet*
*At such a* hunt's-up,] The *hunt's-up* was a lesson on the horn, played under the windows of sportsmen, to call them up in the morning. It was, probably, sufficiently obstreperous, for it is frequently applied by our old writers, as in this place, to any noise or clamour of an awakening or alarming nature. The tune, or rather, perhaps, the words to it, was composed by one Gray, in the time of Henry VIII. who, as Puttenham tells us, in his *Art of English Poesy*, was much pleased with it. Of its popularity there can be no doubt, for it was one of the songs travestied by the Scotch Reformers into "ane gude and godly ballate," for the edification of the elect. The first stanza of the original is come down to us:

"The hunte is up, the hunte is up,
And nowe it is almost daye;
And he that's in bed with another man's wife,
It is time to get awaye."

The tune, I suppose, is lost; but we have a *hunt's-up* of our own, which is still played under the windows of the sluggish sportsman, and consists of a chorus of men, dogs, and horns, not a little alarming.

* *As* that vice cannot *reach you;*] i. e. flattery: Coxeter deserts the old copies here, and reads, I know not for what reason,

*That* vice can never *reach you!*

His Achates follows him, as usual.

Set off with all that fortune could throw on him,
To the least hope to find way to my favour;
And, what's the worst mine enemies could wish me,
I'll be thy strumpet.

*Fran.* 'Tis acknowledged, madam,
That your whole course of life hath been a pattern
For chaste and virtuous women. In your beauty,
Which I first saw, and loved, as a fair crystal,
I read your heavenly mind, clear and untainted;
And while the duke did prize you to your value,
Could it have been in man to pay that duty,
I well might envy him, but durst not hope
To stop you in your full career of goodness:
But now I find that he's fall'n from his fortune,
And, howsoever he would appear doting,
Grown cold in his affection; I presume,
From his most barbarous neglect of you,
To offer my true service. Nor stand I bound,
To look back on the courtesies of him,
That, of all living men, is most unthankful.

*Marc.* Unheard-of impudence!

*Fran.* You'll say I am modest,
When I have told the story. Can he tax me,
That have received some worldly trifles from him,
For being ungrateful; when he, that first tasted,
And hath so long enjoy'd, your sweet embraces,
In which all blessings that our frail condition
Is capable of, are wholly comprehended,
As cloy'd with happiness, contemns the giver
Of his felicity! and, as he reach'd not
The masterpiece of mischief which he aims at,
Unless he pay those favours he stands bound to,
With fell and deadly hate!—You think he loves you
With unexampled fervour; nay, dotes on you,
As there were something in you more than woman:
When, on my knowledge, he long since hath wish'd
You were among the dead;—and I, you scorn so,
Perhaps, am your preserver.

*Marc.* Bless me, good angels,
Or I am blasted! Lies so false and wicked,
And fashion'd to so damnable a purpose,
Cannot be spoken by a human tongue.
My husband hate me! give thyself the lie,
False and accurs'd! Thy soul, if thou hast any,
Can witness, never lady stood so bound
To the unfeign'd affection of her lord,
As I do to my Sforza. If thou wouldst work
Upon my weak credulity, tell me, rather,
That the earth moves; the sun and stars stand still;
The ocean keeps nor floods nor ebbs; or that
There's peace between the lion and the lamb;
Or that the ravenous eagle and the dove
Keep in one aerie*, and bring up their young;
Or any thing that is averse to nature:
And I will sooner credit it, than that
My lord can think of me, but as a jewel,
He loves more than himself, and all the world.

*Fran.* O innocence abused! simplicity cozen'd!
It were a sin, for which we have no name,
To keep you longer in this wilful error.
Read his affection here;—[*Gives her a paper.*]—and then observe
How dear he holds you! 'Tis his character,
Which cunning yet could never counterfeit.

*Marc.* 'Tis his hand, I'm resolved* of it. I'll try
What the inscription is.

*Fran.* Pray you, do so.

Marc. [reads.] *You know my pleasure, and the hour of Marcelia's death, which fail not to execute, as you will answer the contrary, not with your head alone, but with the ruin of your whole family. And this, written with mine own hand, and signed with my privy signet, shall be your sufficient warrant.*

Lodovico Sforza.

I do obey it; every word's a poniard,
And reaches to my heart. [*She swoons.*

*Fran.* What have I done!
Madam! for heaven's sake, madam!—O my fate!
I'll bend her body†: this is, yet, some pleasure:
I'll kiss her into a new life. Dear lady!—
She stirs. For the duke's sake, for Sforza's sake—

*Marc.* Sforza's! stand off; though dead, I will be his,
And even my ashes shall abhor the touch,
Of any other.—O unkind, and cruel!
Learn, women, learn to trust in one another;
There is no faith in man: Sforza is false,
False to Marcelia!

*Fran.* But I am true,
And live to make you happy. All the pomp,
State, and observance you had, being his,
Compared to what you shall enjoy, when mine,
Shall be no more remember'd. Lose his memory,
And look with cheerful beams on your new creature;
And know, what he hath plotted for your good,
Fate cannot alter. If the emperor
Take not his life, at his return he dies,
And by my hand; my wife, that is his heir,
Shall quickly follow:—then we reign alone!
For with this arm I'll swim through seas of blood,
Or make a bridge, arch'd with the bones of men,
But I will grasp my aims in you, my dearest,
Dearest, and best of women‡!

*Marc.* Thou art a villain!
All attributes of archvillains made into one,
Cannot express thee. I prefer the hate
Of Sforza though it mark me for the grave,
Before thy base affection. I am yet
Pure and unspotted in my true love to him;
Nor shall it be corrupted, though he's tainted:
Nor will I part with innocence, because
He is found guilty. For thyself, thou art
A thing, that, equal with the devil himself,
I do detest and scorn.

*Fran.* Thou, then, art nothing:

---

* *Or that the ravenous eagle and the dove Kept in one* aerie,] i. e. in one nest. Mr. M. Mason degrades Massinger and himself, by reading, *Keep in one* aviary! Such rashness, and such incompetence, it is to be hoped, do not often meet in one person.

* *'Tis his hand, I'm* resolved *of it.*] I am convinced of it: so the word is frequently used by Massinger's contemporaries. Thus Fletcher, in *the Faithful Shepherdess:*

"But be they far from me with their fond terror!—
I am *resolved* my Chloe yet is true."

And Webster, in *the White Devil:*

"I am *resolved*,
Were there a second paradise to lose,
This devil would betray it."

† *I'll* bend *her body*:]—to try if there be any life in it Thus, in *the Maid's Tragedy:*

"I've heard, if there be any life, but *bow*
The body thus, and it will show itself."

‡ *But I will* grasp my aims in you, *my dearest, Dearest, and best of women!*] It would scarcely be credited, if we had not the proof before us, that for this bold and animated expression, which is that of both the quartos, Mr. M. Mason should presume to print, *But I will* grasp you in my arms, in the tame rant of modern comedy. Coxeter's reading is simple nonsense, which is better than specious sophistication, as it excites suspicion.

Thy life is in my power, disdainful woman!
Think on't, and tremble.
*Marc.* No, though thou wert now
To play thy hangman's part.—Thou well may'st be
My executioner, and art only fit
For such employment; but ne'er hope to have
The least grace from me. I will never see thee,
But as the shame of men: so, with my curses
Of horror to thy conscience in this life,
And pains in hell hereafter, I spit at thee;
And, making haste to make my peace with heaven,
Expect thee as my hangman. [*Exit.*

*Fran.* I am lost
In the discovery of this fatal secret.
Curs'd hope, that flatter'd me, that wrongs could make her
A stranger to her goodness! all my plots
Turn back upon myself; but I am in,
And must go on: and, since I have put off
From the shore of innocence, guilt be now my pilot!
Revenge first wrought me*; murder's his twin-brother:
One deadly sin, then, help to cure another; [*Exit.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The* Imperial Camp, *Before* Pavia.

*Enter* MEDINA, HERNANDO, *and* ALPHONSO,

*Med.* The spoil, the spoil? 'tis that the soldier fights for.
Our victory, as yet, affords us nothing
But wounds and empty honour. We have pass'd
The hazard of a dreadful day, and forced
A passage with our swords through all the dangers
That, page-like, wait on the success of war;
And now expect reward.
*Hern.* Hell put it in
The enemy's mind to be desperate, and hold out!
Yieldings and compositions will undo us;
And what is that way given, for the most part,
Comes to the emperor's coffers, to defray
The charge of the great action, as 'tis rumour'd;
When, usually, some thing in grace, that ne'er heard
The cannon's roaring tongue, but at a triumph,
Puts in, and for his intercession shares
All that we fought for; the poor soldier left
To starve, or fill up hospitals.
*Alph.* But, when
We enter towns by force, and carve ourselves,
Pleasure with pillage, and the richest wines,
Open our shrunk-up veins, and pour into them
New blood and fervour——
*Med.* I long to be at it;
To see these chuffs*, that every day may spend
A soldier's entertainment for a year,
Yet make a third meal of a bunch of raisins†:
These sponges, that suck up a kingdom's fat,
Battening like scarabs † in the dung of peace,
To be squeezed out by the rough hand of war;
And all that their whole lives have heap'd together;
By cozenage, perjury, or sordid thrift,
With one gripe to be ravish'd.
*Hern.* I would be tousing
Their fair madonas, that in little dogs,
Monkeys, and paraquittos, consume thousands:
Yet, for the advancement of a noble action,
Repine to part with a poor piece of eight:
War's plagues upon them! I have seen them stop
Their scornful noses first, then seem to swoon,
At sight of a buff jerkin, if it were not
Perfumed, and hid with gold: yet these nice wantons,
Spurr'd on by lust, cover'd in some disguise,
To meet some rough court-stallion, and be leap'd
Durst enter into any common brothel,
Though all varieties of stink contend there;
Yet praise the entertainment.
*Med.* I may live
To see the tatter'd'st rascals of my troop
Drag them out of their closets with a vengeance;
When neither threatening, flattering, kneeling, howling,
Can ransome one poor jewel, or redeem
Themselves, from their blunt wooing.
*Hern.* My main hope is,
To begin the sport at Milan: there's enough,
And of all kinds of pleasure we can wish for,
To satisfy the most covetous.
*Alph.* Every day,
We look for a remove.
*Med.* For Lodowick Sforza,
The duke of Milan, I, on mine own knowledge,

* *To see these* chuffs,] So it stood in every edition before Mr. M. Mason's, when it was altered to *choughs*, and explained in a note, to mean *magpies!* What magpies could have to do here, it would, perhaps, have puzzled the editor, had he thought at all on the subject, to discover. The truth is, that *chuff* is the genuine word: it is always used in a bad sense, and means a coarse unmannered clown, at once sordid and wealthy.

† *Yet make a* third *meal of a bunch of raisins:*] So all the old copies: and so, indeed, Coxeter; but Mr. M. Mason, whose sagacity nothing escapes, detected the poet's blunder, and for *third* suggested, nay, actually printed, *thin*. "This passage," quoth he, "appears to be erroneous: the making a *third* meal of raisins, if they made two good meals before, would be no proof of penuriousness. I therefore read *thin*."

Seriously, was ever alteration so capricious, was ever reasoning so absurd? Where is it said that these chuffs "had made two good meals before?" Is not the whole tendency of the speech to shew that they starved themselves in the midst of abundance? and are not the reproaches such, as have been cast, in all ages, by men of Medina's stamp, on the sober and frugal citizen, who lived within his income? "Surely," says Plotwell, in *the City Match*,

" Surely, myself,
Cipher his factor, and an ancient cat,
Did keep strict diet, had our Spanish fare,
Four olives among three! My uncle would
Look fat with fasting; I have known him surfeit
*Upon a bunch of raisins*, swoon at sight
Of a whole joint, and rise an epicure
From half an orange."

* *Revenge first wrought me*, &c.] The reader should not suffer these hints, of which he will find several in the succeeding pages, to escape him: they are not thrown out at random by Massinger, but intended to prepare the mind for the dreadful retaliation which follows.

† *Battening like* scarabs] Scarabs means beetles. M. MASON. Very true; and beetles means scarabs!

Can say thus much: he is too much a soldier,
Too confident of his own worth, too rich too,
And understands too well the emperor hates him,
To hope for composition.
*Alph.* On my life,
We need not fear his coming in*.
*Hern.* On mine,
I do not wish it: I had rather that,
To shew his valour, he'd put us to the trouble
To fetch him in by the ears.
*Med.* The emperor.

*Flourish. Enter* Charles, Pescara, *and* Attendants

*Charl.* You make me wonder:—nay, it is no counsel†,
You may partake it, gentlemen: who'd have thought,
That he, that scorn'd our proffer'd amity
When he was sued to, should, ere he be summon'd
(Whether persuaded to it by base fear,
Or flatter'd by false hope, which, 'tis uncertain,)
First kneel for mercy?
*Med.* When your majesty
Shall please to instruct us who it is, we may
Admire it with you
*Charl.* Who, but the duke of Milan,
The right hand of the French! of all that stand
In our displeasure, whom necessity
Compels to seek our favour, I would have sworn
Sforza had been the last.
*Hern.* And should be writ so,
In the list of those you pardon. Would his city
Had rather held us out a siege, like Troy,
Than, by a feign'd submission, he should cheat you
Of a just revenge; or us, of those fair glories
We have sweat blood to purchase!
*Med.* With your honour
You cannot hear him.
*Alph.* The sack alone of Milan
Will pay the army.
*Charl.* I am not so weak,
To be wrought on, as you fear; nor ignorant
That money is the sinew of the war:
And on what terms soever he seek peace,
'Tis in our power to grant it, or deny it:
Yet, for our glory, and to shew him that
We've brought him on his knees, it is resolved
To hear him as a suppliant. Bring him in;
But let him see the effects of our just anger,
In the guard that you make for him.
[*Exit Pescara.*
*Hern.* I am now
Familiar with the issue; all plagues on it!
He will appear in some dejected habit,
His countenance suitable, and, for his order,
A rope about his neck: then kneel, and tell
Old stories, what a worthy thing it is
To have power, and not to use it; then add to that,
A tale of king Tigranes, and great Pompey,
Who said, forsooth, and wisely! 'Twas more honour
To make a king, than kill one; which, applied
To the emperor, and himself, a pardon's granted
To him, an enemy; and we, his servants,
Condemn'd to beggary.

*Med.* Yonder he comes;
But not as you expected.

*Re-enter* Pescara *with* Sforza.

*Alph.* He looks as if
He would out face his dangers.
*Hern.* I am cozen'd:
A suitor, in the devil's name!
*Med.* Hear him speak.
*Sfor.* I come not, emperor, to invade thy mercy,
By fawning on thy fortune; nor bring with me
Excuses, or denials. I profess,
And with a good man's confidence, even this instant
That I am in thy power, I was thine enemy;
Thy deadly and vow'd enemy: one that wish'd
Confusion to thy person and estates;
And with my utmost powers, and deepest counsels,
Had they been truly follow'd, further'd it.
Nor will I now, although my neck were under
The hangman's axe, with one poor syllable
Confess, but that I honour'd the French king,
More than thyself, and all men,
*Med.* By saint Jaques,
This is no flattery
*Hern.* There is fire and spirit in't;
But not long-lived, I hope.
*Sfor.* Now give me leave,
My hate against thyself, and love to him
Freely acknowledged, to give up the reasons
That made me so affected: In my wants
I ever found him faithful; had supplies
Of men and monies from him; and my hopes,
Quite sunk, were, by his grace, buoy'd up again:
He was, indeed, to me, as my good angel,
To guard me from all dangers. I dare speak,
Nay, must and will, his praise now, in as high
And loud a key, as when he was thy equal.
The benefits he sow'd in me, met not
Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own
With fair increase, and I still glory in it.
And, though my fortunes, poor, compared to his,
And Milan, weigh'd with France, appear as nothing,
Are in thy fury burnt, let it be mention'd,
They served but as small tapers to attend
The solemn flame at this great funeral*:
And with them I will gladly waste myself,
Rather than undergo the imputation
Of being base, or unthankful.
*Alph.* Nobly spoken!
*Hern.* I do begin, I know not why, to hate him
Less than I did.
*Sfor.* If that, then, to be grateful
For courtesies received, or not to leave
A friend in his necessities, be a crime
Amongst you Spaniards, which other nations
That, like you, aim'd at empire, loved, and cherish'd
Where'er they found it, Sforza brings his head
To pay the forfeit. Nor come I as a slave,
Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a squalid weed,
Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling,
For a forestall'd remission: that were poor,
And would but shame thy victory; for conquest
Over base foes, is a captivity,
And not a triumph. I ne'er fear'd to die,
More than I wish'd to live. When I had reach'd
My ends in being a duke, I wore these robes,

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* Alph. *On my life*
*We need not fear his* coming in.] His surrender of himself. Hernando, in the next speech, plays upon the word.

† ——*—nay, it is* no counsel,] i. e. no secret: so in *Cupid's Revenge:*
"——I would worry her,
As never cur was worried, I would, neighbour,
Till my teeth met I know where; but that *is counsel.*"

* ——*—at* this *great funeral:*] Mr. M. Mason, whether by design or not, I will not say, reads, his *great funeral*: meaning, perhaps, the French king's; but the old reading is better in every respect.

This crown upon my head, and to my side
This sword was girt; and witness truth, that, now
'Tis in another's power when I shall part
With them and life together, I'm the same:
My veins then did not swell with pride; nor now
Shrink they for fear. Know, sir, that Sforza stands
Prepared for either fortune.

*Hern.* As I live,
I do begin strangely to love this fellow;
And could part with three quarters of my share in
The promised spoil, to save him.

*Sfor.* But, if example
Of my fidelity to the French, whose honours,
Titles, and glories, are now mix'd with yours,
As brooks, devour'd by rivers, lose their names,
Has power to invite you to make him a friend,
That hath given evident proof, he knows to love,
And to be thankful; this my crown, now yours,
You may restore me, and in me instruct [change,
These brave commanders, should your fortune
Which now I wish not, what they may expect
From noble enemies, for being faithful.
The charges of the war I will defray,
And, what you may, not without hazard, force,
Bring freely to you: I'll prevent the cries
Of murder'd infants, and of ravish'd maids,
Which, in a city sack'd, call on heaven's justice,
And stop the course of glorious victories:
And, when I know the captains and the soldiers,
That have in the late battle done best service,
And are to be rewarded, I myself,
According to their quality and merits,
Will see them largely recompensed.—I have said,
And now expect my sentence.

*Alph.* By this light,
Tis a brave gentleman.

*Med.* How like a block
The emperor sits!

*Hern.* He hath deliver'd reasons*,
Especially in his purpose to enrich
Such as fought bravely, I myself am one,
I care not who knows it, as I wonder that
He can be so stupid. Now he begins to stir:
Mercy, an't be thy will!

*Charl.* Thou hast so far
Outgone my expectation, noble Sforza,
For such I hold thee;—and true constancy,
Raised on a brave foundation, bears such palm
And privilege with it, that where we behold it,
Though in an enemy, it does command us
To love and honour it. By my future hopes,
I am glad, for thy sake, that, in seeking favour,
Thou didst not borrow of vice her indirect,
Crooked, and abject means; and for mine own,
That since my purposes must now be changed,
Touching thy life and fortunes, the world cannot
Tax me of levity in my settled counsels;
I being neither wrought by tempting bribes,
Nor servile flattery; but forced into it
By a fair war of virtue.

*Hern.* This sounds well.

*Charl.* All former passages of hate be buried:
For thus with open arms I meet thy love,
And as a friend embrace it; and so far
I am from robbing thee of the least honour,
That with my hands, to make it sit the faster,
I set thy crown once more upon thy head;
And do not only style thee, Duke of Milan,
But vow to keep thee so. Yet, not to take
From others to give only to myself*,
I will not hinder your magnificence
To my commanders, neither will I urge it;
But in that, as in all things else, I leave you
To be your own disposer.

[*Flourish. Exit with Attendants.*

*Sfor.* May I live
To seal my loyalty, though with loss of life,
In some brave service worthy Cæsar's favour,
And I shall die most happy! Gentlemen,
Receive me to your loves; and if henceforth
There can arise a difference between us,
It shall be in a noble emulation
Who hath the fairest sword, or dare go farthest,
To fight for Charles the emperor.

*Hern.* We embrace you,
As one well read in all the points of honour;
And there we are your scholars.

*Sfor.* True; but such
As far outstrip the master. We'll contend
In love hereafter; in the mean time, pray you,
Let me discharge my debt, and, as an earnest
Of what's to come, divide this cabinet:
In the small body of it there are jewels
Will yield a hundred thousand pistolets,
Which honour me to receive.

*Med.* You bind us to you. [his presence,

*Sfor.* And when great Charles commands me to
If you will please to excuse my abrupt departure,
Designs that most concern me, next this mercy,
Calling me home, I shall hereafter meet you,
And gratify the favour.

*Hern.* In this, and all things,
We are your servants.

*Sfor.* A name I ever owe you.

[*Exeunt Medina, Hernando, and Alphonso.*

*Pesc.* So, sir; this tempest is well overblown,
And all things fall out to our wishes: but,
In my opinion, this quick return,
Before you've made a party in the court
Among the great ones, (for these needy captains
Have little power in peace,) may beget danger,
At least suspicion.

*Sfor.* Where true honour lives,
Doubt hath no being: I desire no pawn
Beyond an emperor's word, for my assurance.
Besides, Pescara, to thyself, of all men,
I will confess my weakness:—though my state
And crown's restored me, though I am in grace,
And that a little stay might be a step
To greater honours, I must hence. Alas!
I live not here; my wife, my wife Pescara†,

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* *He hath deliver'd* reasons,] Hernando evidently means to say that Sforza has spoken rationally, especially in expressing his purpose of enriching those who fought bravely: the word *reasons* in the plural will not express that sense. M. Mason.

He therefore alters it to *reason!* To attempt to prove that the old copies are right, would be superfluous:—but I cannot reflect, without some indignation, on the scandalous manner in which Mr. M. Mason has given this speech. He first deprives it of metre and sense, and then builds up new readings on his own blunders.

* — ——*Yet, not to take*
*From others, to give only to* myself,] This is the reading of all the old copies, and nothing can be clearer than that it is perfectly proper. The modern editors, however, choose to weaken both the sense and the sentiment, by a conceit of their own: they print,——*to give only to* thyself!

† ——————*my wife,* my wife, *Pescara,*] Mr. M. Mason feebly and unmetrically reads,——*my wife, Pescara.* There is great beauty in the repetition; it is, besides, perfectly in character.

Being absent, I am dead. Prithee, excuse,
And do not chide, for friendship's sake, my fondness,
But ride along with me; I'll give you reasons,
And strong ones, to plead for me.
*Pesc.* Use your own pleasure;
I'll bear you company.
*Sfor.* Farewell, grief! I am stored with
Two blessings most desired in human life,
A constant friend, an unsuspected wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Milan.—A Room in the Castle**.

*Enter an* Officer *with* Graccho.

*Offic.* What I did, I had warrant for; you have tasted
My office gently, and for those soft strokes,
Flea-bitings to the jerks I could have lent you,
There does belong a feeling.
*Grac.* Must I pay
For being tormented, and dishonour'd?
*Offic.* Fie! no, [out
Your honour's not impair'd in't, What's the letting
Of a little corrupt blood†, and the next way too?
There is no surgeon like me, to take off
A courtier's itch that's rampant at great ladies,
Or turns knave for preferment, or grows proud
Of his rich cloaks and suits, though got by brokage,
And so forgets his betters.
*Grac.* Very good, sir:
But am I the first man of quality
That e'er came under your fingers?
*Offic.* Not by a thousand;
And they have said I have a lucky hand too:
Both men and women of all sorts have bow'd
Under this sceptre. I have had a fellow
That could endite, forsooth, and make fine metres
To tinkle in the ears of ignorant madams,
That, for defaming of great men, was sent me
Threadbare and lousy, and in three days after,
Discharged by another that set him on, I have seen
Cap à pié gallant, and his stripes wash'd off [him
With oil of angels.‡
*Grac.* 'Twas a sovereign cure.
*Offic.* There was a sectary too, that would not be
Conformable to the orders of the church,
Nor yield to any argument of reason,
But still rail at authority, brought to me,
When I had worm'd his tongue, and truss'd his haunches,
Grew a fine pulpitman, and was beneficed:
Had he not cause to thank me?
*Grac.* There was physic
Was to the purpose.
*Offic.* Now, for women, sir,
For your more consolation, I could tell you
Twenty fine stories, but I'll end in one,
And 'tis the last that's memorable.
*Grac.* Prithee, do;
For I grow weary of thee.

*Offic.* There was lately*
A fine she-waiter in the court, that doted
Extremely of a gentleman, that had
His main dependence on a signior's favour
I will not name, but could not compass him
On any terms. This wanton at dead midnight,
Was found at the exercise behind the arras,
With the 'foresaid signior: he got clear off,
But she was seized on, and, to save his honour,
Endured the lash; and, though I made her often
Curvet and caper, she would never tell
Who play'd at pushpin with her.
*Grac.* But what follow'd?
Prithee be brief.
*Offic.* Why this, sir: She, deliver'd,
Had store of crowns assign' her by her patron,
Who forced the gentleman, to save her credit,
To marry her, and say he was the party
Found in lob's pound; so she, that, before, gladly
Would have been his whore, reigns o'er him as his wife;
Nor dares he grumble at it. Speak but truth, then,
Is not my office lucky?
*Grac.* Go, there's for thee;
But what will be my fortune?
*Offic* If you thrive not
After that soft correction, come again.
*Grac.* I thank you, knave.
*Offic.* And then, knave, I will fit you. [*Exit.*
*Grac.* Whipt like a rogue! no lighter punishment serve
To balance with a little mirth: 't is well.
My credit sunk for ever, I am now
Fit company only for pages and for footboys,
That have perused the porter's lodge†.

*Enter* Julio *and* Giovanni‡.

*Giov.* See, Julio,
Yonder the proud slave is; how he looks now,
After his castigation!
*Jul.* As he came
From a close fight§ at sea under the hatches,
With a she-Dunkirk, that was shot before

* Milan. *A Room in the Castle.*] Here too Coxeter prints, "*Scene changes to Pisa!*" and here too he is followed by the "most accurate of editors," Mr. M. Mason.

† *Of a little* corrupt *blood.*] So the old copies; the modern editors read, *Of a little* corrupted *blood!* This reduces the line to very good prose, which is indeed its only merit.

‡ *With oil of* angels.] It may be just necessary to observe, that this is a pleasant allusion to the gold coin of that name.

* Offic. *There was lately,* &c.] I have little doubt but that this lively story was founded in fact, and well understood by the poet's contemporaries. The courtiers were not slow in indemnifying themselves for the morose and gloomy hours which they had passed during the last two or three years of Elizabeth; and the coarse and inelegant manners of James, which bordered closely on licentiousness, afforded them ample opportunities.

It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader, that wherever our old dramatists laid the scene of their plays, the habits and manners of them are, generally speaking, as truly English as the language.

† *Fit company for pages and for footboys,*
*That have perused the* porter's lodge.] i. e. that have been whipt there. The porter's lodge, in our author's days, when the great claimed, and, indeed, frequently exercised, the right of chastising their servants, was the usual place of punishment. Thus Shirley, in *the Grateful Servant*:—
"My friend, what make you here? Begone, begone, I say:—there is a *porter's lodge* else, where you may have due chastisement."

‡ *Enter* Julio *and* Giovanni.] This has been hitherto printed, *Enter two Gentlemen,* though one of them is immediately named. Not to multiply characters unnecessarily, I have supposed them to be the same that appear with Graccho, in the first scene of the first act.

§ Jul. *As he came*
*From a close fight,* &c.] Our old poets made very free with one another's property: it must be confessed, however, that their literary rapine did not originate in poverty, for they gave as liberally as they took. This speech has been "conveyed" by Fletcher into his excellent comedy of *the Elder Brother:*

Between wind and water; and he hath sprung a leak
Or I am cozen'd. [too,
*Giov.* Let's be merry with him.
*Grac.* How they stare at me! am I turn'd to an
The wonder, gentlemen? [owl?
*Jul.* I read this morning,
Strange stories of the passive fortitude
Of men in former ages, which I thought
Impossible, and not to be believed:
But, now I look on you my wonder ceases.
*Grac.* The reason, sir?
*Jul.* Why, sir, you have been whipt,
Whipt, signior Graccho; and the whip, I take it,
Is, to a gentleman, the greatest trial
That may be of his patience.
*Grac.* Sir, I'll call you
To a strict account for this.
*Giov.* I'll not deal with you,
Unless I have a beadle for my second,
And then I'll answer you.
*Jul.* Farewell, poor Graccho.
[*Exeunt Julio and Giovanni.*

*Grac.* Better and better still. If ever wrongs
Could teach a wretch to find the way to vengeance,

*Enter* FRANCISCO *and a* Servant.

Hell now inspire me! How, the lord protector!
My judge; I thank him! Whither thus in private?
I will not see him. [*Stands aside.*
*Fran.* If I am sought for,
Say I am indisposed, and will not hear
Or suits, or suitors.
*Serv.* But, sir, if the princess
Enquire, what shall I answer?
*Fran.* Say, I am rid*
Abroad to take the air; but by no means
Let her know I'm in court.
*Serv.* So I shall tell her. [*Exit.*
*Fran.* Within there, ladies!

*Enter a* Gentlewoman.

*Gentlew.* My good lord, your pleasure?
*Fran.* Prithee, let me beg thy favour for access
To the dutchess.
*Gentlew.* In good sooth, my lord, I dare not;
She's very private.
*Fran.* Come, there's gold to buy thee
A new gown, and a rich one.
*Gentlew.* I once swore†
If e'er I lost my maidenhead, it should be
With a great lord, as you are; and I know not how,
I feel a yielding inclination in me,
If you have appetite.

*Fran.* Pox on thy maidenhead!
Where is thy lady?
*Gentlew.* If you venture on her,
She's walking in the gallery; perhaps,
You will find her less tractable.
*Fran.* Bring me to her.
*Gentlew.* I fear you'll have cold entertainment,
when [tion
You are at your journey's end; and 'twere discre-
To take a snatch by the way.
*Fran.* Prithee, leave fooling:
My page waits in the lobby; give him sweetmeats;
He is train'd up* for his master's ease,
And he will cool thee. [*Exeunt Fran. and Gentlew.*
*Grac.* A brave discovery beyond my hope,
A plot even offer'd to my hand to work on!
If I am dull now, may I live and die
The scorn of worms and slaves!—Let me consider;
My lady and her mother first committed,
In the favour of the dutchess, and I whipt!
That, with an iron pen, is writ in brass
On my tough heart, now grown a harder metal.—
And all his bribed approaches to the dutchess
To be conceal'd! good, good. This to my lady
Deliver'd, as I'll order it, runs her mad.
But this may prove but courtship†; let it be,
I care not, so it feed her jealousy. [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter* MARCELIA *and* FRANCISCO.

*Marc.* Believe thy tears or oaths! can it be hoped,
After a practice so abhorr'd and horrid,
Repentance e'er can find thee?
*Fran.* Dearest lady,
Great in your fortune, greater in your goodness,
Make a superlative of excellence,
In being greatest in your saving mercy.
I do confess, humbly confess my fault,
To be beyond all pity; my attempt
So barbarously rude, that it would turn
A saint-like patience into savage fury.
But you, that are all innocence and virtue,
No spleen or anger in you of a woman,
But when a holy zeal to piety fires you,
May, if you please, impute the fault to love,
Or call it beastly lust, for 'tis no better;
A sin, a monstrous sin! yet with it many
That did prove good men after, have been tempted;
And, though I'm crooked now, 'tis in your power
To make me straight again.
*Marc.* Is't possible
This can be cunning!
*Fran.* But, if no submission,
Nor prayers can appease you, that you may know
'Tis not the fear of death that makes me sue thus,
But a loath'd detestation of my madness,
Which makes me wish to live to have your pardon;
I will not wait the sentence of the duke,
Since his return is doubtful, but I myself
Will do a fearful justice on myself,
No witness by but you, there being no more,

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" ——————They look ruefully,
As they had newly come from a vaulting house,
And had been quite shot through between wind and water
By a she-Dunkirk, and had sprung a leak, sir."

I charge the petty depredation on Fletcher, because the publication of *the Duke of Milan* preceded that of *the Elder Brother*, by many years.

* Fran. *Say I am* rid
*Abroad*, &c.] So the old copies: the modern editors, with equal accuracy and elegance,
*Say I'm* rode
*Abroad*, &c.

† *I once swore*] Both the quartos have a marginal hemistich here: they read, *This will tempt me;* an addition of the prompter, or an unnecessary interpolation of the copyist, which spoils the metre. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason have advanced it into the text

* *He is train'd up*, &c.] A hemistich, or more, is lost here, or, not improbably, purposely omitted. I only mention it to account for the defect of metre; for the circumstance itself is not worth regretting.

† *But this may prove but* courtship; &c.] That is, merely paying his court to her as dutchess. M. MASON.

When I offended. Yet, before I do it,
For I perceive in you no signs of mercy,
I will disclose a secret, which, dying with me,
May prove your ruin.
*Marc.* Speak it; it will take from
The burthen of thy conscience.
*Fran.* Thus, then, madam:
The warrant by my lord sign'd for your death,
Was but conditional; but you must swear
By your unspotted truth, not to reveal it,
Or I end here abruptly.
*Marc.* By my hopes
Of joys hereafter. On.
*Fran.* Nor was it hate
That forced him to it, but excess of love:
*And, if I ne'er return,* (so said great Sforza,)
*No living man deserving to enjoy*
*My best Marcelia, with the first news*
*That I am dead, (for no man after me*
*Must e'er enjoy her) fail not to kill her,*
*But till certain proof*
*Assure thee I am lost* (these were his words,)
*Observe and honour her, as if the soul*
*Of woman's goodness only dwelt in her's.*
This trust I have abused, and basely wrong'd;
And, if the excelling pity of your mind
Cannot forgive it, as I dare not hope it,
Rather than look on my offended lord,
I stand resolved to punish it.
*Marc.* Hold! 'tis forgiven,
And by me freely pardon'd. In thy fair life
Hereafter, study to deserve this bounty,
Which thy true penitence, such I believe it,
Against my resolution hath forced from me.—
But that my lord, my Sforza, should esteem
My life fit only as a page, to wait on
The various course of his uncertain fortunes;
Or cherish in himself that sensual hope,
In death to know me as a wife, afflicts me;
Nor does his envy less deserve mine anger,
Which, though, such is my love, I would not nourish,
Will slack the ardour that I had to see him
Return in safety.
*Fran.* But if your entertainment
Should give the least ground to his jealousy,
To raise up an opinion I am false,
You then destroy your mercy. Therefore, madam,
(Though I shall ever look on you as on
My life's preserver, and the miracle
Of human pity,) would you but vouchsafe,
In company, to do me those fair graces,
And favours, which your innocence and honour
May safely warrant, it would to the duke,
I being to your best self alone known guilty,
Make me appear most innocent.
*Marc.* Have your wishes,
And something I may do to try his temper,
At least, to make him know a constant wife
Is not so slaved to her husband's doting humours,
But that she may deserve to live a widow,
Her fate appointing it.
*Fran.* It is enough;
Nay, all I could desire, and will make way
To my revenge, which shall disperse itself
On him, on her, and all. [*Shout and flourish.*
*Marc.* What shout is that?

*Enter* Tiberio *and* Stephano.

*Tib.* All happiness to the dutchess, that may flow
From the duke's new and wish'd return!
*Marc.* He's welcome.
*Steph.* How coldly she receives it!
*Tib.* Observe the encounter.

*Flourish. Enter* Sforza, Pescara, Isabella, Mariana, Graccho, *and Attendants.*

*Mari.* What you have told me, Graccho, is be-
And I'll find time to stir in't. [lieved,
*Grac.* As you see cause;
I will not do ill offices.
*Sfor.* I have stood
Silent thus long, Marcelia, expecting
When, with more than a greedy haste, thou wouldst
Have flown into my arms, and on my lips
Have printed a deep welcome. My desires
To glass myself in these fair eyes, have borne me
With more than human speed: nor durst I stay
In any temple, or to any saint
To pay my vows and thanks for my return,
Till I had seen thee.
*Marc.* Sir, I am most happy
To look upon you safe, and would express
My love and duty in a modest fashion,
Such as might suit with the behaviour
Of one that knows herself a wife, and how
To temper her desires, not like a wanton
Fired with hot appetite; nor can it wrong me
To love discreetly.
*Sfor.* How! why, can there be
A mean in your affections to Sforza?
Or any act, though ne'er so loose, that may
Invite or heighten appetite, appear
Immodest or uncomely? Do not move me,
My passions to you are in extremes,
And know no bounds:—come; kiss me.
*Marc.* I obey you.
*Sfor.* By all the joys of love, she does salute me
As if I were her grandfather! What witch,
With cursed spells, hath quench'd the amorous heat
That lived upon these lips? Tell me, Marcelia,
And truly tell me, is't a fault of mine
That hath begot this coldness? or neglect
Of others, in my absence?
*Marc.* Neither, sir:
I stand indebted to your substitute,
Noble and good Francisco, for his care
And fair observance of me: there was nothing
With which you, being present, could supply me,
That I dare say I wanted.
*Sfor.* How!
*Marc.* The pleasures
That sacred Hymen warrants us, excepted,
Of which, in troth, you are too great a doter;
And there is more of beast in it than man.
Let us love temperately; things violent last not,
And too much dotage rather argues folly
Than true affection.
*Grac.* Observe but this,
And how she praised my lord's care and observance,
And then judge, madam, if my intelligence
Have any ground of truth.
*Mari.* No more; I mark it.
*Steph.* How the duke stands!
*Tib.* As he were rooted there,
And had no motion.
*Pesc.* My lord, from whence
Grows this amazement?
*Sfor.* It is more, dear my friend;
For I am doubtful whether I've a being.

But certain that my life's a burthen to me.
Take me back, good Pescara, shew me to Cæsar
In all his rage and fury; I disclaim
His mercy: to live now, which is his gift,
Is worse than death and with all studied torments.
Marcelia is unkind, nay, worse, grown cold
In her affection; my excess of fervour,
Which yet was never equall'd, grown distasteful.
—But have thy wishes, woman; thou shalt know
That I can be myself, and thus shake off
The fetters of fond dotage. From my sight,
Without reply; for I am apt to do
Something I may repent.—[*Exit Marc.*]—Oh! who would place
His happiness in most accursed woman,
In whom obsequiousness engenders pride;
And harshness deadly hatred?—From this hour
I'll labour to forget there are such creatures;
True friends be now my mistresses. Clear your brows,
And, though my heart-strings crack for't, I will be
To all a free example of delight:
We will have sports of all kinds, and propound
Rewards to such as can produce us new:
Unsatisfied, though we surfeit in their store,
And never think of curs'd Marcelia more. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter* Francisco *and* Graccho.

*Fran.* And is it possible thou shouldst forget
A wrong of such a nature, and then study
My safety and content?
*Grac.* Sir, but allow me
Only to have read the elements of courtship*,
Not the abstruse and hidden arts to thrive there;
And you may please to grant me so much knowledge,
That injuries from one in grace, like you,
Are noble favours. Is it not grown common†
In every sect, for those that want, to suffer
From such as have to give? Your captain cast,
If poor, though not thought daring, but approved so,
To raise a coward into name, that's rich,
Suffers disgraces publicly; but receives
Rewards for them in private.
*Fran.* Well observed.
Put on‡; we'll be familiar, and discourse
A little of this argument. That day,
In which it was first rumour'd, then confirm'd,
Great Sforza thought me worthy of his favour,
I found myself to be another thing;
Not what I was before. I passed then
For a pretty fellow, and of pretty parts too,
And was perhaps received so; but, once raised,
The liberal courtier made me master of
Those virtues which I ne'er knew in myself:
If I pretended to a jest, 'twas made one
By their interpretation; if I offer'd
To reason of philosophy, though absurdly,
They had helps to save me, and without a blush
Would swear that I, by nature, had more knowledge,
Than others could acquire by any labour:
Nay, all I did, indeed, which in another
Was not remarkable, in me shew'd rarely.
*Grac.* But then they tasted of your bounty.
*Fran.* True:
They gave me those good parts I was not born to,
And, by my intercession, they got that
Which, had I cross'd them, they durst not have hoped for.
*Grac.* All this is oracle: and shall I, then,
For a foolish whipping, leave to honour him,
That holds the wheel of fortune? no; that savours
Too much of the ancient freedom. Since great men
Receive disgraces and give thanks, poor knaves
Must have nor spleen, nor anger. Though I love
My limbs as well as any man, if you had now
A humour to kick me lame into an office,
Where I might sit in state and undo others,
Stood I not bound to kiss the foot that did it?
Though it seem strange, there have been such things seen
In the memory of man.
*Fran.* But to the purpose,
And then, that service done, make thine own fortunes.
My wife, thou say'st, is jealous I am too
Familiar with the dutchess.
*Grac.* And incensed
For her commitment in her brother's absence,
And by her mother's anger is spurr'd on
To make discovery of it. This her purpose
Was trusted to my charge, which I declined
As much as in me lay; but, finding her
Determinately bent to undertake it,
Though breaking my faith to her may destroy
My credit with your lordship, I yet thought,
Though at my peril, I stood bound to reveal it.
*Fran.* I thank thy care, and will deserve this secret,
In making thee acquainted with a greater,
And of more moment. Come into my bosom,
And take it from me: Canst thou think, dull Graccho,
My power and honours were conferr'd upon me,
And, add to them, this form, to have my pleasures
Confined and limited? I delight in change,
And sweet variety; that's my heaven on earth,
For which I love life only. I confess,

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* ——*the elements of* courtship,] i. e. of court-policy. M. Mason.

† ——*Is it not grown common*, &c.] Graccho is an apt scholar: these notable observations are derived from the lessons of the Officer, in the last act.

‡ *Put on;*] Be covered; a frequent expression in these plays.

My wife pleased me a day, the dutchess, two,
(And yet I must not say I have enjoy'd her,)
But now I care for neither: therefore, Graccho,
So far I am from stopping Mariana
In making her complaint, that I desire thee
To urge her to it.
*Grac.* That may prove your ruin:
The duke already being, as 'tis reported,
Doubtful she hath play'd false.
*Fran.* There thou art cozen'd;
His dotage, like an ague, keeps his course,
And now 'tis strongly on him. But I lose time,
And therefore know, whether thou wilt or no,
Thou art to be my instrument; and, in spite
Of the old saw, that says, It is not safe
On any terms to trust a man that's wrong'd,
I dare thee to be false.
*Grac.* This is a language,
My lord, I understand not.
*Fran.* You thought, sirrah,
To put a trick on me for the relation
Of what I knew before, and, having won
Some weighty secret from me, in revenge
To play the traitor. Know, thou wretched thing,
By my command thou wert whipt; and every day
I'll have thee freshly tortured, if thou miss
In the least charge that I impose upon thee.
Though what I speak, for the most part, is true;
Nay, grant thou hadst a thousand witnesses
To be deposed they heard it, 'tis in me,
With one word, such is Sforza's confidence
Of my fidelity not to be shaken,
To make all void, and ruin my accusers.
Therefore look to't; bring my wife hotly on
To accuse me to the duke—I have an end in't,
Or think what 'tis makes man most miserable,
And that shall fall upon thee. Thou wert a fool
To hope, by being acquainted with my courses,
To curb and awe me; or that I should live
Thy slave, as thou didst saucily divine:
For prying in my counsels, still live mine. [*Exit.*
*Grac.* I am caught on both sides. This 'tis for a puisne
In policy's Protean school, to try conclusions
With one that hath commenced, and gone out doctor*.
If I discover what but now he bragg'd of,
I shall not be believed: if I fall off
From him, his threats and actions go together,
And there's no hope of safety. Till I get
A plummet that may sound his deepest counsels,
I must obey and serve him: Want of skill
Now makes me play the rogue against my will.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter* Marcelia, Tiberio, Stephano, *and* Gentlewoman.

*Marc.* Command me from his sight, and with such scorn
As he would rate his slave!
*Tib.* 'Twas in his fury.
*Steph.* And he repents it, madam.
*Marc.* Was I born
To observe his humours? or, because he dotes,
Must I run mad?
*Tib.* If that your excellence
Would please but to receive a feeling knowledge
Of what he suffers, and how deep the least
Unkindness wounds from you, you would excuse
His hasty language.
*Steph.* He hath paid the forfeit
Of his offence, I'm sure, with such a sorrow,
As, if it had been greater, would deserve
A full remission.
*Marc.* Why, perhaps, he hath it;
And I stand more afflicted for his absence,
Then he can be for mine:—so, pray you, tell him.
But, till I have digested some sad thoughts,
And reconciled passions that are at war
Within myself, I purpose to be private.
And have you care, unless it be Francisco,
That no man be admitted. [*Exit Gentlewoman.*
*Tib.* How, Francisco!
*Steph.* He, that at every stage keeps livery mis-
The stallion of the state! [tresses;
*Tib.* They are things above us,
And so no way concern us.
*Steph.* If I were
The duke, (I freely must confess my weakness,)

*Enter* Francisco.

I should wear yellow breeches*. Here he comes.
*Tib.* Nay, spare your labour, lady, we know our
And quit the room. [duty†,
*Steph.* Is this her privacy!
Though with the hazard of a check, perhaps,
This may go to the duke.
[*Exeunt Tiberio and Stephano.*
*Marc.* Your face is full
Of fears and doubts: the reason?
*Fran.* O best madam,
They are not counterfeit. I, your poor convert,
That only wish to live in sad repentance,
To mourn my desperate attempt of you,
That have no ends nor aims, but that your goodness
Might be a witness of my penitence,
Which seen, would teach you how to love your mercy,
Am robb'd of that last hope. The duke, the duke,
I more than fear, hath found that I am guilty.
*Marc.* By my unspotted honour, not from me;
Nor have I with him changed one syllable,
Since his return, but what you heard.
*Fran.* Yet malice
Is eagle-eyed, and would see that which is not;
And jealousy's too apt to build upon
Unsure foundations.
*Marc.* Jealousy!
*Fran.* [*Aside.*] It takes.

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* ——————*to try* conclusions
*With one that hath* commenced, *and* gone out *doctor.*] To *try conclusions*, a very common expression, is, to try experiments: "God help them," says Gabriel Harvey, in his third letter, "that have neither hability to helpe, nor wit to pitie themselves, but will needs *try conclusions* between their heads and the next wall." *Commenced*, and *gone out*, which occur in the next line, are University terms, and to be met with in most of our old dramas:

"How many that have done ill, and *proceed*,
Women that *take degrees* in wantonness,
*Commence*, and rise in rudiments of lust," &c.
*The Queen of Corinth.*

* *I should wear* yellow *breeches.*] i. e. Be jealous; yellow, with our old poets, being the livery of jealousy: this needs no example.

† *Nay, spare your labour, lady, we know our* duty,
*And quit the room.*] *Duty* was inserted by Coxeter: that, or a word of similar import, having been dropt at the press. Both the quartos have, *we know our* exit, with this difference, that the last (1639) exhibits *exit*, as here, in italic characters.

*Marc.* Who dares but only think I can be tainted?
But for him, though almost on certain proof,
To give it hearing, not belief, deserves
My hate for ever.
*Fran.* Whether grounded on
Your noble, yet chaste favours shewn unto me;
Or her imprisonment, for her contempt
To you, by my command, my frantic wife
Hath put it in his head.
*Marc.* Have I then lived
So long, now to be doubted? Are my favours
The themes of her discourse? or what I do,
That never trod in a suspected path,
Subject to base construction? Be undaunted;
For now, as of a creature that is mine,
I rise up your protectress: all the grace
I hitherto have done you, was bestow'd
With a shut hand; it shall be now more free,
Open, and liberal. But let it not,
Though counterfeited to the life, teach you
To nourish saucy hopes.
*Fran.* May I be blasted,
When I prove such a monster!
*Marc.* I will stand then
Between you and all danger. He shall know,
Suspicion overturns what confidence builds;
And he that dares but doubt when there's no ground,
Is neither to himself nor others sound. [*Exit.*
*Fran.* So, let it work! Her goodness, that denied
My service, branded with the name of lust,
Shall now destroy itself; and she shall find,
When he's a suitor, that brings cunning arm'd
With power, to be his advocates, the denial
Is a disease as killing as the plague,
And chastity a clue that leads to death.
Hold but thy nature, duke, and be but rash
And violent enough, and then at leisure,
Repent; I care not.
And let my plots produce this long'd-for birth,
In my revenge I have my heaven on earth. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter* Sforza, Pescara, *and three* Gentlemen.

*Pesc.* You promised to be merry.
1 *Gent.* There are pleasures,
And of all kinds, to entertain the time.
2 *Gent.* Your excellence vouchsafing to make
Of that which best affects you. [choice
*Sfor.* Hold your prating.
Learn manners too; your are rude.
3 *Gent.* I have my answer,
Before I ask the question. [*Aside.*
*Pesc.* I must borrow
The privilege of a friend, and will; or else
I am like these, a servant, or, what's worse,
A parasite to the sorrow Sforza worships
In spite of reason.
*Sfor.* Pray you, use your freedom;
And so far, if you please, allow me mine,
To hear you only; not to be compell'd
To take your moral potions. I am a man,
And, though philosophy, your mistress, rage for't,
Now I have cause to grieve, I must be sad;
And I dare shew it.
*Pesc.* Would it were bestow'd
Upon a worthier subject.
*Sfor.* Take heed, friend!
You rub a sore, whose pain will make me mad;
And I shall then forget myself and you.
Lance it no further.
*Pesc.* Have you stood the shock
Of thousand enemies, and outfaced the anger
Of a great emperor, that vow'd your ruin.
Though by a desperate, a glorious way,
That had no precedent? are you return'd with honour,
Loved by your subjects? does your fortune court you,
Or rather say, your courage does command it?
Have you given proof, to this hour of your life,
Prosperity, that searches the best temper,
Could never puff you up, nor adverse fate
Deject your valour? Shall, I say, these virtues,
So many and so various trials of
Your constant mind, be buried in the frown
(To please you, I will say so) of a fair woman;
Yet I have seen her equals.
*Sfor.* Good Pescara,
This language in another were profane;
In you it is unmannerly.—Her equal!
I tell you as a friend, and tell you plainly,
(To all men else my sword should make reply,)
Her goodness does disdain comparison,
And, but herself, admits no parallel*.
But you will say she's cross; 'tis fit she should be,
When I am foolish; for she's wise, Pescara,
And knows how far she may dispose her bounties,
Her honour safe; or, if she were adverse,
'Twas a prevention of a greater sin
Ready to fall upon me; for she's not ignorant,
But truly understands how much I love her,
And that her rare parts do deserve all honour.
Her excellence increasing with her years too,
I might have fallen into idolatry,
And, from the admiration of her worth,
Been taught to think there is no Power above her;
And yet I do believe, had angels sexes,
The most would be such women, and assume
No other shape, when they were to appear
In their full glory.
*Pesc.* Well, sir, I'll not cross you,
Nor labour to diminish your esteem,
Hereafter, of her. Since your happiness,

* *Her goodness does disdain comparison,*
*And,* but herself, admits no parallel ] The reader who has any acquaintance with the literary squabbles of the last century, cannot but recollect how Theobald was annoyed by the jests levelled at him for this line in *the Double Falsehood:*

" None but himself can be his parallel."

He justified it, indeed, at some length; but " it is not for gravity," as Sir Toby well observes, " to play at cherry-pit with Satan;" his waggish antagonists drove him out of his patience, and he, who had every thing but wit on his side, is at this moment labouring under the consequences of his imagined defeat. With respect to the phrase in question, it is sufficiently common; and I could produce, if it were necessary, twenty instances of it from Massinger's contemporaries alone: nor is it peculiar to this country, but exists in every language with which I am acquainted. Even while I am writing this note, the following pretty example lies before me, in the address of a grateful Hindoo to Sir William Jones:

" To you there are many like me; yet to me *there is none like you, but yourself;* there are numerous groves of night flowers; yet the night flower sees nothing *like the moon, but the moon* A hundred chiefs rule the world, but thou art an ocean, and they are mere wells; many luminaries are awake in the sky, but which of them can be compared to the sun?" See *Memoirs of his life,* by Lord Teignmouth.

As you will have it, has alone dependence
Upon her favour, from my soul I wish you
A fair atonement*.
*Sfor.* Time, and my submission,

*Enter* Tiberio *and* Stephano.

May work her to it.—O ! you are well return'd ;
Say, am I blest ? hath she vouchsafed to hear you ?
Is there hope left that she may be appeased ?
Let her propound, and gladly I'll subscribe
To her conditions.
*Tib.* She, sir, yet is froward,
And desires respite, and some privacy.
*Steph* She was harsh at first ; but ere we parted,
Implacable. [seem'd not
*Sfor.* There's comfort yet : I'll ply her
Each hour with new ambassadors of more honours,
Titles, and eminence : my second self,
Francisco, shall solicit her.
*Steph.* That a wise man,
And what is more, a prince that may command,
Should sue thus poorly, and treat with his wife,
As she were a victorious enemy,
At whose proud feet, himself, his state, and country,
Basely begg'd mercy !
*Sfor.* What is that you mutter ?
I'll have thy thoughts.
*Steph.* You shall. You are too fond,
And feed a pride that's swollen too big already,
And surfeits with observance.
*Sfor.* O my patience !
My vassal speak thus ?
*Steph.* Let my head answer it,
If I offend. She, that you think a saint,
I fear, may play the devil.
*Pesc.* Well said, old fellow.
*Steph.* And he that hath so long engross'd your favours,
Though to be named with reverence lord Francisco,
Who, as you purpose, shall solicit for you,
I think's too near her.
*Pesc.* Hold, sir ! this is madness.
*Steph.* It may be they confer of joining lordships ;
I'm sure he's private with her.
*Sfor.* Let me go,
I scorn to touch him ; he deserves my pity,
And not my anger. Dotard ! and to be one
Is thy protection, else thou durst not think
That love to my Marcelia hath left room
In my full heart for any jealous thought :—
That idle passion dwell with thick-skinn'd tradesmen †.
The undeserving lord, or the unable !
Lock up thy own wife, fool, that must take physic
From her young doctor, physic upon her back ‡,
Because thou hast the palsy in that part
That makes her active. I could smile to think
What wretched things they are that dare be jealous :
Were I match'd to another Messaline,
While I found merit in myself to please her,
In this your studied purpose to deprave her ;
And all the shot made by your foul detraction,
Falling upon her sure-arm'd innocence,
I should believe her chaste, and would not seek
To find out my own torment ; but, alas !
Enjoying one that, but to me, 's a Dian *,
I am too secure.
*Tib.* This is a confidence
Beyond example.

*Enter* Graccho, Isabella, *and* Mariana.

*Grac.* There he is—now speak,
Or be for ever silent.
*Sfor.* If you come
To bring me comfort, say that you have made
My peace with my Marcelia.
*Isab.* I had rather
Wait on you to your funeral.
*Sfor.* You are my mother ;
Or, by her life, you were dead else.
*Mari.* Would you were,
To your dishonour ! and, since dotage makes you
Wilfully blind, borrow of me my eyes,
Or some part of my spirit. Are you all flesh ?
A lump of patience only ? no fire in you ?
But do your pleasure :—here your mother was
Committed by your servant, (for I scorn
To call him husband,) and myself, your sister,
If that you dare remember such a name,
Mew'd up, to make the way open and free
For the adultress, I am unwilling
To say, a part of Sforza.
*Sfor.* Take her head off !
She hath blasphemed ! and by our law must die
*Isab.* Blasphemed ! for calling of a whore, a whore ?
*Sfor.* O hell, what do I suffer !
*Mari.* Or is it treason
For me, that am a subject, to endeavour
To save the honour of the duke, and that
He should not be a wittol on record ?
For by posterity 'twill be believed,
As certainly as now it can be proved,
Francisco, the great minion that sways all,
To meet the chaste embraces of the dutchess,
Hath leap'd into her bed.
*Sfor.* Some proof, vile creature !
Or thou hast spoke thy last.
*Mari.* The public fame,
Their hourly private meetings ; and e'en now,
When, under a pretence of grief or anger,
You are denied the joys due to a husband,
And made a stranger to her, at all times
The door stands open to him. To a Dutchman,
This were enough, but to a right Italian,
A hundred thousand witnesses.
*Isab.* Would you have us
To be her bawds ?
*Sfor.* O the malice
And envy of base women, that, with horror,
Knowing their own defects and inward guilt,
Dare lie, and swear, and damn, for what's most false,
To cast aspersions upon one untainted !
Ye are in your nature's devils, and your ends,
Knowing your reputations sunk for ever,
And not to be recover'd, to have all
Wear your black livery. Wretches ; you have raised
A monumental trophy to her pureness,

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* *A fair* atonement.] i. e. as Mr. M. Mason observes, a reconciliation. To *atone* has often this sense in our old writers : so Shakspeare :

" He and Aufidius can no more *atone*,
Than violentest contrarieties." *Coriolanus.*

† *That idle passion dwell with thick*-skinn'd *tradesmen.*] *Thick*-skinn'd is the reading of both the quartos ; the modern editors wantonly, and, I may add, ignorantly, displaced it for *thick*-skull'd. It is not to a want of understanding, but to a bluntness of feeling, that the speaker alludes.

* ——————*that, but to me, 's a* Dian,] A contraction of *Diana*. M. Mason. And so it is !

Returns upon yourselves; and, if my love
Could suffer an addition, I'm so far
From giving credit to you, this would teach me
More to admire and serve her. You are not worthy
To fall as sacrifices to appease her;
And therefore live till your own envy burst you.
*Isab.* All is in vain; he is not to be moved.
*Mari.* She has bewitch'd him.
*Pesc.* 'Tis so past belief,
To me it shews a fable.

*Enter* FRANCISCO, *speaking to a* Servant *within.*

*Fran.* On thy life,
Provide my horses, and without the port
With care attend me.
*Serv.* [*within.*] I shall, my lord.
*Grac.* He's come.
What gimcrack have we next*?
*Fran.* Great sir.
*Sfor.* Francisco,
Though all the joys in women are fled from me,
In thee I do embrace the full delight
That I can hope from man.
*Fran.* I would impart,
Please you to lend your ear, a weighty secret,
I am in labour to deliver to you.
*Sfor.* All leave the room. Excuse me, good Pescara,
Ere long I will wait on you.
*Pesc.* You speak, sir,
The language I should use.
*Sfor.* Be within call,
Perhaps we may have use of you.
*Tib.* We shall sir.

[*Exeunt all but Sforza and Francisco.*

*Sfor.* Say on, my comfort.
*Fran.* Comfort! no, your torment,
For so my fate appoints me. I could curse
The hour that gave me being.
*Sfor.* What new monsters
Of misery stand ready to devour me?
Let them at once dispatch me.
*Fran.* Draw your sword then,
And, as you wish your own peace, quickly kill me;
Consider not, but do it.
*Sfor.* Art thou mad?
*Fran.* Or, if to take my life be too much mercy,
As death, indeed, concludes all human sorrows,
Cut off my nose and ears; pull out an eye,
The other only left to lend me light
To see my own deformities. Why was I born
Without some mulct imposed on me by nature?
Would from my youth a loathsome leprosy
Had run upon this face, or that my breath
Had been infectious, and so made me shunn'd
Of all societies! curs'd be he that taught me
Discourse or manners, or lent any grace
That makes the owner pleasing in the eye
Of wanton women! since those parts, which others
Value as blessings, are to me afflictions,
Such my condition is.

*Sfor.* I am on the rack:
Dissolve this doubtful riddle*.
*Fran.* That I alone,
Of all mankind, that stand most bound to love you,
And study your content, should be appointed,
Not by my will, but forced by cruel fate,
To be your greatest enemy!—not to hold you
In this amazement longer, in a word,
Your dutchess loves me.
*Sfor.* Loves thee?
*Fran.* Is mad for me,
Pursues me hourly.
*Sfor.* Oh!
*Fran.* And from hence grew
Her late neglect of you.
*Sfor.* O women! women!
*Fran.* I labour'd to divert her by persuasion,
Then urged your much love to her, and the danger;
Denied her, and with scorn.
*Sfor.* 'Twas like thyself.
*Fran.* But when I saw her smile, then heard her say,
Your love and extreme dotage as a cloak,
Should cover our embraces, and your power
Fright others from suspicion; and all favours
That should preserve her in her innocence,
By lust inverted to be used as bawds;
I could not but in duty (though I know
That the relation kills in you all hope
Of peace hereafter, and in me 'twill shew
Both base and poor to rise up her accuser)
Freely discover it.
*Sfor.* Eternal plagues
Pursue and overtake her! for her sake,
To all posterity may he prove a cuckold,
And, like to me, a thing so miserable
As words may not express him, that gives trust
To all deceiving women! Or, since it is
The will of heaven, to preserve mankind,
That we must know and couple with these serpents,
No wise man ever, taught by my example,
Hereafter use his wife with more respect
Than he would do his horse that does him service;
Base woman being in her creation made
A slave to man. But, like a village nurse,
Stand I now cursing and considering, when
The tamest fool would do!—Within there! Stephano,
Tiberio, and the rest.——I will be sudden,
And she shall know and feel, love in extremes
Abused, knows no degree in hate†.

*Enter* TIBERIO *and* STEPHANO.

*Tib.* My lord.
*Sfor.* Go to the chamber of that wicked woman—
*Steph.* What wicked woman, sir?
*Sfor.* The devil, my wife.
Force a rude entry, and, if she refuse
To follow you, drag her hither by the hair,
And know no pity; any gentle usage
To her will call on cruelty from me,
To such as show it.—Stand you staring! Go,
And put my will in act.

---

* *What* gimcrack *have we next?*] It may be that Coxeter has hit upon the right word; but the first syllable is omitted in the old copies; probably it was of an offensive tendency. Besides the terror of the law that hung over the poet's head about this time, the Master of the Revels kept a scrutinising eye upon every passage of an indecent (indecent for the times) or profane tendency. It is Massinger's peculiar praise, that he is altogether free from the latter.

* *Dissolve* this doubtful riddle.] Our old writers used *dissolve* and *solve* indiscriminately; or, if they made any difference, it was in favour of the former:

" ——he is pointed at
For the fine courtier, the woman's man,
That tells my lady stories, *dissolves riddles*"
*The Queen of Corinth.*

† ——— *no degree* in *hate.*] For *no degree* in *hate*, the modern editors very incorrectly read, *no degree* of *hate.*

*Steph.* There's no disputing.
*Tib.* But 'tis a tempest on the sudden raised,
Who durst have dream'd of?
[*Exenut Tiberio and Stephano.*
*Sfor.* Nay, since she dares damnation,
I'll be a fury to her.
*Fran.* Yet, great sir,
Exceed not in your fury; she's yet guilty
Only in her intent.
*Sfor.* Intent, Francisco!
It does include all fact; and I might sooner
Be won to pardon treason to my crown,
Or one that kill'd my father.
*Fran.* You are wise,
And know what's best to do:—yet, if you please,
To prove her temper to the height, say only
That I am dead, and then observe how far
She'll be transported. I'll remove a little,
But be within your call. Now to the upshot?
Howe'er I'll shift for one. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter* Tiberio, Stephano, *and* Guard *with* Marcella.

*Marc.* Where is this monster,
This walking tree of jealousy, this dreamer,
This horned beast that would be? Oh! are you here,
Is it by your commandment or allowance, [sir,
I am thus basely used? Which of my virtues,
My labours, services, and cares to please you,
For, to a man suspicious and unthankful,
Without a blush I may be mine own trumpet,
Invites this barbarous course? dare you look on me
Without a seal of shame?
*Sfor.* Impudence,
How ugly thou appear'st now! thy intent
To be a whore, leaves thee not blood enough
To make an honest blush; what had the act done?
*Marc.* Return'd thee the dishonour thou deservest,
Though willingly I had given up myself
To every common letcher.
*Sfor.* Your chief minion,
Your chosen favourite, your woo'd Francisco,
Has dearly paid for't; for, wretch! know, he's dead,
And by my hand.
*Marc.* The bloodier villain thou!
But 'tis not to be wondered at, thy love
Does know no other object:—thou hast kill'd then,
A man I do profess I loved; a man
For whom a thousand queens might well be rivals.
But he, I speak it to thy teeth, that dares be
A jealous fool, dares be a murderer,
And knows no end in mischief.
*Sfor.* I begin now
In this my justice. [*Stabs her.*
*Marc.* Oh! I have fool'd myself
Into my grave, and only grieve for that
Which, when you know you've slain an innocent,
You needs must suffer.
*Sfor.* An innocent! Let one
Call in Francisco, for he lives, vile creature,
[*Exit Stephano.*
To justify thy falsehood, and how often,
With whorish flatteries thou hast tempted him;
I being only fit to live a stale,
A bawd and property to your wantonness.

*Re-enter* Stephano.

*Steph.* Signior Francisco, sir, but even now,
Took horse without the ports.
*Marc.* We are both abused,
And both by him undone. Stay, death, a little,
Till I have clear'd me to my lord, and then*
I willingly obey thee. O my Sforza!
Francisco was not tempted, but the tempter;
And, as he thought to win me, shew'd the warrant
That you sign'd for my death.
*Sfor.* Then I believe thee;
Believe thee innocent too.
*Marc.* But, being contemn'd,
Upon his knees with tears he did beseech me,
Not to reveal it; I, soft-hearted fool,
Judging his penitence true, was won unto it:
Indeed, the unkindness to be sentenced by you,
Before that I was guilty in a thought,
Made me put on a seeming anger towards you,
And now—behold the issue. As I do,
May heaven forgive you! [*Dies.*
*Tib.* Her sweet soul has left
Her beauteous prison.
*Steph.* Look to the duke; he stands
As if he wanted motion.
*Tib.* Grief hath stopp'd
The organ of his speech.
*Steph.* Take up this body,
And call for his physicians.
*Sfor,* O my heart-strings! [*Exeunt*

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## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The* Milanese. *A Room in* Eugenia's *House.*

*Enter* Francisco *and* Eugenia *in male attire.*

*Fran.* Why, couldst thou think, Eugenia that rewards,
Graces, or favours, though strew'd thick upon me,
Could ever bribe me to forget mine honour?
Or that I tamely would sit down, before
I had dried these eyes still wet with showers of tears,
By the fire of my revenge? look up, my dearest!
For that proud fair, that, thief-like, stepp'd between
Thy promised hopes, and robb'd thee of a fortune
Almost in thy possession, hath found,
With horrid proof, his love, she thought her glory,
And an assurance of all happiness,
But hastened her sad ruin.
*Eug.* Do not flatter
A grief that is beneath it; for, however
The credulous duke to me proved false and cruel,
It is impossible he could be wrought

* *Till I have clear'd* me to *my lord, and then*] This is the reading of the first quarto: the second, which is that followed by the modern editors, gives the line in this unmetrical manner:
*Till I have clear'd* myself unto *my lord, and then I*

To look on her, but with the eyes of dotage,
And so to serve her.
*Fran.* Such, indeed, I grant,
The stream of his affection was, and ran
A constant course, till I, with cunning malice,
And yet I wrong my act, for it was justice,
Made it turn backward; and hate, in extremes,—
(Love banish'd from his heart,) to fill the room:
In a word, know the fair Marcelia's dead*.
*Eug.* Dead! [you?
*Fran.* And by Sforza's hand. Does it not move
How coldly you receive it! I expected
The mere relation of so great a blessing,
Born proudly on the wings of sweet revenge,
Would have call'd on a sacrifice of thanks,
And joy not to be bounded or conceal'd.
You entertain it with a look, as if
You wish'd it were undone.
*Eug.* Indeed I do:
For, if my sorrows could receive addition,
Her sad fate would increase, not lessen them.
She never injured me, but entertain'd
A fortune humbly offer'd to her hand,
Which a wise lady gladly would have kneel'd for.
Unless you would impute it as a crime,
She was more fair than I, and had discretion
Not to deliver up her virgin fort, [tears,
Though strait besieged with flatteries, vows, and
Until the church had made it safe and lawful.
And had I been the mistress of her judgment
And constant temper, skilful in the knowledge
Of man's malicious falsehood, I had never,
Upon his hell-deep oaths to marry me,
Given up my fair name, and my maiden honour,
To his foul lust; nor lived now, being branded
In the forehead for his whore, the scorn and shame
Of all good women.
*Fran.* Have you then no gall,
Anger, or spleen, familiar to your sex?
Or is it possible that you could see
Another to possess what was your due,
And not grow pale with envy?
*Eug.* Yes, of him
That did deceive me. There's no passion, that
A maid so injured ever could partake of,
But I have dearly suffer'd. These three years,
In my desire and labour of revenge,
Trusted to you, I have endured the throes
Of teeming women; and will hazard all
Fate can inflict on me, but I will reach
Thy heart, false Sforza! You have trifled with me,
And not proceeded with that fiery zeal
I look'd for from a brother of your spirit.
Sorrow forsake me, and all signs of grief
Farewell for ever. Vengeance, arm'd with fury,
Possess me wholly now!
*Fran.* The reason, sister,
Of this strange metamorphosis?
*Eug.* Ask thy fears:
Thy base, unmanly fears, thy poor delays,
Thy dull forgetfulness equal with death;
My wrong, else, and the scandal which can never
Be wash'd off from our house, but in his blood,
Would have stirr'd up a coward to a deed
In which, though he had fallen, the brave intent
Had crown'd itself with a fair monument
Of noble resolution. In this shape
I hope to get access; and, then, with shame,
Hearing my sudden execution, judge
What honour thou hast lost, in being transcended
By a weak woman.
*Fran.* Still mine own, and dearer!
And yet in this you but pour oil on fire,
And offer your assistance where it needs not.
And, that you may perceive I lay not fallow,
But had your wrongs stamp'd deeply on my heart
By the iron pen of vengeance, I attempted,
By whoring her, to cuckold him: that failing,
I did begin his tragedy in her death,
To which it served as prologue, and will make
A memorable story of your fortunes
In my assured revenge: Only best sister,
Let us not lose ourselves in the performance,
By your rash undertaking; we will be
As sudden as you could wish.
*Eug.* Upon those terms
I yield myself and cause, to be disposed of
As you think fit.

*Enter a* Servant.

*Fran.* Thy purpose?
*Serv.* There's one Graccho,
That follow'd you, it seems, upon the track,
Since you left Milan, that's importunate
To have access, and will not be denied;
His haste, he says, concerns you.
*Fran.* Bring him to me. [*Exit Servant,*
Though he hath laid an ambush for my life,
Or apprehension, yet I will prevent him,
And work mine own ends out.

*Enter* Graccho.

*Grac.* Now for my whipping!
And if I now outstrip him not, and catch him,
And by a new and strange way too, hereafter
I'll swear there are worms in my brains. [*Aside.*
*Fran.* Now, my good Graccho;
We meet as 'twere by miracle.
*Grac.* Love, and duty,
And vigilance in me for my lord's safety,
First taught me to imagine you were here,
And then to follow you. All's come forth, my lord,
That you could wish conceal'd. The dutchess' wound,
In the duke's rage put home, yet gave her leave
To acquaint him with your practices, which your
Did easily confirm. [flight
*Fran.* This I expected;
But sure you come provided of good counsel,
To help in my extremes.
*Grac.* I would not hurt you. [death;
*Fran.* How! hurt me? such another word's thy
Why, dar'st thou think it can fall in thy will,
To outlive what I determine?
*Grac.* How he awes me! [*Aside.*
*Fran.* Be brief; what brought thee hither?
*Grac.* Care to inform you
You are a condemn'd man, pursued and sought for,
And your head rated at ten thousand ducats
To him that brings it.
*Fran.* Very good.
*Grac.* All passages
Are intercepted, and choice troops of horse
Scour o'er the neighbour plains; your picture sent
To every state confederate with Milan:
That, though I grieve to speak it, in my judgment,

* *In a word, know* the *fair Marcelia's dead.*] Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason omit the article, which utterly destroys the rhythm of the line.

So thick your dangers meet, and run upon you,
It is impossible you should escape
Their curious search.
*Eug.* Why, let us then turn Romans,
And, falling by our own hands, mock their threats,
And dreadful preparations.
*Fran.* 'Twould show nobly;
But that the honour of our full revenge
Were lost in the rash action. No, Eugenia,
Graccho is wise, my friend too, not my servant,
And I dare trust him with my latest secret.
We would, and thou must help us to perform it,
First kill the duke—then, fall what can upon us!
For injuries are writ in brass, kind Graccho,
And not to be forgotten.
*Grac.* He instructs me [*Aside.*
What I should do.
*Fran.* What's that?
*Grac.* I labour with
A strong desire to assist you with my service,
And now I am deliver'd of't.
*Fran.* I told you.
Speak, my oraculous Graccho.
*Grac.* I have heard, sir,
Of men in debt that, lay'd for by their creditors,
In all such places where it could be thought
They would take shelter, chose, for sanctuary,
Their lodgings underneath their creditors' noses,
Or near that prison to which they were design'd,
If apprehended; confident that there
They never should be sought for.
*Eug.* 'Tis a strange one!
*Fran.* But what infer you from it?
*Grac.* This, my lord;
That, since all ways of your escape are stopp'd,
In Milan only, or, what's more, in the court,
Whither it is presumed you dare not come
Conceal'd in some disguise, you may live safe.
*Fran.* And not to be discover'd?
*Grac.* But by myself. [Graccho,
*Fran.* By thee! Alas! I know thee honest
And I will put thy counsel into act,
And suddenly. Yet, not to be ungrateful
For all thy loving travail to preserve me,
What bloody end soe'er my stars appoint, [there?
Thou shalt be safe, good Graccho.—Who's within
*Grac.* In the devil's name, what means he*!

*Enter* Servants.

*Fran.* Take my friend
Into your custody, and bind him fast;
I would not part with him.
*Grac.* My good lord.
*Fran.* Dispatch:
'Tis for your good, to keep you honest, Graccho:
I would not have ten thousand ducats tempt you,
Being of a soft and wax-like disposition,
To play the traitor; nor a foolish itch
To be revenged for your late excellent whipping,
Give you the opportunity to offer
My head for satisfaction. Why, thou fool!
I can look through and through thee; thy intents
Appear to me as written in thy forehead
In plain and easy characters: and but that
I scorn a slave's base blood should rust that sword
That from a prince expects a scarlet die,
Thou now wert dead; but live, only to pray
For good success to crown my undertakings;
And then, at my return, perhaps I'll free thee,
To make me further sport. Away with him!
I will not hear a syllable.
[*Exeunt Servants with Graccho.*
We must trust
Ourselves, Eugenia; and though we make use of
The counsel of our servants, that oil spent,
Like snuffs that do offend, we tread them out.—
But now to our last scene, which we'll so carry,
That few shall understand how 'twas begun,
Till all, with half an eye, may see 'tis done.
*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Milan. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter* Pescara, Tiberio, *and* Stephano.

*Pesc.* The like was never read of.
*Steph.* In my judgement,
To all that shall but hear it, 'twill appear
A most impossible fable.
*Tib.* For Francisco,
My wonder is the less, because there are
Too many precedents of unthankful men
Raised up to greatness, which have after studied
The ruin of their makers.
*Steph.* But that melancholy,
Though ending in distraction, should work
So far upon a man, as to compel him
To court a thing that has nor sense nor being,
Is unto me a miracle.
*Pesc.* 'Troth, I'll tell you,
And briefly as I can, by what degrees
He fell into this madness. When, by the care
Of his physicians, he was brought to life,
As he had only pass'd a fearful dream,
And had not acted what I grieve to think on,
He call'd for fair Marcelia, and being told
That she was dead, he broke forth in extremes,
(I would not say blasphemed,) and cried that heaven,
For all the offences that mankind could do,
Would never be so cruel as to rob it
Of so much sweetness, and of so much goodness;
That not alone was sacred in herself,
But did preserve all others innocent,
That had but converse with her. Then it came
Into his fancy that she was accused
By his mother and his sister; thrice he curs'd them
And thrice his desperate hand was on his sword
T'have kill'd them both; but he restrain'd, and they
Shunning his fury, spite of all prevention
He would have turn'd his rage upon himself;
When wisely his physicians looking on
The dutchess' wound, to stay his ready hand,
Cried out, it was not mortal.
*Tib.* 'Twas well thought on.
*Pesc.* He easily believing what he wish'd,
More than a perpetuity of pleasure
In any object else; flatter'd by hope,
Forgetting his own greatness, he fell prostrate
At the doctor's feet, implored their aid, and swore,
Provided they recover'd her, he would live
A private man, and they should share his dukedom.
They seem'd to promise fair, and every hour
Vary their judgments, as they find his fit

* Grac. *In the devil's name, what means he!*] The second quarto omits the adjuration and tamely reads,—*what means he?* The licenser, in many cases, seems to have acted capriciously: here, as well as in several other places, he has strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel. The expression has already occurred in *the Unnatural Combat*.

To suffer intermission or extremes:
For his behaviour since——
*Sfor.* [*within.*] As you have pity,
Support her gently.
*Pesc.* Now, be your own witnesses;
I am prevented.

*Enter* SFORZA, ISABELLA, MARIANA, Doctors *and* Servants *with the Body of* MARCELIA.

*Sfor.* Carefully, I beseech you,
The gentlest touch torments her; and then think
What I shall suffer. O you earthly gods,
You second natures, that from your great master,
Who join'd the limbs of torn Hippolitus,
And drew upon himself the Thunderer's envy,
Are taught those hidden secrets that restore
To life death-wounded men! you have a patient,
On whom to express the excellence of art,
Will bind even heaven your debtor, though it pleases
To make your hands the organs of a work
The saints will smile to look on, and good angels
Clap their celestial wings to give it plaudits.
How pale and wan she looks! O pardon me,
That I presume (died o'er with bloody guilt,
Which makes me, I confess, far, far unworthy)
To touch this snow-white hand. How cold it is!
This once was Cupid's fire-brand, and still
'Tis so to me. How slow her pulses beat too!
Yet, in this temper, she is all perfection,
And mistress of a heat so full of sweetness,
The blood of virgins, in their pride of youth,
Are balls of snow or ice compared unto her.
*Mari.* Is not this strange?
*Isab.* Oh! cross him not, dear daughter;
Our conscience tells us we have been abused,
Wrought to accuse the innocent, and with him
Are guilty of a fact——

*Enter a* Servant, *and whispers* PESCARA.

*Mari.* 'Tis now past help.
*Pesc.* With me? What is he?
*Serv.* He has a strange aspect;
A Jew by birth, and a physician
By his profession, as he says, who, hearing
Of the duke's frenzy, on the forfeit of
His life will undertake to render him
Perfect in every part:—provided that
Your lordship's favour gain him free access,
And your power with the duke a safe protection,
Till the great work be ended.
*Pesc.* Bring me to him;
As I find cause, I'll do. [*Exeunt Pesc. and Serv.*
*Sfor.* How sound she sleeps!
Heaven keep her from a lethargy!——How long
(But answer me with comfort, I beseech you)
Does your sure judgment tell you, that these lids,
That cover richer jewels than themselves,
Like envious night, will bar these glorious suns
From shining on me?
1 *Doct.* We have given her, sir,
A sleepy potion, that will hold her long,
That she may be less sensible of the torment
The searching of her wound will put her to.
2 *Doct.* She now feels little; but, if we should wake her,
To hear her speak would fright both us and you,
And therefore dare not hasten it.
*Sfor.* I am patient.
You see I do not rage, but wait your pleasure.
What do you think she dreams of now? for sure,
Although her body's organs are bound fast,
Her fancy cannot slumber.
1 *Doct.* That, sir, looks on
Your sorrow for your late rash act, with pity
Of what you suffer for it, and prepares
To meet the free confession of your guilt
With a glad pardon.
*Sfor.* She was ever kind;
And her displeasure, though call'd on, short-lived
Upon the least submission. O you Powers,
That can convey our thoughts to one another
Without the aid of eyes or ears, assist me!
Let her behold me in a pleasing dream
Thus, on my knees before her; (yet that duty
In me is not sufficient;) let her see me
Compel my mother, from whom I took life,
And this my sister, partner of my being,
To bow thus low unto her; let her hear us
In my acknowledgment freely confess
That we in a degree as high are guilty
As she is innocent. Bite your tongues, vile creatures,
And let your inward horrour fright your souls,
For having belied that pureness, to come near which
All women that posterity can bring forth
Must be, though striving to be good, poor rivals.
And for that dog Francisco, that seduced me,
In wounding her, to rase a temple built
To chastity and sweetness, let her know
I'll follow him to hell, but I will find him,
And there live a fourth fury to torment him.
Then, for this cursed hand and arm, that guided
The wicked steel, I'll have them, joint by joint,
With burning irons sear'd off, which I will eat,
I being a vulture fit to taste such carrion;
Lastly——
1 *Doct.* You are too loud, sir; you disturb
Her sweet repose.
*Sfor.* I am hush'd. Yet give us leave,
Thus prostrate at her feet, our eyes bent downwards,
Unworthy and ashamed, to look upon her,
To expect her gracious sentence.
2 *Doct.* He's past hope.
1 *Doct.* The body too will putrify, and then
We can no longer cover the imposture.
*Tib.* Which in his* death will quickly be dis-
I can but weep his fortune. [cover'd.
*Steph.* Yet be careful
You lose no minute to preserve him; time
May lessen his distraction.

*Re-enter* PESCARA, *with* FRANCISCO *as a Jew and* EUGENIA *disguised.*

*Fran.* I am no god, sir,
To give a new life to her; yet I'll hazard
My head, I'll work the senseless trunk t' appear
To him as it had got a second being,
Or that the soul that's fled from't, were call'd back
To govern it again. I will preserve it
In the first sweetness, and by a strange vapour,
Which I'll infuse into her mouth, create
A seeming breath; I'll make her veins run high too,
As if they had true motion.
*Pesc.* Do but this,
Till we use means to win upon his passions
T'endure to hear she's dead with some small patience,
And make thy own reward.

* Tib. *Which in* his *death will quickly be discover'd.*] I know not how the modern editors understood this line, but for *his*, they read, *her death*: a strange sophistication!

*Fran.* The art I use
Admits no looker on: I only ask
The fourth part of an hour to perfect that
I boldly undertake.
*Pesc.* I will procure it.
*2 Doct.* What stranger's this?
*Pesc.* Sooth me in all I say;
There is a main end in't.
*Fran.* Beware!
*Eug.* I am warn'd.
*Pesc.* Look up, sir, cheerfully; comfort in me
Flows strongly to you.
*Sfor.* From whence came that sound?
Was it from my Marcelia? If it were,
I rise, and joy will give me wings to meet it.
*Pesc.* Nor shall your expectation be deferr'd
But a few minutes. Your physicians are
Mere voice, and no performance; I have found
A man that can do wonders. Do not hinder
The dutchess' wish'd recovery, to enquire
Or what he is, or to give thanks, but leave him
To work this miracle.
*Sfor.* Sure, 'tis my good angel.
I do obey in all things; be it death
For any to disturb him, or come near,
Till he be pleased to call us. O, be prosperous,
And make a duke thy bondman!

[*Exeunt all but Francisco and Eugenia.*

*Fran.* 'Tis my purpose;
If that to fall a long-wish'd sacrifice
To my revenge can be a benefit.
I'll first make fast the doors;—so!
*Eug.* You amaze me:
What follows now?
*Fran.* A full conclusion
Of all thy wishes. Look on this, Eugenia,
Even such a thing, the proudest fair on earth
(For whose delight the elements are ransack'd,
And art with nature studied to preserve her,)
Must be, when she is summon'd to appear
In the court of death. But I lose time.
*Eug.* What mean you?
*Fran.* Disturb me not. Your ladyship looks pale;
But I, your doctor, have a ceruse for you.
See, my Eugenia, how many faces,
That are adorned in court, borrow these helps,
[*Paints the cheeks.*
And pass for excellence, when the better part
Of them are like to this. Your mouth smells sour
But here is that shall take away the scent; [too,
A precious antidote old ladies use, [rotten.
When they would kiss, knowing their gums are
These hands too, that disdain'd to take a touch
From any lip, whose owner writ not lord,
Are now but as the coarsest earth; but I
Am at the charge, my bill not to be paid too,
To give them seeming beauty. So! 'tis done.
How do you like my workmanship?
*Eug.* I tremble:
And thus to tyrannize upon the dead
Is most inhuman.
*Fran.* Come we for revenge,
And can we think on pity? Now to the upshot,
And, as it proves, applaud it. My lord the duke,
Enter with joy, and see the sudden change
Your servant's hand hath wrought.

*Re-enter* Sforza *and the rest.*

*Sfor.* I live again
In my full confidence that Marcelia may
Pronounce my pardon. Can she speak yet?
*Fran.* No:
You must not look for all your joys at once;
That will ask longer time.
*Pesc.* 'Tis wondrous strange!
*Sfor.* By all the dues of love I have had from her,
This hand seems as it was when first I kiss'd it.
These lips invite too: I could ever feed
Upon these roses, they still keep their colour
And native sweetness: only the nectar's wanting,
That, like the morning dew in flowery May,
Preserved them in their beauty.

*Enter* Graccho *hastily.*

*Grac.* Treason, treason!
*Tib.* Call up the guard.
*Fran.* Graccho! then we are lost.
*Grac.* I am got off, sir Jew; a bribe hath done it,
For all your serious charge; there's no disguise
Can keep you from my knowledge.
*Sfor.* Speak.
*Grac.* I am out of breath,
But this is——
*Fran.* Spare thy labour, fool,—Francisco *.
*All.* Monster of men!
*Fran.* Give me all attributes
Of all you can imagine, yet I glory
To be the thing I was born. I am Francisco;
Francisco, that was raised by you, and made
The minion of the time; the same Francisco,
That would have whored this trunk, when it had life,
And, after, breathed a jealousy upon thee,
As killing as those damps that belch out plagues
When the foundation of the earth is shaken:
I made thee do a deed heaven will not pardon,
Which was—to kill an innocent.
*Sfor.* Call forth the tortures
For all that flesh can feel.
*Fran.* I dare the worst:
Only, to yield some reason to the world
Why I pursued this course, look on this face,
Made old by thy base falsehood; 'tis Eugenia.
*Sfor.* Eugenia!
*Fran.* Does it start you, sir? my sister,
Seduced and fool'd by thee: but thou must pay
The forfeit of thy falsehood. Does it not work yet
Whate'er becomes of me, which I esteem not,
Thou art mark'd for the grave: I've given thee poison
In this cup *, (now observe me,) which thy last
Carousing deeply of, made thee forget
Thy vow'd faith to Eugenia.
*Pesc.* O damn'd villain!
*Isab.* How do you, sir?
*Sfor.* Like one
That learns to know in death what punishment
Waits on the breach of faith. Oh! now I feel

* Fran. *Spare thy labour, fool,—Francisco.*] Francisco's bold avowal of his guilt, with an emphatical repetition of his name, and the enumeration of his several acts of villainy, which he justifies from a spirit of revenge, in all probability gave rise to one of the most animated scenes in dramatic poetry. The reader will easily see, that I refer to the last act of Dr. Young's *Revenge*, where Zanga, like Francisco, defends every cruel and treacherous act he has committed from a principle of deep resentment. Davies.

† ——————*I've given thee poison*
*In this cup*, &c.] i. e. in the lips of Marcelia. This is a terrible scene, and has the air of being taken from some Italian story.

An Ætna in my entrails.—I have lived
A prince, and my last breath shall be command.
—I burn, I burn! yet ere life be consumed,
Let me pronounce upon this wretch all torture
That witty cruelty can invent.
*Pesc.* Away with him!
*Tib.* In all things we will serve you.
*Fran.* Farewell, sister!
Now I have kept my word, torments I scorn:
I leave the world with glory. They are men,
And leave behind them name and memory,
That wrong'd, do right themselves before they die.
[*Exeunt Guard with Francisco.*
*Steph.* A desperate wretch!
*Sfor.* I come: Death! I obey thee.
Yet I will not die raging; for, alas!
My whole life was a frenzy. Good Eugenia,
In death forgive me.—As you love me, bear her
To some religious house, there let her spend
The remnant of her life: when I am ashes,
Perhaps she'll be appeased, and spare a prayer
For my poor soul. Bury me with Marcelia,
And let our epitaph be—— [*Dies.*
*Tib.* His speech is stopt.
*Steph.* Already dead?
*Pesc.* It is in vain to labour
To call him back. We'll give him funeral,
And then determine of the state affairs:
And learn, from this example, There's no trust
In a foundation that is built on lust. [*Exeunt**.

* Mr. M. Mason, contrary to his custom, has given an account of this play; but it is too loose and unsatisfactory to be presented to the reader. He has observed, indeed, what could not easily be missed,—the beauty of the language, the elevation of the sentiments, the interesting nature of the situations, &c. But the interior motive of the piece,—the spring of action from which the tragic events are made to flow,—seems to have utterly escaped him. He has taken the accessory for the primary passion of it, and, upon his own error, founded a comparison between *the Duke of Milan* and *Othello*.—But let us hear Massinger himself. Fearing that, in a reverse of fortune, his wife may fall into the possession of another, Sforza gives a secret order for her murder, and attributes his resolution to the excess of his attachment:

"'Tis more than love to her, that marks her out
A wish'd companion to me in both fortunes."
Act I. sc. iii.

This is carefully remembered in the conference between Marcelia and Francisco, and connected with the feelings which it occasions in her:

"——that my lord, my Sforza, should esteem
My life fit only as a page, to wait on
The various course of his uncertain fortunes;
Or cherish in himself that sensual hope,
In death to know me as a wife, afflicts me."
Act III. sc. ii.

Upon this disapprobation of his selfish motive, is founded her reserve towards him,—a reserve, however, more allied to tenderness than to anger, and meant as a prudent corrective of his unreasonable desires. And from this reserve, ill interpreted by Sforza, proceeds that jealousy of his in the fourth act, which Mr. M. Mason will have to be the ground work of the whole subject!

But if Massinger must be compared with somebody, let it be with himself: for, as the reader will by and by perceive, *the Duke of Milan* has more substantial connexion with *the Picture* than with *Othello*. In his uxoriousness,—his doting entreaties of his wife's favours,—his abject requests of the mediation of others for him, &c. &c. Sforza strongly resembles Ladislaus; while the friendly and bold reproofs of his fondness by Pescara and Stephano prepare us for the rebukes afterwards employed against the same failing by the intrepid kindness of Eubulus. And not only do we find this similarity in some of the leading sentiments of the two plays, but occasionally the very language of the one is carried into the other.

As to the action itself of this piece, it is highly animating and interesting; and its connexion, at the very opening, with an important passage of history, procures for it at once a decided attention. This is, for the most part, well maintained by strong and rapid alternations of fortune, till the catastrophe is matured by the ever-working vengeance of Francisco. Even here, the author has contrived a novelty of interest little expected by the reader: and the late appearance of the injured Eugenia throws a fresh emotion into the conclusion of the play, while it explains a considerable part of the plot, with which, indeed, it is essentially connected.

The character of Sforza himself is strongly conceived. His passionate fondness for Marcelia,—his sudden rage at her apparent coolness,—his resolute renunciation of her,—his speedy repentance and fretful impatience of her absence,—his vehement defence of her innocence,—his quick and destructive vengeance against her, upon a false assertion of her dishonour,—and his prostrations and mad embraces of her dead body,—shew the force of dotage and hate in their extremes. His actions are wild and ungoverned, and his whole life is (as he says) made up of frenzy.

One important lesson is to be drawn from the principal feature of this character. From Sforza's ill-regulated fondness for Marcelia flows his own order for her murder. The discovery of it occasions the distant behaviour of the wife, the revenge of the husband, and the death of both.—Let us use the blessings of life with modesty and thankfulness. He who aims at intemperate gratifications, disturbs the order of Providence; and, in the premature loss of the object which he too fondly covets, is made to feel the just punishment of unreasonable wishes, and ungoverned indulgence. Dr. Ireland.

THE

# BONDMAN.

THE BONDMAN.] Hitherto we have had no clue to guide us in ascertaining the true date of these dramas. The fortunate discovery of Sir Henry Herbert's Office-book enables us, from this period, to proceed with every degree of certainty.

*The Bondman* was allowed by the Master of the Revels, and performed at the Cockpit in Drury Lane, on the third of December, 1623. It was printed in the following year, and again in 1638. This edition is full of errors, which I have been enabled to remove, by the assistance of the first copy, for which I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Malone

This ancient story (for so it is called by Massinger) is founded on the life of Timoleon the Corinthian, as recorded by Plutarch. The revolt and subsequent reduction of the slaves to their duty, is taken from Herodotus, or, more probably, from Justin*, who repeats the tale. The tale, however, more especially the catastrophe, is trifling enough, and does little honour to those who invented, or those who adopted it; but the beautiful episode here founded upon it, and which is entirely Massinger's own, is an inimitable piece of art.

This is one of the few plays of Massinger that have been revived since the Restoration. In 1660 it was brought on the stage by Betterton, then a young man, who played, as Downes the prompter informs us, the part of Pisander, for which nature had eminently qualified him. It was again performed at Drury Lane in 1719, and given to the press with a second title of *Love and Liberty*, and a few insignificant alterations; and in 1779 a modification of it was produced by Mr. Cumberland, and played for a few nights at Covent Garden, but, as it appears, with no extraordinary encouragement. It was not printed.

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE, MY SINGULAR GOOD LORD,

## PHILIP EARL OF MONTGOMERY,

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, &c.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

However I could never arrive at the happiness to be made known to your lordship, yet a desire, born with me, to make a tender of all duties and service to the noble family of the Herberts, descended to me as an inheritance from my dead father, Arthur Massinger†. Many years he happily spent in the service of your honourable house, and died a servant to it; leaving his‡ to be ever most glad and ready, to be at the command of all such as derive themselves from his most honoured master, your lordship's most noble father. The consideration of this encouraged me (having no other means to present my humblest service to your honour) to shroud this trifle under the wings of your noble protection; and I hope, out of the clemency of your heroic disposition, it will find, though perhaps not a welcome entertainment, yet, at the worst, a gracious pardon. When it was first acted, your lordship's liberal suffrage taught others to allow it for current, it having received the undoubted stamp of your lordships allowance: and if in the perusal of any vacant hour, when your honour's more serious occasions shall give you leave to read it, it answer, in your lordship's judgment, the report and opinion it had upon the stage, I shall esteem my labours not ill employed, and, while I live, continue

the humblest of those that
truly honour your lordship.
PHILIP MASSINGER.

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* It may, indeed, be taken from an account of Russia in *Purchas's Pilgrims*, a book that formed the delight of our ancestors. There it is said, that the Boiards of Noviorogod reduced their slaves, who had seized the town, by the whip, just as the Scythians are said to have done theirs.

† *My dead father*, Arthur *Massinger.*] So reads the first edition. The modern editors follow the second, which has *Philip* Massinger. See the Introduction.

‡ *Leaving* his *to be ever most glad*, &c.] So it stands in both the old quartos, and in Coxeter. Mr. M. Mason, without authority, and indeed without reason, inserts *son* after *his:* but the dedication, as given by him, and his predecessor, after the second quarto, is full of errors.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMOLEON, *the general, of* Corinth
ARCHIDAMUS, *prætor of* Syracusa.
DIPHILUS, *a senator of* Syracusa.
CLEON, *a fat impotent lord.*
PISANDER, *a gentleman of* Thebes; *disguised as a slave, named* Marullo. *(The Bondman.)*
POLIPHRON, *friend to* Pisander; *also disguised as a slave.*
LEOSTHENES, *a gentleman of* Syracusa, *enamoured of* Cleora.
ASOTUS, *a foolish lover, and the son of* Cleon.
TIMAGORAS, *the son of* Archidamus.

GRACCULO, CIMBRIO, } *slaves.*
A Gaoler.

CLEORA, *daughter of* Archidamus.
CORISCA, *a proud wanton lady, wife to* Cleon.
OLYMPIA, *a rich widow.*
STATILIA, *sister to* Pisander, *slave to* Cleora, *named* Timandra.
ZANTHIA, *slave to* Corisca.

Other slaves, Officers, Senators.

SCENE, Syracuse, and the adjacent country.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Camp of* Timoleon, *near* Syracuse.

*Enter* TIMAGORAS *and* LEOSTHENES.

*Timag.* Why should you droop, Leosthenes, or despair
My sister's favour? What before you purchased
By courtship and fair language, in these wars
(For from her soul you know she loves a soldier)
You may deserve by action.
*Leost.* Good Timagoras,
When I have said my friend, think all is spoken
That may assure me yours; and pray you believe,
The dreadful voice of war that shakes the city,
The thundering threats of Carthage, nor their army,
Raised to make good those threats, affright not me.—
If fair Cleora were confirm'd his prize,
That has the strongest arm and sharpest sword,
I'd court Bellona in her horrid trim,
As if she were a mistress; and bless fortune,
That offers my young valour to the proof,
How much I dare do for your sister's love.
But, when that I consider how averse
Your noble father, great Archidamus,
Is, and hath ever been, to my desires,
Reason may warrant me to doubt and fear.
What seeds soever I sow in these wars
Of noble courage, his determinate will
May blast and give my harvest to another,
That never toil'd for it.
*Timag.* Prithee, do not nourish [me,
These jealous thoughts; I am thine, (and pardon
Though I repeat it,) thy Timagoras*,
That, for thy sake, when the bold Theban sued,
Far-famed Pisander, for my sister's love,
Sent him disgraced and discontented home.
I wrought my father then; and I, that stopp'd not
In the career of my affection to thee,
When that renowned worthy, that, brought with him†
High birth, wealth, courage, as fee'd advocates
To mediate for him: never will consent
A fool, that only has the shape of man,
Asotus, though he be rich Cleon's heir,
Shall bear her from thee.
*Leost.* In that trust I love*.
*Timag.* Which never shall deceive you.

*Enter* PISANDER.

*Pisan.* Sir, the general,
Timoleon, by his trumpets hath given warning
For a remove.
*Timag.* 'Tis well; provide my horse.
*Pisan.* I shall, sir. [*Exit.*
*Leost.* This slave has a strange aspect. [knave:
*Timag.* Fit for his fortune; 'tis a strong-limb'd
My father bought him for my sister's litter.
O pride of women! Coaches are too common—
They surfeit in the happiness of peace,
And ladies think they keep not state enough,
If, for their pomp and ease, they are not born
In triumph on men's shoulders†.
*Leost.* Who commands
The Carthaginian fleet?
*Timag.* Gisco's their admiral,
And 'tis our happiness; a raw young fellow,
One never train'd in arms, but rather fashion'd
To tilt with ladies' lips, than crack a lance;
Ravish a feather from a mistress' fan,
And wear it as a favour. A steel helmet,
Made horrid with a glorious plume, will crack
His woman's neck.
*Leost.* No more of him.—The motives,
That Corinth gives us aid?

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* ——————(*and pardon me,*
*Though I repeat it,*) thy Timagoras.] So the old copies. What induced the modern editors to make nonsense of the passage, and print *my Leosthenes*, I cannot even guess.

† *When that renowned worthy*, that, *brought with him*] In this line Mr. M. Mason omits the second *that*, which, he says "destroys both sense and metre." The reduplication is entirely in Massinger's manner, and assuredly destroys neither. With respect to the sense, that is enforced by it; and no very exquisite ear is required, to perceive that the metre is improved.—How often will it be necessary to observe, that our old dramatists never counted their syllables on their fingers?

* Leost. *In that trust I* love.] *Love* is the reading of both the quartos. In the modern editions it is unnecessarily altered to *live*.

† *In triumph on men's shoulders.*] Referring to the then recently introduced sedan-chairs, which excited much indignation in Massinger's time.

*Timag.* The common danger;
For Sicily being afire, she is not safe:
It being apparent that ambitious Carthage,
That, to enlarge her empire, strives to fasten,
An unjust gripe on us that live free lords
Of Syracusa, will not end, till Greece
Acknowledge her their sovereign.
*Leost.* I am satisfied,
What think you of our general?
*Timag.* He's a man [*Trumpets sound.*
Of strange and reserved parts, but a great soldier *.
His trumpets call us, I'll forbear his character;
To-morrow, in the senate-house, at large
He will express himself.
*Leost.* I'll follow you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Syracuse. *A Room in Cleon's House.*

*Enter* Cleon, Corisca, *and* Gracculo.

*Coris.* Nay, good chuck.
*Cleon.* I've said it; stay at home,
I cannot brook your gadding; you're a fair one,
Beauty invites temptations, and short heels
Are soon tripp'd up.
*Coris.* Deny me! by my honour,
You take no pity on me. I shall swoon
As soon as you are absent; ask my man else,
You know he dares not tell a lie.
*Grac.* Indeed,
You are no sooner out of sight, but she [doctor,
Does feel strange qualms; then sends for her young
Who ministers physic to her on her back,
Her ladyship lying as she were entranced:
(I've peep'd in at the keyhole, and observed them:)
And sure his potions never fail to work,
For she's so pleasant in the taking them,
She tickles again.
*Coris.* And all's to make you merry,
When you come home.
*Cleon.* You flatter me: I'm old,
And wisdom cries, Beware.
*Coris.* Old, duck! To me
You are a young Adonis.
*Grac.* Well said, Venus;
I am sure she Vulcans him.
*Coris.* I will not change thee
For twenty boisterous young things without beards.
These bristles give the gentlest titillations,
And such a sweet dew flows on them, it cures
My lips without pomatum. Here's a round belly!
'Tis a down pillow to my back; I sleep
So quietly by it: and this tunable nose,
Faith, when you hear it not, affords such music,
That I curse all night-fiddlers.
*Grac.* This is gross.
Not finds she flouts him!
*Coris.* As I live, I am jealous.
*Cleon.* Jealous of me, wife?
*Coris.* Yes; and I have reason;
Knowing how lusty and active a man you are.
*Cleon.* Hum, hum! [will make him
*Grac.* This is no cunning quean †! slight, she
To think that, like a stag, he has cast his horns,
And is grown young again.
*Coris.* You have forgot
What you did in your sleep, and, when you waked,
Call'd for a caudle.
*Grac.* It was in his sleep;
For, waking, I durst trust my mother with him.
*Coris.* I long to see the man of war: Cleora,
Archidamus' daughter, goes, and rich Olympia;
I will not miss the show.
*Cleon.* There's no contending:
For this time I am pleased, but I'll no more on't.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. The Senate-house.*

*Enter* Archidamus, Cleon, Diphilus, Olympia, Corisca, Cleora, *and* Zanthia.

*Archid.* So careless we have been, my noble lords
In the disposing of our own affairs,
And ignorant in the art of government,
That now we need a stranger to instruct us.
Yet we are happy that our neighbour Corinth,
Pitying the unjust gripe Carthage would lay
On Syracusa, hath vouchsafed to lend us
Her man of men, Timoleon, to defend
Our country and our liberties.
*Diph.* 'Tis a favour
We are unworthy of, and we may blush
Necessity compels us to receive it. [nation
*Archid.* O shame! that we, that are a populous
Engaged to liberal nature, for all blessings
An island can bring forth; we, that have limbs,
And able bodies; shipping, arms, and treasure,
The sinews of the war, now we are call'd
To stand upon our guard, cannot produce
One fit to be our general.
*Cleon.* I am old and fat;
I could say something else.
*Archid.* We must obey
The time and our occasions; ruinous buildings,
Whose bases and foundations are infirm,
Must use supporters: we are circled round [wings,
With danger; o'er our heads with sail-stretch'd
Destruction hovers, and a cloud of mischief
Ready to break upon us; no hope left us
That may divert it, but our sleeping virtue,
Roused up by brave Timoleon.
*Cleon.* When arrives he?
*Diph.* He is expected every hour.
*Archid.* The braveries*
Of Syracusa, among whom my son
Timagoras, Leosthenes, and Asotus,
Your hopeful heir, lord Cleon, two days since
Rode forth to meet him, and attend him to
The city; every minute we expect
To be bless'd with his presence.
[*Shouts within; then a flourish of trumpets.*
*Cleon.* What shout's this?

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* Timag. *He's a man*
*Of* strange *and reserved parts, but a great soldier.*] *Strange* signifies here *distant*. M. Mason.
I do not pretend to know the meaning of *distant* parts. Massinger, however, is clear enough: strange *and reserved*, in his language, is, strangely (i. e. singularly) *reserved*.

† Grac. *This is* no *cunning quean!*] In our author's time, as is justly observed by Warburton, "the negative, in common speech, was used ironically to express the excess of thing." Thus, in *the Roman Actor*:
"This is *no* flattery!"
And again, in *the City Madam*:
"Here's *no* gross flattery! Will she swallow this?"
and in a thousand other places.

* Archid. *The* braveries
*Of Syracusa,* &c.] i. e. the young nobility, the gay and fashionable gallants of the city. Thus Clerimont, in his description of Sir Amorous la Foole, observes that "he is one of the *braveries*, though he be none of the wits." *The Silent Woman.*

*Diph.* 'Tis seconded with loud music.
*Archid.* Which confirms
His wish'd-for entrance. Let us entertain him
With all respect, solemnity, and pomp,
A man may merit, that comes to redeem us
From slavery and oppression.
*Cleon.* I'll lock up [Corinth.
My doors, and guard my gold; these lads of
Have nimble fingers, and I fear them more,
Being within our walls, than those of Carthage;
They are far off.
*Archid.* And, ladies, be it your care
To welcome him and his followers with all duty:
For rest resolved, their hands and swords must keep you
In that full height of happiness you live:
A dreadful change else follows.
[*Exeunt Archidamus, Cleon, and Diphilus.*
*Olymp.* We are instructed.
*Coris.* I'll kiss him for the honour of my country,
With any she in Corinth *.
*Olymp.* Were he a courtier,
I've sweetmeat in my closet shall content him,
Be his palate ne'er so curious.
*Coris.* And, if need be, [orchard,
I have a couch and a banqueting-house in my
Where many a man of honour † has not scorn'd
To spend an afternoon.
*Olymp.* These men of war,
As I have heard, know not to court a lady.
They cannot praise our dressings, kiss our hands,
Usher us to our litters, tell love-stories,
Commend our feet and legs, and so search upwards;
A sweet becoming boldness! they are rough,
Boisterous, and saucy, and at the first sight
Ruffle and touze us, and, as they find their stomachs,
Fall roundly to it.
*Coris.* 'Troth, I like them the better:
I can't endure to have a perfumed sir
Stand cringing in the hams, licking his lips
Like a spaniel over a furmenty-pot, and yet
Has not the boldness to come on, or offer
What they know we expect.
*Olymp.* We may commend
A gentleman's modesty, manners, and fine language,
His singing, dancing, riding of great horses,
The wearing of his clothes, his fair complexion;
Take presents from him, and extol his bounty:
Yet, though he observe, and waste his state upon us ‡,
If he be staunch *, and bid not for the stock
That we were born to traffic with; the truth is,
We care not for his company.
*Coris.* Musing, Cleora? [strangers;
*Olymp.* She's studying how to entertain these
And to engross them to herself.
*Cleo.* No, surely;
I will not cheapen any of their wares,
Till you have made your market; you will buy,
I know, at any rate.
*Coris.* She has given it you.
*Olymp.* No more; they come: the first kiss for this jewel.

*Flourish of trumpets.* *Enter* Timagoras, Leosthenes, Asotus, Timoleon *in black, led in by* Archidamus, Diphilus, *and* Cleon, *followed by* Pisander, Gracculo, Cimbrio, *and others.*

*Archid.* It is your seat: which, with a general suffrage, [*Offering him the state* †.

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* Coris. *I'll kiss him for the honour of my country, With any she in* Corinth.] The reputation of the Corinthian ladies stood high among the ancients for gallantry; and to this Corisca alludes.

† Coris. *And if need be I have a couch and a* banqueting-house *in my orchard, Where many a man of honour,* &c.] Our old plays are full of allusions to these garden-houses, which appear to have been abused to the purposes of debauchery. A very homely passage from Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1599, will make all this plain: "In the suburbes of the citie, they (the women) have *gardens* either paled or walled round about very high, with their harbers and bowers fit for the purpose: and lest they might be espied in these open places, they have their *banqueting-houses* with galleries, turrets, and what not, therein sumptuously erected; wherein they may, and doubtless do, many of them, play the filthy persons." See too, *the City Madam.*

‡ ——— *and waste his* state *upon us.*] Everywhere the modern editors print this word with the mark of elision, as if it were contracted from *estate;* but it is not so: *state* is the genuine word, and is used by all our old poets, and by Massinger himself, in many hundred places, where we should now write and print *estate.* I may incidentally observe here, that many terms which are now used with a mark of elision, and supposed to have suffered an aphæresis, are really and substantially perfect. In some cases, the Saxon prefix has been corrupted into a component part of the word, and in others, prepositions have been added in the progress of refinement, for the sake of euphony, or metre; but, generally speaking, the simple term is the complete one.

* *If he be* staunch, &c.] I don't think that *staunch* can be sense in this passage; we should probably read *starch'd,* that is *precise, formal.* M. Mason.

This is a singular conjecture Let the reader peruse again Olympia's description, which is that of a complete gentleman; and then say what there is of starched, formal, or precise, in it! *Staunch* is as good a word as she could have chosen, and is here used in its proper sense for steady, firm, full of integrity: and her meaning is, "if with all the accomplishments of a fine gentleman, he possesses the fixed principles of a man of honour, and does not attempt to debauch us, he is not for our purpose."

When I wrote this, I had not seen the appendix which is subjoined to some copies of the last edition. Mr. M. Mason has there revised his note, and given his more mature thoughts on the subject. "On the first consideration of this passage, I did not apprehend that the word *staunch* could import any meaning that would render it intelligible, and I therefore amended the passage by reading *starch'd* instead of *staunch,* but I have since found a similar acceptation of that word in Jonson's *Silent Woman,* where Truewit says: "If your mistress love valour, talk of your sword, and be frequent in the mention of quarrels, though you be *staunch* in fighting." This is one of the many instances that may be produced to prove how necessary it is for the editor of any ancient dramatic writer, to read with attention the other dramatic productions of the time."

I participate in Mr. M. Mason's self-congratulations on this important discovery; and will venture to suggest another, still more important, which appears to have eluded his researches: it is simply—"the necessity for the editor of any ancient dramatic writer, to read with attention"—that dramatic writer himself.

But what, after all, does Mr. M. Mason imagine he has found out? and what is the sense he would finally affix to *staunch?* these are trifles he has omitted to mention. I can discover nothing from his long note, but that he misunderstands Jonson now, as he misunderstood Massinger before. Each of these great poets uses the word in its proper and ordinary sense: "Though you be *staunch* in fighting," says Truewit, (i. e. really brave, and consequently not prone to boasting,) "yet, to please your mistress, you must talk of your sword," &c.

† *Offering him* the state.] *The state* was a raised platform, on which was placed a chair with a canopy over it. The word occurs perpetually in our old writers. It is used by Dryden, but seems to have been growing obsolete while he was writing: in the first edition of Mac Fleckno, the monarch is placed on a *state;* in the subsequent ones, he is seated, like his fellow kings, on a throne: it occurs also, and I believe for the last time, in Swift: "As she affected not the grandeur of a *state* with a canopy, she thought there was no offence in an elbow chair." *Hist. of John Bull,* c. i.

As to the supreme magistrate, Sicily tenders*,
And prays Timoleon to accept.
*Timol.* Such honours
To one ambitious of rule † or titles,
Whose heaven on earth is placed in his command,
And absolute power o'er others, would with joy,
And veins swollen high with pride, be entertain'd.
They take not me; for I have ever loved
An equal freedom, and proclaim'd all such
As would usurp on other's liberties ‡,
Rebels to nature, to whose bounteous blessings
All men lay claim as true legitimate sons.
But such as have made forfeit of themselves
By vicious courses, and their birthright lost,
'Tis not injustice they are mark'd for slaves
To serve the virtuous. For myself, I know
Honours and great employments are great burthens,
And must require an Atlas to support them.
He that would govern others, first should be
The master of himself, richly endued
With depth of understanding, height of courage,
And those remarkable graces which I dare not
Ascribe unto myself.
*Archid.* Sir, empty men
Are trumpets of their own deserts; but you,
That are not in opinion, but in proof,
Really good, and full of glorious parts,
Leave the report of what you are to fame;
Which, from the ready tongues of all good men,
Aloud proclaims you.
*Diph.* Besides, you stand bound,
Having so large a field to exercise
Your active virtues offer'd you, to impart
Your strength to such as need it.
*Timol.* 'Tis confess'd:
And, since you'll have it so, such as I am,
For you, and for the liberty of Greece,
I am most ready to lay down my life:
But yet consider, men of Syracusa,
Before that you deliver up the power,
Which yet is yours, to me,—to whom 'tis given;
To an impartial man, with whom nor threats,
Nor prayers, shall prevail §; for I must steer
An even course.
*Archid.* Which is desired of all.
*Timol.* Timophanes, my brother, for whose death
I am tainted in the world ‖, and foully tainted;
In whose remembrance I have ever worn,
In peace and war, this livery of sorrow,
Can witness for me, how much I detest
Tyrannous usurpation; with grief
I must remember it: for, when no persuasion
Could win him to desist from his bad practice,
To change the aristocracy of Corinth
Into an absolute monarchy, I chose rather
To prove a pious and obedient son
To my country, my best mother*, than to lend
Assistance to Timophanes, though my brother,
That, like a tyrant, strove to set his foot
Upon the city's freedom.
*Timag.* 'Twas a deed
Deserving rather trophies than reproof.
*Leost.* And will be still remembered to your honour,
If you forsake not us.
*Diph.* If you free Sicily
From barbarous Carthage' yoke,† 'twill be said,
In him you slew a tyrant.
*Archid.* But, giving way
To her invasion, not vouchsafing us.
That fly to your protection, aid and comfort,
'Twill be believed, that, for your private ends,
You kill'd a brother,
*Timol.* As I then proceed,
To all posterity may that act be crown'd
With a deserved applause, or branded with
The mark of infamy!—Stay yet; ere I take
This seat of justice, or engage myself
To fight for you abroad, or to reform
Your state at home, swear all upon my sword
And call the gods of Sicily to witness
The oath you take, that whatsoe'er I shall
Propound for safety of your commonwealth,

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* *As to the supreme magistrate,* Sicily *tenders,*] For *Sicily,* the old copies have *surely.* The emendation, which is a very happy one, was made by Coxeter.

† ——————*such honours*
*To one ambitious of rule,* &c.] Massinger has here finely drawn the character of Timoleon, and been very true to history. He was descended from one of the noblest families in Corinth, loved his country passionately, and discovered upon all occasions a singular humanity of temper, except against tyrants and bad men. He was an excellent captain; and as in his youth he had all the maturity of age, in age he had all the fire and courage of the most ardent youth. Coxeter.

‡ *As would usurp* on other's *liberties.*] So the first quarto; the second, which the modern editors follow, has, *another's* liberties. In the preceding line, for *proclaim'd,* Mr. M. Mason arbitrarily reads, *proclaim*: an injudicious alteration.

§ *Nor prayers* shall *prevail:*] *Ever,* which the modern editors arbitrarily insert after *shall,* is neither required by the sense nor the metre. (Omitted in ed. 1813.)

‖ *Timol.* Timophanes, *my brother, for whose death*
*I'm tainted in the world,* &c.] Timoleon had an elder brother, called Timophanes, whom he tenderly loved, as he had demonstrated in a battle, in which he covered him with his body, and saved his life at the great danger of his own; but his country was still dearer to him. That brother having made himself tyrant of it, so black a crime gave him the sharpest affliction. He made use of all possible means to bring him back to his duty: kindness, friendship, affection, remonstrances, and even menaces. But, finding all his endeavours ineffectual, and that nothing could prevail upon a heart abandoned to ambition, he caused his brother to be assassinated in his presence [no; *not in his presence*] by two of his friends and intimates, and thought, that upon such an occasion, the laws of nature ought to give place to those of his country. Coxeter.

Coxeter has copied with sufficient accuracy, the leading traits of Timoleon's character, from the old translation of Plutarch's *Lives.* With Plutarch, indeed, Timoleon appears to be a favourite, and not undeservedly; in an age of great men, he was eminently conspicuous: his greatest praise, however, is, that he profited by experience, and suffered the wild and savage enthusiasm of his youth to mellow into a steady and rational love of liberty. The assassination of his brother, which *sat heavy on his soul,* taught him "that an action should not only" (it is Plutarch who speaks) "be just and laudable in itself, but the principle from which it proceeds, firm and immoveable; in order that our conduct may have the sanction of our own approbation."

It is impossible to read a page of his latter history, without seeing that prudence was the virtue on which he chiefly relied for fame: prodigies and portents forerun all his achievements; part of which he undoubtedly fabricated, and all of which he had the dexterity to turn to his account; but he was not only indebted to prudence for fame, but for happiness also; since, when he had given victory and peace to the Syracusans, he wisely declined returning to Greece, where proscription or death probably awaited him: and chose to spend the remainder of his days at Syracuse. Those days were long and happy; and when he died he was honoured with a public funeral, and the tears of a people whom he had saved.

* *To my country,* my best mother,] In this expression, Timoleon alludes to the conduct of his natural mother, who would never see him after the assassination of his brother, and always called him *fratricidam, impiumque.*

† Diph. *If you free Sicily,*
*From barbarous Carthage' yoke,* &c.] This and the next speech are literally from Plutarch; Massinger has in this instance adhered more closely to his story than usual; for, to confess the truth, it cannot be said of him, that his historical plays are "more authentic than the chronicles!"

Not circumscribed or bound in, shall by you
Be willingly obey'd.
*Archid. Diph. Cleon.* So may we prosper,
As we obey in all things.
*Timag. Leost. Asot.* And observe
All your commands as oracles!
*Timol.* Do not repent it. [*Takes the state.*
*Olymp.* He ask'd not our consent.
*Coris.* He's a clown I warrant him.
*Olymp.* I offer'd myself twice, and yet the churl
Would not salute me.
*Coris.* Let him kiss his drum!
I'll save my lips, I rest on it*.
*Olymp.* He thinks women
No part of the republic.
*Coris.* He shall find
We are a commonwealth.
*Cleo.* The less your honour.
*Timol.* First then a word or two, but without bitterness.
(And yet mistake me not, I am no flatterer.)
Concerning your ill government of the state;
In which the greatest, noblest, and most rich,
Stand, in the first file guilty.
*Cleon.* Ha! how's this?
*Timol.* You have not, as good patriots should do, studied
The public good, but your particular ends;
Factious among yourselves, preferring such
To offices and honours, as ne'er read
The elements of saving policy;
But deeply skill'd in all the principles
That usher to destruction.
*Leost.* Sharp.
*Timag.* The better.
*Timol.* Your senate-house, which used not to admit
A man, however popular, to stand [sels,
At the helm of government, whose youth was not
Made glorious by action; whose experience,
Crown'd with gray hairs, gave warrant to his counHeard and received with reverence, is now fill'd
With green heads, that determine of the state
Over their cups, or when their sated lusts
Afford them leisure; or supplied by those
Who, rising from base arts and sordid thrift,
Are eminent for their† wealth not for their wisdom:
Which is the reason that to hold a place
In council, which was once esteem'd an honour,
And a reward for virtue, hath quite lost
Lustre and reputation, and is made
A mercenary purchase.
*Timag.* He speaks home.
*Leost.* And to the purpose.
*Timol.* From whence proceeds
That the treasure of the city is engross'd
By a few private men, the public coffers
Hollow with want; and they, that will not spare
One talent for the common good, to feed
The pride and bravery of their wives, consume,
In plate, and jewels, and superfluous slaves,
What would maintain an army.
*Coris.* Have at us!
*Olymp.* We thought we were forgot.
*Cleo.* But it appears
You will be treated of.
*Timol.* Yet, in this plenty,
And fat of peace, your young men ne'er were train'd
In martial discipline; and your ships unrigg'd,
Rot in the harbour: no defence prepared,
But thought unuseful; as if that the gods,
Indulgent to your sloth, had granted you
A perpetuity of pride and pleasure,
No change fear'd or expected. Now you find
That Carthage, looking on your stupid sleeps,
And dull security, was invited to
Invade your territories.
*Archid.* You have made us see, sir,
To our shame, the country's sickness: now, from you,
As from a careful and a wise physician,
We do expect the cure.
*Timol.* Old fester'd sores
Must be lanced to the quick, and cauterized:
Which born with patience, after I'll apply
Soft unguents. For the maintenance of the war,
It is decreed all monies in the hand
Of private men, shall instantly be brought
To the public treasury.
*Timag.* This bites sore.
*Cleon.* The cure
Is worse than the disease; I'll never yield to't.
What could the enemy, though victorious,
Inflict more on us? All that my youth hath toil'd for,
Purchased with industry, and preserved with care,
Forced from me in a moment!
*Diph.* This rough course
Will never be allow'd of.
*Timol* O blind men!
If you refuse the first means that is offer'd
To give you health, no hope's left to recover
Your desperate sickness. Do you prize your muck
Above your liberties, and rather choose
To be made bondmen, than to part with that
To which already you are slaves? Or can it
Be probable in your flattering apprehensions,
You can capitulate with the conqueror,
And keep that yours which they come to possess,
And, while you kneel in vain, will ravish from you?
—But take your own ways; brood upon your gold,
Sacrifice to your idol, and preserve
The prey entire, and merit the report
Of careful stewards; yield a just account
To your proud masters, who, with whips of iron,
Will force you to give up what you conceal,
Or tear it from your throats: adorn your walls
With Persian hangings wrought of gold and pearl;
Cover the floors on which they are to tread,
With costly Median silks; perfume the rooms
With cassia and amber, where they are
To feast and revel; while, like servile grooms,
You wait upon their trenchers; feed their eyes
With massy plate, until your cupboards crack
With the weight that they sustain; set forth your
And daughters in as many varied shapes [wive
As there are nations to provoke their lusts,
And let them be embraced before your eyes,
The object may content you! and to perfect
Their entertainment, offer up your sons,
And able men, for slaves; while you, that are
Unfit for labour, are spurn'd out to starve,

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* *I'll save my lips,* I rest on it.] I am fixed, determined, on it; a metaphor taken from play, where the highest stake the parties were disposed to venture, was called *the rest.* To appropriate this term to any particular game, as is some times done, is extremely incorrect; since it was anciently applied to cards, to dice, to bowls, in short to any amusement of chance, where money was wagered, or, to use a phrase of the times, set up.

† *Are eminent for* their *wealth, not for their wisdom* :] I have inserted *their* from the invaluable first quarto: it strengthens and completes the verse.

Unpitied, in some desert, no friend by,
Whose sorrow may spare one compassionate tear,
In the remembrance of what once you were.
*Leost.* The blood turns.
*Timag.* Observe how old Cleon shakes,
As if in picture he had shown him what
He was to suffer.
*Coris.* I am sick; the man
Speaks poniards and diseases.
*Olymp.* O my doctor!
I never shall recover.
*Cleo.* [*coming forward.*] If a virgin,
Whose speech was ever yet usher'd with fear;
One knowing modesty and humble silence
To be the choicest ornaments of our sex,
In the presence of so many reverend men
Struck dumb with terror and astonishment,
Presume to clothe her thought in vocal sounds,
Let her find pardon. First to you, great sir,
A bashful maid's thanks, and her zealous prayers
Wing'd with pure innocence, bearing them to heaven,
For all prosperity that the gods can give
To one whose piety must exact their care,
Thus low I offer.
*Timol.* 'Tis a happy omen.
Rise, blest one, and speak boldly. On my virtue,
I am thy warrant, from so clear a spring
Sweet rivers ever flow.
*Cleo.* Then, thus to you,
My noble father, and these lords, to whom
I next owe duty: no respect forgotten
To you, my brother, and these bold young men,
(Such I would have them,) that are, or should be,
The city's sword and target of defence.
To all of you I speak; and, if a blush
Steal on my cheeks, it is shown to reprove
Your paleness, willingly I would not say,
Your cowardice or fear: Think you all treasure
Hid in the bowels of the earth, or shipwreck'd
In Neptune's wat'ry kingdom, can hold weight,
When liberty and honour fill one scale,
Triumphant Justice sitting on the beam?
Or dare you but imagine that your gold is
Too dear a salary for such as hazard
Their blood and lives in your defence? For me,
An ignorant girl, bear witness, heaven! so far
I prize a soldier, that, to give him pay,
With such devotion as our flamens offer
Their sacrifices at the holy altar,
I do lay down these jewels, will make sale
Of my superfluous wardrobe, to supply
The meanest of their wants. [*Lays down her jewels.*
*Timol.* Brave masculine spirit!
*Diph.* We are shown, to our shame, what we in
Should have taught others. [honour
*Archid.* Such a fair example
Must needs be follow'd.
*Timag.* Ever my dear sister,
But now our family's glory!
*Leost.* Were she deform'd,
The virtues of her mind would force a Stoic
To sue to be her servant.
*Cleon.* I must yield;
And, though my heart-blood part with it, I will
Deliver in my wealth.
*Asot.* I would say something;
But, the truth is, I know not what,
*Timol.* We have money;
And men must now be thought on.
*Archid.* We can press
Of labourers in the country, men inured
To cold and heat, ten thousand.
*Diph.* Or, if need be,
Enrol our slaves, lusty and able varlets,
And fit for service.
*Cleon.* They shall go for me;
I will not pay and fight too.
*Cleo.* How! your slaves?
O stain of honour!—Once more, sir, your pardon;
And, to their shames, let me deliver what
I know in justice you may speak.
*Timol.* Most gladly:
I could not wish my thoughts a better organ
Than your tongue, to express them.
*Cleo.* Are you men!
(For age may qualify, though not excuse.
The backwardness of these,) able young men!
Yet, now your country's liberty's at the stake,
Honour and glorious triumph made the garland*
For such as dare deserve them; a rich feast
Prepared by Victory, of immortal viands,
Not for base men, but such as with their swords
Dare force admittance, and will be her guests:
And can you coldly suffer such rewards
To be proposed to labourers and slaves?
While you, that are born noble, to whom these,
Valued at their best rate, are next to horses,
Or other beasts of carriage, cry aim†!

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* *Yet, now your country's liberty's at* the *stake,*
*Honour and glorious triumph made* the *garland.*] Mr. M. Mason has improved these lines, in his opinion, by omitting the article in the first, and changing *the* in the second, into *a*. These are very strange liberties to take with an author, upon caprice, or blind conjecture.

† *While you*——cry aim!
*Like idle lookers on,* Coxeter, who seems not to have understood the expression, gave the incorrect reading of the second quarto, *cry, Ay me!* which, after all, was nothing more than an accidental disjunction of the last word *(ayme)* at the press. Mr. M. Mason follows him in the text, but observes, in a note, that we should read *cry aim.* There is no doubt of it; and so it is distinctly given in the first and best copy. The expression is so common in the writers of Massinger's time, and, indeed, in Massinger himself, that it is difficult to say how it could ever be misunderstood. The phrase, as Warburton observes, *Merry Wives of Windsor,* Act II. sc. iii. was taken from archery: "When any one had challenged another to shoot at the butts, the standers-by used to say one to the other, *Cry aim,* i. e. accept the challenge." Steevens rejects this explanation, which, in fact, has neither truth nor probability to recommend it; and adds: "It seems to have been the office of the *aim-cryer,* to give notice to the *archer* when he was within a proper distance of his mark," &c. Here this acute critic has fallen, with the rest of the commentators, into an error. *Aim!* for so it should be printed, and not *cry aim,* was always addressed to the person about to shoot: it was an hortatory exclamation of the by-standers, or, as Massinger has it, of the *idle lookers on,* intended for his encouragement. But the mistake of Steevens arises from his confounding cry *aim!* with *give aim.* To cry *aim!* as I have already observed, was to ENCOURAGE; to *give aim,* was to DIRECT, and in these distinct and appropriate senses the words perpetually occur. There was no such office as *aim-cryer,* as asserted above; the business of encouragement being abandoned to such of the spectators as chose to interfere: to that of *direction,* indeed, there was a special person appointed. Those who cried *aim!* stood by the archers; he who *gave it,* was stationed near the butts, and pointed out after every discharge, how wide, or how short, the arrow fell of the mark. A few examples will make all this clear:

"It ill becomes this presence to cry *aim!*
To these ill-tuned repetitions." *King John.*

i. e. to encourage.

"Before his face plotting his own abuse,
To which himself *gives aim:*
While the broad ——w with the forked head,
Misses his brows but narrowly."
*A Mad World my Masters.*

i. e. directs.

Like idle lookers on, till their proud worth
Make them become your masters!
*Timol.* By my hopes,
There's fire and spirit enough in this to make
Thersites valiant.
*Cleo.* No; far, far be it from you:
Let these of meaner quality contend
Who can endure most labour; plough the earth,
And think they are rewarded when their sweat
Brings home a fruitful harvest to their lords;
Let them prove good artificers, and serve you
For use and ornament, but not presume
To touch at what is noble. If you think them
Unworthy to taste of those cates you feed on,
Or wear such costly garments, will you grant them
The privilege and prerogative of great minds,
Which you were born to? Honour won in war,
And to be styled preservers of their country,
Are titles fit for free and generous spirits,
And not for bondmen: had I been born a man,
And such ne'er-dying glories made the prize
To bold heroic courage, by Diana,
I would not to my brother, nay, my father,
Be bribed to part with the least piece of honour
I should gain in this action!
*Timol.* She's inspired,
Or in her speaks the genius of your country,
To fire your blood in her defence; I am rapt
With the imagination. Noble maid,
Timoleon is your soldier, and will sweat
Drops of his best blood, but he will bring home
Triumphant conquest to you. Let me wear
Your colours, lady; and though youthful heats *,
That look no further than your outward form,
Are long since buried in me, while I live,
I am a constant lover of your mind,
That does transcend all precedents.
*Cleo.* 'Tis an honour, [*Gives her scarf.*
And so I do receive it.
*Coris.* Plague upon it!
She has got the start of us: I could even burst
With envy at her fortune.

*Olymp.* A raw young thing! [bands say,—
We have too much tongue sometimes, our hus-
And she outstrip us!
*Leost.* I am for the journey.
*Timag.* May all diseases sloth and letchery bring,
Fall upon him that stays at home!
*Archid.* Though old,
I will be there in person.
*Diph.* So will I:
Methinks I am not what I was; her words
Have made me younger, by a score of years,
Than I was when I came hither.
*Cleon.* I am still
Old Cleon, fat and unwieldy; I shall never
Make a good soldier, and therefore desire
To be excused at home.
*Asot.* 'Tis my suit too:
I am a gristle, and these spider fingers
Will never hold a sword. Let us alone
To rule the slaves at home; I can so yerk them—
But in my conscience I shall never prove
Good justice in the war.
*Timol.* Have your desires;
You would be burthens to us, no way aids.
Lead, fairest, to the temple; first we'll pay
A sacrifice to the gods for good success:
For all great actions the wish'd course do run,
That are, with their allowance, well begun.
[*Exeunt all but Pisan. Grac. and Cimb.*
*Pisan.* Stay, Cimbrio and Gracculo.
*Cimb.* The business? [grove,
*Pisan.* Meet me to-morrow night near to the
Neighbouring the east part of the city.
*Grac.* Well. [you:
*Pisan.* And bring the rest of our condition with
I've something to impart may break our fetters,
If you dare second me.
*Cimb.* We'll not fail.
*Grac.* A cart-rope
Shall not bind me at home.
*Pisan.* Think on't, and prosper. [*Exeunt.*

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To the viceroy's base embraces, and cry *aim!*
While he by force," &c. *The Renegado.*

i. e. encourage them.

" This way I toil in vain, and *give* but *aim*
To infamy and ruin; he will fall,
My blessing cannot stay him." *The Roaring Girl.*

i. e. direct them.

" —Standyng rather in his window to—crye *aime!* than helpyng any waye to part the fraye."
Fenton's *Tragical Discourses.*

i. e. to encourage.

" I myself *gave aim* thus,—Wide, four bows! short, three and a half." Middleton's *Spanish Gypsie.*

i. e. directed.

I should apologize for the length of this note, were it not that I flatter myself the distinct and appropriate meaning of these two phrases is ascertained in it, and finally established.

* ——————*Let me wear*
*Your colours, lady; and though* youthful heats,
*That look no further than your outward form,*
*Are long since* buried in me, *while I live,*
*I am,* &c.] This is evidently copied from that much contested speech of Othello, Act I. sc. iii.: " I therefore beg it not," &c., as in the following passage, in *The Fair Maid of the Inn:*

" Shall we take our fortune? and while our cold fathers,"
In whom long since their *youthful heats were dead,*
Talk much of Mars, serve under Venus' ensigns,
And seek a mistress?"

And as this shows how Shakspeare's contemporaries understood the lines, it should, I think, with us, be decisive of their meaning. The old reading, with the alteration of one letter by Johnson, stands thus:

" ——————I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects
In me defunct, and proper satisfaction," &c.

The admirers of Shakspeare cannot but recollect with dismay, the prodigious mass of conjectural criticism which Steevens has accumulated on this passage, as well as the melancholy presage with which it terminates; that, after all, " it will probably prove a lasting source of doubt and controversy." I confess I see little occasion for either; nor can I well conceive why, after the rational and unforced explanation of Johnson, the worthless reveries of Theobald, Tollet, &c., were admitted.—*Affects* occur incessantly in the sense of passions, affections: *young affects* is therefore perfectly synonimous with *youthful heats.* Othello, like Timoleon, was not an old man, though he had lost the fire of youth; the critics might therefore have dismissed that concern for the lady, which they have so delicately communicated for the edification of the rising generation.

I have said thus much on the subject, because I observe, that the numerous editions of Shakspeare now preparing, lay claim to patronage on the score of religiously following the text of Steevens. I am not prepared to deny that this is the best which has hitherto appeared; though I have no difficulty in affirming that those will deserve well of the public, who shall bring back some readings which he has discarded, and reject others which he has adopted. In the present instance, for example, his text, besides being unwarranted, and totally foreign from the meaning of his author, can scarcely be reconciled either to grammar or sense.

I would wish the future editors of Shakspeare to consider, whether he might not have given *affect* in the singular (this also is used for passion), to correspond with *heat;* and then the lines may be thus regulated:

" Nor to comply with heat, (the young affect's
In me defunct,) and proper satisfaction."

# ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in* Archidamus's *House.*

*Enter* Archidamus, Timagoras, Leosthenes, *with gorgets; and* Pisander.

*Archid.* So, so, 'tis well: how do I look?
*Pisan.* Most sprightfully. [I'm old
*Archid.* I shrink not in the shoulders; though
I'm tough, steel to the back; I have not wasted
My stock of strength in featherbeds: here's an arm too;
There's stuff in't, and I hope will use a sword
As well as any beardless boy of you all.
*Timag.* I'm glad to see you, sir, so well prepared
To endure the travail of the war.
*Archid.* Go to, sirrah!
I shall endure, when some of you keep your cabins,
For all your flaunting feathers; nay, Leosthenes,
You are welcome too*, all friends and fellows now.
*Leost.* Your servant, sir.
*Archid.* Pish! leave these compliments,
They stink in a soldier's mouth; I could be merry,
For, now my gown's off, farewell gravity†!
And must be bold to put a question to you,
Without offence, I hope.
*Leost.* Sir, what you please.
*Archid.* And you will answer truly?
*Timag.* On our words, sir.
*Archid.* Go to, then; I presume you will confess
That you are two notorious whoremasters;
Nay, spare your blushing, I've been wild myself,
A smack or so for physic does no harm;
Nay, it is physic, if used moderately:
But to lie at rack and manger——
*Leost.* Say we grant this,
For if we should deny't, you'll not believe us,
What will you infer upon it?
*Archid.* What you'll groan for, [us,
I fear, when you come to the test. Old stories tell
There's a month call'd October‡, which brings in
Cold weather; there are trenches too, 'tis rumour'd,
In which to stand all night to the knees in water,
In gallants breeds the toothach; there's a sport too,
Named *lying pe due*, do you mark me? 'tis a game
Which you must learn to play at; now in these
And choice variety of exercises, [seasons,
(Nay, I come to you,) and fasts, not for devotion,
Your rambling hunt-smock feels strange alterations;
And in a frosty morning looks as if
He could with ease creep in a pottle-pot,
Instead of his mistress' placket. Then he curses
The time he spent in midnight visitations;
And finds what he superfluously parted with,
To be reported good at length, and well breath'd*,
If but retrieved into his back again†,
Would keep him warmer than a scarlet waistcoat,

*Enter* Diphilus *and* Cleora.

Or an armour lined with fur—O welcome! welcome!
You have cut off my discourse; but I will perfect
My lecture in the camp.
*Diph.* Come, we are stay'd for;
The general's afire for a remove,
And longs to be in action.
*Archid.* 'Tis my wish too.
We must part—nay, no tears, my best Cleora;
I shall melt too, and that were ominous.
Millions of blessings on thee! All that's mine
I give up to thy charge; and, sirrah, look
[*To Pisander.*
You with that care and reverence observe her,
Which you would pay to me. A kiss; farewell, girl!
*Diph.* Peace wait upon you, fair one!
[*Exeunt Archidamus, Diphilus, and Pisander.*
*Timag.* 'Twere impertinence
To wish you to be careful of your honour,
That ever keep in pay a guard about you
Of faithful virtues. Farewell: friend, I leave you
To wipe our kisses off; I know that lovers
Part with more circumstance and ceremony;
Which I give way to. [*Exit.*
*Leost.* 'Tis a noble favour,
For which I ever owe you. We are alone;
But how I should begin, or in what language
Speak the unwilling word of parting from you,
I am yet to learn.
*Cleo.* And still continue ignorant;
For I must be most cruel to myself,
If I should teach you.
*Leost.* Yet it must be spoken,
Or you will chide my slackness. You have fired me
With the heat of noble action to deserve you;
And the least spark of honour that took life
From your sweet breath, still fann'd by it and
Must mount up in a glorious flame, or I [cherish'd,
Am much unworthy.
*Cleo.* May it not burn here,
And, as a seamark, serve to guide true lovers,
Toss'd on the ocean of luxurious wishes,
Safe from the rocks of lust, into the harbour
Of pure affection! rising up an example

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* ——————*nay, Leosthenes,*
*You are welcome too*, &c.] It should be remembered that Archidamus is, with great judgment, represented in the first scene, as averse to the marriage of Leosthenes with his daughter.

† *For, now my gown's off, farewell gravity!*] This is said to have been a frequent expression with the great but playful Sir Thomas More, who was never so happy as when he shook off the pomp of office. Fuller tells a similar story of Lord Burleigh.

——— ‡ *Old stories tell us,*
*There's a month called* October, &c.] This pleasant old man forgets he is talking of Sicily, where October is the most delightful month of the year. All our old poets loved and thought only of their country. Whatever region was the subject, England was the real theme: their habits, customs, peculiarities, were all derived from thence. This, though it must condemn them as historians, may save them as patriots! and, indeed, it is not much to be regretted that they should overlook manners, with which they were very imperfectly acquainted, in favour of those with which they were hourly conversant—at least, it would be ungrateful in us, who profit so much by their minute descriptions, to be offended at their disregard of what are quaintly called the *costumi*.

* *To be reported good,* at length, *and well breath'd*] *at length,* which completes the verse, is carelessly dropt by both the editors.

† *If but* retrieved into his back *again*] This (with the exception of *But if*, for *If but*, which I am accountable for) is the reading of the second quarto; the first quaintly reads:

"*But if* retained into his lack *again.*"

Which aftertimes shall witness to our glory,
First took from us beginning.
*Leost.* 'Tis a happiness
My duty to my country, and mine honour
Cannot consent to; besides, add to these,
It was your pleasure, fortified by persuasion,
And strength of reason, for the general good,
That I should go.
*Cleo.* Alas! I then was witty
To plead against myself; and mine eye, fix'd
Upon the hill of honour, ne'er descended
To look into the vale of certain dangers,
Through which you were to cut your passage to it.
*Leost.* I'll stay at home, then.
*Cleo.* No, that must not be;
For so, to serve my own ends, and to gain
A petty wreath myself, I rob you of
A certain triumph, which must fall upon you,
Or Virtue's turn'd a handmaid to blind Fortune.
How is my soul divided! to confirm you
In the opinion of the world, most worthy
To be beloved (with me you're at the height,
And can advance no further,) I must send you
To court the goddess of stern war, who, if
She see you with my eyes, will ne'er return you,
But grow enamour'd of you.
*Leost.* Sweet, take comfort!
And what I offer you, you must vouchsafe me,
Or I am wretched: all the dangers that
I can encounter in the war, are trifles;
My enemies abroad, to be contemn'd;
The dreadful foes, that have the power to hurt me,
I leave at home with you.
*Cleo.* With me?
*Leost.* Nay, in you,
In every part about you, they are arm'd
To fight against me.
*Cleo.* Where?
*Leost.* There's no perfection
That you are mistress of, but musters up
A legion against me, and all sworn
To my destruction.
*Cleo.* This is strange!
*Leost.* But true, sweet;
Excess of love can work such miracles!
Upon this ivory forehead are intrench'd
Ten thousand rivals, and these suns command
Supplies from all the world, on pain to forfeit
Their comfortable beams; these ruby lips,
A rich exchequer to assure their pay;
This hand, Sibylla's golden bough to guard them,
Through hell and horror, to the Elysian springs;
Which who'll not venture for? and, should I name
Such as the virtues of your mind invite,
Their numbers would be infinite.
*Cleo.* Can you think
I may be tempted?
*Leost.* You were never proved*.
For me, I have conversed with you no further
Than would become a brother. I ne'er tuned
Loose notes to your chaste ears; or brought rich
For my artillery, to batter down [presents
The fortress of your honour; nor endeavour'd
To make your blood run high at solemn feasts
With viands that provoke; the speeding philtres:
I work'd no bawds to tempt you; never practised
The cunning and corrupting arts they study,
That wander in the wild maze of desire;
Honest simplicity and truth were all
The agents I employ'd; and when I came
To see you, it was with that reverence
As I beheld the altars of the gods:
And love, that came along with me, was taught
To leave his arrows and his torch behind,
Quench'd in my fear to give offence.
*Cleo.* And 'twas
That modesty that took me and preserves me,
Like a fresh rose, in mine own natural sweetness,
Which, sullied with the touch of impure hands,
Loses both scent and beauty.
*Leost.* But, Cleora,
When I am absent, as I must go from you
(Such is the cruelty of my fate), and leave you,
Unguarded, to the violent assaults
Of loose temptations; when the memory
Of my so many years of love and service
Is lost in other objects; when you are courted
By such as keep a catalogue of their conquests,
Won upon credulous virgins; when nor father
Is here to owe you, brother to advise you*,
Nor your poor servant by, to keep such off,
By lust instructed how to undermine,
And blow your chastity up; when your weak senses,
At once assaulted, shall conspire against you,
And play the traitors to your soul, your virtue;
How can you stand? 'Faith, though you fall, and I
The judge before whom you then stood accused,
I should acquit you.
*Cleo.* Will you then confirm
That love and jealousy, though of different natures,
Must of necessity be twins; the younger
Created only to defeat the elder,
And spoil him of his birthright†? 'tis not well.
But being to part, I will not chide, I will not;
Nor with one syllable or tear, express
How deeply I am wounded with the arrows
Of your distrust: but when that you shall hear,
At your return, how I have borne myself,
And what an austere penance I take on me,
To satisfy your doubts; when, like a vestal,
I shew you, to your shame, the fire still burning,
Committed to my charge by true affection,
The people joining with you in the wonder;
When, by the glorious splendour of my sufferings,
The prying eyes of jealousy are struck blind,
The monster too that feeds on fears, e'en starved
For want of seeming matter to accuse me;
Expect, Leosthenes, a sharp reproof
From my just anger.
*Leost.* What will you do?
*Cleo.* Obey me,
Or from this minute you are a stranger to me;
And do't without reply. All-seeing sun,
Thou witness of my innocence, thus I close
Mine eyes against thy comfortable light,

* Leost. *You were never proved.*] The whole of this scene is eminently beautiful; yet I cannot avoid recommending to the reader's particular notice, the speech which follows. Its rhythm is so perfect, that it drops on the ear like the sweetest melody.

* —— *when nor father*
*Is here to* owe *you, brother to* advise *you.*] *Owe* is the reading of both the quartos; and is evidently right. The *property* of Cleora was in the father; this is distinguished from the only right the brother had:—*to advise.* The modern editors, not comprehending this, sophisticate the text, and print—*here to awe you!*

† *And spoil him of his birthright?*] This is a happy allusion to the history of Jacob and Esau. It is the more so, for being void of all profaneness; to which, indeed Massinger had no tendency.

'Till the return of this distrustful man!
Now bind them sure;—nay, do't: [*He binds her eyes.*] If, uncompell'd,
I loose this knot, until the hands that made it
Be pleased to untie it, may consuming plagues
Fall heavy on me! pray you guide me to your lips.
This kiss, when you come back, shall be a virgin
To bid you welcome; nay, I have not done yet:
I will continue dumb, and, you once gone,
No accent shall come from me. Now to my chamber,
My tomb, if you miscarry: there I'll spend
My hours in silent mourning, and thus much
Shall be reported of me to my glory,
And you confess it, whether I live or die,
My chastity triumphs o'er your jealousy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in* Cleon's *House.*

*Enter* Asotus, *driving in* Gracculo.

*Asot.* You slave! you dog! down, cur.
*Grac.* Hold, good young master,
For pity's sake!
*Asot.* Now am I in my kingdom:—
Who says I am not valiant? I begin
To frown again: quake, villain.
*Grac.* So I do, sir;
Your looks are agues to me.
*Asot.* Are they so, sir!
'Slight, if I had them at this bay that flout me,
And say I look like a sheep and an ass, I'd make them
Feel that I am a lion.
*Grac.* Do not roar, sir,
As you are a valiant beast: but do you know
Why you use me thus?
*Asot.* I'll beat thee a little more,
Then study for a reason. O! I have it:
One brake a jest on me, and then I swore,
Because I durst not strike him, when I came home
That I would break thy head.
*Grac.* Plague on his mirth*!
I'm sure I mourn for't.
*Asot.* Remember too, I charge you,
To teach my horse good manners yet; this morning,
As I rode to take the air, the untutor'd jade
Threw me, and kick'd me.
*Grac.* I thank him for't. [*Aside.*
*Asot.* What's that?
*Grac.* I say, sir, I will teach him to hold his heels,
If you will rule your fingers.
*Asot.* I'll think upon't.
*Garc.* I am bruised to jelly: better be a dog,
Than slave to a fool or coward. [*Aside.*
*Asot.* Here's my mother.

*Enter* Corisca *and* Zanthia.

She is chastising too: how brave we live,
That have our slaves to beat, to keep us in breath
When we want exercise!
*Coris.* Careless harlotry, [*Striking her.*
Look to't; if a curl fall, or wind or sun
Take my complexion off, I will not leave
One hair upon thine head.
*Grac.* Here's a second show
Of the family of pride. [*Aside.*
*Coris.* Fie on these wars!
I'm starved for want of action; not a gamester left
To keep a woman play. If this world last
A little longer with us, ladies must study
Some new-found mystery to cool one another;
We shall burn to cinders else. I have heard there have been
Such arts in a long vacation; would they were
Reveal'd to me! they have made my doctor too
Physician to the army; he was used
To serve the turn at a pinch; but I am now
Quite unprovided.
*Asot.* My mother-in-law is, sure,
At her devotion.
*Coris.* There are none but our slaves left,
Nor are they to be trusted. Some great women,
Which I could name, in a dearth of visitants,
Rather than be idle, have been glad to play
At small game; but I am so queasy-stomach'd,
And from my youth have been so used to dainties,
I cannot taste such gross meat. Some that are [hungry
Draw on their shoemakers, and take a fall
From such as mend mats in their galleries;
Or when a tailor settles a petticoat on,
Take measure of his bodkin; fie upon't!
'Tis base; for my part, I could rather lie with
A gallant's breeches, and conceive upon them,
Than stoop so low.
*Asot.* Fair madam, and my mother. [country,
*Coris.* Leave the last out, it smells rank of the
And shews coarse breeding; your true courtier knows not
His niece, or sister, from another woman,
If she be apt and cunning. I could tempt now
This fool, but he will be so long a working!
Then he's my husband's son:—the fitter to
Supply his wants; I have the way already,
I'll try if it will take. When were you with
Your mistress, fair Cleora?
*Asot.* Two days sithence;
But she's so coy, forsooth, that ere I can [for her,
Speak a penn'd speech I have bought and studied
Her woman calls her away.
*Coris.* Here's a dull thing!
But better taught, I hope. Send off your man.
*Asot.* Sirrah, be gone.
*Grac.* This is the first good turn
She ever did me. [*Exit.*
*Coris.* We'll have a scene of mirth;
I must not have you shamed for want of practice.
I stand here for Cleora, and, do you hear, minion,
That you may tell her what her woman should do,
Repeat the lesson over that I taught you,
When my young lord came to visit me; if you miss
In a syllable or posture——
*Zant.* I am perfect.
*Asot.* Would I were so! I fear I shall be out.
*Coris.* If you are, I'll help you in. Thus I walk
You are to enter, and, as you pass by, [musing·
Salute my woman;—be but bold enough,
You'll speed, I warrant you. Begin.
*Asot.* Have at it——
Save thee, sweet heart! a kiss.
*Zant.* Venus forbid, sir,
I should presume to taste your honour's lips
Before my lady.
*Coris.* This is well on both parts.
*Asot.* How does thy lady?
*Zant.* Happy in your lordship,

* Grac. Plague on *his mirth.*] This is marked as a side speech by the modern editors; it is spoken, however, to Asotus: and alludes to what he calls a *jest* in the preceding line. It is worth observing, that the editor of the second quarto frequently varies the exclamations of the first, and always for the worse: thus *Plague!* is uniformly turned into *P—x!* Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason follow him.

As oft as she thinks on you.
*Coris.* Very good;
This wench will learn in time.
*Asot.* Does she think of me?
*Zant.* O, sir! and speaks the best of you; admires
Your wit, your clothes, discourse; and swears, but that
You are not forward enough for a lord, you were
The most complete and absolute man,—I'll shew
Your lordship a secret.
*Asot.* Not of thine own?
*Zant.* O! no, sir,
'Tis of my lady: but, upon your honour,
You must conceal it.
*Asot.* By all means.
*Zant.* Sometimes
I lie with my lady; as the last night I did;
She could not say her prayers for thinking of you:
Nay, she talk'd of you in her sleep, and sigh'd out,
*O sweet Asotus, sure thou art so backward,*
*That I must ravish thee!* and in that fervour
She took me in her arms, threw me upon her,
Kiss'd me, and hugg'd me, and then waked, and wept,
Because 'twas but a dream.
*Coris.* This will bring him on,
Or he's a block. A good girl!
*Azot.* I am mad,
Till I am at it.
*Zant* Be not put off, sir,
With, *Away, I dare not;—fie, you are immodest;—*
*My brother's up;—my father will hear.*—Shoot home,
You cannot miss the mark. [sir,
*Asot.* There's for thy counsel.
This is the fairest interlude,—if it prove earnest,
I shall wish I were a player.
*Coris.* Now my turn comes.
I am exceeding sick, pray you send my page
For young Asotus, I cannot live without him;
Pray him to visit me; yet, when he's present,
I must be strange to him.
*Asot.* Not so, you are caught:
Lo, whom you wish; behold Asotus here!
*Coris.* You wait well, minion; shortly I shall not speak
My thoughts in my private chamber, but they must
Lie open to discovery.
*Asot.* 'Slid, she's angry.
*Zant.* No, no, sir, she but seems so. To her again.
*Asot.* Lady, I would descend to kiss your hand,
But that 'tis gloved, and civet makes me sick;
And to presume to taste your lip's not safe,
Your woman by.
*Coris.* I hope she's no observer
Of whom I grace. [*Zanthia looks on a book.*
*Asot.* She's at her book, O rare! [*Kisses her.*
*Coris.* A kiss for entertainment is sufficient;
Too much of one dish cloys me.
*Asot.* I would serve in
The second course; but still I fear your woman.
*Coris.* You are very cautelous*.
[*Zanthia seems to sleep.*
*Asot.* 'Slight, she's asleep!
'Tis pity these instructions are not printed;
They would sell well to chambermaids. 'Tis no time now
To play with my good fortune, and your favour;
Yet to be taken, as they say:—a scout,
To give the signal when the enemy comes,
[*Exit Zanthia.*
Were now worth gold.—She's gone to watch.
A waiter so train'd up were worth a million
To a wanton city madam.
*Coris.* You are grown conceited*.
*Asot.* You teach me. Lady, now your cabinet—
*Coris.* You speak as it were yours.
*Asot.* When we are there,
I'll shew you my best evidence.
*Coris.* Hold! you forget,
I only play Cleora's part.
*Asot.* No matter,
Now we've begun, let's end the act.
*Coris.* Forbear, sir;
Your father's wife!——
*Asot.* Why, being his heir, I am bound,
Since he can make no satisfaction to you,
To see his debts paid

*Enter* Zanthia *running.*

*Zant.* Madam, my lord!
*Coris.* Fall off;
I must trifle with the time too; hell confound it
*Asot.* Plague on his toothless chaps! he cannot do't
Himself, yet hinders such as have good stomachs.

*Enter* Cleon.

*Cleon.* Where are you, wife? I fain would go abroad,
But cannot find my slaves that bear my litter;
I am tired. Your shoulder, son;—nay, sweet, thy hand too;
A turn or two in the garden, and then to supper,
And so to bed.
*Asot.* Never to rise, I hope, more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Grove near the Walls of* Syracuse.

*Enter* Pisander *and* Polipiiron, *A Table.*

*Pisan.* 'Twill take, I warrant thee.
*Poliph.* You may do your pleasure;
But, in my judgment, better to make use of
The present opportunity.
*Pisan.* No more.
*Poliph.* I am silenced.
*Pisan.* More wine; prithee drink hard, friend,
And when we're hot, whatever I propound,

*Enter* Cimbrio, Gracculo, *and other Slaves.*

Second with vehemence. Men of your words, all welcome!
Slaves use no ceremony; sit down, here's a health.
*Poliph.* Let it run round, fill every man his glass.
*Grac.* We look for no waiters; this is wine!

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* Coris. *You are very* cautelous.] This word occurs continually in the sense of wary, suspicious, over-circumspect, &c.
"This cannot be Brisac, that worthy gentleman.
"He is too prudent, and too *cautelous: The Elder Brother;* yet Mr. M. Mason chooses to displace it for *cautious,* which, besides being a febler expression, has the further recommendation, of spoiling the metre. I cannot avoid subjoining, that this, and the preceding scene, are most scandalously given by both the editors; scarcely a single speech being without a misprint or an omission.

* Coris. *You are grown* conceited,] i. e. facetious, witty: so in *Ram Alley* or *Merry Tricks,* 1611.
*Throate.* What brought you hither?
*Boat.* Why, these small legs.
*Throate.* You are *conceited,* sir.

*Pisan.* The better, [us
Strong, lusty wine: drink deep, this juice will make
As free as our lords. [*Drinks.*
*Grac.* But if they find we taste it,
We are all damn'd to the quarry during life,
Without hope of redemption.
*Pisan.* Pish! for that
We'll talk anon: another rouse*! we lose time;
[*Drinks.*
When our low blood's wound up a little higher,
I'll offer my design; nay, we are cold yet;
These glasses contain nothing:—do me right,
[*Takes the bottle.*
As e'er you hope for liberty. 'Tis done bravely;
How do you feel yourselves now?
*Cimb.* I begin
To have strange conundrums in my head.
*Grac.* And I [now,
To loath base water: I would be hang'd in peace
For one month of such holidays.
*Pisan.* An age, boys,
And yet defy the whip; if you are men,
Or dare believe you have souls.
*Cimb.* We are no brokers.
*Grac.* Nor whores, whose marks are out of their mouths, they have none†;
They hardly can get salt enough to keep them
From stinking above ground.
*Pisan.* Our lords are no gods—
*Grac.* They are devils to us, I am sure.
*Pisan.* But subject to
Cold, hunger, and diseases.
*Grac.* In abundance.
Your lord that feels no ach in his chine at twenty,
Forfeits his privilege; how should their surgeons
Or ride on their footcloths? [build else,
*Pisan.* Equal Nature fashion'd us
All in one mould. The bear serves not the bear,
Nor the wolf the wolf; 'twas odds of strength in tyrants,
That pluck'd the first link from the golden chain
With which that Thing of Things‡ bound in the world.
Why then, since we are taught, by their examples,
To love our liberty, if not command, [ones?
Should the strong serve the weak, the fair, deform'd
Or such as know the cause of things, pay tribute
To ignorant fools? All's but the outward gloss,
And politick form, that does distinguish us.
Cimbrio, thou art a strong man; if, in place
Of carrying burthens, thou hadst been train'd up
In martial discipline, thou might'st have proved
A general, fit to lead and fight for Sicily,
As fortunate as Timoleon.
*Cimb.* A little fighting
Will serve a general's turn.
*Pisan.* Thou, Gracculo,
Hast fluency of language, quick conceit;
And, I think, cover'd with a senator's robe,
Formally set on the bench, thou wouldst appear
As brave a senator.
*Grac.* Would I had lands,
Or money to buy a place; and if I did not
Sleep on the bench with the drowsiest of them, play with my chain, [and wear
Look on my watch, when my guts chimed twelve,
A state beard, with my barber's help, rank with them
In their most choice peculiar gifts; degrade me,
And put me to drink water again, which, now
I have tasted wine, were poison!
*Pisan.* 'Tis spoke nobly,
And like a gownman: none of these, I think too,
But would prove good burghers.
*Grac.* Hum! the fools are modest;
I know their insides: here's an ill-faced fellow,
(But that will not be seen in a dark shop,)
If he did not in a month learn to outswear, [man
In the selling of his wares, the cunning'st trades-
In Syracusa, I have no skill. Here's another,
Observe but what a cozening look he has!—
Hold up thy head, man; if, for drawing gallants
Into mortgages for commodities§, or cheating heirs
With your new counterfeit gold thread, and gumm'd velvets,
He does not transcend all that went before him,
Call in his patent. pass the rest; they'll all make
Sufficient beccos, and with their brow-antlers
Bear up the cap of maintenance.
*Pisan.* Is't not pity, then,
Men of such eminent virtues should be slaves?
*Cimb.* Our fortune.
*Pisan.* 'Tis your folly: daring men
Command and make their fates. Say, at this instant,
I mark'd you out a way to liberty;
Possess'd you of those blessings, our proud lords
So long have surfeited in; and, what is sweetest,
Arm you with power, by strong hand to revenge
Your stripes, your unregarded toil, the pride,
The insolence of such as tread upon
Your patient sufferings; fill your famish'd mouths
With the fat and plenty of the land, redeem you
From the dark vale of servitude, and seat you
Upon a hill of happiness; what would you do
To purchase this, and more?
*Grac.* Do! any thing:
To burn a church or two, and dance by the light on't,
Were but a May-game.
*Poliph.* I have a father living;
But, if the cutting of his throat could work this,
He should excuse me.
*Cimb.* 'Slight! I would cut mine own
Rather than miss it, so I might but have
A taste on't, ere I die.

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* —— *another* rouse!] Another full glass, another bumper. See *the Duke of Milan.*

† Grac. *Nor whores, whose marks are out of their mouths,* they have none;] *They have none;* is omitted both by Coxeter and M. Mason.

‡ *That* Thing of Things] A literal translation, as Mr. M. Mason observes, of Ens Entium. I know not where Pisander acquired his revolutionary philosophy: his golden chain, perhaps he found in Homer.

§ —— *if, for drawing gallants*
*Into mortgages for* commodities, &c.] i. e. for wares, of which the needy borrower made what he could: "First, here's young master Rash; he's in for a *commodity* of brown paper and old ginger, nineteore and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks ready money:" *Measure for Measure.* This is ridiculous enough; and, indeed, our old writers are extremely pleasant on the heterogeneous articles, which the usurers of their days forced on the necessity of the thoughtless spendthrift, in lieu of the money for which he had rashly signed. Fielding has imitated them in his *Miser*, without adding much to their humour: and Foote, in *The Minor*, has servilely followed his example. The spectators of those scenes probably thought that the writers had gone beyond real life, and drawn on imagination for their amusement: but transactions (not altogether proper, perhaps, to be specified here) have actually taken place in our own times, which leave their boldest conceptions at an humble distance; and prove, beyond a doubt, that in the arts of raising money, the invention of the most fertile poet must yield to that of the meanest scrivener.

*Pisan.* Be resolute men,
You shall run no such hazard, nor groan under
The burthen of such crying sins.
*Cimb.* The means?
*Grac.* I feel a woman's longing.
*Poliph.* Do not torment us
With expectation.
*Pisan.* Thus, then: Our proud masters,
And all the able freemen of the city,
Are gone unto the wars——
*Poliph.* Observe but that.
*Pisan.* Old men, and such as can make no resistance,
Are only left at home——
*Grac.* And the proud young fool,
My master: If this take, I'll hamper him.
*Pisan.* Their arsenal, their treasure, 's in our power,
If we have hearts to seize them. If our lords fall
In the present action, the whole country's ours:
Say they return victorious, we have means
To keep the town against them: at the worst,
To make our own conditions. Now, if you dare
Fall on their daughters and their wives, break up
Their iron chests, banquet on their rich beds,
And carve yourselves of all delights and pleasure
You have been barr'd from, with one voice cry with me,
Liberty, liberty! [dom:
*All.* Liberty, liberty!
*Pisan.* Go then, and take possession: use all freeBut shed no blood.—So, this is well begun;
But not to be commended, till't be done. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I. — *The same. A Room in* ARCHIDAMUS's *House.*

*Enter* PISANDER *and* TIMANDRA.

*Pisan.* Why, think you that I plot against myself*?
Fear nothing, you are safe, these thick-skinn'd slaves
I use as instruments to serve my ends,
Pierce not my deep designs; nor shall they dare
To lift an arm against you.
*Timand.* With your will.
But turbulent spirits, raised beyond themselves
With ease, are not so soon laid; they oft prove
Dangerous to him that call'd them up.
*Pisan.* 'Tis true,
In what is rashly undertook. Long since
I have consider'd seriously their natures,
Proceeded with mature advice, and know
I hold their wills and faculties in more awe
Than I can do my own. Now, for their license
And riot in the city, I can make
A just defence and use: it may appear too
A politick prevention of such ills
As might, with greater violence and danger,
Hereafter be attempted; though some smart for't,
It matters not—however, I'm resolved;
And sleep you with security. Holds Cleora
Constant to her rash vow?
*Timand.* Beyond belief;
To me, that see her hourly, it seems a fable.
By signs I guess at her commands, and serve them
With silence; such her pleasure is, made known
By holding her fair hand thus. She eats little,
Sleeps less, as I imagine; once a day,
I lead her to this gallery, where she walks
Some half a dozen turns, and, having offer'd
To her absent saint a sacrifice of sighs,
She points back to her prison.
*Pisan.* Guide her hither,
And make her understand the slaves' revolt;
And, with your utmost eloquence, enlarge
Their insolence, and rapes done in the city:
Forget not too, I am their chief, and tell her
You strongly think my extreme dotage on her,
As I'm Marullo, caused this sudden uproar
To make way to enjoy her.
*Timand.* Punctually
I will discharge my part. [*Exit.*

*Enter* POLIPHRON.

*Poliph.* O, sir, I sought you· [loose;
You've miss'd the best* sport! Hell, I think's broke
There's such variety of all disorders,
As leaping, shouting, drinking, dancing, whoring,
Among the slaves; answer'd with crying, howling,
By the citizens and their wives; such a confusion,
In a word, not to tire you, as, I think,
The like was never read of.
*Pisan.* I share in
The pleasure, though I'm absent. This is some
Revenge for my disgrace.
*Poliph.* But, sir, I fear,
If your authority restrain them not,
They'll fire the city, or kill one another,
They are so apt to outrage; neither know I
Whether you wish it, and came therefore to
Acquaint you with so much.
*Pisan.* I will among them;
But must not long be absent.
*Poliph.* At your pleasure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

*Shouts within.* *Enter* CLEORA *and* TIMANDRA.

*Timand.* They are at our gates: my heart! affrights and horrors
Increase each minute. No way left to save us,
No flattering hope to comfort us, or means
But miracle to redeem us from base lust
And lawless rapine! Are there gods, yet suffer
Such innocent sweetness to be made the spoil

* Pisan. *Why, think you that I plot against myself?*] The plot opens here with wonderful address, and the succeeding conference, or rather scene, between Pisander and Cleora, is inimitably beautiful.

* *You've miss'd the* best *sport!*] *Best*, which is not in Coxeter, or M. Mason, is only found in the first edition; it seems necessary to the metre.

Of brutish appetite? or, since they decree
To ruin nature's masterpiece, of which
They have not left one pattern, must they choose,
To set their tyranny off, slaves to pollute
The spring of chastity, and poison it
With their most loath'd embraces? and, of those,
He, that should offer up his life to guard it,
Marullo, curs'd Marullo, your own bondman,
Purchased to serve you, and fed by your favours?—
Nay, start not: it is he; he, the grand captain
Of these libidinous beasts, that have not left
One cruel act undone, that barbarous conquest
Yet ever practised in a captive city.
He, doting on your beauty, and to have fellows
In his foul sin, hath raised these mutinous slaves
Who have begun the game by violent rapes
Upon the wives and daughters of their lords.
And he, to quench the fire of his base lust,
By force comes to enjoy you:—do not wring
Your innocent hands, 'tis bootless; use the means
That may preserve you. 'Tis no crime to break
A vow when you are forced to it; shew your face,
And with the majesty of commanding beauty,
Strike dead his loose affections: if that fail,
Give liberty to your tongue, and use entreaties;
There cannot be a breast of flesh and blood,
Or heart so made of flint, but must receive
Impression from your words; or eyes so stern,
But, from the clear reflection of your tears,
Must melt, and bear them company. Will you not
Do these good offices to yourself? poor I, then,
Can only weep your fortune:—here he comes.

*Enter* Pisander, *speaking at the door.*

*Pisan.* He that advances
A foot beyond this, comes upon my sword·
You have had your ways, disturb not mine.
*Timand.* Speak gently,
Her fears may kill her else.
*Pisan.* Now Love inspire me!
Still shall this canopy of envious night
Obscure my suns of comfort? and those dainties
Of purest white and red, which I take in at
My greedy eyes, denied my famish'd senses?—
The organs of your hearing yet are open;
And you infringe no vow, though you vouchsafe
To give them warrant to convey unto
Your understanding parts, the story of
A tortured and despairing lover, whom
Not fortune but affection marks your slave:—
Shake not, best lady! for believe't, you are
As far from danger as I am from force·
All violence I shall offer, tends no further
Than to relate my sufferings, which I dare not
Presume to do, till, by some gracious sign,
You shew you are pleased to hear me
*Timand.* If you are,
Hold forth your right hand.
[*Cleora holds forth her right hand.*
*Pisan.* So, tis done; and I
With my glad lips seal humbly on your foot,
My soul's thanks for the favour: I forbear
To tell you who I am, what wealth, what honours
I made exchange of, to become your servant:
And, though I knew worthy Leosthenes
(For sure he must be worthy, for whose love
You have endured so much) to be my rival;
When rage and jealousy counsell'd me to kill him,
Which then I could have done with much more ease,
Than now, in fear to grieve you, I dare speak it,
Love, seconded with duty, boldly told me
The man I hated, fair Cleora favour'd:
And that was his protection. [*Cleora bows*
*Timand.* See, she bows
Her head in sign of thankfulness.
*Pisan.* He removed by
The occasion of the war, (my fires increasing
By being closed and stopp'd up,) frantic affection
Prompted me to do something in his absence,
That might deliver you into my power,
Which you see is effected; and, even now,
When my rebellious passions chide my dulness,
And tell me how much I abuse my fortunes,
Now it is in my power to bear you hence,
[*Cleora starts.*
Or take my wishes here, (nay, fear not, madam,
True love's a servant, brutish lust a tyrant,)
I dare not touch those viands that ne'er taste well,
But when they're freely offer'd: only thus much,
Be pleased I may speak in my own dear cause,
And think it worthy your consideration,
(I have loved truly, cannot say deserved.
Since duty must not take the name of merit,)
That I so far prize your content, before
All blessings that my hope can fashion to me,
That willingly I entertain despair,
And, for your sake, embrace it: for I know,
This opportunity lost, by no endeavour
The like can be recover'd. To conclude
Forget not that I lose myself to save you:
For what can I expect but death and torture,
The war being ended? and, what is a task
Would trouble Hercules to undertake,
I do deny you to myself, to give you,
A pure unspotted present, to my rival.
I have said: If it distaste not, best of virgins,
Reward my temperance with some lawful favour,
Though you contemn my person.
[*Cleora kneels, then pulls off her glove, and offers her hand to Pisander.*
*Timand.* See, she kneels;
And seems to call upon the gods to pay
The debt she owes your virtue: to perform which,
As a sure pledge of friendship, she vouchsafes you
Her fair* right hand.
*Pisan.* I am paid for all my sufferings.
Now, when you please, pass to your private chamber,
My love and duty, faithful guards, shall keep you
From all disturbance; and when you are sated
With thinking of Leosthenes, as a fee
Due to my service, spare one sigh for me.
[*Exeunt. Cleora makes a low courtesy as she goes off.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in* Cleon's *House.*

*Enter* Gracculo, *leading* Asotus *in an ape's habit, with a chain about his neck;* Zanthia *in* Corisca's *clothes, she bearing up her train.*

*Grac.* Come on, sir.
*Asot.* Oh!
*Grac.* Do you grumble? you were ever
A brainless ass; but, if this hold, I'll teach you
To come aloft, and do tricks like an ape.
Your morning's lesson: if you miss—
*Asot.* O no, sir.

* *Her* fair *right hand.*] I have inserted *fair* from the first quarto: the subsequent editions dropt it.

*Grac.* What for the Carthaginians? [*Asotus makes moppes.*] a good beast*.
What for ourself, your lord? [*Dances.*] Exceeding well†. [so.
There's your reward. Not kiss your paw! So, so,
*Zant.* Was ever lady, the first day of her honour,
So waited on by a wrinkled crone? She looks now,
Without her painting, curling, and perfumes,
Like the last day of January; and stinks worse
Than a hot brache in the dogdays. Further off!
So—stand there like an image; if you stir,
Till, with a quarter of a look, I call you,
You know what follows.
*Coris.* O, what am I fallen to!
But 'tis a punishment for my lust and pride,
Justly return'd upon me.
*Grac.* How dost thou like
Thy ladyship, Zanthia?
*Zant.* Very well; and bear it
With as much state as your lordship.
*Grac.* Give me thy hand:
Let us, like conquering Romans, walk in triumph‡,
Our captives following: then mount our tribunals,
And make the slaves our footstools.
*Zant.* Fine, by Jove!
Are your hands clean, minion?
*Coris.* Yes, forsooth.
*Zant.* Fall off then. [duties——
So, now come on; and, having made your three
Down, I say—are you stiff in the hams?—now kneel,
And tie our shoe: now kiss it, and be happy.
*Grac.* This is state, indeed.
*Zant.* It is such as she taught me;
A tickling itch of greatness, your proud ladies
Expect from their poor waiters. we have changed parts;
She does what she forced me to do in her reign,
And I must practise it in mine.
*Grac.* 'Tis justice:
O! here come more.

*Enter* CIMBRIO, CLEON, POLIPHRON, *and* OLYMPIA.

*Cimb.* Discover to a drachma,
Or I will famish thee.
*Cleon.* O! I am pined already.
*Cimb.* Hunger shall force thee to cut off the brawns
From thy arms and thighs, then broil them on the coals
For carbonadoes. [coals
*Poliph.* Spare the old jade, he's founder'd.
*Grac.* Cut his throat then,
And hang him out for a scarecrow.
*Poliph.* You have all your wishes
In your revenge, and I have mine. You see
I use no tyranny: when I was her slave,
She kept me as a sinner, to lie at her back
In frosty nights, and fed me high with dainties,
Which still she had in her belly again ere morning
And in requital of those courtesies,
Having made one another free, we are married;
And, if you wish us joy, join with us in
A dance at our wedding.
*Grac.* Agreed; for I have thought of
A most triumphant one, which shall express
We are lords, and these our slaves.
*Poliph.* But we shall want
A woman.
*Grac.* No, here's Jane-of-apes shall serve *;
Carry your body swimming—Where's the music?
*Poliph.* I have placed it in yon window.
*Grac.* Begin then sprightly.
[*Music, and then a dance.*

*Enter* PISANDER *behind.*

*Poliph.* Well done on all aides! I have prepared a banquet;
Let's drink and cool us. [banquet;
*Grac.* A good motion.
*Cimb.* Wait here,
You have been tired with feasting, learn to fast now
*Grac.* I'll have an apple for Jack, and may be some scraps
May fall to your share. [some scraps
[*Exeunt Grac. Zant. Cimb. Poliph. and Olymp*
*Coris.* Whom can we accuse
But ourselves, for what we suffer? Thou art just,
Thou all-creating Power! and misery
Instructs me now, that yesterday acknowledged
No deity beyond my lust and pride,
There is a heaven above us, that looks down
With the eyes of justice, upon such as number
Those blessings freely given, in the accompt
Of their poor merits; else it could not be,
Now miserable I, to please whose palate
The elements were ransack'd, yet complain'd
Of nature, as not liberal enough
In her provision of rarities
To sooth my taste, and pamper my proud flesh,
Should wish in vain for bread.
*Cleon.* Yes, I do wish too,
For what I fed my dogs with.
*Coris.* I, that forgot
I was made of flesh and blood, and thought the silk
Spun by the diligent worm, out of their entrails,
Too coarse to clothe me, and the softest down
Too hard to sleep on; that disdain'd to look
On virtue being in rags, that stopp'd my nose
At those that did not use adulterate arts
To better nature; that from those that served me
Expected adoration, am made justly

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* GRAC. *What for the Carthaginians?* [ASOTUS MAKES *MOPPES*.] For this word, which signifies that quick and grinning motion of the teeth and lips which apes make when they are irritated, and which is found in both the copies, the modern editors, in kindness to their readers, I suppose, have *mouths*: indeed, they do not seem to have understood the humour of this scene, which, in both, especially in Mr. M. Mason, is most negligently printed.

† *What for ourself, your lord?* Here Asotus must be supposed to *come aloft*, i. e. to leap, or rather tumble, in token of satisfaction. Our ancestors certainly excelled us in the education which they gave to their animals. Banks's horse far surpassed all that have been brought up in the academy of Mr. Astley; and the apes of these days are mere clowns to their progenitors. The apes of Massinger's time were gifted with a pretty smattering of politics and philosophy. The widow Wild had one of them: "He would *come over* for all my friends, but was the dogged'st thing to my enemies; he would sit upon his tail before them, and frown like John-a-napes when the pope is named." *The Parson's Wedding.* Another may be found in *Ram Alley*:

"Men say you've tricks; remember, noble captain,
You skip when I shall shake my whip. Now, sir,
What can you do for the great Turk?
What can you do for the Pope of Rome?
Lo!
He stirreth not, he moveth not, he waggeth not.
What can you do for the town of Geneva, sirrah?
["*Captain holds up his hand,*" &c.

‡ GRAC. *Give me thy hand:*
*Let us, like* conquering Romans, *walk in triumph.*] Graculo speaks in the spirit of prophecy; for the *conquering Romans* were at this time struggling with their neighbours for a few miserable huts to hide their heads in; and if any *captives followed*, or rather preceded, their *triumphs*, it was a herd of stolen beeves.

* GRAC. *No, here's* Jane-of-apes *shall serve.*] Meaning Corisca: he plays upon *Jack-an-apes*, the name he had given to Asotus

The scorn of my own bondwoman.
*Asot.* I am punish'd,
For seeking to cuckold mine own natural father:
Had I been gelded then, or used myself
Like a man, I had not been transform'd, and forced
To play an overgrown ape.
*Cleon.* I know I cannot [both;
Last long, that's all my comfort. Come, I forgive
'Tis in vain to be angry; let us, therefore,
Lament together like friends.
*Pisan.* What a true mirror
Were this sad spectacle for secure greatness!
Here they, that never see themselves, but in
The glass of servile flattery, might behold
The weak foundation upon which they build
Their trust in human frailty. Happy are those,
That knowing, in their births, they are subject to
Uncertain change, are still prepared, and arm'd
For either fortune: a rare principle,
And with much labour, learn'd in wisdom's school!
For, as these bondmen, by their actions, shew
That their prosperity, like too large a sail
For their small bark of judgment, sinks them with
A fore-right gale of liberty, ere they reach
The port they long to touch at: so these wretches,
Swollen with the false opinion of their worth,
And proud of blessings left them, not acquired;
That did believe they could with giant arms
Fathom the earth, and were above their fates,
Those borrow'd helps, that did support them, vanish'd,
Fall of themselves, and by unmanly suffering,
Betray their proper weakness, and make known
Their boasted greatness was lent, not their own.
*Cleon.* O for some meat! they sit long,
*Cors.* We forgot,
When we drew out intemperate feasts till midnight,
Their hunger was not thought on, nor their watchings;
Nor did we hold ourselves served to the height,
But when we did exact and force their duties
Beyond their strength and power.
*Asot.* We pay for't now:
I now could be content to have my head
Broke with a rib of beef, or for a coffin,
Be buried in the dripping pan.

*Re-enter* Poliphon, Cimbrio, Graccuio, Zanthia, *and* Olympia, *drunk and quarrelling.*

*Cimb.* Do not hold me:
Not kiss the bride!
*Poliph.* No, sir.
*Cimb.* She's common good,
And so we'll use her.
*Grac.* We'll have nothing private.
*Pisan.* [*coming forward*] Hold!
*Zant.* Here's Marullo.
*Olymp.* He's your chief.
*Cimb.* We are equals;
I will know no obedience.
*Grac.* Nor superior—
Nay, if you are lion-drunk, I will make one;
For lightly ev'r he that parts the fray,
Goes away with the blows.*
*Pisan.* Art thou mad too?
No more, as you respect me.
*Poliph.* I obey, sir.
*Pisan.* Quarrel among yourselves!
*Cimb.* Yes, in our wine, sir,
And for our wenches.
*Grac.* How could we be lords else?
*Pisan.* Take heed; I've news will cool this heat
Remember what you were. [and make you
*Cimb.* How!
*Pisan.* Send off these,
And then I'll tell you. [*Zanthia beats Corisca.*
*Olymp.* This is tyranny,
Now she offends not.
*Zant.* 'Tis for exercise,
And to help digestion. What is she good for else?
To me it was her language.
*Pisan.* Lead her off,
And take heed, madam minx, the wheel may turn.
Go to your meat and rest; and from this hour
Remember he that is a lord to day,
May be a slave tomorrow.
*Cleon.* Good morality!
[*Exeunt Cleon, Asot. Zant. Olymp. and Cors.*
*Cimb.* But what would you impart?
*Pisan.* What must invite you
To stand upon your guard, and leave your feasting
Or but imagine what it is to be
Most miserable, and rest assured you are so.
Our masters are victorious.
*All.* How!
*Pisan.* Within
A day's march of the city, flesh'd with spoil,
And proud of conquest; the armado sunk,
The Carthaginian admiral, hand to hand,
Slain by Leosthenes.
*Cimb.* I feel the whip
Upon my back already.
*Grac.* Every man
Seek a convenient tree, and hang himself.
*Poliph.* Better die once, than live an age, to suffer
New tortures every hour.
*Cimb.* Say, we submit,
And yield us to their mercy?—
*Pisan.* Can you flatter
Yourselves with such false hopes? Or dare you think
That your imperious lords, that never fail'd
To punish with severity petty slips
In your neglect of labour, may be won
To pardon those licentious outrages
Which noble enemies forbear to practise
Upon the conquer'd? What have you omitted,
That may call on their just revenge with horror
And studied cruelty? we have gone too far
To think now of retiring; in our courage,
And daring*, lies our safety; if you are not
Slaves in your abject minds, as in your fortunes,
Since to die is the worst, better expose
Our naked breasts to their keen swords, and sell
Our lives with the most advantage, than to trust
In a forestall'd remission, or yield up
Our bodies to the furnace of their fury;
Thrice heated with revenge.

* *For* lightly *ever he that parts the fray,*
*Goes away with the blows.*] *Lightly* is commonly, usually; so in *The New Inn:*
*Beau.* What insolent, half-witted things, these are;
*Lat.* So are all smatterers, insolent and impudent;
They *lightly* go together.

Again, in *The Fox:*
"——— I knew 'twould take;
For *lightly*, they that use themselves most license
Are still most jealous."

* ——— *in our courage,*
*And* daring, *lies our safety:*] The old copies read *during* but it is an evident misprint.

*Grac.* You led us on.
*Cimb.* And 'tis but justice you should bring us off.
*Grac.* And we expect it.
*Pisan.* Hear then and obey me;
And I will either save you, or fall with you:
Man the walls strongly, and make good the ports;
Boldly deny their entrance, and rip up
Your grievances, and what compell'd you to
This desperate course: if they disdain to hear
Of composition, we have in our powers
Their aged fathers, children, and their wives,
Who, to preserve themselves, must willingly
Make intercession for us. 'Tis not time now
To talk, but do: a glorious end, or freedom,
Is now proposed us; stand resolved for either,
And, like good fellows, live or die together.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Country near* Syracuse. *The* Camp *of* Timoleon.

*Enter* Leosthenes *and* Timagoras.

*Timag.* I am so far from envy, I am proud
You have outstripp'd me in the race of honour.
O 'twas a glorious day, and bravely won!
Your bold performance gave such lustre to
Timoleon's wise directions, as the army
Rests doubtful, to whom they stand most engaged
For their so great success.
*Leost.* The gods first honour'd,
The glory be the general's; 'tis far from me
To be his rival.
*Timag.* You abuse your fortune,
To entertain her choice and gracious favours
With a contracted brow, plumed Victory
Is truly painted with a cheerful look,
Equally distant from proud insolence,
And base dejection.
*Leost.* O Timagoras,
You only are acquainted with the cause
That loads my sad heart with a hill of lead; [nour
Whose ponderous weight, neither my new-got ho-
Assisted by the general applause
The soldier crowns it with*, nor all war's glories
Can lessen or remove: and would you please,
With fit consideration, to remember
How much I wrong'd Cleora's innocence
With my rash doubts; and what a grievous penance
She did impose upon her tender sweetness,
To pluck away the vulture jealousy,
That fed upon my liver; you cannot blame me,
But call it a fit justice on myself,
Though I resolve to be a stranger to
The thought of mirth or pleasure.
*Timag.* You have redeem'd
The forfeit of your fault with such a ransom
Of honourable action, as my sister
Must of necessity confess her sufferings
Weigh'd down by your fair merits; and, when she views you,
Like a triumphant conqueror, carried through
The streets of Syracusa, the glad people
Pressing to meet you, and the senators
Contending who shall heap most honours on you;
The oxen, crown'd with garlands, led before you,
Appointed for the sacrifice; and the altars
Smoking with thankful incense to the gods·
The soldiers chanting loud hymns to your praise,
The windows fill'd with matrons and with virgins,
Throwing upon your head as you pass by,
The choicest flowers, and silently invoking
The queen of love, with their particular vows,
To be thought worthy of you; can Cleora
(Though, in the glass of self-love, she behold
Her best deserts) but with all joy acknowledge,
What she endured was but a noble trial
You made of her affection? and her anger,
Rising from your too amorous cares*, soon drench'd
In Lethe, and forgotten.
*Leost.* If those glories
You so set forth were mine, they might plead for me,
But I can lay no claim to the least honour
Which you, with foul injustice, ravish from her
Her beauty in me wrought a miracle,
Taught me to aim at things beyond my power,
Which her perfections purchased, and gave to me
From her free bounties; she inspired me with
That valour which I dare not call mine own;
And, from the fair reflexion of her mind,
My soul received the sparkling beams of courage.
She, from the magazine of her proper goodness,
Stock'd me with virtuous purposes; sent me forth
To trade for honour; and, she being the owner
Of the bark of my adventures, I must yield her
A just account of all, as fits a factor.
And, howsoever others think me happy,
And cry aloud, I have made a prosperous voyage,
One frown of her dislike at my return,
Which, as a punishment for my fault, I look for
Strikes dead all comfort.
*Timag.* Tush! these fears are needless;
She cannot, must not, shall not, be so cruel.
A free confession of a fault wins pardon,
But, being seconded by desert, commands it.
The general is your own, and, sure, my father
Repents his harshness; for myself, I am
Ever your creature.—One day shall be happy
In your triumph, and your marriage.
*Leost.* May it prove so,
With her consent and pardon.
*Timag.* Ever touching
On that harsh string! She is your own, and you
Without disturbance seize on what's your due.
[*Exeunt.*

* *The* soldier crowns *it with.*] This is a much better reading than the sophistication of the modern editors, the *soldiers crown*, &c.

* *Rising from your too amorous* cares.] The old copies read *earres*, which seems merely an error of the press, for cares. Coxeter, however, printed it *ears*, which, being without any meaning, was corrected at random by Mr. M. Mason into *fears*. The correction was not amiss, but the genuine word is undoubtedly that which I have given.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Syracuse. *A Room in* Archidamus's *House.*

*Enter* Pisander *and* Timandra.

*Pisan.* She has her health, then?
*Timand.* Yes, sir; and as often
As I speak of you, lends attentive ear
To all that I deliver; nor seems tired,
Though I dwell long on the relation of
Your sufferings for her, heaping praise on praise
On your unequall'd temperance, and command
You hold o'er your affections.
*Pisan.* To my wish:
Have you acquainted her with the defeature*
Of the Carthaginians, and with what honours
Leosthenes comes crown'd home with?
*Timand.* With all care.
*Pisan.* And how does she receive it?
*Timand.* As I guess,
With a seeming kind of joy; but yet appears not
Transported, or proud of his happy fortune.
But when I tell her of the certain ruin
You must encounter with at their arrival
In Syracusa, and that death, with torments,
Must fall upon you, which you yet repent not,
Esteeming it a glorious martyrdom,
And a reward of pure unspotted love,
Preserved in the white robe of innocence,
Though she were in your power; and, still spurr'd on
By insolent lust, you rather chose to suffer
The fruit untasted, for whose glad possession
You have call'd on the fury of your lord,
Than that she should be grieved, or tainted in
Her reputation——
*Pisan.* Doth it work compunction?
Pities she my misfortune?
*Timand.* She express'd
All signs of sorrow which, her vow observed,
Could witness a grieved heart. At the first hearing,
She fell upon her face, rent her fair hair,
Her hands held up to heaven, and vented sighs,
In which she silently seem'd to complain
Of heaven's injustice.
*Pisan.* 'Tis enough: wait carefully,
And, on all watch'd occasions, continue
Speech and discourse of me. 'tis time must work her.
*Timand.* I'll not be wanting, but still strive to serve you. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Poliphron.

*Pisan.* Now, Poliphron, the news!
*Poliph.* The conquering army
Is within ken.
*Pisan.* How brook the slaves the object?
*Poliph.* Cheerfully yet; they do refuse no labour,
And seem to scoff at danger; 'tis your presence
That must confirm them: with a full consent
You are chosen to relate the tyranny
Of our proud masters; and what you subscribe to,
They gladly will allow of, or hold out
To the last man.
*Pisan.* I'll instantly among them.
If we prove constant to ourselves, good fortune
Will not, I hope, forsake us.
*Poliph.* 'Tis our best refuge. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before the walls of* Syracuse.

*Enter* Timoleon, Archidamus, Diphilus, Leosthenis, Timagoras, *and soldiers.*

*Timol.* Thus far we are return'd victorious; crown'd
With wreaths triumphant, (famine, blood, and death,
Banish'd your peaceful confines,) and bring home
Security and peace. 'Tis therefore fit
That such as boldly stood the shock of war,
And with the dear expense of sweat and blood
Have purchased honour, should with pleasure reap
The harvest of their toil: and we stand bound
Out of the first file of the best deservers,
(Though all must be consider'd to their merits,)
To think of you, Leosthenes, that stand,
And worthily, most dear in our esteem,
For your heroic valour.
*Archid.* When I look on
The labour of so many men and ages,
This well-built city, not long since design'd
To spoil and rapine, by the favour of
The gods, and you, their ministers, preserved,
I cannot, in my height of joy, but offer
These tears for a glad sacrifice.
*Diph.* Sleep the citizens?
Or are they overwhelm'd with the excess
Of comfort that flows to them?
*Leost.* We receive
A silent entertainment.
*Timag.* I long since
Expected that the virgins and the matrons,
The old men striving with their age, the priests,
Carrying the images of their gods before them,
Should have met us with procession.—Ha! the gates
Are shut against us!
*Archid.* And upon the walls
Arm'd men seem to defy us!

*Enter above, on the Walls,* Pisander, Poliphron, Cimbrio, Gracculo, *and the rest.*

*Diph.* I should know
These faces: they are our slaves.
*Timag.* The mystery, rascals!
Open the ports, and play not with an anger
That will consume you.
*Timol.* This is above wonder.
*Archid.* Our bondmen stand against us!
*Grac.* Some such things [turn'd
We were in man's remembrance. The slaves are
Lords of the town, or so—nay, be not angry:
Perhaps, upon good terms, giving security
You will be quiet men, we may allow you
Some lodgings in our garrets or outhouses:
Your great looks cannot carry it.

* *Have you acquainted her with the* defeature] The modern editors removed this word in favour of *defeat*, and, doubtless, applauded their labour; it happens, however, as in most cases where they have interposed, that they might have spared it altogether: for the words are the same, and used indiscriminately by our old writers: "*Desfacte*," says Cotgrave, "a *defeat*, or *defeature*," and, in the second part of his dictionary, he verbally repeats the explanation. There is much strange conjecture on this word, in the last act of *The Comedy of Errors*: I wonder that none of the commentators should light upon its meaning;—but it was too simple for their apprehension.

*Cimb.* The truth is,
We've been bold with your wives, toy'd with your daughters——
*Leost.* O my prophetic soul!
*Grac.* Rifled your chests,
Been busy with your wardrobes.
*Timag.* Can we endure this?
*Leost.* O my Cleora!
*Grac.* A caudle for the gentleman,
He'll die o' the pip else.
*Timag.* Scorn'd too! are you turn'd stone?
Hold parley with our bondmen! force our entrance,
Then, villains, expect——
*Timol.* Hold! you wear men's shapes,
And if, like men, you have reason, shew a cause
That leads you to this desperate course, which must
In your destruction. [end
*Grac.* That, as please the fates;
But we vouchsafe——Speak, captain.
*Timag.* Hell and furies!
*Archid.* Bay'd by our own curs!
*Cimb.* Take heed you be not worried.
*Polyph.* We are sharp set.
*Cimb.* And sudden.
*Pisan.* Briefly thus, then,
Since I must speak for all; your tyranny
Drew us from our obedience. Happy those times
When lords were styled fathers of families,
And not imperious masters! when they number'd
Their servants almost equal with their sons,
Or one degree beneath them! when their labours
Were cherish'd and rewarded, and a period
Set to their sufferings; when they did not press
Their duties or their wills beyond the power
And strength of their performance! all things or-
With such decorum as* wise lawmakers, [der'd
From each well-govern'd private house derived
The perfect model of a commonwealth.
Humanity then lodged in the hearts of men,
And thankful masters carefully provided
For creatures wanting reason. The noble horse,
That, in his fiery youth, from his wide nostrils
Neigh'd courage to his rider, and brake through
Groves of opposed pikes, bearing his lord
Safe to triumphant victory; old or wounded,
Was set at liberty, and freed from service.
The Athenian mules, that from the quarry drew
Marble, hew'd for the temples of the gods,
The great work ended, were dismiss'd, and fed
At the public cost; nay, faithful dogs have found
Their sepulchres; but man, to man more cruel,
Appoints no end to the sufferings of his slave;
Since pride stepp'd in and riot, and o'erturn'd
This goodly frame of concord, teaching masters
To glory in the abuse of such as are
Brought under their command; who, grown unuseful,
Are less esteem'd than beasts.—This you have practised,
Practised on us with rigour; this hath forced us
To shake our heavy yokes off; and, if redress
Of these just grievances be not granted us,
We'll right ourselves, and by strong hand defend
What we are now possess'd of.
*Grac.* And not leave
One house unfired.

* *With such decorum* as *wise law-makers*] *As*, in this passage, has the force of *that*. M. MASON.
Or rather there is an ellipsis of *that*, as usual.

*Cimb.* Or throat uncut of those
We have in our power.
*Polyph.* Nor will we fall alone;
You shall buy us dearly.
*Timag.* O the gods!
Unheard-of insolence!
*Timol.* What are your demands?
*Pisan.* A general pardon* first, for all offences
Committed in your absence. Liberty
To all such as desire to make return
Into their countries; and, to those that stay,
A competence of land freely allotted
To each man's proper use, no lord acknowledged
Lastly, with your consent, to choose them wives
Out of your families.
*Timag.* Let the city sink first.
*Leost.* And ruin seize on all, ere we subscribe
To such conditions.
*Archid.* Carthage, though victorious,
Could not have forced more from us.
*Leost.* Scale the walls;
Captulate after.
*Timol.* He that wins the top first,
Shall wear a mural wreath. [*Exeunt.*
*Pisan.* Each to his place. [*Flourish and alarms.*†
Or death or victory! Charge them home, and fear not. [*Exeunt Pisander and Slaves.*

*Re-enter* TIMOLEON, ARCHIDAMUS, *and Senators.*

*Timol.* We wrong ourselves, and we are justly punish'd,
To deal with bondmen, as if we encounter'd
An equal enemy.
*Archid.* They fight like devils;
And run upon our swords, as if their breasts
Were proof beyond their armour.

*Re-enter* LIOSTHENES *and* TIMAGORAS.

*Timag.* Make a firm stand.
The slaves, not satisfied they have beat us off,
Prepare to sally forth.
*Timol.* They are wild beasts,
And to be tamed by policy. Each man take
A tough whip in his hand, such as you used
To punish them with, as masters in your looks
Carry severity and awe; 'twill fright them
More than your weapons. Savage lions fly from‡
The sight of fire; and these, that have forgot
That duty you ne'er taught them with your swords
When, unexpected, they behold those terrors
Advanced aloft, that they were made to shake at,
'Twill force them to remember what they are,
And stoop to due obedience.
*Archid.* Here they come.

*Enter, from the City,* CIMBRIO, GRACCULO, *and other Slaves.*

*Cimb.* Leave not a man alive; a wound's but a flea-biting
To what we suffer'd, being slaves.

* PISAN. *A general pardon*, &c.] It is evident, from the unreasonable nature of these demands, that Pisander does not wish them to be accepted. The last article, indeed, has a reference to himself, but he seems desirous of previously trying the fortune of arms. See, however, the next scene, and his defence, in the last act.

† [*Flourish and* alarms.] Flourish and *arms*, says Mr. M. Mason, after Coxeter. No degree of nonsense could tempt him to consult the old copies.

‡—— Savage *lions fly from*, &c.] A transient passion for the antique has here seized the modern editors: they print *salvage* lions, &c. It is unluckily a little mal-à-propos, for the old copy reads as I have given it. (Omitted in Ed. 1813).

*Grac.* O, my heart!
Cimbrio, what do we see? the whip! our masters*!
*Timag.* Dare you rebel, slaves!
[*The Senators shake their whips, the Slaves throw away their weapons, and run off.*
*Cimb.* Mercy! mercy! where
Shall we hide us from their fury?
*Grac.* Fly, they follow;
O, we shall be tormented!
*Timol.* Enter with them,
But yet forbear to kill them: still remember
They are part of your wealth; and being disarm'd,
There is no danger.
*Archid.* Let us first deliver
Such as they have in fetters, and at leisure
Determine of their punishment.
*Leost.* Friend, to you
I leave the disposition of what's mine:
I cannot think I am safe without your sister,
She is only worth my thought; and, till I see
What she has suffer'd, I am on the rack,
And furies my tormentors. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Syracuse. *A Room in* Archidamus's *House.*

*Enter* Pisander *and* Timandra.

*Pisan.* I know I am pursued; nor would I fly,
Although the ports were open, and a convoy
Ready to bring me off: the baseness of
These villains, from the pride of all my hopes,
Hath thrown me to the bottomless abyss
Of horror and despair: had they stood firm,
I could have bought Cleora's free consent
With the safety of her father's life, and brother's;
And forced Leosthenes to quit his claim,
And kneel a suitor for me†.
*Timand.* You must not think [tised,
What might have been, but what must now be prac-
And suddenly resolve.
*Pisan.* All my poor fortunes
Are at the stake, and I must run the hazard.
Unseen, convey me to Cleora's chamber;
For in her sight, if it were possible,
I would be apprehended: do not enquire
The reason why, but help me.
*Timand.* Make haste,—one knocks. [*Exit Pisander.*
Jove turn all to the best!

*Enter* Leosthenes.

You are welcome, sir.
*Leost.* Thou giv'st it in a heavy tone.

*Timand.* Alas! sir,
We have so long fed on the bread of sorrow,
Drinking the bitter water of afflictions,
Made loathsome too by our continued fears,
Comfort's a stranger to us.
*Leost.* Fears! your sufferings*:—
For which I am so overgone with grief,
I dare not ask, without compassionate tears,
The villain's name that robb'd thee of thy honour:
For being train'd up in chastity's cold school,
And taught by such a mistress as Cleora,
'Twere impious in me to think Timandra
Fell with her own consent.
*Timand.* How mean you, fell, sir?
I understand you not.
*Leost.* I would thou did'st not,
Or that I could not read upon thy face,
In blushing characters, the story of
Libidinous rape: confess it, for you stand not
Accountable for a sin, against whose strength
Your o'ermatch'd innocence could make no resist-
Under which odds, I know, Cleora fell too, [ance,
Heaven's help in vain invoked; the amazed sun
Hiding his face behind a mask of clouds,
Not daring to look on it! In her sufferings
All sorrows comprehended: what Timandra,
Or the city, has endured, her loss consider'd,
Deserves not to be named.
*Timand.* Pray you do not bring, sir,
In the chimeras of your jealous fears,
New monsters to affright us.
*Leost.* O, Timandra,
That I had faith enough but to believe thee!
I should receive it with a joy beyond
Assurance of Elysian shades hereafter,
Or all the blessings, in this life, a mother
Could wish her children crown'd with,—but I must
Credit impossibilities; yet I strive [not
To find out that whose knowledge is a curse,
And ignorance a blessing. Come, discover
What kind of look he had that forced thy lady,
(Thy ravisher I will enquire at leisure,)
That when, hereafter, I behold a stranger
But near him in aspect, I may conclude,
Though men and angels should proclaim him honest,
He is a hell-bred villain.
*Timand.* You are unworthy
To know she is preserved, preserved untainted
Sorrow, but ill bestow'd, hath only made
A rape upon her comforts in your absence.
Come forth, dear madam. [*Leads in Cleora.*
*Leost.* Ha! [*Kneels.*
*Timand.* Nay, she deserves
The bending of your heart; that, to content you,
Has kept a vow, the breach of which a Vestal,
Though the infringing it had call'd upon her
A living funeral,† must of force have shrunk at.
No danger could compel her to dispense with

* *Cimbrio, what do we see? the whip! our masters!*] "O most lame and impotent conclusion!" Surely Massinger was not so strictly bound to the literal relation of this foolish adventure, but that he might have given it a little probability, if it were only to maintain the decorum of his action, and the interest of his under-plot. He sometimes deviates from his authorities with fewer prospects of advantage than were here opened to him.

† *And kneel a suitor* for *me.*] This is the reading of all the old copies, and is undoubtedly genuine; yet the modern editors, by an obliquity of reasoning into which I cannot enter, choose to vary the expression, and print,

——*kneel a suitor* to *me!*

Is it not evident "to any formal capacity," that Pisander means,——If my designs had succeeded, I would not only have compelled Leosthenes to renounce his pretensions to Cleora, but even to entreat her father and brother to give her to me: what is there in this that requires alteration, especially into nonsense? for Leosthenes could have nothing to ask of Pisander.

* Leost. *Fears! your sufferings*—] The character of Leosthenes is everywhere preserved with great nicety. His jealous disposition breaks out in this scene with peculiar beauty.

† *Though the infringing it had call'd upon her*
*A* living funeral, &c.] The poet alludes to the manner in which the Vestals, who had broken their vow of chastity, were punished. They had literally a *living funeral*, being plunged alive into a subterraneous cavern, of which the opening was immediately closed upon them, and walled up. The confusion of countries and of customs may possibly strike the critical reader: but of this, as I have already observed, our old dramatists were not aware or solicitous.

Her cruel penance, though hot lust came arm'd
To seize upon her; when one look or accent
Might have redeem'd her.
*Leost.* Might! O do not shew me
A beam of comfort, and straight take it from me.
The means by which she was freed? speak, O speak quickly;
Each minute of delay's an age of torment;
O speak, Timandra.
*Timand.* Free her from her oath;
Herself can best deliver it.
*Leost.* O blest office! [*Unbinds her eyes.*
Never did galley-slave shake off his chains,
Or look'd on his redemption from the oar,
With such true feeling of delight as now
I find myself possessed of.—Now I behold
True light indeed; for, since these fairest stars,
Cover'd with clouds of your determinate will,
Denied their influence to my optic sense,
The splendour of the sun appear'd to me
But as some little glimpse of his bright beams
Convey'd into a dungeon, to remember
The dark inhabitants there, how much they wanted*.
Open these long-shut lips, and strike mine ears
With music more harmonious than the spheres
Yield in their heavenly motions: and if ever
A true submission for a crime acknowledged,
May find a gracious hearing, teach your tongue,
In the first sweet articulate sounds it utters,
To sign my wish'd-for pardon.
*Cleo.* I forgive you.
*Leost.* How greedily I receive this! Stay, best lady,
And let me by degrees ascend the height
Of human happiness! all at once deliver'd,
The torrent of my joys will overwhelm me:—
So now a little more; and pray excuse me,
If, like a wanton epicure, I desire
The pleasant taste these cates of comfort yield me,
Should not too soon be swallow'd. Have you not,
By your unspotted truth I do conjure you
To answer truly, suffer'd in your honour,
By force, I mean, for in your will I free you,
Since I left Syracusa?
*Cleo.* I restore
This kiss, so help me goodness! which I borrow'd,
When I last saw you†.
*Leost.* Miracle of virtue!
One pause more, I beseech you; I am like
A man whose vital spirits consumed and wasted
With a long and tedious fever, unto whom
Too much of a strong cordial, at once taken,
Brings death, and not restores him. Yet I cannot
Fix here; but must enquire the man to whom
I stand indebted for a benefit,
Which to requite at full, though in this hand
I grasp all sceptres the world's empire bows to,
Would leave me a poor bankrupt. Name him, lady;
If of a mean estate, I'll gladly part with
My utmost fortunes to him; but if noble,
In thankful duty study how to serve him;
Or if of higher rank, erect him altars,
And as a god adore him.
*Cleo.* If that goodness,
And noble temperance, the queen of virtues,
Bridling rebellious passions, to whose sway
Such as have conquer'd nations have lived slaves,
Did ever wing great minds to fly to heaven,
He that preserved mine honour, may hope boldly
To fill a seat among the gods, and shake off
Our frail corruption.
*Leost.* Forward.
*Cleo.* Or if ever
The powers above did mask in human shapes
To teach mortality, not by cold precepts
Forgot as soon as told, but by examples,
To imitate their pureness, and draw near
To their celestial natures, I believe
He's more than man.
*Leost.* You do describe a wonder.
*Cleo.* Which will increase, when you shall understand [stand
He was a lover.
*Leost.* Not yours, lady?
*Cleo.* Yes;
Loved me, Leosthenes; nay more, so doted,
(If e'er affections scorning gross desires
May without wrong be styled so,) that he durst not
With an immodest syllable or look,
In fear it might take from me, whom he made
The object of his better part, discover
I was the saint he sued to.
*Leost.* A rare temper*!
*Cleo.* I cannot speak it to the worth: all praise
I can bestow upon it will appear
Envious detraction. Not to rack you further,
Yet make the miracle full, though, of all men,
He hated you, Leosthenes, as his rival;
So high yet he prized my content, that, knowing
You were a man I favour'd, he disdain'd not,
Against himself, to serve you.
*Leost.* You conceal still
The owner of these excellencies.
*Cleo.* 'Tis Marullo,
My father's bondman.
*Leost.* Ha, ha, ha!
*Cleo.* Why do you laugh? [praise
*Leost.* To hear the labouring mountain of your
Deliver'd of a mouse.
*Cleo.* The man deserves not
This scorn I can assure you.
*Leost.* Do you call
What was his duty, merit?
*Cleo.* Yes, and place it
As high in my esteem, as all the honours
Descended from your ancestors, or the glory,
Which you may call your own, got in this action,
In which, I must confess, you have done nobly;
And I could add, as I desired, but that
I fear 'twould make you proud.
*Leost.* Why, lady, can you
Be won to give allowance, that your slave
Should dare to love you?
*Cleo.* The immortal gods

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* ——*to* remember
*The dark inhabitants there, how much they wanted.*] In this most beautiful passage, *remember* is used for *cause* to remember, in which sense it frequently occurs in our old writers. So Beaumont and Fletcher:
"*Croc.* Do you *remember*
Her to come after you, that she may behold
Her daughter's charity."—*The Sea Voyage.*

† Cleo. *I restore*
*This kiss, so help me goodness! which I borrow'd,*
*When I last saw you.*] This is a modest and a pretty imitation of Shakspeare:
"Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since."—*Coriolanus.*

* *A rare* temper!] The old copies read *tempter*: corrected by Mr. M. Mason.

Accept the meanest altars*, that are raised
By pure devotions; and sometimes prefer
An ounce of frankincense, honey or milk,
Before whole hecatombs, or Sabæan gums,
Offer'd in ostentation.—Are you sick
Of your old disease? I'll fit you. [*Aside.*
*Leost.* You seem moved.
*Cleo.* Zealous, I grant, in the defence of virtue.
Why, good Leosthenes, though I endured
A penance for your sake, above example;
I have not so far sold myself, I take it,
To be at your devotion, but I may
Cherish desert in others, where I find it.
How would you tyrannize, if you stood possess'd of
That which is only yours in expectation,
That now prescribe such hard conditions to me?
*Leost.* One kiss, and I am silenced.
*Cleo.* I vouchsafe it;
Yet, I must tell you 'tis a favour that
Marullo, when I was his, not mine own,
Durst not presume to ask: no: when the city
Bow'd humbly to licentious rapes and lust,
And when I was, of men and gods forsaken,
Deliver'd to his power, he did not press me
To grace him with one look or syllable,
Or urged the dispensation of an oath
Made for your satisfaction:—the poor wretch,
Having related only his own sufferings,
And kiss'd my hand, which I could not deny him,
Defending me from others, never since
Solicited my favours.
*Leost.* Pray you, end;
The story does not please me.
*Cleo.* Well, take heed
Of doubts and fears;—for know, Leosthenes,
A greater injury cannot be offer'd
To innocent chastity, than unjust suspicion.
I love Marullo's fair mind, not his person;
Let that secure you. And I here command you,
If I have any power in you, to stand
Between him and all punishment, and oppose
His temperance to his folly; if you fail——
No more; I will not threaten. [*Exit.*
*Leost.* What a bridge
Of glass I walk upon, over a river
Of certain ruin, mine own weighty fears
Cracking what should support me! and those helps,
Which confidence lends to others, are from me
Ravish'd by doubts, and wilful jealousy. [*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the Same.*

*Enter* Timagoras, Cleon, Asotus, Corisca, *and* Olympia.

*Cleon.* But are you sure we are safe?

*Timag.* You need not fear;
They are all under guard, their fangs pared off:
The wounds their insolence gave you, to be cured
With the balm of your revenge.
*Asot.* And shall I be
The thing I was born, my lord?
*Timag.* The same wise thing. [never
'Slight, what a beast they have made thee! Afric
Produced the like.
*Asot.* I think so:—nor the land [walnuts,
Where apes and monkeys grow, like crabs and
On the same tree. Not all the catalogue
Of conjurers or wise women bound together
Could have so soon transform'd me, as my rascal
Did with his whip; for not in outside only,
But in my own belief, I thought myself
As perfect a baboon——
*Timag.* An ass thou wert ever. [heart
*Asot.* And would have given one leg, with all my
For good security to have been a man
After three lives, or one and twenty years,
Though I had died on crutches.
*Cleon.* Never varlets
So triumph'd o'er an old fat man: I was famish'd.
*Timag.* Indeed you are fallen away.
*Asot.* Three years of feeding
On cullises and jelly, though his cooks
Lard all he eats with marrow, or his doctors
Pour in his mouth restoratives as he sleeps,
Will not recover him.
*Timag.* But your ladyship looks
Sad on the matter, as if you had miss'd
Your ten-crown amber possets, good to smooth
The cutis, as you call it, and prepare you,
Active and high, for an afternoon's encounter
With a rough gamester, on your couch. Fie on't!
You are grown thrifty, smell like other women;
The college of physicians have not sat,
As they were used, in council, how to fill
The crannies in your cheeks, or raise a rampire
With mummy, ceruses, or infants' fat,
To keep off age and time.
*Coris.* Pray you, forbear;
I am an alter'd woman.
*Timag.* So it seems;
A part of your honour's ruff stands out of rank too.
*Coris.* No matter, I have other thoughts.
*Timag.* O strange!
Not ten days since it would have vex'd you more
Than the loss of your good name: pity, this cure
For your proud itch came no sooner! Marry,
Seems to bear up still. [Olympia
*Olymp.* I complain not, sir;
I have borne my fortune patiently.
*Timag.* Thou wert ever
An excellent bearer; so is all your tribe,
If you may choose your carriage.

*Enter* Leosthenes *and* Diphilus *with a Guard.*

How now, friend,
Looks our Cleora lovely?
*Leost.* In my thoughts, sir.
*Timag.* But why this guard?
*Diph.* It is Timoleon's pleasure;
The slaves have been examin'd, and confess
Their riot took beginning from your house;
And the first mover of them to rebellion
Your slave Marullo. [*Exeunt Diph. and Guard.*
*Leost.* Ha! I more than fear.
*Timag.* They may search boldly.

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* Cleo. *The immortal gods*
*Accept the meanest altars*, &c.] Milton's invocation on the opening of Paradise Lost, is not unlike this.
"And chiefly thou, O spirit," &c.—Coxeter.
I cannot discover much *likeness* in the two quotations; the author had Horace in his thoughts:
*Immunis aram si tetigit manus,*
*Non sumptuosa blandior hostia*
*Mollivit aversos penates*
*Farre pio, saliente mica.*
A beautiful passage, which the critics, with Dacier and Sanadon at their head, strangely maintain to be ironical. I believe that Horace was perfectly sincere. The lessons of piety are so consonant to human feelings that very frequently those who do not experience their full influence themselves, earnestly and honestly labour to impress them upon others

*Enter* TIMANDRA, *speaking to the Guard within.*

*Timand.* You are unmanner'd grooms
To pry into my lady's private lodgings;
There's no Marullos there.

*Re-enter* DIPHILUS, *and Guard with* PISANDER.

*Timag.* Now I suspect too:
Where found you him?
*Diph.* Close hid in your sister's chamber.
*Timag.* Is that the villain's sanctuary?
*Leost.* This confirms
All she deliver'd, false.
*Timag.* But that I scorn
To rust my good sword* in thy slavish blood,
Thou now wert dead.
*Pisan.* He's more a slave than fortune
Or misery can make me, that insults
Upon unweapon'd innocence.
*Timag.* Prate you, dog!
*Pisan.* Curs snap at lions in the toil, whose looks
Frighted them, being free.
*Timag.* As a wild beast,
Drive him before you.
*Pisan.* O divine Cleora!
*Leost.* Dar'st thou presume to name her?
*Pisan.* Yes, and love her;
And may say, have deserved her.
*Timag.* Stop his mouth,
Load him with irons too.
[*Exit Guard with Pisander.*
*Cleon.* I am deadly sick
To look on him.
*Asot.* If he get loose, I know it,
I caper like an ape again: I feel
The whip already.
*Timand.* This goes to my lady. [*Exit.*
*Timag.* Come, cheer you, sir; we'll urge his punishment
To the full satisfaction of your anger.
*Leost.* He is not worth my thoughts. No corner left
In all the spacious rooms of my vex'd heart,
But is fill'd with Cleora, and the rape
She has done upon her honour, with my wrong,
The heavy burthen of my sorrow's song. [*Exeunt.*

* *To rust my* good *sword*, &c.] *Good*, which completes the metre, is only found in the first quarto: the modern editors follow the second, which abounds in similar omissions, almost beyond credibility.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in* ARCHIDAMUS'S *House.*

*Enter* ARCHIDAMUS *and* CLEORA.

*Archid.* Thou art thine own disposer. Were his honours
And glories centupled, as I must confess,
Leosthenes is most worthy, yet I will not,
However I may counsel, force affection.
*Cleo.* It needs not, sir; I prize him to his worth,
Nay, love him truly; yet would not live slaved
To his jealous humours: since, by the hopes of heaven,
As I am free from violence, in a thought
I am not guilty.
*Archid.* 'Tis believ'd, Cleora; for't!
And much the rather, our great gods be praised
In that I find, beyond my hopes, no sign
Of riot in my house, but all things order'd,
As if I had been present.
*Cleo.* May that move you
To pity poor Marullo?
*Archid.* 'Tis my purpose
To do him all the good I can, Cleora;
But this offence being against the state,
Must have a public trial. In the mean time,
Be careful of yourself, and stand engaged
No further to Leosthenes, than you may
Come off with honour; for, being once his wife,
You are no more your own, nor mine, but must
Resolve to serve, and suffer his commands,
And not dispute them:—ere it be too late,
Consider it duly. I must to the senate. [*Exit.*
*Cleo.* I am much distracted: in Leosthenes
I can find nothing justly to accuse,
But his excess of love, which I have studied
To cure with more than common means; yet still
It grows upon him. And, if I may call
My sufferings merit*, I stand bound to think on
Marullo's dangers; though I save his life,
His love is unrewarded:—I confess,
Both have deserved me, yet of force must be
Unjust to one; such is my destiny.

*Enter* TIMANDRA.

How now! whence flow these tears?
*Timand.* I have met, madam,
An object of such cruelty, as would force
A savage to compassion.
*Cleo.* Speak, what is it?
*Timand.* Men pity beasts of rapine, if o'ermatch'd,
Though baited for their pleasure; but these monsters,
Upon a man that can make no resistance, [spit on
Are senseless in their tyranny. Let it be granted,
Marullo is a slave, he's still a man;
A capital offender, yet in justice
Not to be tortured, till the judge pronounce
His punishment.
*Cleo.* Where is he?
*Timand.* Dragg'd to prison
With more than barbarous violence; spurn'd and
By the insulting officers, his hands
Pinion'd behind his back; loaden with fetters:
Yet, with a saint-like patience, he still offers
His face to their rude buffets.
*Cleo.* O my grieved soul!
By whose command?

* My *sufferings merit.*] So it stood in every edition previous to that of Mr. M. Mason, who reads, his *sufferings merit*. It is evident that he mistook the sense of the passage. Three lines below, he reads, after Coxeter, indeed, *yet of force* I *must be*:—the pronoun, which destroys both the measure and the rhyme, is not in the old copies: but these are not the only errors in this short speech, which disgrace the modern editions.

*Timand.* It seems, my lord your brother's,
For he's a looker-on: and it takes from
Honour'd Leosthenes, to suffer it,
For his respect to you, whose name in vain
The grieved wretch loudly calls on.
*Cleo.* By Diana,
'Tis base in both; and to their teeth I'll tell them
That I am wrong'd in't. [*Going forth.*
*Timand.* What will you do?
*Cleo.* In person
Visit and comfort him.
*Timand.* That will bring fuel
To the jealous fires which burn too hot already
In lord Leosthenes.
*Cleo.* Let them consume him!
I am mistress of myself. Where cruelty reigns,
There dwells nor love, nor honour. [*Exit.*
*Timand.* So! it works.
Though hitherto I have run a desperate course
To serve my brother's purposes: now 'tis fit

*Enter* Leosthenes *and* Timagoras.

I study mine own ends. They come: assist me
In these my undertakings, Love's great patron,
As my intents are honest!
*Leost.* 'Tis my fault*:
Distrust of others springs, Timagoras,
From diffidence in ourselves: but I will strive,
With the assurance of my worth and merits,
To kill this monster, jealousy.
*Timag.* 'Tis a guest,
In wisdom, never to be entertain'd
On trivial probabilities; but, when
He does appear in pregnant proofs, not fashion'd
By idle doubts and fears, to be received:
They make their own horns that are too secure,
As well as such as give them growth and being
From mere imagination. Though I prize
Cleora's honour equal with mine own,
And know what large additions of power
This match brings to our family, I prefer
Our friendship, and your peace of mind, so far
Above my own respects, or hers, that if
She hold not her true value in the test,
'Tis far from my ambition, for her cure
That you should wound yourself.
*Timand.* This argues for me.

* Leost. *'Tis my* fault:
*Distrust of others springs, Timagoras,*
*From diffidence in ourselves* ] My *fault*, i. e my misfortune. That the word anciently had this meaning, I could prove by many examples, one, however, will be thought sufficiently decisive:
"*Bawd.* You are hit into my hands, where you are like to live.
*Marina.* The more my *fault*,
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die."
*Pericles*, Act. IV. sc. iii.
This too will ascertain, beyond a doubt, the meaning of Shallow, which Steevens evidently mistook, and Mr. Malone delivered with some degree of hesitation:
"*Slen.* How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was out-run on Cotsale.
*Page.* It could not be judg'd, sir.
*Slen.* You'll not confess, you'll not confess.
*Shal.* That he will not;—'tis your *fault*, 'tis your *fault*:—'Tis a good dog."
Poor Slender is one of Job's comforters, as they say; he persists in reminding Page, who evidently dislikes the subject, of his defeat: hence the good-natured consolation of Shallow: "He needs not confess it, cousin;—you were unfortunate, sir; your loss must be attributed to accident, for your dog is a good dog."

*Timag.* Why she should be so passionate for a bondman,
Falls not in compass of my understanding,
But for some nearer interest: or he raise
This mutiny, if he loved her, as, you say,
She does confess he did, but to enjoy,
By fair or foul play, what he ventured for,
To me's a riddle.
*Leost.* Pray you, no more; already
I have answer'd that objection, in my strong
Assurance of her virtue.
*Timag.* 'Tis unfit then,
That I should press it further.
*Timand.* Now I must
Make in, or all is lost. [*Rushes forward distractedly.*
*Timag.* What would Timandra?
*Leost.* How wild she looks! How is it with thy lady?
*Timag.* Collect thyself, and speak.
*Timand.* As you are noble,
Have pity, or love piety*.—Oh!
*Leost.* Take breath.
*Timag.* Out with it boldy.
*Timand.* O, the best of ladies,
I fear, is gone for ever.
*Leost.* Who, Cleora?
*Timag.* Deliver, how? 'Sdeath, be a man, sir!—Speak.
*Timand.* Take it then in as many sighs as words,
My lady——
*Timag.* What of her?
*Timand.* No sooner heard
Marullo was imprison'd, but she fell
Into a deadly swoon.
*Timag.* But she recover'd
Say so, or he will sink too; hold, sir; fie!
This is unmanly.
*Timand.* Brought again to life,
But with much labour, she awhile stood silent,
Yet in that interim vented sighs, as if
They labour'd, from the prison of her flesh,
To give her grieved soul freedom. On the sudden,
Transported on the wings of rage and sorrow,
She flew out of the house, and, unattended,
Enter'd the common prison.
*Leost.* This confirms
What but before I fear'd.
*Timand.* There you may find her;
And, if you love her as a sister——
*Timag.* Damn her!
*Timand.* Or you respect her safety as a lover,
Procure Marullo's liberty.
*Timag.* Impudence
Beyond expression!
*Leost.* Shall I be a bawd
To her lust, and my dishonour?
*Timand.* She'll run mad, else,
Or do some violent act upon herself:
My lord, her father, sensible of her sufferings,
Labours to gain his freedom.
*Leost.* O, the devil!
Has she bewitch'd him too?
*Timag.* I'll hear no more.
Come, sir, we'll follow her; and if no persuasion
Can make her take again her natural form,
Which by lust's powerful spell she has cast off,
This sword shall disenchant her.

* *Have pity, or love* piety.—] So the old copies: the modern editors, here, as almost everywhere else, corrupt this last word, and feebly read, *have pity, or love* pity.

*Leost.* O my heart-strings!
[*Exeunt Leosthenes and Timagoras.*
*Timand.* I knew 'twould take. Pardon me, fair Cleora,
Though I appear a traitress; which thou wilt do,
In pity of my woes, when I make known
My lawful claim, and only seek mine own. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Prison.* PISANDER *discovered in chains.*

*Enter* CLEORA *and* Gaoler.

*Cleo.* There's for your privacy. Stay, unbind his
*Gaol.* I dare not, madam. [hands.
*Cleo.* I will buy thy danger:
Take more gold:—do not trouble me with thanks,
I do suppose it done. [*Exit Gaoler.*
*Pisan.* My better angel
Assumes this shape to comfort me, and wisely;
Since, from the choice of all celestial figures,
He could not take a visible form so full
Of glorious sweetness. [*Kneels.*
*Cleo.* Rise. I am flesh and blood,
And do partake thy tortures.
*Pisan.* Can it be,
That charity should persuade you to descend
So far from your own height, as to vouchsafe
To look upon my sufferings? How I bless
My fetters now, and stand engaged to fortune
For my captivity—no, my freedom, rather!
For who dare think that place a prison, which
You sanctify with your presence? or believe,
Sorrow has power to use her sting on him,
That is in your compassion arm'd, and made
Impregnable, though tyranny raise at once
All engines to assault him?
*Cleo.* Indeed virtue,
With which you have made evident proofs that you
Are strongly fortified, cannot fall, though shaken
With the shock of fierce temptations: but still
In spite of opposition. For myself, [triumphs
I may endeavour to confirm your goodness,
(A sure retreat, which never will deceive you,)
And with unfeigned tears express my sorrow
For what I cannot help.
*Pisan.* Do you weep for me!
O, save that precious balm for nobler* uses:
I am unworthy of the smallest drop,
Which, in your prodigality of pity,
You throw away on me. Ten of these pearls
Were a large ransom to redeem a kingdom [geance,
From a consuming plague, or stop heaven's ven-
Call'd down by crying sins, though, at that instant,
In dreadful flashes falling on the roofs
Of bold blasphemers. I am justly punish'd
For my intent of violence to such pureness;
And all the torments flesh is sensible of,
A soft and gentle penance.
*Cleo.* Which is ended
In this your free confession.

*Enter* LEOSTHENES *and* TIMAGORAS *behind.*

*Leost.* What an object
Have I encountered!

* *O save that precious balm for* nobler *uses:*] *Nobler* is the reading of the first quarto, and is evidently right. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, follow the second, which has *noble.*

*Timag.* I am blasted too:
Yet hear a little further.
*Pisan.* Could I expire now, [thus,
These white and innocent hands closing my eyes
'Twere not to die, but in a heavenly dream
To be transported, without the help of Charon,
To the Elysian shades. You make me bold;
And, but to wish such happiness, I fear,
May give offence.
*Cleo.* No; for believe it, Marullo,
You've won so much upon me, that I know not
That happiness in my gift, but you may challenge.
*Leost.* Are you yet satisfied?
*Cleo.* Nor can you wish
But what my vows will second, though it were
Your freedom first, and then in me full power
To make a second tender of myself,
And you receive the present. By this kiss,
From me a virgin bounty*, I will practise
All arts for your deliverance; and that purchased,
In what concerns your further aims, I speak it,
Do not despair, but hope——
[*Timagoras and Leosthenes come forward.*
*Timag.* To have the hangman,
When he is married to the cross, in scorn
To say, Gods give you joy!
*Leost.* But look on me,
And be not too indulgent to your folly;
And then, but that grief stops my speech, imagine
What language I should use.
*Cleo.* Against thyself.
Thy malice cannot reach me.
*Timag.* How?
*Cleo.* No, brother,
Though you join in the dialogue to accuse me.
What I have done, I'll justify; and these favours
Which, you presume, will taint me in my honour,
Though jealousy use all her eyes to spy out
One stain in my behaviour, or envy,
As many tongues to wound it, shall appear
My best perfections. For, to the world,
I can in my defence allege such reasons,
As my accusers shall stand dumb to hear them;
When in his fetters this man's worth and virtues,
But truly told, shall shame your boasted glories,
Which fortune claims a share in.
*Timag.* The base villain
Shall never live to hear it. [*Draws his sword.*
*Cleo.* Murder! help!
Through me you shall pass to him.

*Enter* ARCHIDAMUS, DIPHILUS, *and* Officers.

*Archid.* What's the matter?
On whom is your sword drawn? Are you a judge?
Or else ambitious of the hangman's office,
Before it be design'd you? You are bold, too;
Unhand my daughter.
*Leost.* She's my valour's prize. [urge
*Archid.* With her consent, not otherwise. You may
Your title in the court; if it prove good,
Possess her freely. Guard him safely off too.
*Timag.* You'll hear me, sir?
*Archid.* If you have aught to say,
Deliver it in public; all shall find
A just judge of Timoleon.

* —— *By this kiss,*
*From me a* virgin bounty,] Meaning, I presume, to Pisander; for she had given one to Leosthenes before.

*Diph* You must
Of force now use your patience.

[*Exeunt all but Timagoras and Leosthenes.*

*Timag.* Vengeance rather!
Whirlwinds of rage possess me: you are wrong'd
Beyond a stoic sufferance; yet you stand
As you were rooted.

*Leost.* I feel something here,
That boldly tells me, all the love and service
I pay Cleora is another's due,
And therefore cannot prosper.

*Timag.* Melancholy;
Which now you must not yield to.

*Leost.* 'Tis apparent:
In fact your sister's innocent, however
Changed by her violent will.

*Timag.* If you believe so,
Follow the chase still; and in open court
Plead your own interest: we shall find the judge
Our friend, I fear not.

*Leost.* Something I shall say,
But what——

*Timag.* Collect yourself as we walk thither.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*The Court of Justice.*

*Enter* Timoleon, Archidamus, Cleora, *and* Officers.

*Timol.* 'Tis wonderous strange! nor can it fall
The reach of my belief, a slave should be [within
The owner of a temperance which this age
Can hardly parallel in freeborn lords,
Or kings proud of their purple.

*Archid.* 'Tis most true;
And, though at first it did appear a fable,
All circumstances meet to give it credit;
Which works so on me, that I am compell'd
To be a suitor, not to be denied,
He may have equal hearing.

*Cleo.* Sir, you graced me
With the title of your mistress*; but my fortune
Is so far distant from command, that I
Lay by the power you gave me, and plead humbly
For the preserver of my fame and honour.
And pray you, sir, in charity believe,
That since I had ability of speech,
My tongue has been so much inured to truth,
I know not how to lie.

*Timol.* I'll rather doubt
The oracles of the gods, than question what
Your innocence delivers; and, as far
As justice and mine honour can give way,
He shall have favour. Bring him in unbound:

[*Exeunt Officers.*

And though Leosthenes may challenge from me,
For his late worthy service, credit to
All things he can allege in his own cause,
Marullo, so, I think, you call his name,
Shall find I do reserve one ear for him,

*Enter* Cleon, Asotus, Diphilus, Olympia, *and* Corisca.

To let in mercy. Sit, and take your places;
The right of this fair virgin first determined,
Your bondmen shall be censured*.

*Cleon.* With all rigour,
We do expect.

*Coris.* Temper'd, I say, with mercy.

*Enter at one door,* Leosthenes *and* Timagoras; *at the other,* Officers *with* Pisandlr *and* Timandpa.

*Timol.* Your hand, Leosthenes: I cannot doubt
You, that have been victorious in the war,
Should, in a combat fought with words, come off
But with assured triumph.

*Leost.* My deserts, sir,
If, without arrogance, I may style them such,
Arm me from doubt and fear.

*Timol.* 'Tis nobly spoken.
Nor be thou daunted (howsoe'er thy fortune
Has mark'd thee out a slave) to speak thy merits:
For virtue, though in rags, may challenge more
Than vice, set off with all the trim of greatness.

*Pisan.* I had rather fall under so just a judge,
Than be acquitted by a man corrupt
And partial in his censure.

*Archid.* Note his language:
It relishes of better breeding than
His present state dares promise.

*Timol.* I observe it.
Place the fair lady in the midst, that both,
Looking with covetous eyes upon the prize
They are to plead for, may, from the fair object,
Teach Hermes eloquence.

*Leost.* Am I fallen so low?
My birth, my honour, and what's dearest to me,
My love, and witness of my love, my service,
So undervalued, that I must contend
With one, where my excess of glory must
Make his o'erthrow a conquest? Shall my fulness
Supply defects in such a thing, that never
Knew any thing but want and emptiness,
Give him a name, and keep it such, from this
Unequal competition? If my pride,
Or any bold assurance of my worth,
Has pluck'd this mountain of disgrace upon me,
I am justly punish'd, and submit; but if
I have been modest, and esteem'd myself
More injured in the tribute of the praise,
Which no desert of mine, prized by self-love,
Ever exacted, may this cause and minute
For ever be fogotten. I dwell long
Upon mine anger, and now turn to you,
Ungrateful fair one; and, since you are such,
'Tis lawful for me to proclaim myself,
And what I have deserved.

*Cleo.* Neglect and scorn
From me, for this proud vaunt.

*Leost.* You nourish, lady,
Your own dishonour in this harsh reply,
And almost prove what some hold of your sex;
You are all made up of passion: for, if reason
Or judgment could find entertainment with you,

* Cleo. *Sir you graced me*
*With the title of your mistress,*] This alludes to the request in the first act, that he might be permitted *to wear her colours.* In those days of gallantry, I mean those of Massinger, not certainly, those of Timoleon, to wear a lady's colours, that is, a scarf, or a riband, taken from her person, was to become her authorised champion and servant.

* *Your bondmen shall be* censured.] i. e. judged. To prevent the necessity of recurring to this word, about which more than sufficient has been written, it may be proper to observe, that our ancestors used *censure* precisely as we now do judgment: sometimes for a quality of the mind, and sometimes for a judicial determination.

Or that you would distinguish of the objects
You look on, in a true glass, not seduced
By the false light of your too violent will,
I should not need to plead for that which you
With joy should offer. Is my high birth a blemish?
Or does my wealth, which all the vain expense
Of women cannot waste, breed loathing in you?
The honours I can call mine own, thought scandals?
Am I deform'd, or, for my father's sins,
Mulcted by nature? If you interpret these
As crimes, 'tis fit I should yield up myself
Most miserably guilty. But, perhaps,
(Which yet I would not credit,) you have seen
This gallant pitch the bar, or bear a burthen
Would crack the shoulders of a weaker bondman;
Or any other boisterous exercise,
Assuring a strong back to satisfy
Your loose desires, insatiate as the grave——
*Cleo.* You are foul-mouth'd.
*Archid.* Ill-manner'd too.
*Leost.* I speak
In the way of supposition, and entreat you,
With all the fervour of a constant lover,
That you would free yourself from these aspersions,
Or any imputation black-tongued slander
Could throw on your unspotted virgin whiteness:
To which there is no easier way, than by
Vouchsafing him your favour,—him, to whom,
Next to the general, and the gods and fautors*,
The country owes her safety.
*Timag.* Are you stupid?
'Slight, leap into his arms, and there ask pardon—
Oh! you expect your slave's reply, no doubt
We shall have a fine oration: I will teach
My spaniel to howl in sweeter language,
And keep a better method.
*Archid.* You forget
The dignity of the place.
*Diph.* Silence!
*Timol.* [*To Pisander.*] Speak boldly.
*Pisan.* 'Tis your authority gives me a tongue,
I should be dumb else; and I am secure,
I cannot clothe my thoughts, and just defence,
In such an abject phrase, but 'twill appear
Equal, if not above my low condition.
I need no bombast language, stolen from such
As make nobility from prodigious terms
The hearers understand not; I bring with me
No wealth to boast of; neither can I number
Uncertain fortune's favours with my merits;
I dare not force affection, or presume
To censure her discretion, that looks on me
As a weak man, and not her fancy's idol.
How I have loved, and how much I have suffer'd,
And with what pleasure undergone the burthen
Of my ambitious hopes, (in aiming at
The glad possession of a happiness,
The abstract of all goodness in mankind
Can at no part deserve,) with my confession
Of mine own wants, is all that can plead for me.
But if that pure desires, not blended with
Foul thoughts, that, like a river, keeps his course,
Retaining still the clearness of the spring
From whence it took beginning, may be thought
Worthy acceptance; then I dare rise up,
And tell this gay man to his teeth, I never
Durst doubt her constancy, that, like a rock,
Beats off temptations, as that mocks the fury
Of the proud waves; nor, from my jealous fears,
Question that goodness to which, as an altar
Of all perfection, he that truly loved
Should rather bring a sacrifice of service,
Than raze it with the engines of suspicion:
Of which, when he can wash an Æthiop white,
Leosthenes may hope to free himself;
But, till then, never.
*Timag.* Bold, presumptuous villain!
*Pisan.* I will go further, and make good upon him,
I' the pride of all his honours, birth, and fortunes,
He's more unworthy than myself.
*Leost.* Thou liest. [decided,
*Timag.* Confute him with a whip, and, the doubt
Punish him with a halter.
*Pisan.* O the gods!
My ribs, though made of brass, cannot contain
My heart, swollen big with rage. The lie!—a whip!
Let fury then disperse these clouds, in which
I long have march'd disguised*; [*Throws off his disguise.*] that, when they know [horror
Whom they have injured, they may faint with
Of my revenge, which, wretched men, expect,
As sure as fate, to suffer.
*Leost.* Ha! Pisander!
*Timag.* 'Tis the bold Theban!
*Asot.* There's no hope for me then.
I thought I should have put in for a share,
And borne Cleora from them both; but now
This stranger looks so terrible, that I dare not
So much as look on her.
*Pisan.* Now as myself,
Thy equal at thy best, Leosthenes.
For you, Timagoras, praise heaven you were born
Cleora's brother, 'tis your safest armour.
But I lose time,—The base lie cast upon me,
I thus return: Thou art a perjured man,
False, and perfidious, and hast made a tender
Of love and service to this lady, when
Thy soul, if thou hast any, can bear witness,
That thou wert not thine own, for proof of this,
Look better on this virgin, and consider,
This Persian shape laid by†, and she appearing
In a Greekish dress, such as when first you saw her,
If she resemble not Pisander's sister,
One call'd Statira?
*Leost.* 'Tis the same! my guilt
So chokes my spirits, I cannot deny
My falsehood, nor excuse it.
*Pisan.* This is she,
To whom thou wert contracted: this the lady,
That, when thou wert my prisoner, fairly taken

---

* *Next to the general, and the gods and* fautors,] So read both the quartos: the modern editors not knowing what to make of *the gods and fautors*, (which, in the language of the author, means the *favouring* gods), accommodate the line to their own conceptions with wondrous facility, and read:

*Next to the general, and* to *the gods.*

Alas! for Massinger.

* *Let fury then disperse these clouds in which*
*I long have* march'd *disguised*,] The old copies read *mash'd*, but this seems so unworthy of the author, that I have not scrupled to place the other word (march'd) in the text. I believe Massinger had the first Æneid in his thoughts.

† *This Persian* shape *laid by*,] i. e. this Persian dress; a term borrowed from the tiring-room of the theatres. In the list of dramatis personæ prefixed to *the Virgin-Martyr*, Harpax is said to be, "an evil spirit, following Theophilus in the *shape* (habit) of a secretary."

In the Spartan war, that begg'd thy liberty,
And with it gave herself to thee, ungrateful!
*Statil.* No more, sir, I entreat you: I perceive
True sorrow in his looks, and a consent
To make me reparation in mine honour;
And then I am most happy.
*Pisan.* The wrong done her
Drew me from Thebes, with a full intent to kill thee:
But this fair object met me in my fury,
And quite disarm'd me. Being denied to have her,
By you, my lord Archidamus, and not able
To live far from her; love, the mistress of
All quaint devices, prompted me to treat
With a friend of mine, who, as a pirate, sold me
For a slave to you, my lord, and gave my sister
As a present to Cleora.
*Timol.* Strange meanders!
*Pisan.* There how I bare myself, needs no relation;
But, if so far descending from the height
Of my then flourishing fortunes, to the lowest
Condition of a man, to have means only
To feed my eye with the sight of what I honour'd;
The dangers too I underwent, the sufferings;
The clearness of my interest; may deserve
A noble recompense in your lawful favour;
Now 'tis apparent that Leosthenes
Can claim no interest in you, you may please
To think upon my service.
*Cleo.* Sir, my want
Of power to satisfy so great a debt,
Makes me accuse my fortune: but if that
Out of the bounty of your mind, you think
A free surrender of myself full payment,
I gladly tender it.
*Archid.* With my consent too,
All injuries forgotten.
*Timag.* I will study,
In my future service, to deserve your favour,
And good opinion.
*Leost.* Thus I gladly fee
This advocate to plead for me. [*Kissing Statilia.*
*Pisan.* You will find me
An easy judge. When I have yielded reasons
Of your bondmen's falling off from their obedience,
Then after, as you please, determine of me.
I found their natures apt to mutiny
From your too cruel usage, and made trial
How far they might be wrought on; to instruct you
To look with more prevention and care
To what they may hereafter undertake
Upon the like occasions. The hurt's little
They have committed, nor was ever cure
But with some pain effected. I confess,
In hope to force a grant of fair Cleora,
I urged them to defend the town against you:
Nor had the terror of your whips, but that
I was preparing for defence elsewhere,
So soon got entrance*: in this I am guilty;
Now, as you please, your censure.
*Timol.* Bring them in;
And, though you've given me power, I do entreat
Such as have undergone their insolence,
It may not be offensive though I study
Pity, more than revenge.
*Coris.* 'Twill best become you.
*Cleon.* I must consent.
*Asot.* For me, I'll find a time
To be revenged hereafter.

*Enter* Gracculo, Cimbrio, Poliphron, Zanthia, *and the rest, with halters about their necks.*

*Grac.* Give me leave;
I'll speak for all.
*Timol.* What canst thou say, to hinder
The course of justice?
*Grac.* Nothing.—You may see
We are prepared for hanging, and confess
We have deserved it: our most humble suit is,
We may not twice be executed.
*Timol.* Twice!
How mean'st thou?
*Grac.* At the gallows first, and after in a ballad
Sung to some villanous tune. There are ten-groat rhymers
About the town, grown fat on these occasions.
Let but a chapel fall, or a street be fired*,
A foolish lover hang himself for pure love,
Or any such like accident, and, before [made,
They are cold in their graves, some damn'd ditty's
Which makes their ghosts walk.—Let the state take
For the redress of this abuse, recording [order
'Twas done by my advice, and, for my part,
I'll cut as clean a caper from the ladder,
As ever merry Greek did.
*Timol.* Yet I think
You would shew more activity to delight
Your master for a pardon.
*Grac.* O! I would dance
As I were all air and fire. [*Capers.*
*Timol.* And ever be
Obedient and humble;
*Grac.* As his spaniel,
Though he kick'd me for exercise; and the like
I promise for all the rest.

---

* *Nor had the terror of your whips, but that*
*I was preparing for defence elsewhere,*
*So soon got entrance*:] I am pleased with this, because it looks as if the author was sensible of the improbability of the circumstance. It is, indeed, the only defective part of this beautiful story.

* *Let but a* chapel fall, *or a* street be fired, &c.] There is much good humour, as well as truth, in these remarks. They are, it must be confessed, strangely out of time, and still more strangely out of place; but the readers of our old dramatists must be prepared to overlook these anomalies.

Much of the wit, and more, perhaps, of the interest, of our old dramas, is irretrievably lost through our ignorance of collateral circumstances. A thousand temporary allusions are received with indifference, or perhaps escape us altogether, which excited the strongest sensations of pleasure and pain in the bosoms of our ancestors. This play was performed for the first time, December 3, 1623; and on the 24th of October, in the same year, a *chapel*, or, as the continuator of Stow calls it, a *chamber fell down* "in Hunsden House, in the Black Fryars, where was assembled above three hundred men, women, and youths, to hear a Romane Catholicque priest preach, in which *fall* was slaine the preacher, and almost one hundred of his auditory, and well nigh as many more hurt." Immediately after this, follows an article of *firing a street*. "Wednesday, the 12th of November, 1623, one of the warehouses of Sir W. Cockayne," (a name familiar to Massinger,) "knight, alderman of London, in Broad Street, took *fire* in the evening, and ceased not till two o' the clock the next morning, in which space it burnt his whole house, and three of his neighbour's houses, to the great danger and damage of many neere inhabitants," &c.—*Annales, p.* 1035, ed. 1631.

These apposite references, for which I am indebted to Mr. Gilchrist, prove, I think, that the tragical events in Gracculo's speech were not the suggestions of fancy. The *foolish lover*, who hung himself *for pure love*, was, perhaps, beneath the notice of the Chronicler; but I suspect that, if we could have recourse to the *d——d ditties* of the day, we should find his melancholy story to be no less real than the other unfortunate occurrences.

*Timol.* Rise then, you have it.
*All the Slaves.* Timoleon! Timoleon!
*Timol.* Cease these clamours.
And now, the war being ended to our wishes,
And such as went the pilgrimage of love,
Happy in full fruition of their hope,
'Tis lawful, thanks paid to the powers divine,
To drown our cares in honest mirth and wine.
[*Exeunt**.

* Massinger never writes with more effect, than when he combines his own fancy with somewhat of real history. In this case, the reader will not expect that the history should proceed in a regular order, or without the admission of foreign incidents, or that it should maintain to the end, the commanding interest with which it begins. It is enough for Massinger, if he can secure attention at the outset, through the remembrance of some important event, and if, under cover of this, he can prepare the part which imagination is to supply. It is on these principles he has proceeded in *The Bondman*, and produced a piece which, with a few exceptions, is at once stately and playful, impressive and tender. He matures the love, under cover of the history; till at length the interest changes, and the history becomes subordinate to the love.

The characters are drawn with much variety and interest; the modest gravity and self command of Timoleon well agree with the ancient descriptions of the man, from whose mouth *nihil unquam insolens, neque gloriosum exiit*, and our admiration of the heroic Pisander, who cannot appear in his proper character till towards the conclusion, is skilfully excited by early notices, apparently incidental, of his great powers of body, his language, sentiments, &c., far above his supposed condition. His signal temperance, the charm which wins the pure Cleora, is well contrasted with the unreasonable distrust and jealousy of Leosthenes, who, however, observes, with much self complacency, while he mars his own happiness by his impatience, that women have but little judgment, and are mostly made up of passion! It may be remarked here, that Massinger seems fond of punishing his men for undue suspicions and alarms in matters of love, and that this is one of the methods he takes to exalt the character of his females, and to exhibit, as in Cleora, the complete ascendency of chastity over jealousy. Other marks of his accustomed management appear in this play. He is fond of fulfilling expressions in a sense not intended by the speakers. Timagoras unconsciously says, that Pisander was "bought for his sister's service;" and Archidamus bids him treat her with particular "care and reverence," the very circumstance which gains her affections. In *The Duke of Milan* too, Sforza and Marcelia wish that, after a life of unvaried happiness, "one grave may receive them;" and they are buried together, after she has fallen by his hand. He is fond of reserving some injured person, whose late appearance may justify what has been done, and hasten the conclusion of the plot. He reserves Statilia for the sake of vindicating Pisander, and reminds us of Eugenia, whose wrongs explain the vengeance of Francisco. He is also fond of throwing his lovers into difficulties, by confessing their attachment, while those who are interested in opposing it, listen from behind. Cleora precipitates her expressions of kindness for Pisander, that her family may be enraged at the discovery. And a similar contrivance will by and by strike the reader, in the plot of *The Renegado*, where Donusa and Vitelli are overheard by Asambeg and Mustapha.

The ludicrous characters are not without their merit, always excepting the licentiousness which stains them; licentiousness, however, which, fortunately, is neither spirited nor attractive. The slaves turned masters, "fret their hour" in their new dignity with becoming insolence. It is a fine stroke of nature which Plautus has given to one of his slaves: suddenly growing rich, and laying the plan of his future enjoyments, he determines to have slaves of his own:

——— *domum instruam, agrum, ædes,* mancipia.
*Rudens,* Act. IV. sc. ii.

If Massinger is to be suspected of political allusions, this play betrays him. The character of Gisco the admiral does not suit him, but agrees very well with the Duke of Buckingham:

"——— a raw young fellow,
One never train'd in arms, but rather fashion'd
To tilt with ladies' lips, than crack a lance," &c.

The "green heads that determine of the state over their cups," &c., were now in possession of all power, and playing their wildest schemes. And towards the end of the reign of James, (the date of this play,) it might well be said, by the friends to the safety of their country:

"—— in this plenty
And fat of peace, your young men ne'er were train'd
In martial discipline; and your ships unrigg'd,
Rot in the harbour"——.

One of those friends of his country was Massinger: and it is hardly possible to point out, in any writer, ancient or modern, a finer strain of patriotism amidst the public danger, than that which animates the last scene of the first act

# THE RENEGADO.

THE RENEGADO.] This tragi-comedy, for so Massinger terms it, appears from the office-book of the master of the revels, to have been first produced on the stage, April 17th, 1624: it was not given to the public till several years after,—the entry in the stationers' register bearing date March 6th, 1629-30.

The story, though wild and extravagant, is not all, perhaps, invention; the pirates of Tunis and Algiers ravaged the northern coasts of the Mediterranean at pleasure; and the Spanish and Italian writers of those days are full of adventures similar to this before us; some of which were undoubtedly founded in fact.

The language and ideas of this play are strictly catholic; notwithstanding which, it seems to have been a favourite with the public; and even the modest author speaks of its merits with some degree of complacency. It was not, however, reprinted.

It is said, in the title-page, to have been "often acted by the queen's majesties servants, at the private play-house in Drury Lane." After the death of Queen Anne, in 1618, (as Mr. Malone informs me,) the players at this house were called, the *Lady Elizabeth's servants*, (i. e. James's daughter, then married to the Palsgrave,) although she was not in England: but after the marriage of Charles, they took the name of the *queen's servants;* i. e. of Henrietta Maria. The denomination, therefore, in the title-page of the old play, alludes to the time of its publication, and not to that of its "allowance;" when, as appears from the first edition of *The Bondman*, 1624, the players were still in possession of the former appellation.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

## GEORGE HARDING,

### BARON BERKELEY, OF BERKELEY CASTLE, AND KNIGHT OF THE HONOURABLE ORDER OF THE BATH*.

MY GOOD LORD,

To be honoured for old nobility, or hereditary titles, is not alone proper to yourself, but to some few of your rank, who may challenge the like privilege with you: but in our age to vouchsafe (as you have often done) a ready hand to raise the dejected spirits of the contemned sons of the muses; such as would not suffer the glorious fire of poesy to be wholly extinguished, is so remarkable and peculiar to your lordship, that with a full vote and suffrage, it is acknowledged that the patronage and protection of the dramatic poem is yours, and almost without a rival. I despair not therefore, but that my ambition to present my service in this kind, may in your clemency meet with a gentle interpretation. Confirm it, my good lord, in your gracious acceptance of this trifle; in which, if I were not confident there are some pieces worthy the perusal, it should have been taught an humbler flight; and the writer, your countryman, never yet made happy in your notice and favour, had not made this an advocate to plead for his admission among such as are wholly and sincerely devoted to your service. I may live to tender my humble thankfulness in some higher strain; and till then, comfort myself with hope, that you descend from your height to receive

Your honour's commanded servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

* He was made a knight of the bath at the creation of Charles, Prince of Wales, November 4, 1616; three years after he succeeded his grandfather, Henry, eleventh Lord Berkeley.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | *Actors' Names.* |
|---|---|
| ASAMBEG*, *viceroy of* Tunis, | John Blanye. |
| MUSTAPHA, *basha of* Aleppo, | John Sumner. |
| VITELLI, *a Venetian gentleman, disguised as a merchant*, | Mich. Bowyer. |
| FRANCISCO, *a Jesuit*, | Wm. Reignalds. |
| ANTONIO GRIMALDI, *the* Renegado, | Wm. Allen. |
| CARAZIE, *an eunuch*, | Wm. Robins. |
| GAZET, *servant to* Vitelli, | Ed. Shakerley. |
| Aga. | |
| Capiaga. | |
| Janizaries. | |
| Master. | |
| Boatswain. | |
| Sailors. | |
| A Gaoler. Turks. | |
| DONUSA, *niece to* Amurath, | Ed. Rogers. |
| PAULINA, *sister to* Vitelli, | Theo. Bourne. |
| MANTO, *servant to* Donusa. | |

SCENE, Tunis.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*A Street near the* Bazar.

*Enter* VITELLI, *and* GAZET.

*Vitel.* You have hired a shop, then?

*Gaz.* Yes, sir; and our wares,
Though brittle as a maidenhead at sixteen,
Are safe unladen; not a crystal crack'd,
Or china dish needs soldering; our choice pictures,
As they came from the workman, without blemish:
And I have studied speeches for each piece,
And, in a thrifty tone, to sell them off,
Will swear by Mahomet and Termagant†,
That this is mistress to the great Duke of Florence,
That, niece to old King Pepin, and a third,
An Austrian princess by her Roman nose,
Howe'er my conscience tells me they are figures
Of bawds and common courtezans in Venice.

*Vitel.* You make no scruple of an oath, then?

*Gaz.* Fie, sir!
'Tis out of my indentures; I am bound there
To swear for my master's profit, as securely
As your intelligencer‡ must for his prince,
That sends him forth an honourable spy,
To serve his purposes. And if it be lawful
In a Christian shopkeeper to cheat his father,
I cannot find but to abuse a Turk
In the sale of our commodities, must be thought
A meritorious work.

*Vitel.* I wonder, sirrah,
What's your religion?

*Gaz.* Troth, to answer truly,
I would not be of one that should command me
To feed upon poor John*, when I see pheasants
And partridges on the table: nor do I like
The other, that allows us to eat flesh
In Lent, though it be rotten, rather than be
Thought superstitious; as your zealous cobler,
And learned botcher preach at Amsterdam,
Over a hotchpotch†. I would not be confined
In my belief: when all your sects and sectaries
Are grown of one opinion, if I like it
I will profess myself,—in the mean time,
Live I in England, Spain, France, Rome, Geneva,
I'm of that country's faith.

*Vitel.* And what in Tunis?
Will you turn Turk here?

---

* Or, as we should now say, *Hassan Bey*.

† *Will swear by Mahomet and* Termagant,] Dr. Percy, in his remarks on the ancient ballad of *King Estmere*, says, that Termagant is the name given by the authors of the old romances to the god of the Saracens: and as he was generally represented as a very furious being, the word termagant was applied to any person of a turbulent outrageous disposition, though at present it is appropriated to the female sex. M. MASON.

I have retained a part of this note, though there is little in it. Our zealous ancestors, who were somewhat of Sir Andrew's way of thinking, and cordially disposed to beat the Turks like dogs, for being Mahomedans, innocently charged them with deities whom they never acknowledged. Termagant, whether derived from the Saxon, or (which, in this case, is nearly the same), from the Latin, cannot possibly be a Saracenic divinity; the word was originally used, I suppose, as an attribute of the Supreme Being of the Saxons, a people little less odious to our romance writers, than the Saracens, and sometimes confounded with them.

‡ —— *I am bound there*
*To swear for my master's profit, as securely*
*As your intelligencer*, &c.] Here is, probably, an allusion to the celebrated definition of an ambassador, by Sir Henry Wotton: "An honest man appointed to *lye* abroad for the good of his country,"—a definition, by the bye, which cost him dear; for Sir Henry, not satisfied with entertaining his countrymen, would needs translate his wit into Latin, for the amusement of foreigners. *Lye*, which was then the term for lodge or dwell, made a tolerable pun; but *mentiendum*, into which it was turned, had neither humour nor ambiguity in it, and sorely scandalized the corps diplomatic.

* *To feed upon* poor John,] *Poor John*, Mr. Malone says, is hake, dried, and salted.

† —— *as your zealous cobler*
*And learned botcher preach at Amsterdam,*
*Over a hotchpotch.*] The religious troubles of Holland, in the 16th century, arose principally from the Anabaptists. There was an insurrection at Amsterdam, headed by a tailor, a disciple of John of Leyden (the Munster king), himself a tailor: but, indeed, the toleration allowed to religious sects of all denominations, had, about this time, filled Amsterdam with fanatics from every country in Europe. To this aggregation of zealots, there are perpetual allusions in our old writers. Thus Shirley: "Well, if I live, I will to *Amsterdam*, and add another schism to the two hundred, four score, and odd." *Gentleman of Venice*. And Beaumont and Fletcher: "I am a schoolmaster, sir, and would fain confer with you about erecting four new sects of religion at *Amsterdam*." *The Fair Maid of the Inn*.

*Gaz.* No: so I should lose
A collop of that part my Doll enjoin'd me
To bring home as she left it: 'tis her venture,
Nor dare I barter that commodity,
Without her special warrant.
*Vitel.* You are a knave, sir:
Leaving your roguery, think upon my business,
It is no time to fool now. [time
Remember where you are too: though this mart-
We are allow'd free trading, and with safety,
Temper your tongue, and meddle not with the Turks,
Their manners, nor religion.
*Gaz.* Take you heed, sir, [there landed
What colours you wear. Not two hours since,
An English pirate's whore, with a green apron*,
And, as she walk'd the streets, one of their muftis,
We call them priests at Venice, with a razor
Cuts it off, petticoat, smock and all, and leaves her
As naked as my nail; the young fry wondering
What strange beast it should be. I scaped a scouring——
My mistress's busk point, of that forbidden colour,
Then tied my codpiece; had it been discover'd
I had been capon'd.
*Vitel.* And had been well served.
Haste to the shop, and set my wares in order,
I will not long be absent.
*Gaz.* Though I strive, sir,
To put off melancholy, to which you are ever
Too much inclined, it shall not hinder me,
With my best care, to serve you. [*Exit.*

*Enter* FRANCISCO.

*Vitel.* I believe thee.
O welcome, sir! stay of my steps in this life,
And guide to all my blessed hopes hereafter. [per'd?
What comforts, sir? Have your endeavours pros-
Have we tired fortune's malice with our sufferings?
Is she at length, after so many frowns,
Pleased to vouchsafe one cheerful look upon us?
*Fran.* You give too much to fortune and your passions,
O'er which a wise man, if religious, triumphs.
That name fools worship; and those tyrants, which
We arm against our better part, our reason,
May add, but never take from our afflictions.
*Vitel.* Sir, as I am a sinful man, I cannot
But like one suffer.
*Fran.* I exact not from you
A fortitude insensible of calamity, [shown†
To which the saints themselves have bow'd, and
They are made of flesh and blood; all that I challenge
Is manly patience. Will you, that were train'd up
In a religious school, where divine maxims,
Scorning comparison with moral precepts,
Were daily taught you, bear your constancy's trial,
Not like Vitelli, but a village nurse,
With curses in your mouth, tears in your eyes?—
How poorly it shows in you.
*Vitel.* I am school'd, sir,
And will hereafter, to my utmost strength,
Study to be myself.

* ——— *with a* green *apron.*] It should be observed, that this colour is appropriated solely to the descendants of Mahomet. To "land at Tunis," or any other town professing the Mahometan religion, in a green dress, at this day, would perhaps cost the unwary stranger his life.

† ——— *and* shown,] So the old copy: the modern editors read, *and* show.

*Fran.* So shall you find me
Most ready to assist you; neither have I
Slept in your great occasions: since I left you,
I have been at the viceroy's court, and press'd
As far as they allow a Christian entrance:
And something I have learn'd, that may concern
The purpose of this journey.
*Vitel.* Dear sir, what is it?
*Fran.* By the command of Asambeg, the viceroy,
The city swells with barbarous pomp and pride,
For the entertainment of stout Mustapha,
The basha of Aleppo, who in person
Comes to receive the niece of Amurath,
The fair Donusa, for his bride.
*Vitel.* I find not
How this may profit us.
*Fran.* Pray you give me leave.
Among the rest that wait upon the viceroy,
Such as have, under him, command in Tunis,
Who, as you've often heard, are all false pirates,
I saw the shame of Venice, and the scorn
Of all good men, the perjured RENEGADO,
Antonio Grimaldi.
*Vitel.* Ha! his name
Is poison to me.
*Fran.* Yet again?
*Vitel.* I have done, sir.
*Fran.* This debauch'd villain, whom we ever thought
(After his impious scorn done in St. Mark's,
To me, as I stood at the holy altar)
The thief that ravish'd your fair sister from you,
The virtuous Paulina, not long since,
As I am truly given to understand,
Sold to the viceroy a fair Christian virgin;
On whom, maugre his fierce and cruel nature,
Asambeg dotes extremely.
*Vitel.* 'Tis my sister:
It must be she, my better angel tells me
'Tis poor Paulina. Farewell all disguises!
I'll show, in my revenge, that I am noble.
*Fran.* You are not mad?
*Vitel.* No, sir; my virtuous anger
Makes every vein an artery; I feel in me
The strength of twenty men; and, being arm'd
With my good cause, to wreak* wrong'd innocence,
I dare alone run to the viceroy's court,
And with this poniard, before his face,
Dig out Grimaldi's heart.
*Fran.* Is this religious?
*Vitel.* Would you have me tame now? Can I know my sister
Mew'd up in his seraglio, and in danger
Not alone to lose her honour, but her soul;
The hell-bred villain by too, that has sold both
To black destruction, and not haste to send him
To the devil, his tutor? To be patient now,
Were, in another name, to play the pander
To the viceroy's loose embraces, and cry aim†!
While he, by force or flattery, compels her
To yield her fair name up to his foul lust,
And, after, turn apostata to the faith
That she was bred in.
*Fran.* Do but give me hearing,

* ——— *to* wreak *wrong'd innocence,*] i. e. to revenge; so in *The Fatal Dowry.*

"But there's a heaven above, from whose just *wreak*
No mists of policy can hide offenders."

† ——— *and cry* aim!] See *the Bondman.*

And you shall soon grant how ridiculous
This childish fury is. A wise man never
Attempts impossibilities; 'tis as easy
For any single arm to quell an army,
As to effect your wishes. We come hither
To learn Paulina's fate*, and to redeem her:
Leave your revenge to heaven: I oft have told you,
Of a relict that I gave her, which has power,
If we may credit holy men's traditions,
To keep the owner free from violence:
This on her breast she wears, and does preserve
The virtue of it, by her daily prayers.
So, if she fall not by her own consent,
Which it were sin to think, I fear no force.
Be, therefore, patient; keep this borrow'd shape,
Till time and opportunity present us
With some fit means to see her; which perform'd
I'll join with you in any desperate course
For her delivery.

*Vitel.* You have charm'd me, sir,
And I obey in all things: pray you, pardon
The weakness of my passion.

*Fran.* And excuse it.
Be cheerful man; for know that good intents
Are, in the end, crown'd with as fair events.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Donusa's *Palace.*

*Enter* Donusa, Manto, *and* Carazie.

*Don.* Have you seen the Christian captive,
The great basha is so enamour'd of?

*Mant.* Yes, an it please your excellency,
I took a full view of her, when she was
Presented to him.

*Don.* And is she such a wonder,
As 'tis reported?

*Mant.* She was drown'd in tears then,
Which took much from her beauty; yet, in spite
Of sorrow, she appear'd the mistress of
Most rare perfections; and, though low of stature,
Her well-proportion'd limbs invite affection.
And, when she speaks, each syllable is music
That does enchant the hearers: but your highness‡,
That are not to be parallell'd, I yet never
Beheld her equal.

*Don.* Come, you flatter me;
But I forgive it. We, that are born great,
Seldom distaste§ our servants though they give us
More than we can pretend to. I have heard
That Christian ladies live with much more freedom
Than such as are born here. Our jealous Turks
Never permit their fair wives to be seen,
But at the public bagnios, or the mosques,
And, even then, veil'd and guarded. Thou, Carazie,
Wert born in England; what's the custom there,
Among your women? Come, be free and merry:
I am no severe mistress: nor hast thou met with
A heavy bondage.

*Car.* Heavy! I was made lighter
By two stone weight, at least, to be fit to serve you.
But to your question, madam; women in England,
For the most part, live like queens. Your country
Have liberty to hawk, to hunt, to feast, [ladies,
To give free entertainment to all comers,
To talk, to kiss; there's no such thing known there
As an Italian girdle. Your city dame,
Without leave, wears the breeches, has her husband
At as much command as her 'prentice; and, if need
Can make him cuckold by her father's copy. [be,

*Don.* But your court lady?

*Car.* She, I assure you, madam,
Knows nothing but her will; must be allow'd
Her footmen, her caroch*, her ushers, pages,
Her doctor, chaplains; and, as I have heard,
They're grown of late so learn'd, that they maintain
A strange position, which their lords, with all
Their wit, cannot confute.

*Don.* What's that, I prithee?

*Car.* Marry, that it is not only fit, but lawful,
Your madam there, her much rest and high feeding
Duly consider'd, should, to ease her husband,
Be allow'd a private friend: they have drawn a bill
To this good purpose, and, the next assembly,
Doubt not to pass it.

*Don.* We enjoy no more,
That are o' the Othoman race, though our religion
Allows all pleasure. I am dull: some music.
Take my chapines† off. So, a lusty strain.

[*A galliard. Knocking within.*

Who knocks there?

[*Manto goes to the door, and returns.*

*Mant.* 'Tis the basha of Aleppo,
Who humbly makes request he may present
His service to you.

*Don.* Reach a chair. We must
Receive him like ourself, and not depart‡ with
One piece of ceremony, state, and greatness,
That may beget respect and reverence
In one that's born our vassal. Now admit him.

*Enter* Mustapha; *he puts off his yellow pantofles.*

*Musta.* The place is sacred; and I am to enter
The room where she abides, with such devotion
As pilgrims pay at Mecca, when they visit
The tomb of our great prophet. [*Kneels.*

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* *To learn Paulina's* fate.] The old copy reads *faith*; the alteration, which seems judicious, was made by Mr. M. Mason.

† ——— *I oft have told you*
*Of a relic that I gave her,* &c.] I have already observed, that the language of this play is catholic; the idea, however, of the power of relics, in the preservation of chastity, may be found in many old romances and books of knight-errantry, which were undoubtedly familiar to Massinger.

‡ ——— but *your highness,*] i. e. *except* your highness, &c. In the next line, the modern editors had so transposed the words, as to make it downright prose: it is now reformed.

§ ——— *We, that are born great,*
*Seldom* distaste *our servants though they give us*
*More than we can pretend to.*] i. e. *dislike*; in which sense the word frequently occurs. Thus Shirley, in the epilogue to *Love in a Maze:*

"——— he desires that you
Should not *distaste* his muse, because of late
Transplanted," &c.

* *Her footmen, her caroch, her ushers, pages,*] If the reader would have a promising specimen of what can be done by a nice ear, in editing an ancient poet, let him cast an eye on this line, as it stands in Coxeter, and Mr. M. Mason:

*Her footmen, her coach, her ushers, her pages,*
tum-ti-ti, tum-ti-ti, &c.

† *Take my* chapines *off.*] *Chapines* (Spanish, and not Italian, as the commentators on Shakspeare assert) are a kind of clogs with thick cork soles, which the ladies wear on their shoes when they go abroad.

‡ ——— *and not* depart *with,* &c.] To *depart* and *part* were anciently synonymous. Thus Jonson:

"He that *departs* with his own honesty
For vulgar praise, doth it too dearly buy." *Epig.* ii.

*Don.* Rise; the sign
[*Caraxie takes up the pantofles.*
That we vouchsafe your presence.
*Musta.* May those powers
That raised the Othoman empire, and still guard it,
Reward your highness for this gracious favour
You throw upon your servant! It hath pleased
The most invincible, mightiest Amurath,
(To speak his other titles would take from him
That in himself does comprehend all greatness,)
To make me the unworthy instrument
Of his command. Receive, divinest lady,
[*Delivers a letter.*
This letter, sign'd by his victorious hand,
And made authentic by the imperial seal. [you
There, when you find me mention'd, far be it from
To think it my ambition to presume
At such a happiness, which his powerful will,
From his great mind's magnificence, not my merit,
Hath shower'd upon me. But, if your consent
Join with his good opinion and allowance,
To perfect what his favours have begun,
I shall, in my obsequiousness and duty,
Endeavour* to prevent all just complaints,
Which want of will to serve you may call on me.
*Don.* His sacred majesty writes here, that your valour
Against the Persian hath so won upon him,
That there's no grace or honour in his gift,
Of which he can imagine you unworthy;
And, what's the greatest you can hope, or aim at,
It is his pleasure you should be received
Into his royal family—provided,
For so far I am unconfined, that I
Affect and like your person. I expect not
The ceremony which he uses in
Bestowing of his daughters and his nieces:
As that he should present you for my slave,
To love you, if you pleased me; or deliver
A poniard, on my least dislike, to kill you.
Such tyranny and pride agree not with
My softer disposition. Let it suffice,
For my first answer, that thus far I grace you:
[*Gives him her hand to kiss.*
Hereafter, some time spent to make enquiry
Of the good parts and faculties of your mind,
You shall hear further from me.
*Musta.* Though all torments
Really suffer'd, or in hell imagined
By curious fiction, in one hour's delay
Are wholly comprehended; I confess
That I stand bound in duty, not to check at
Whatever you command, or please to impose,
For trial of my patience.
*Don.* Let us find [me;
Some other subject; too much of one theme cloys
Is't a full mart?
*Musta.* A confluence of all nations
Are met together: there's variety, too,
Of all that merchants traffic for.
*Don.* I know not—
I feel a virgin's longing to descend
So far from my own greatness, as to be,
Though not a buyer, yet a looker on
Their strange commodities.
*Musta.* If without a train,
You dare be seen abroad, I'll dismiss mine,
And wait upon you as a common man,
And satisfy your wishes.
*Don.* I embrace it.
Provide my veil; and, at the postern gate,
Convey us out unseen. I trouble you.
*Musta.* It is my happiness you deign to command me. [*Exeunt.*

* *I shall in my obsequiousness and duty.*
*Endeavour*, &c.] This, and what follows, are pretty correct specimens of the manner in which the great officers of the state are still said to pay their addresses to the princesses of the imperial family. The age of Massinger produced many good histories of the Turks: he follows them, however, by starts only, for in none of his plays are the manners of different countries so mingled and confounded as in this.

## SCENE III.—*The* Bazar.

Gazet *in his Shop;* Francisco *and* Vitelli *walking by.*

*Gaz.* What do you lack? Your choice China dishes, your pure Venetian crystal of all sorts, of all neat and new fashions, from the mirror of the madam, to the private utensil of her chambermaid; and curious pictures of the rarest beauties of Europe: What do you lack, gentlemen?
*Fran.* Take heed, I say; howe'er it may appear
Impertinent, I must express my love,
My advice, and counsel. You are young, Vitelli*,
And may be tempted; and these Turkish dames,
(Like English mastiffs, that increase their fierceness
By being chain'd up,) from the restraint of freedom,
If lust once fire their blood from a fair object,
Will run a course the fiends themselves would shake
To enjoy their wanton ends. [at,
*Vitel.* Sir, you mistake me:
I am too full of woe, to entertain
One thought of pleasure, though all Europe's queens
Kneel'd at my feet, and courted me; much less
To mix with such, whose difference of faith
Must, of necessity, (or I must grant
Myself neglectful of all you have taught me,)
Strangle such base desires.
*Fran.* Be constant in
That resolution; I'll abroad again,
And learn, as far as it is possible,
What may concern Paulina. Some two hours
Shall bring me back. [*Exit.*
*Vitel.* All blessings wait upon you!
*Gaz.* Cold doings, sir; a mart do you call this? 'slight!
A puddingwife, or a witch with a thrum cap,
That sells ale underground to such as come
To know their fortunes in a dead vacation,
Have ten to one more stirring.
*Vitel.* We must be patient.
*Gaz.* Your seller by retail ought to be angry,
But when he's fingering money.

*Enter* Grimaldi, Master, Boatswain, Sailors, *and* Turks.

*Vitel.* Here are company——
Defend me, my good angel, I behold
A basilisk!——
*Gaz.* What do you lack? what do you lack? pure China dishes, clear crystal glasses, a dumb mistress to make love to? What do you lack, gentlemen?

* —— *You are young,* Vitelli,] I have added the name, which seems to have dropt out at the press, to complete the verse.

*Grim.* Thy mother for a bawd ; or, if thou hast
A handsome one, thy sister for a whore ;
Without these, do not tell me of your trash,
Or I shall spoil your market.
*Vitel.* ——Old Grimaldi*! [stand
*Grim.* 'Zounds, wherefore do we put to sea, or
The raging winds, aloft, or p—— upon
The foamy waves, when they rage most ; deride
The thunder of the enemy's shot, board boldly
A merchant's ship for prize, though we behold
The desperate gunner ready to give fire,
And blow the deck up ? wherefore shake we off
Those scrupulous rags of charity and conscience,
Invented only to keep churchmen warm,
Or feed the hungry mouths of famish'd beggars ;
But, when we touch the shore, to wallow in
All sensual pleasures ?
*Mast.* Ay, but, noble captain,
To spare a little for an after-clap,
Were not improvidence.
*Grim.* Hang consideration !
When this is spent, is not our ship the same,
Our courage too the same, to fetch in more ?
The earth, where it is fertilest, returns not
More than three harvests, while the glorious sun
Posts through the zodiac, and makes up the year :
But the sea, which is our mother, (that embraces
Both the rich Indies in her out-stretch'd arms,)
Yields every day a crop, if we dare reap it.
No, no, my mates, let tradesmen think of thrift,
And usurers hoard up ; let our expense
Be as our comings in are, without bounds,
We are the Neptunes of the ocean,
And such as traffic shall pay sacrifice
Of their best lading ; I will have this canvass
Your boy wears, lined with tissue, and the cates
You taste serv'd up in gold.—Though we carouse
The tears of orphans in our Greekish wines,
The sighs of undone widows paying for
The music bought to cheer us, ravish'd virgins
To slavery sold, for coin to feed our riots,
We will have no compunction.
*Gaz.* Do you hear, sir ?
We have paid for our ground.
*Grim.* Hum !
*Gaz.* And hum too !
For all your big words, get you further off,
And hinder not the prospect of our shop,
Or——
*Grim.* What will you do ?
*Gaz.* Nothing, sir,—but pray
Your worship to give me handsel.
*Grim.* By the ears,
Thus, sir, by the ears.
*Mast.* Hold, hold !
*Vitel.* You'll still be prating [whore.
*Grim.* Come, let's be drunk ; then each man to his
'Slight, how do you look ! you had best go find a corner
To pray in, and repent : do, do, and cry ;
It will shew fine in pirates. [*Exit.*
*Mast.* We must follow,
Or he will spend our shares.
*Boatsw.* I fought for mine.
*Mast.* Nor am I so precise but I can drab too :
We will not sit out for our parts.

*Boatsw.* Agreed. [*Exeunt Master, Boatsw., Sailors.*
*Gaz.* The devil gnaw off his fingers ! If he were
In London, among the clubs, up went his heels
For striking of a 'prentice*. What do you lack ?
What do you lack, gentlemen ?
1 *Turk.* I wonder how the viceroy can endure
The insolence of this fellow.
2 *Turk.* He receives profit
From the prizes he brings in ; and that excuses
Whatever he commits. Ha ! what are these ?

*Enter* Mustapha, *and* Donusa *veiled.*

1 *Turk.* They seem of rank and quality ; observe them.
*Gaz.* What do you lack ? see what you please to buy ;
Wares of all sorts, most honourable madona.
*Vitel.* Peace, sirrah, make no noise ; these are not
To be jested with. [people
*Don.* Is this the Christians' custom,
In the venting their commodities ?
*Musta.* Yes, best madam.
But you may please to keep your way, here's nothing
But toys and trifles, not worth your observing.
*Don.* Yes, for variety's sake : pray you, shew us,
The chiefest of your wares. [friend,
*Vitel.* Your ladyship's servant ;
And if, in worth or title, you are more,
My ignorance plead my pardon !
*Don.* He speaks well. [mirror
*Vitel.* Take down the looking-glass. Here is a
Steel'd so exactly, neither taking from
Nor flattering the object it returns
To the beholder, that Narcissus might
(And never grow enamour'd of himself)
View his fair feature in't.
*Don.* Poetical too !
*Vitel.* Here China dishes to serve in a banquet,
Though the voluptuous Persian sat a guest.
Here crystal glasses, such as Ganymede
Did fill with nectar to the Thunderer,
When he drank to Alcides, and received him
In the fellowship of the gods ; true to the owners †.

* ——*Old Grimaldi!*] So the quarto. I suppose the licenser here laid his hand upon some harmless interjection : the next luckily escaped him.

* —— *If he were*
*In London, among the* clubs, *up went his heels,*
*For striking of a 'prentice.*] The police of the city seems to have been wretchedly conducted at this time, when private injuries were left to private redress, and public brawls composed by the interference of a giddy rabble. Every house, at least every shop, was furnished with bludgeons, with which, on the slightest appearance of a fray, the inhabitants armed themselves, and rushed in swarms to the scene of action. From the petulance of the young citizens, who then mixed little with the gentry, and the real or affected contempt in which the latter professed to hold them, subjects of contention were perpetually arising : the city signal for reinforcements, was a cry of "clubs, clubs!" and the streets were instantly filled with armed apprentices. To this curious system of preserving the peace, our old dramatists have frequent allusions. Thus, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, where a mercer is struck, his servant exclaims. "'Sfoot, *clubs! clubs!* prentices, down with them ! ah you rogues, strike a *citizen* in his shop!" Again, in Green's *Tu Quoque*, Staines says :

"Sirrah ! by your outside you seem a *citizen*,
Whose coxcomb I were apt enough to break,
But for the law. Go, you're a prating Jack
Nor is't your hopes of crying out for *clubs*,
Can save you from my chastisement."

† *Here crystal glasses*——true to the owners, &c.] This, and what follows, is a correct account of the notion once entertained, respecting the effect of poison on Venice glasses ; a circumstance which wonderfully increased their value. It may be added, that the chief manufactory for glass was at this time in the vicinity of that city. Mr. Gilchrist informs me, from Stow, that "the first making of *Venice* glasses in

Corinthian plate, studded with diamonds,
Conceal'd oft deadly poison; this pure metal
So innocent is, and faithful to the mistress
Or master that possesses it, that, rather
Than hold one drop that's venomous, of itself
It flies in pieces, and deludes the traitor.
*Don.* How movingly could this fellow treat upon
A worthy subject, that finds such discourse
To grace a trifle!
*Vitel.* Here's a picture, madam;
The masterpiece of Michael Angelo,
Our great Italian workman; here's another,
So perfect at all parts, that had Pygmalion
Seen this, his prayers had been made to Venus
To have given it life, and his carved ivory image
By poets ne'er remember'd. They are, indeed,
The rarest beauties of the Christian world,
And no where to be equall'd.
*Don.* You are partial
In the cause of those you favour; I believe
I instantly could shew you one, to theirs
Not much inferior.
*Vitel.* With your pardon, madam,
I am incredulous.
*Don.* Can you match me this? [*Lifts her veil.*
*Vitel.* What wonder look I on! I'll search above,
And suddenly attend you. [*Exit.*
*Don.* Are you amazed?
I'll bring you to yourself. [*Throws down the glasses.*
*Musta.* Ha! what's the matter?
*Gaz.* My master's ware!—We are undone!—O strange!
A lady to turn roarer, and break glasses*!
'Tis time to shut up shop then.
*Musta.* You seem moved.
If any language of these Christian dogs
Have call'd your anger on, in a frown shew it,
And they are dead already.
*Don.* The offence
Looks not so far. The foolish paltry fellow
Shew'd me some trifles, and demanded of me,
For what I valued at so many aspers,
A thousand ducats. I confess he moved me;
Yet I should wrong myself, should such a beggar
Receive least loss from me.
*Musta.* Is it no more?
*Don.* No, I assure you. Bid him bring his bill
To-morrow to the palace, and enquire
For one Donusa; that word gives him passage
Through all the guard: say, there he shall receive
Full satisfaction. Now, when you please.
*Musta.* I wait you. [*Exeunt Musta. and Don**.
1 *Turk.* We must not know them.—Let's shift off, and vanish. [*Exeunt Turks.*
*Gaz.* The swine's-pox overtake you! there's a curse
For a Turk, that eats no hog's flesh.

*Re-enter* Vitelli.

*Vitel.* Is she gone?
*Gaz.* Yes: you may see her handiwork.
*Vitel.* No matter.
Said she ought else?
*Gaz.* That you should wait upon her,
And there receive court payment; and, to pass
The guards, she bids you only say you come
To one Donusa.
*Vitel.* How! Remove the wares;
Do it without reply. The sultan's niece!
I have heard, among the Turks, for any lady
To show her face bare, argues love, or speaks
Her deadly hatred. What should I fear? my fortune
Is sunk so low, there cannot fall upon me
Aught worth my shunning. I will run the hazard:
She may be a means to free distress'd Paulina—
Or, if offended, at the worst, to die
Is a full period to calamity. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in* Donusa's *Palace.*

*Enter* Carazie *and* Manto.

*Car.* In the name of wonder, Manto, what hath my lady
Done with herself, since yesterday? [
*Mant.* I know not.
Malicious men report we are all guided
In our affections by a wandering planet;
But such a sudden change in such a person,
May stand for an example, to confirm
Their false assertion.
*Car.* She's now pettish, froward;
Music, discourse, observance, tedious to her.
*Mant.* She slept not the last night; and yet prevented
The rising sun†, in being up before him:
Call'd for a costly bath, then will'd the rooms
Should be perfumed; ransack'd her cabinets
For her choice and richest jewels‡, and appears now

England, began at the Crotched Fryars, in London, about the beginning of the raigne of Queen Elizabeth, by one Jacob Venaline, an Italian." These, I suspect, were not, like the genuine ones, *true to the owners.* There is an allusion in this speech to a beautiful passage in Juvenal:

" —— *nulla aconita bibuntur*
*Fictilibus; tunc illa time, cum pocula sumes*
*Gemmata, et lato Setinum ardebit in auro.*" Sat. x.

* *A lady to turn* roarer, *and break glasses!*] A *roarer* was the cant term for what we now call a blusterer, or bully. Thus Gazet, in the third act, says to Grimaldi, in his state of reformation,

*Now, you do not* roar, *sir.*

* [*Exeunt Musta. and Don.*] Nothing can exceed the negligence with which the exits and entrances are marked by Mr. M. Mason: in this place he gives a speech to the Turks, after sending them off the stage!

† Mant. *She slept not the last night; and yet* prevented *The rising sun,*] Massinger explains himself: but the expression is from the Psalms: "Mine eyes *prevent* the night-watches."

‡ *For her* choice and richest *jewels,*] This is modernized by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, into *choicest, richest* jewels: although the frequent recurrence of the expression might have taught them caution on the subject; it is found again in this very play:

"Adorned in her *choice and richest* jewels."
Act. V. sc. iii.

Like Cynthia in full glory, waited on
By the fairest of the stars.
*Car.* Can you guess the reason,
Why the aga of the janizaries, and he
That guards the entrance of the inmost port,
Were call'd before her?
*Mant.* They are both her creatures,
And by her grace preferr'd: but I am ignorant
To what purpose they were sent for.

*Enter* Donusa.

*Car.* Here she comes,
Full of sad thoughts: we must stand further off.
What a frown was that!
*Mant.* Forbear.
*Car.* I pity her. [self?
*Don.* What magic hath transform'd me from my-
Where is my virgin pride? how have I lost
My boasted freedom? what new fire burns up
My scorched entrails? what unknown desires
Invade, and take possession of my soul,
All virtuous objects vanish'd? I, that have stood*
The shock of fierce temptations, stopp'd mine ears
Against all syren notes lust ever sung,
To draw my bark of chastity (that with wonder
Hath kept a constant and an honour'd course)
Into the gulph of a deserved ill-fame,
Now fall unpitied; and, in a moment,
With mine own hands, dig up a grave to bury
The monumental heap of all my years,
Employ'd in noble actions. O, my fate!
—But there is no resisting. I obey thee,
Imperious god of love, and willingly
Put mine own fetters on, to grace thy triumph:
'Twere, therefore, more than cruelty in thee,
To use me like a tyrant. What poor means
Must I make use of now; and flatter such,
To whom, till I betray'd my liberty,
One gracious look of mine would have erected
An altar to my service! How now, Manto!—
My ever careful woman; and, Carazie,
Thou hast been faithful too.
*Car.* I dare not call
My life mine own, since it is yours, but gladly
Will part with it, whene'er you shall command me;
And think I fall a martyr, so my death
May give life to your pleasures.
*Mant.* But vouchsafe
To let me understand what you desire
Should be effected; I will undertake it,
And curse myself for cowardice, if I paused
To ask a reason why.
*Don.* I am comforted
In the tender of your service, but shall be
Confirm'd in my full joys, in the performance.
Yet, trust me, I will not impose upon you
But what you stand engaged for to a mistress,
Such as I have been to you. All I ask,
Is faith and secrecy.
*Car.* Say but you doubt me,
And, to secure you, I'll cut out my tongue;
I am libb'd in the breech already.
*Mant.* Do not hinder
Yourself, by these delays.

*Don.* Thus then I whisper
Mine own shame to you.—O that I should blush
To speak what I so much desire to do!
And, further— [*Whispers and uses vehement action*
*Mant.* Is this all?
*Don.* Think it not base:
Although I know the office undergoes
A coarse construction.
*Car.* Coarse! 'tis but procuring;
A smock employment, which has made more knights,
In a country I could name, than twenty years
Of service in the field.
*Don.* You have my ends. [wanting
*Mant.* Which say you have arrived at: be not
To yourself, and fear not us.
*Car.* I know my burthen;
I'll bear it with delight.
*Mant.* Talk not, but do. [*Exeunt Car. and Mant.*
*Don.* O love, what poor shifts thou dost force us to! [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—*A Court in the same.*

*Enter* Aga, Capiaga, *and* Janizaries.

*Aga.* She was ever our good mistress, and our maker,
And should we check at a little hazard for her,
We were unthankful.
*Cap.* I dare pawn my head,
'Tis some disguised minion of the court,
Sent from great Amurath, to learn from her
The viceroy's actions.
*Aga.* That concerns not us;
His fall may be our rise: whate'er he be,
He passes through my guards.
*Cap.* And mine—provided
He give the word.

*Enter* Vitelli.

*Vitel.* To faint now, being thus far,
Would argue me of cowardice.
*Aga.* Stand the word:
Or, being a Christian, to press thus far,
Forfeits thy life.
*Vitel.* Donusa.
*Aga.* Pass in peace. [*Exeunt Aga and Janizaries*
*Vitel.* What a privilege her name bears!
'Tis wondrous strange! If the great officer,
The guardian of the inner port, deny not—
*Cap.* Thy warrant: Speak, or thou art dead.
*Vitel.* Donusa.
*Cap.* That protects thee;
Without fear enter. So:—discharge the watch.
[*Exeunt Vitelli and Capiaga.*

## SCENE III.—*An outer Room in the same.*

*Enter* Carazie *and* Manto.

*Car.* Though he hath past the aga and chief porter,
This cannot be the man.
*Mant.* By her description,
I am sure it is.
*Car.* O women, women,
What are you? A great lady dote upon
A harberdasher of small wares!
*Mant.* Pish! thou hast none.
*Car.* No; if I had, I might have served the turn:
This 'tis to want munition, when a man
Should make a breach, and enter.

* *I* that *have stood*, &c.] This fine speech, as it hath been hitherto given in all the editions, is absolute nonsense. I have ventured to reform the pointing altogether, and to insert *that* before *have*, which is the greatest liberty I have yet taken with the old copy.

Corinthian plate, studded with diamonds,
Conceal'd oft deadly poison; this pure metal
So innocent is, and faithful to the mistress
Or master that possesses it, that, rather
Than hold one drop that's venomous, of itself
It flies in pieces, and deludes the traitor.
*Don.* How movingly could this fellow treat upon
A worthy subject, that finds such discourse
To grace a trifle!
*Vitel.* Here's a picture, madam;
The masterpiece of Michael Angelo,
Our great Italian workman; here's another,
So perfect at all parts, that had Pygmalion
Seen this, his prayers had been made to Venus
To have given it life, and his carved ivory image
By poets ne'er remember'd. They are, indeed,
The rarest beauties of the Christian world,
And no where to be equall'd.
*Don.* You are partial
In the cause of those you favour; I believe
I instantly could shew you one, to theirs
Not much inferior.
*Vitel.* With your pardon, madam,
I am incredulous.
*Don.* Can you match me this? [*Lifts her veil.*
*Vitel.* What wonder look I on! I'll search above,
And suddenly attend you. [*Exit.*
*Don.* Are you amazed?
I'll bring you to yourself. [*Throws down the glasses.*
*Musta.* Ha! what's the matter?
*Gaz.* My master's ware!—We are undone!—O strange!
A lady to turn roarer, and break glasses*!
'Tis time to shut up shop then.
*Musta.* You seem moved.
If any language of these Christian dogs
Have call'd your anger on, in a frown shew it,
And they are dead already.
*Don.* The offence
Looks not so far. The foolish paltry fellow
Shew'd me some trifles, and demanded of me,
For what I valued at so many aspers,
A thousand ducats. I confess he moved me;
Yet I should wrong myself, should such a beggar
Receive least loss from me.
*Musta.* Is it no more?
*Don.* No, I assure you. Bid him bring his bill
To-morrow to the palace, and enquire
For one Donusa; that word gives him passage
Through all the guard: say, there he shall receive
Full satisfaction. Now, when you please.
*Musta.* I wait you. [*Exeunt Musta. and Don**.
1 *Turk.* We must not know them.—Let's shift off, and vanish. [*Exeunt Turks.*
*Gaz.* The swine's-pox overtake you! there's a curse
For a Turk, that eats no hog's flesh.

*Re-enter* Vitelli.

*Vitel.* Is she gone?
*Gaz.* Yes: you may see her handiwork.
*Vitel.* No matter.
Said she ought else?
*Gaz.* That you should wait upon her,
And there receive court payment; and, to pass
The guards, she bids you only say you come
To one Donusa.
*Vitel.* How! Remove the wares;
Do it without reply. The sultan's niece!
I have heard, among the Turks, for any lady
To show her face bare, argues love, or speaks
Her deadly hatred. What should I fear? my fortune
Is sunk so low, there cannot fall upon me
Aught worth my shunning. I will run the hazard.
She may be a means to free distress'd Paulina—
Or, if offended, at the worst, to die
Is a full period to calamity. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in* Donusa's *Palace.*

*Enter* Carazie *and* Manto.

*Car.* In the name of wonder, Manto, what hath my lady
Done with herself, since yesterday? [
*Mant.* I know not.
Malicious men report we are all guided
In our affections by a wandering planet;
But such a sudden change in such a person,
May stand for an example, to confirm
Their false assertion.
*Car.* She's now pettish, froward;
Music, discourse, observance, tedious to her.
*Mant.* She slept not the last night; and yet prevented
The rising sun†, in being up before him:
Call'd for a costly bath, then will'd the rooms
Should be perfumed; ransack'd her cabinets
For her choice and richest jewels‡, and appears now

---

England, began at the Crotched Fryars, in London, about the beginning of the raigne of Queen Elizabeth, by one Jacob Venaline, an Italian." These, I suspect, were not, like the genuine ones, *true to the owners.* There is an allusion in this speech to a beautiful passage in Juvenal:

" —— *nulla aconita bibuntur*
*Fictilibus; tunc illa time, cum pocula sumes*
*Gemmata, et lato Setinum ardebit in auro.*" Sat. x.

* *A lady to turn* roarer, *and break glasses!*] A *roarer* was the cant term for what we now call a blusterer, or bully. Thus Gazet, in the third act, says to Grimaldi, in his state of reformation,

*Now, you do not* roar, *sir.*

* [*Exeunt Musta. and Don.*] Nothing can exceed the negligence with which the exits and entrances are marked by Mr. M. Mason: in this place he gives a speech to the Turks, after sending them off the stage!

† Mant. *She slept not the last night; and yet* prevented *The rising sun,*] Massinger explains himself: but the expression is from the Psalms: "Mine eyes *prevent* the night-watches."

‡ *For her* choice and richest *jewels,*] This is modernized by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, into *choicest, richest* jewels: although the frequent recurrence of the expression might have taught them caution on the subject; it is found again in this very play:

" Adorned in her *choice and richest* jewels."
Act. V. sc. iii.

Like Cynthia in full glory, waited on
By the fairest of the stars.
*Car.* Can you guess the reason,
Why the aga of the janizaries, and he
That guards the entrance of the inmost port,
Were call'd before her?
*Mant.* They are both her creatures,
And by her grace preferr'd: but I am ignorant
To what purpose they were sent for.

*Enter* Donusa.

*Car.* Here she comes,
Full of sad thoughts: we must stand further off.
What a frown was that!
*Mant.* Forbear.
*Car.* I pity her. [self?
*Don.* What magic hath transform'd me from my-
Where is my virgin pride? how have I lost
My boasted freedom? what new fire burns up
My scorched entrails? what unknown desires
Invade, and take possession of my soul,
All virtuous objects vanish'd? I, that have stood*
The shock of fierce temptations, stopp'd mine ears
Against all syren notes lust ever sung,
To draw my bark of chastity (that with wonder
Hath kept a constant and an honour'd course)
Into the gulph of a deserved ill-fame,
Now fall unpitied; and, in a moment,
With mine own hands, dig up a grave to bury
The monumental heap of all my years,
Employ'd in noble actions. O, my fate!
—But there is no resisting. I obey thee,
Imperious god of love, and willingly
Put mine own fetters on, to grace thy triumph:
'Twere, therefore, more than cruelty in thee,
To use me like a tyrant. What poor means
Must I make use of now; and flatter such,
To whom, till I betray'd my liberty,
One gracious look of mine would have erected
An altar to my service! How now, Manto!—
My ever careful woman; and, Carazie,
Thou hast been faithful too.
*Car.* I dare not call
My life mine own, since it is yours, but gladly
Will part with it, whene'er you shall command me;
And think I fall a martyr, so my death
May give life to your pleasures.
*Mant.* But vouchsafe
To let me understand what you desire
Should be effected; I will undertake it,
And curse myself for cowardice, if I paused
To ask a reason why.
*Don.* I am comforted
In the tender of your service, but shall be
Confirm'd in my full joys, in the performance.
Yet, trust me, I will not impose upon you
But what you stand engaged for to a mistress,
Such as I have been to you. All I ask,
Is faith and secrecy.
*Car.* Say but you doubt me,
And, to secure you, I'll cut out my tongue;
I am libb'd in the breech already.
*Mant.* Do not hinder
Yourself, by these delays.

* *I* that *have stood*, &c.] This fine speech, as it hath been hitherto given in all the editions, is absolute nonsense. I have ventured to reform the pointing altogether, and to insert *that* before *have*, which is the greatest liberty I have yet taken with the old copy.

*Don.* Thus then I whisper
Mine own shame to you.—O that I should blush
To speak what I so much desire to do!
And, further— [*Whispers and uses vehement action*
*Mant.* Is this all?
*Don.* Think it not base:
Although I know the office undergoes
A coarse construction.
*Car.* Coarse! 'tis but procuring;
A smock employment, which has made more knights,
In a country I could name, than twenty years
Of service in the field.
*Don.* You have my ends. [wanting
*Mant.* Which say you have arrived at: be not
To yourself, and fear not us.
*Car.* I know my burthen;
I'll bear it with delight.
*Mant.* Talk not, but do. [*Exeunt Car. and Mant.*
*Don.* O love, what poor shifts thou dost force us to! [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—*A Court in the same.*

*Enter* Aga, Capiaga, *and* Janizaries.

*Aga.* She was ever our good mistress, and our maker,
And should we check at a little hazard for her,
We were unthankful.
*Cap.* I dare pawn my head,
'Tis some disguised minion of the court,
Sent from great Amurath, to learn from her
The viceroy's actions.
*Aga.* That concerns not us;
His fall may be our rise: whate'er he be,
He passes through my guards.
*Cap.* And mine—provided
He give the word.

*Enter* Vitelli.

*Vitel.* To faint now, being thus far,
Would argue me of cowardice.
*Aga.* Stand: the word:
Or, being a Christian, to press thus far,
Forfeits thy life.
*Vitel.* Donusa.
*Aga.* Pass in peace. [*Exeunt Aga and Janizaries*
*Vitel.* What a privilege her name bears!
'Tis wondrous strange! If the great officer,
The guardian of the inner port, deny not—
*Cap.* Thy warrant: Speak, or thou art dead.
*Vitel.* Donusa.
*Cap.* That protects thee;
Without fear enter. So:—discharge the watch.
[*Exeunt Vitelli and Capiaga.*

## SCENE III.—*An outer Room in the same.*

*Enter* Carazie *and* Manto.

*Car.* Though he hath past the aga and chief porter,
This cannot be the man.
*Mant.* By her description,
I am sure it is.
*Car.* O women, women,
What are you? A great lady dote upon
A harberdasher of small wares!
*Mant.* Pish! thou hast none.
*Car.* No; if I had, I might have served the turn:
This 'tis to want munition, when a man
Should make a breach, and enter.

*Enter* Vitelli.

*Mant.* Sir, you are welcome:
Think what 'tis to be happy, and possess it.
*Car.* Perfume the rooms there, and make way.
Let music
With choice notes entertain the man the princess
Now purposes to honour*.
*Vitel.* I am ravish'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Room of State in the same. A table set forth, with jewels and bags upon it.*

*Loud music. Enter* Donusa, (*followed by* Carazie,) *and takes her seat.*

*Don.* Sing o'er the ditty that I last composed
Upon my lovesick passion: suit your voice
To the music that's placed yonder, we shall hear you
With more delight and pleasure.
*Car.* I obey you. [*Song.*

*During the song, enter* Manto *and* Vitelli.

*Vitel.* Is not this Tempe, or the blessed shades,
Where innocent spirits reside? or do I dream,
And this a heavenly vision? Howsoever,
It is a sight too glorious to behold,
For such a wretch as I am.
*Car.* He is daunted.
*Mant.* Speak to him, madam; cheer him up, or you
Destroy what you have built.
*Car.* Would I were furnish'd
With his artillery, and if I stood
Gaping as he does, hang me. [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt Carazie and Manto.*
*Vitel.* That I might
Ever dream thus! [*Kneels*
*Don.* Banish amazement;
You wake: your debtor tells you so, your debtor:
And, to assure you that I am a substance†,
And no aërial figure, thus I raise you.
Why do you shake? my soft touch brings no ague:
No biting frost is in this palm; nor are
My looks like to the Gorgon's head, that turn ‡
Men into statues; rather they have power,
Or I have been abused, where they bestow
Their influence, (let me prove it truth in you,)
To give to dead men motion.
*Vitel.* Can this be?
May I believe my senses? Dare I think
I have a memory, or that you are
That excellent creature that of late disdained not
To look on my poor trifles?
*Don.* I am she.
*Vitel.* The owner of that blessed name, Donusa,
Which, like a potent charm, although pronounced
By my profane, but much unworthier, tongue,
Hath brought me safe to this forbidden place,
Where Christian yet ne'er trod?
*Don.* I am the same.
*Vitel.* And to what end, great lady—pardon me,
That I presume to ask, did your command
Command me hither? Or what am I, to whom
You should vouchsafe your favours; nay, your an-
If any wild or uncollected speech, [gers?
Offensively deliver'd, or my doubt
Of your unknown perfections, have displeased you,
You wrong your indignation to pronounce,
Yourself, my sentence: to have seen you only,
And to have touch'd that fortune-making hand,
Will with delight weigh down all tortures, that
A flinty hangman's rage could execute,
Or rigid tyranny command with pleasure.
*Don.* How the abundance of good flowing to thee,
Is wrong'd in this simplicity! and these bounties,
Which all our eastern kings have kneel'd in vain for,
Do, by thy ignorance, or wilful fear,
Meet with a false construction! Christian, know
(For till thou art mine by a nearer name,
That title, though abhorr'd here, takes not from
Thy entertainment) that 'tis not the fashion
Among the greatest and the fairest dames
This Turkish empire gladly owes* and bows to,
To punish where there's no offence, or nourish
Displeasures against those, without whose mercy
They part with all felicity. Prithee, be wise,
And gently understand me; do not force her,
That ne'er knew aught but to command, nor e'er read
The elements of affection, but from such
As gladly sued to her, in the infancy
Of her new-born desires, to be at once
Importunate and immodest.
*Vitel.* Did I know,
Great lady, your commands; or, to what purpose
This personated passion tends, (since 'twere
A crime in me deserving death, to think
It is your own,) I should, to make you sport,
Take any shape you please t'impose upon me;
And with joy strive to serve you.
*Don.* Sport! Thou art cruel,
If that thou canst interpret my descent
From my high birth and greatness, but to be
A part†, in which I truly act myself:
And I must hold thee for a dull spectator,
If it stir not affection, and invite
Compassion for my sufferings. Be thou taught
By my example, to make satisfaction
For wrongs unjustly offer'd. Willingly
I do confess my fault; I injured thee
In some poor petty trifles: thus I pay for
The trespass I did to thee. Here—receive

* Car. *Perfume the rooms there, and make way. Let music*
With *choice notes entertain the man, the princess*
*Now purposes to honour.*] These lines are thus arranged by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason:
Car. *Perfume the rooms there, and make way,*
*Let music's choice notes entertain the man,*
*The princess now purposes to honour.*
The reader may consider whether it was worth while to sophisticate the old copy, for the sake of producing three lines of barbarous prose.

† *And, to assure you that I am* a *substance,*] The omission of the article by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, utterly destroys the metre.

‡ —— *that* turn] Mr. M. Mason reads, that *turns:* but he mistakes the government of the verb, which is not *Gorgon's head,* but *looks,* as is sufficiently clear from what follows. I must observe here, that Massinger is too apt, in the words of honest Dogberry, to let *his writing and reading appear, when there is no need of such vanity.* Not only Vitelli, but Donusa and all her court appear as familiar with the heathen mythology, as Ovid himself.

* *This Turkish empire gladly* owes *and bows to,*] though nothing is more common in our old writers, than the use of this word (owe) in the sense of possess, yet Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason invariably corrupt it into *own.* I have already noticed this; and, for the future, shall content myself with silently restoring the genuine reading.

† —— *but to be*
*A part,* &c.] i. e. *to be nothing more than* a fictitious character; alluding to his terming her passion *personated,* or played.

These bags, stuff'd full of our imperial coin;
Or, if this payment be too light, take here
These gems, for which the slavish Indian dives
To the bottom of the main: or, if thou scorn
These as base dross, which take but common minds,
But fancy any honour in my gift,
Which is unbounded as the sultan's power,
And be possest of't.

*Vitel.* I am overwhelm'd
With the weight of happiness you throw upon me:
Nor can it fall in my imagination,
What wrong you e'er have done me*; and much less
How, like a royal† merchant, to return
Your great magnificence.

*Don.* They are degrees,
Not ends, of my intended favours to thee.
These seeds of bounty I yet scatter on
A glebe I have not tried:—but, be thou thankful,
The harvest is to come.

*Vitel.* What can be added
To that which I already have received,
I cannot comprehend.

*Don.* The tender of
Myself. Why dost thou start? and in that gift,
Full restitution of that virgin freedom
Which thou hast robb'd me of. Yet, I profess,
I so far prize the lovely thief that stole it,
That, were it possible thou couldst restore
What thou unwittingly hast ravish'd from me
I should refuse the present.

*Vitel.* How I shake
In my constant resolution! and my flesh,
Rebellious to my better part, now tells me,
As if it were a strong defence of frailty,
A hermit in a desert, trench'd with prayers,
Could not resist this battery.

*Don.* Thou an Italian,
Nay more, I know't, a natural Venetian,
Such as are courtiers born to please fair ladies,
Yet come thus slowly on.

*Vitel.* Excuse me, madam:
What imputation soe'er the world
Is pleased to lay upon us, in myself
I am so innocent, that I know not what 'tis
That I should offer.

*Don.* By instinct I'll teach thee,
And with such ease as love makes me to ask it.
When a young lady wrings you by the hand, thus,
Or with an amorous touch presses your foot,
Looks babies in your eyes, plays with your locks,
Do not you find, without a tutor's help,
What 'tis she looks for?

*Vitel.* I am grown already
Skilful in the mystery.

*Don.* Or, if thus she kiss you,
Then tastes your lips again——

* *What wrong* you *e'er have done* me;] The old copy reads, *What wrong* I *e'er have done* you. This transposition of pronouns, for which I am answerable, seems absolutely necessary to make sense of the passage.

† *How, like a* royal merchant, *to return Your great magnificence.*] We are not to imagine the word *royal* to be only a ranting epithet. In the thirteenth century, the Venetians were masters of the sea; the Sanudos, the Justiniani, the Grimaldi, &c., all *merchants*, erected principalities in several places of the Archipelago, (which their descendants enjoyed for many generations,) and thereby became truly and properly *royal merchants*: which, indeed, was the title generally given them all over Europe. WARBURTON.

*Vitel.* That latter blow
Has beat all chaste thoughts from me.

*Don.* Say, she points to
Some private room the sunbeams never enter,
Provoking dishes passing by, to heighten
Declined appetite, active music ushering
Your fainting steps, the waiters too, as born dumb,
Not daring to look on you.

[*Exit, inviting him to follow*

*Vitel.* Though the devil
Stood by, and roar'd, I follow: Now I find
That virtue's but a word, and no sure guard,
If set upon by beauty and reward. [*Exit*

SCENE V.—*A Hall in* ASAMBEG's *House.*

*Enter* AGA, CAPIAGA, GRIMALDI, Master, Boatswain, *and others.*

*Aga.* The devil's in him, I think.

*Grim.* Let him be damn'd too.
I'll look on him, though he stared as wild as hell;
Nay, I'll go near* to tell him to his teeth,
If he mends not suddenly, and proves more thankful,
We do him too much service. Were't not for shame
I could turn honest, and forswear my trade. [now
Which, next to being truss'd up at the mainyard
By some low country butterbox, I hate
As deadly as I do fasting, or long grace
When meat cools on the table.

*Cap.* But take heed;
You know his violent nature.

*Grim.* Let his whores
And catamites know't; I understand myself,
And how unmanly 'tis to sit at home,
And rail at us, that run abroad all hazards,
If every week we bring not home new pillage,
For the fatting his seraglio.

*Enter* ASAMBEG *and* MUSTAPHA†.

*Aga.* Here he comes.

*Cap.* How terrible he looks!

*Grim.* To such as fear him.
The viceroy, Asambeg! were he the sultan's self,
He'll let us know a reason for his fury,
Or we must take leave, without his allowance,
To be merry with our ignorance.

*Asam.* Mahomet's hell
Light on you all! You crouch and cringe now:—
Where
Was the terror of my just frowns, when you suffer'd
Those thieves of Malta, almost in our harbour,
To board a ship, and bear her safely off,
While you stood idle lookers on?

*Aga.* The odds
In the men and shipping, and the suddenness
Of their departure, yielding us no leisure
To send forth others to relieve our own,
Deterr'd us, mighty sir.

* *Nay,* I'll go near *to tell him to his teeth.*] This is a colloquial phrase, and means, *I am not unlikely, I will not scruple much,* to tell him to his teeth,—the modern editors, comprehending neither the sense nor the measure of the line, read,

*Nay, I'll go* nearer *to tell him to his teeth!*

† *Enter* ASAMBEG *and* MUSTAPHA.] Mr. M. Mason reads, *Enter Asamberg, Mustapha,* and Aga! Did not the correctest of all editors observe that he had marked the entrance of the aga a few lines above? It is true, Coxeter has the same direction, but this is no excuse for one whose sole pretence to credit is the reformation of his errors.

*Asam.* Deterr'd you, cowards!
How durst you only entertain the knowledge
Of what fear was, but in the not performance
Of our command? In me great Amurath spake;
My voice did echo to your ears his thunder,
And will'd you, like so many sea-born tritons,
Arm'd only with the trumpets of your courage,
To swim up to her, and, like remoras*
Hanging upon her keel, to stay her flight,
Till rescue, sent from us, had fetch'd you off.
You think you're safe now. Who durst but dispute it,
Or make it questionable, if, this moment,
I charged you, from yon hanging cliff, that glasses
His rugged forehead in the neighbouring lake,
To throw yourselves down headlong? or, like faggots,
To fill the ditches of defended forts,
While on your backs we march'd up to the breach?
*Grim.* That would not I.
*Asam.* Ha!
*Grim.* Yet I dare as much
As any of the sultan's boldest sons,
Whose heaven and hell hang on his frown or smile,
His warlike janizaries.
*Asam.* Add one syllable more,
Thou dost pronounce upon thyself a sentence
That, earthquake-like, will swallow thee.
*Grim.* Let it open,
I'll stand the hazard; those contemned thieves,
Your fellow-pirates, sir, the bold Maltese,
Whom with your looks you think to quell, at Rhodes
Laugh'd at great Solyman's anger: and, if treason
Had not delivered them into his power,
He had grown old in glory as in years,
At that so fatal siege; or risen with shame,
His hopes and threats deluded.
*Asam.* Our great prophet!
How have I lost my anger and my power!
*Grim.* Find it, and use it on thy flatterers,
And not upon thy friends, that dare speak truth.
These knights of Malta, but a handful to
Your armies, that drink† rivers up, have stood
Your fury at the height, and with their crosses
Struck pale your horned moons‡; these men of Malta,
Since I took pay from you, I've met and fought with,
Upon advantage too; yet, to speak truth,
By the soul of honour, I have ever found them
As provident to direct, and bold to do,
As any train'd up in your discipline,
Ravish'd from other nations.
*Musta.* I perceive
The lightning in his fiery looks; the cloud
Is broke already.
*Grim.* Think not, therefore, sir,
That you alone are giants, and such pigmies
You war upon.
*Asam.* Villain! I'll make thee know
Thou hast blasphemed the Othoman power, and safer
At noonday, might'st have given fire to St. Mark's,
Your proud Venetian temple.—Seize upon him;
I am not so near reconciled to him,
To bid him die; that were a benefit
The dog's unworthy of. To our use confiscate
All that he stands possess'd of; let him taste
The misery of want, and his vain riots,
Like to so many walking ghosts, affright him
Where'er he sets his desperate foot. Who is't
That does command you?
*Grim.* Is this the reward
For all my service, and the rape I made
On fair Paulina?
*Asam.* Drag him hence.—he dies,
That dallies but a minute.
[*Grimaldi is dragg'd off, his head covered.*
*Boatsw.* What's become of
Our shares now, master?
*Mast.* Would he had been born dumb!
The beggar's cure, patience, is all that's left us.
[*Exeunt Master and Boatswain.*
*Musta.* 'Twas but intemperance of speech, excuse
Let me prevail so far. Fame gives him out [him,
For a deserving fellow.
*Asam.* At Aleppo,
I durst not press you so far: give me leave
To use my own will, and command in Tunis;
And, if you please, my privacy.
*Musta.* I will see you,
When this high wind's blown o'er. [*Exit.*
*Asam.* So shall you find me
Ready to do you service. Rage, now leave me;
Stern looks, and all the ceremonious forms
Attending on dread majesty, fly from
Transformed Asambeg. Why should I hug
[*Pulls out a key.*
So near my heart, what leads me to my prison,
Where she that is enthrall'd, commands her keeper,
And robs me of the fierceness I was born with?
Stout men quake at my frowns, and in return
I tremble at her softness. Base Grimaldi
But only named Paulina, and the charm
Had almost choak'd my fury, ere I could [her,
Pronounce his sentence. Would, when first I saw
Mine eyes had met with lightning, and in place
Of hearing her enchanting tongue, the shrieks
Of mandrakes had made music to my slumbers!
For now I only walk a loving dream,
And, but to my dishonour, never wake;
And yet am blind, but when I see the object,
And madly dote on it. Appear, bright spark
[*Opens a door; Paulina comes forth.*
Of all perfection! any simile
Borrow'd from diamonds, or the fairest stars,
To help me to express how dear I prize
Thy unmatch'd graces, will rise up and chide me
For poor detraction.
*Paul.* I despise thy flatteries:
Thus spit at them and scorn them; and being arm'd
In the assurance of my innocent virtue,
I stamp upon all doubts, all fears, all tortures,
Thy barbarous cruelty, or, what's worse, thy dotage,
The worthy parent of thy jealousy,
Can shower upon me.
*Asam.* If these bitter taunts

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* ——— *like* remoras
*Hanging upon her keel,*]—Remora is a fish, or kind of worm that sticks to ships and retards their passage through the water.—An excellent illustration occurs in Spenser's "World's Vanitie:"

All sodainly there clove unto her *keele*
A little fish that men call *remora*,
Which stopt her course, and held her by the heele
That winde nor tide could move her hence away.
Ed.

† *Your armies that* drink *rivers up,*] Injudiciously altered by Mr. M. Mason, to *drank* rivers up.

‡ ——— *and with their* crosses
*Struck pale your* horned moons;] This elegant allusion to the impress of the Maltese and Turkish standards, is beautifully varied in *The Knight of Malta*, by Fletcher:

"And all their silver *crescents* then I saw,
Like falling meteors spent, and set for ever
Under the *cross* of Malta."

Ravish me from myself, and make me think
My greedy ears receive angelical sounds;
How would this tongue, tuned to a loving note
Invade, and take possession of my soul,
Which then I durst not call my own!
*Paul.* Thou art false,
Falser than thy religion. Do but think me
Something above a beast, nay more, a monster
Would fright the sun to look on, and then tell me,
If this base usage can invite affection?
If to be mewed up, and excluded from
Human society; the use of pleasures;
The necessary, not superfluous, duties
Of servants to discharge those offices
I blush to name—
*Asam.* Of servants! Can you think
That I, that dare not trust the eye of heaven
To look upon your beauties; that deny
Myself the happiness to touch your pureness,
Will e'er consent an eunuch, or bought handmaid,
Shall once approach you?—There is something in
That can work miracles, or I am cozen'd, [you
Dispose and alter sexes, to my wrong,
In spite of nature. I will be your nurse,
Your woman, your physician, and your fool;
Till, with your free consent, which I have vow'd
Never to force, you grace me with a name
That shall supply all these.
*Paul.* What is it?
*Asam.* Your husband.
*Paul.* My hangman when thou pleasest.
*Asam.* Thus I guard me
Against your further angers— [*Leads her to the door.*
*Paul.* Which shall reach thee,
Though I were in the centre.
[*Asambeg closes the door upon her, and locks it.*
*Asam.* Such a spirit,
In such a small proportion, I ne'er read of,
Which time must alter: Ravish her I dare not;
The magic that she wears about her neck,
I think, defends her:—this devotion paid
To this sweet saint, mistress of my sour pain,
'Tis fit I take mine own rough shape again. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VI.—*A Street near* Donusa's *Palace.*

*Enter* Francisco *and* Gazet.

*Fran.* I think he's lost.
*Gaz.* 'Tis ten to one of that;
I ne'er knew citizen turn courtier yet,
But he lost his credit, though he saved himself.
Why, look you, sir, there are so many lobbies,
Out-offices, and dispartations here*,
Behind these Turkish hangings, that a Christian
Hardly gets off but circumcised.

*Enter* Vitelli *richly habited,* Carazie, *and* Manto.

*Fran.* I am troubled,
Troubled exceedingly. Ha! what are these?
*Gaz.* One, by his rich suit, should be some French ambassador;
For his train, I think they are Turks.
*Fran.* Peace! be not seen. [cover'd,
*Car.* You are now past all the guards, and undis-
You may return.
*Vitel.* There's for your pains; forget not
My humblest service to the best of ladies.
*Mant.* Deserve her favour, sir, in making haste
For a second entertainment.
[*Exeunt Carazie and Manto.*
*Vitel.* Do not doubt me;
I shall not live till then.
*Gaz.* The train is vanish'd.
They have done him some good office, he's so free
And liberal of his gold. Ha! do I dream,
Or is this mine own natural master?
*Fran.* 'Tis he:
But strangely metamorphosed. You have made, sir,
A prosperous voyage; heaven grant it be honest,
I shall rejoice then too.
*Gaz.* You make him blush,
To talk of honesty: you were but now
In the giving vein, and may think of Gazet,
Your worship's 'prentice.
*Vitel.* There's gold: be thou free too,
And master of my shop, and all the wares
We brought from Venice.
*Gaz.* Rivo, then*!
*Vitel.* Dear sir,
This place affords not privacy for discourse,
But I can tell you wonders; my rich habit
Deserves least admiration; there is nothing
That can fall in the compass of your wishes,
Though it were to redeem a thousand slaves
From the Turkish galleys, or, at home, to erect
Some pious work, to shame all hospitals,
But I am master of the means.
*Fran.* 'Tis strange.
*Vitel.* As I walk, I'll tell you more.
*Gaz.* Pray you, a word, sir;
And then I will put on. I have one boon more.
*Vitel.* What is't? speak freely.
*Gaz.* Thus then†: As I am master
Of your shop and wares, pray you, help me to some trucking
With your last she-customer; though she crack my best piece,
I will endure it with patience.
*Vitel.* Leave your prating.
*Gaz.* I may: you have been doing, we will do too.
*Fran.* I am amazed, yet will not blame nor chide you,
Till you inform me further: yet must say,
They steer not the right course, nor traffic well,
That seek a passage to reach heaven through hell.
[*Exeunt.*

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* *Out-offices, and* dispartations *here,*] I have already observed that there is but one edition of this play, which reads in this place, *dispute actions:* the error was detected at the press, and exchanged unfortunately for another, *disputations!* which is the reading of Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason. I have examined several copies, but can find no further correction: *dispartations,* which is here adopted, is the conjectural amendment of Mr. Davies, who says, that it signifies "separate apartments;" if it be so, it is well; at any rate it is better than the old reading, which signifies nothing. An ingenious friend, to whom I shewed the passage, is inclined to think that the genuine word was *disparations,* from the Latin *disparata.*—I leave the whole to the reader.

* *Gaz* Rivo, *then!*] This interjection (corrupted, I suppose, from the Spanish *rio!* which is figuratively used for a large quantity of liquor) is frequently introduced by our old poets, and generally as an incitement to boisterous mirth and revelry.

†Gaz. *Thus then · As I am master,* &c.] This poor ribaldry is introduced to "set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh," and 'tis to be regretted, for the rest of the act has a vein of genuine poetry running through it, which would not debase the noblest compositions of the times. I suppose Massinger's excuse must be that of a much greater man, *sic vivitur.*

# ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Donusa's *Palace.*

*Enter* Donusa *and* Manto.

*Don.* When said he he would come again?
*Mant.* He swore,
Short minutes should be tedious ages to him,
Until the tender of his second service:
So much he seem'd transported with the first.
*Don.* I am sure I was. I charge thee, Manto, tell
By all my favours and my bounties, truly, [me,
Whether thou art a virgin, or, like me,
Hast forfeited that name?
*Mant.* A virgin, madam*,
At my years! being a waiting-woman, and in court
That were miraculous. I so long since lost [too!
That barren burthen, I almost forget
That ever I was one.
*Don.* And could thy friends
Read in thy face, thy maidenhead gone, that thou
Hadst parted with it?
*Mant.* No, indeed: I past
For current many years after, till, by fortune,
Long and continued practice in the sport
Blew up my deck; a husband then was found out
By my indulgent father, and to the world
All was made whole again. What need you fear, then,
That, at your pleasure, may repair your honour,
Durst any envious or malicious tongue
Presume to taint it?

*Enter* Carazie.

*Don.* How now?
*Car.* Madam, the basha
Humbly desires access.
*Don.* If it had been
My neat Italian, thou hadst met my wishes.
Tell him we would be private.
*Car.* So I did,
But he is much importunate.
*Mant.* Best dispatch him;
His lingering here else will deter the other
From making his approach.
*Don.* His entertainment
Shall not invite a second visit. Go;
Say we are pleased.

*Enter* Mustapha.

*Must.* All happiness——
*Don.* Be sudden.
'Twas saucy rudeness in you, sir, to press
On my retirements; but ridiculous folly
To waste the time, that might be better spent,
In complimental wishes.
*Car.* There's a cooling
For his hot encounter.
*Don.* Come you here to stare?
If you have lost your tongue, and use of speech,
Resign your government; there's a mute's place void
In my uncle's court, I hear; and you may work me
To write for your preferment.

*Musta.* This is strange!
I know not, madam, what neglect of mine
Has call'd this scorn upon me.
*Don.* To the purpose——
My will's a reason, and we stand not bound
To yield account to you.
*Musta.* Not of your angers:
But with erected ears I should hear from you
The story of your good opinion of me,
Confirm'd by love and favours.
*Don.* How deserved?
I have considered you from head to foot,
And can find nothing in that wainscot face,
That can teach me to dote; nor am I taken
With your grim aspect, or tadpole-like complexion.
Those scars you glory in, I fear to look on;
And had much rather hear a merry tale,
Than all your battles won with blood and sweat,
Though you belch forth the stink too in the service,
And swear by your mustachios all is true. [sic,
You are yet too rough for me: purge and take phy-
Purchase perfumers, get me some French tailor
To new-create you; the first shape you were made
with [too.
Is quite worn-out: let your barber wash your face
You look yet like a bugbear to fright children;
Till when I take my leave.—Wait me, Carazie.
[*Exeunt Donusa and Carazie.*
*Musta.* Stay you, my lady's cabinet-key.
*Mant.* How's this, sir? [else.
*Musta.* Stay, and stand quietly, or you shall fall
Not to firk your belly up, flounder-like, but never
To rise again. Offer but to unlock [me,)
These doors that stop your fugitive tongue, (observe
And, by my fury, I'll fix there this bolt
[*Draws his scimitar.*
To bar thy speech for ever. So! be safe now;
And but resolve me, not of what I doubt,
But bring assurance to a thing believed,
Thou makest thyself a fortune, not depending
On the uncertain favours of a mistress,
But art thyself one. I'll not so far question
My judgment and observance, as to ask
Why I am slighted and contemn'd; but in
Whose favour it is done. I that have read
The copious volumes of all women's falsehood,
Commented on by the heart-breaking groans
Of abused lovers; all the doubts wash'd off
With fruitless tears, the spider's cobweb veil
Of arguments alleged in their defence,
Blown off with sighs of desperate men; and they
Appearing in their full deformity:
Know, that some other hath displanted me,
With her dishonour. Has she given it up?
Confirm it in two syllables.
*Mant.* She has.
*Musta.* I cherish thy confession thus, and thus;
[*Gives her jewels.*
Be mine. Again I court thee thus, and thus;
Now prove but constant to my ends.
*Mant.* By all—— [crocodiles,
*Musta.* Enough; I dare not doubt thee. O land
Made of Egyptian slime, accursed women;
But 'tis no time to rail—come, my best Manto.
[*Exeunt.*

**A virgin, madam,* &c.] Manto had been studying modesty in *The Maid's Tragedy*, from which too much of this scene is borrowed. In the conclusion, as Davies remarks, there is an allusion to Quartilla: *Junonem meam iratam habeam, si unquam me meminerim virginem fuisse.*

## SCENE II.—*A Street.*

*Enter* Vitelli *and* Francisco.

*Vitel.* Sir, as you are my confessor, you stand bound
Not to reveal whatever I discover
In that religious way: nor dare I doubt you.
Let it suffice you have made me see my follies,
And wrought, perhaps, compunction; for I would not
Appear an hypocrite. But, when you impose
A penance on me beyond flesh and blood
To undergo, you must instruct me how
To put off the condition of a man;
Or, if not pardon, at the least, excuse
My disobedience. Yet, despair not, sir:
For, though I take mine own way, I shall do
Something that may hereafter, to my glory,
Speak me your scholar.

*Fran.* I enjoin you not
To go, but send.

*Vitel.* That were a petty trial;
Not worth one, so long taught and exercised
Under so grave a master. Reverend Francisco,
My friend, my father, in that word, my all;
Rest confident you shall hear something of me,
That will redeem me in your good opinion,
Or judge me lost for ever. Send Gazet
(She shall give order that he may have entrance)
To acquaint you with my fortunes. [*Exit.*

*Fran.* Go, and prosper.
Holy saints guide and strengthen thee! however,
As thy endeavours are, so may they find
Gracious acceptance.

*Enter* Gazet, *and* Grimaldi *in rags**.

*Gaz.* Now, you do not roar, sir;
You speak not tempests, nor take ear-rent from
A poor shopkeeper. Do you remember that, sir?
I wear your marks here still.

*Fran.* Can this be possible?
All wonders are not ceased then.

*Grim.* Do, abuse me,
Spit on me, spurn me, pull me by the nose,
Thrust out these fiery eyes, that yesterday
Would have look'd thee dead.

*Gaz.* O save me, sir!

*Grim.* Fear nothing.
I am tame and quiet; there's no wrong can force me
To remember what I was. I have forgot
I e'er had ireful fierceness, a steel'd heart,
Insensible of compassion to others;
Nor is it fit that I should think myself
Worth mine own pity. Oh!

*Fran.* Grows this dejection
From his disgrace, do you say?

*Gaz.* Why, he's cashier'd, sir;
His ships, his goods, his livery-punks, confiscate:
And there is such a punishment laid upon him!—
The miserable rogue must steal no more,
Nor drink, nor drab.

*Fran.* Does that torment him?

*Gaz.* O, sir,
Should the state take order to bar men of acres
From these two laudable recreations,
Drinking and whoring, how should panders purchase,
Or thrifty whores build hospitals? 'Slid! if I,
That, since I am made free, may write myself
A city gallant, should forfeit two such charters,
I should be stoned to death and ne'er be pitied
By the liveries of those companies.

*Fran.* You'll be whipt, sir,
If you bridle not your tongue. Haste to the palace,
Your master looks for you.

*Gaz.* My quondam master.
Rich sons forget they ever had poor fathers;
In servants 'tis more pardonable: as a companion,
Or so, I may consent: but is there hope, sir,
He has got me a good chapwoman? pray you write
A word or two in my behalf.

*Fran.* Out, rascal!

*Gaz.* I feel some insurrections.

*Fran.* Hence!

*Gaz.* I vanish. [*Exit.*

*Grim.* Why should I study a defence or comfort,
In whom black guilt and misery, if balanced,
I know not which would turn the scale? look upward
I dare not; for, should it but be believed
That I, died deep in hell's most horrid colours,
Should dare to hope for mercy, it would leave
No check or feeling in men innocent,
To catch at sins the devil ne'er taught mankind yet.
No! I must downward, downward; though repentance
Could borrow all the glorious wings of grace,
My mountainous weight of sins would crack their pinions,
And sink them to hell with me. [

*Fran.* Dreadful! Hear me,
Thou miserable man.

*Grim.* Good sir, deny not
But that there is no punishment beyond
Damnation.

*Enter* Master *and* Boatswain.

*Master.* Yonder he is; I pity him. [serve you.

*Boatsw.* Take comfort, captain, we live still to

*Grim.* Serve me! I am a devil already: leave me—
Stand further off, you are blasted else! I have heard
Schoolmen affirm* man's body is composed
Of the four elements; and, as in league together
They nourish life, so each of them affords
Liberty to the soul, when it grows weary
Of this fleshy prison. Which shall I make choice of?
The fire? not†; I shall feel that hereafter,
The earth will not receive me. Should some whirlwind
Snatch me into the air, and I hang there, [
Perpetual plagues would dwell upon the earth;
And those superior bodies, that pour down
Their cheerful influence, deny to pass it,
Through those vast regions I have infected.
The sea? ay, that is justice: there I plough'd up
Mischief as deep as hell: there, there, I'll hide‡
This cursed lump of clay. May it turn rocks,

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* *Enter* Gazet, *and* Grimaldi *in rags.*] Mr. M. Mason reads, *Enter Gazet and Grimaldi, in rags.* But Gazet had just been enriched by his master, and, as he says himself, was in prosperous circumstances. It must be as I have given it from the old copy.

* ——— *I have heard*
*Schoolmen affirm man's body is composed*
*Of the four elements,*] Grimaldi and Sir Toby had evidently studied under the same masters: the latter introduces his philosophy *more naturally*, but the grave application of it by the former, is an improvement. Seriously, the conclusion of this speech is very noble.

† *The* fire? *no,*] *Fire* must be read as a dissyllable; I suspect, however, that there was originally an interjection before *no*, which was dropt at the press.

‡ ——— *there,* there *I'll hide*] Mr. M. Mason omits the second *there*, which is absolutely necessary to the completion of the verse.

Where plummet's weight could never reach the sands,
And grind the ribs of all such barks as press
The ocean's breast in my unlawful course!
I haste then to thee; let thy ravenous womb,
Whom all things else deny, be now my tomb!
[*Exit.*

*Master.* Follow him, and restrain him.
[*Exit Boatswain.*

*Fran.* Let this stand
For an example to you. I'll provide
A lodging for him, and apply such cures
To his wounded conscience, as heaven hath lent me.
He's now my second care; and my profession
Binds me to teach the desperate to repent,
As far as to confirm the innocent. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Asambeg's *Palace.*

*Enter* Asambeg, Mustapha, Aga, *and* Capiaga.

*Asam.* Your pleasure?

*Musta.* 'Twill exact your private ear;
And, when you have received it, you will think
Too many know it.

*Asam.* Leave the room; but be
Within our call.— [*Exeunt Aga and Capiaga.*
Now, sir, what burning secret
(With which, it seems, you are turn'd cinders) bring
To quench in my advice or power! [you

*Musta.* The fire
Will rather reach you.

*Asam.* Me!

*Musta.* And consume both;
For 'tis impossible to be put out,
But with the blood of those that kindle it:
And yet one vial of it is so precious,
In being borrow'd from the Othoman spring,
That better 'tis, I think, both we should perish,
Than prove the desperate means that must restrain it
From spreading further.

*Asam.* To the point, and quickly:
These winding circumstances in relations,
Seldom environ truth.

*Musta.* Truth, Asambeg!

*Asam.* Truth, Mustapha! I said it, and add more,
You touch upon a string that to my ear
Does sound Donusa.

*Musta.* You then understand
Who 'tis I aim at.

*Asam.* Take heed; Mustapha,
Remember what she is, and whose we are;
'Tis her neglect, perhaps, that you complain of;
And, should you practise to revenge her scorn,
With any plot to taint her in her honour,——

*Musta.* Hear me.

*Asam.* I will be heard first,—there's no tongue
A subject owes, that shall out-thunder mine.

*Musta.* Well, take your way.

*Asam.* I then again repeat it;
If Mustapha dares, with malicious breath,
On jealous suppositions, presume
To blast the blossom of Donusa's fame,
Because he is denied a happiness
Which men of equal, nay, of more desert,
Have sued in vain for——

*Musta.* More!

*Asam.* More. 'Twas I spake it.
The basha of Natolia and myself
Were rivals for her; either of us brought
More victories, more trophies, to plead for us
To our great master, than you dare lay claim to;
Yet still, by his allowance, she was left
To her election: each of us owed nature
As much for outward form and inward worth,
To make way for us to her grace and favour,
As you brought with you. We were heard, repulsed;
Yet thought it no dishonour to sit down
With the disgrace, if not to force affection
May merit such a name.

*Musta.* Have you done yet?

*Asam* Be, therefore, more than sure the ground on which
You raise your accusation, may admit
No undermining of defence in her:
For if, with pregnant and apparent proofs,
Such as may force a judge, more than inclined,
Or partial in her cause, to swear her guilty,
You win not me to set off your belief;
Neither our ancient friendship, nor the rites
Of sacred hospitality, to which
I would not offer violence, shall protect you.
—Now, when you please.

*Musta.* I will not dwell upon
Much circumstance; yet cannot but profess,
With the assurance of a loyalty
Equal to yours, the reverence I owe
The sultan, and all such his blood makes sacred;
That there is not a vein of mine, which yet is
Unemptied in his service, but this moment
Should freely open, so it might wash off
The stains of her dishonour. Could you think,
Or, though you saw it, credit your own eyes,
That she, the wonder and amazement of
Her sex, the pride and glory of the empire
That hath disdain'd you, slighted me, and boasted
A frozen coldness, which no appetite
Or height of blood could thaw; should now so far
Be hurried with the violence of her lust,
As, in it burying her high birth, and fame,
Basely descend to fill a Christian's arms;
And to him yield her virgin honour up,
Nay, sue to him to take it?

*Asam.* A Christian!

*Musta.* Temper
Your admiration:—and what Christian, think you?
No prince disguised, no man of mark, nor honour:
No daring undertaker in our service;
But one, whose lips her foot should scorn to touch;
A poor mechanic pedlar.

*Asam.* He!

*Musta.* Nay, more;
Whom do you think she made her scout, nay bawd,
To find him out, but me? What place make choice of
To wallow in her foul and loathsome pleasures,
But in the palace? Who the instruments
Of close conveyance, but the captain of
Your guard, the aga, and that man of trust,
The warden of the inmost port?—I'll prove this;
And, though I fail to shew her in the act,
Glued like a neighing gennet to her stallion,
Your incredulity shall be convinced
With proofs I blush to think on.

*Asam.* Never yet
This flesh felt such a fever. By the life
And fortune of great Amuruth, should our prophet
(Whose name I bow to) in a vision speak this,
'Twould make me doubtful of my faith!—Lead on;
And, when my eyes and ears are, like yours, guilty,

My rage shall then appear; for I will do
Something;—but what, I am not yet determin'd.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*An outer Room in* Donusa's *Palace.*

*Enter* Carazie, Manto, *and* Gazet.

*Car.* They are private to their wishes?
*Mant.* Doubt it not.
*Gaz.* A pretty structure this! a court do you call it?
Vaulted and arch'd! O, here has been old jumbling
Behind this arras.
*Car.* Prithee let's have some sport
With this fresh codshead.
*Mant.* I am out of tune, [hope
But do as you please. My conscience!—tush, the
Of liberty throws* that burthen off; I must
Go watch, and make discovery. [*Exit.*
*Car.* He is musing,
And will talk to himself; he cannot hold;
The poor fool's ravish'd.
*Gaz.* I am in my master's clothes,
They fit me to a hair too; let but any
Indifferent gamester measure us inch by inch,
Or weigh us by the standard, I may pass:
I have been proved and proved again true metal.
*Car.* How he surveys himself!
*Gaz.* I have heard, that some
Have fool'd themselves at court into good fortunes,
That never hoped to thrive by wit in the city,
Or honesty in the country. If I do not
Make the best laugh at me, I'll weep for myself,
If they give me hearing: 'tis resolved—I'll try
What may be done. By your favour, sir, I pray you,
Were you born a courtier?
*Car.* No, sir; why do you ask?
*Gaz.* Because I thought that none could be pre-
But such as were begot there. [ferr'd,
*Car.* O, sir! many;
And, howsoe'er you are a citizen born,
Yet if your mother were a handsome woman,
And ever long'd to see a mask at court†,
It is an even lay, but that you had
A courtier to your father, and I think so,
You bear yourself so sprightly.
*Gaz.* It may be;
But pray you, sir, had I such an itch upon me
To change my copy, is there hope a place
May be had here for money?
*Car.* Not without it,
That I dare warrant you.
*Gaz.* I have a pretty stock,
And would not have my good parts undiscover'd;
What places of credit are there?
*Car.* There's your beglerbeg‡.
*Gaz.* By no means that; it comes too near the
And most prove so, that come there. [beggar,
*Car.* Or your sanzacke*.
*Gaz.* Sauce-jack! fie, none of that†.
*Car.* Your chiaus‡.
*Gaz.* Nor that.
*Car.* Chief gardener.
*Gaz.* Out upon't! [woman.
'Twill put me in mind my mother was an herb-
What is your place, I prav you?
*Car.* Sir, an eunuch.
*Gaz.* An eunuch! very fine, i'faith; an eunuch!
And what are your employments?
*Car.* Neat and easy§:
In the day, I wait on my lady when she eats,
Carry her pantofles, bear up her train;
Sing her asleep at night, and, when she pleases,
I am her bedfellow.
*Gaz.* How! her bedfellow?
And lie with her?
*Car.* Yes, and lie with her.
*Gaz.* O rare!
I'll be an eunuch, though I sell my shop for't,
And all my wares.
*Car.* It is but parting with
A precious stone or two: I know the price on't.
*Gaz.* I'll part with all my stones; and when I am
An eunuch, I'll so toss and touse the ladies——
Pray you help me to a chapman.
*Car.* The court surgeon
Shall do you that favour.
*Gaz.* I am made! an eunuch!

*Enter* Manto.

*Mant.* Carazie, quit the room.
*Car.* Come, sir; we'll treat of
Your business further.
*Gaz.* Excellent! an eunuch! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*An inner Room in the same.*

*Enter* Donusa *and* Vitelli.

*Vitel.* Leave me, or I am lost again: no prayers,
No penitence, can redeem me.
*Don.* Am I grown
Old or deform'd since yesterday?
*Vitel.* You are still,
(Although the sating of your lust hath sullied
The immaculate whiteness of your virgin beauties,)
Too fair for me to look on: and, though pureness,
The sword with which you ever fought and conquer'd,
Is ravish'd from you by unchaste desires,
You are too strong for flesh and blood to treat with,
Though iron grates were interposed between us,
To warrant me from treason.
*Don.* Whom do you fear?
*Vitel.* That human frailty I took from my mother,
That, as my youth increased, grew stronger on me,
That still pursues me, and, though once recover'd,
In scorn of reason, and, what's more, religion,
Again seeks to betray me.

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* *Of liberty* throws, &c.] So the old copy. The modern editors read, *does throw*, which destroys the metre, not only of this but of the two subsequent lines.

† *If your mother were a handsome woman,*
*And ever long'd to see* a mask at court,] It should be remembered that Carazie was born in England, and that he addresses a Venetian; the consequences of masks, &c., were therefore as intelligible to the one, as familiar to the other. It is not always that so good a plea can be offered for the author's allusions; for, to confess the truth, the habits and manners of different countries are, in some of these scenes, as I have said before, most cruelly confounded.

‡ Car. *There's your* beglerbeg.] i. e. chief governor of a province.

* Car. *Or your* sanzacke ] Governor of a city.

† *Gaz.* Sauce-jack! *fie, none of that.*] The pleasantry of Gazet is not very conspicuous for its humour; the modern editors however have contrived to cloud it: they read, *Saucy* Jack!

‡ Car. *Your* chiaus ] An officer in the Turkish court, who performs the duty of an usher; also an ambassador to foreign princes and states.—Coxeter.

§ Car. *Neat and easy* ] I have taken this from Gazet, to whom it has hitherto been allotted, and given it to Carazie. The old copy has no mark of interrogation after *easy*, which seems to prove that the words originally belonged to him.

*Don.* If you mean, sir,
To my embraces, you turn rebel to
The laws of nature, the great queen and mother
Of all productions, and deny allegiance,
Where you stand bound to pay it.
*Vitel.* I will stop
Mine ears against these charms, which, if Ulysses
Could live again, and hear this second syren,
Though bound with cables to his mast, his ship too
Fasten'd with all her anchors, this enchantment
Would force him, in despite of all resistance,
To leap into the sea, and follow her;
Although destruction, with outstretch'd arms,
Stood ready to receive him.
*Don.* Gentle sir,
Though you deny to hear me, yet vouchsafe
To look upon me: though I use no language,
The grief for this unkind repulse will print
Such a dumb eloquence upon my face,
As will not only plead but prevail for me.
*Vitel.* I am a coward. I will see and hear you,
The trial, else, is nothing; nor the conquest,
My temperance shall crown me with hereafter,
Worthy to be remember'd. Up, my virtue!
And holy thoughts and resolutions arm me
Against this fierce temptation! give me voice
Tuned to a zealous anger, to express
At what an over-value I have purchased
The wanton treasure of your virgin bounties,
That, in their false fruition, heap upon me
Despair and horror.—That I could with that ease
Redeem my forfeit innocence, or cast up
The poison I received into my entrails,
From the alluring cup of your enticements,
As now I do deliver back the price
[*Returns the jewels.*
And salary of your lust! or thus unclothe me
Of sin's gay trappings, the proud livery
[*Throws off his cloak and doublet.*
Of wicked pleasure, which but worn and heated
With the fire of entertainment and consent,
Like to Alcides' fatal shirt, tears off
Our flesh and reputation both together,
Leaving our ulcerous follies bare and open
To all malicious censure!
*Don.* You must grant,
If you hold that a loss to you, mine equals,
If not transcends it. If you then first tasted
That poison, as you call it, I brought with me
A palate unacquainted with the relish
Of those delights, which most, as I have heard,
Greedily swallow; and then the offence,
If my opinion may be believed,
Is not so great: howe'er, the wrong no more
Than if Hippolitus and the virgin huntress
Should meet and kiss together.
*Vitel.* What defences
Can lust raise to maintain a precipice

*Enter* Asambeg *and* Mustapha, *above.*

To the abyss of looseness!—but affords not
The least stair, or the fastening of one foot,
To reascend that glorious height we fell from.
*Musta.* By Mahomet, she courts him!
[*Donusa kneels.*
*Asam.* Nay, kneels to him!
Observe, the scornful villain turns away too,
As glorying in his conquest.
*Don.* Are you marble?
If Christians have mothers, sure they share in
The tigress' fierceness; for, if you were owner
Of human pity, you could not endure
A princess to kneel to you, or look on
These falling tears which hardest rocks would soften,
And yet remain unmoved. Did you but give me
A taste of happiness in your embraces,
That the remembrance of the sweetness of it
Might leave perpetual bitterness behind it?
Or shew'd me what it was to be a wife,
To live a widow ever?
*Asam.* She has confest it!——
Seize on him, villains.

*Enter* Capiaga *and* Aga, *with* Janizaries.

O the Furies!
[*Exeunt Asambeg and Mustapha above.*
*Don.* How!
Are we betray'd?
*Vitel.* The better; I expected
A Turkish faith.
*Don.* Who am I, that you dare this?
'Tis I that do command you to forbear
A touch of violence.
*Aga.* We, already, madam,
Have satisfied your pleasure further than
We know to answer it.
*Cap.* Would we were well off!
We stand too far engaged, I fear.
*Don.* For us?
We'll bring you safe off: who dares contradict
What is our pleasure?

*Re-enter* Asambeg *and* Mustapha, *below.*

*Asam.* Spurn the dog to prison.
I'll answer you anon.
*Vitel.* What punishment
Soe'er I undergo, I am still a Christian.
[*Exit Guard with Vitelli.*
*Don.* What bold presumption's this? Under what law
Am I to fall, that set my foot upon
Your statutes and decrees?
*Musta.* The crime committed
Our Alcoran calls death.
*Don.* Tush! who is here,
That is not Amurath's slave, and so, unfit
To sit a judge upon his blood?
*Asam.* You have lost,
And shamed the privilege of it; robb'd me too
Of my soul, my understanding, to behold
Your base unworthy fall from your high virtue.
*Don.* I do appeal to Amurath.
*Asam.* We will offer
No violence to your person, till we know
His sacred pleasure; till when, under guard
You shall continue here.
*Don.* Shall!
*Asam.* I have said it.
*Don.* We shall remember this.
*Asam.* It ill becomes
Such as are guilty, to deliver threats
Against the innocent. [*The Guard leads off Donusa.*
I could tear this flesh now,
But 'tis in vain; nor must I talk, but do.
Provide a well-mann'd galley for Constantinople:
Such sad news never came to our great master.
As he directs, we must proceed, and know
No will but his, to whom what's ours we owe.
[*Exeunt.*

# ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—*A Room in* Grimaldi's *House.*

*Enter* Master *and* Boatswain.

*Mast.* He does begin to eat?
*Boatsw.* A little, master;
But our best hope for his recovery is, that
His raving leaves him; and those dreadful words
Damnation and despair, with which he ever
Ended all his discourses, are forgotten.
*Mast.* This stranger is a most religious man sure;
And I am doubtful, whether his charity
In the relieving of our wants, or care
To cure the wounded conscience of Grimaldi,
Deserves more admiration.
*Boatsw.* Can you guess
What the reason should be, that we never mention
The church, or the high altar, but his melancholy
Grows and increases on him?
*Mast.* I have heard him,
When he gloried to profess himself an atheist,
Talk often, and with much delight and boasting,
Of a rude prank he did ere he turn'd pirate;
The memory of which, as it appears,
Lies heavy on him.
*Boatsw.* Pray you, let me understand it.
*Mast.* Upon a solemn day, when the whole city
Join'd in devotion, and with barefoot steps
Pass'd to St. Mark's, the duke, and the whole sig-
Helping to perfect the religious pomp [nory,
With which they were received; when all men else
Were full of tears, and groan'd beneath the weight
Of past offences, of whose heavy burthen
They came to be absolved and freed; our captain,
Whether in scorn of those so pious rites
He had no feeling of, or else drawn to it
Out of a wanton, irreligious madness,
(I know not which,) ran to the holy man,
As he was doing of the work of grace*,
And, snatching from his hands the sanctified means,
Dash'd it upon the pavement.
*Boatsw.* How escaped he,
It being a deed deserving death with torture?
*Mast.* The general amazement of the people
Gave him leave to quit the temple, and a gondola,
Prepared, it seems, before, brought him aboard;
Since which he ne'er saw Venice. The remembrance
Of this, it seems, torments him; aggravated
With a strong belief he cannot receive pardon
For this foul fact, but from his hands, against whom
It was committed.
*Boatsw.* And what course intends
His heavenly physician, reverend Francisco,
To beat down this opinion?
*Mast.* He promised
To use some holy and religious fineness†,
To this good end; and in the mean time, charged me
To keep him dark, and to admit no visitants:
But on no terms to cross him. Here he comes.

*Enter* Grimaldi *with a book**.

*Grim.* For theft, he that restores treble the value,
Makes satisfaction; and for want of means
To do so, as a slave must serve it out, [here.
Till he hath made full payment. There's hope left
Oh! with what willingness would I give up
My liberty to those that I have pillaged;
And wish the numbers of my years, though wasted
In the most sordid slavery, might equal
The rapines I have made; till with one voice,
My patient sufferings might exact from my
Most cruel creditors, a full remission,
An eye's loss with an eye, limb's with a limb;
A sad account!—yet, to find peace within here,
Though all such as I have maim'd and dismember'd
In drunken quarrels, or, o'ercome with rage,
When they were given up to my power, stood here
And cried for restitution; to appease them, [now,
I would do a bloody justice on myself:
Pull out these eyes, that guided me to ravish
Their sight from others; lop these legs, that bore me
To barbarous violence; with this hand cut off
This instrument of wrong, till nought were left me
But this poor bleeding limbless trunk, which gladly
I would divide among them.—Ha! what think I

*Enter* Francisco *in a cope, like a Bishop.*

Of petty forfeitures! in this reverend habit,
All that I am turn'd into eyes, I look on
A deed of mine so fiend-like, that repentance,
Though with my tears I taught the sea new tides,
Can never wash off. all my thefts, my rapes,
Are venial trespasses, compared to what
I offer'd to that shape, and in a place too,
Where I stood bound to kneel to't. [*Kneels.*
*Fran.* 'Tis forgiven:
I with his tongue, whom in these sacred vestments,
With impure hands thou didst offend, pronounce it.
I bring peace to thee; see that thou deserve it
In thy fair life hereafter.
*Grim.* Can it be!
Dare I believe this vision, or hope
A pardon e'er may find me?
*Fran.* Purchase it
By zealous undertakings, and no more
'Twill be remembered.
*Grim.* What celestial balm [*Rises.*
I feel now pour'd into my wounded conscience!
What penance is there I'll not undergo, [sure
Though ne'er so sharp and rugged, with more plea-
Than flesh and blood e'er tasted! shew me true
Sorrow,
Arm'd with an iron whip, and I will meet
The stripes she brings along with her, as if

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* *As he was doing of the work of grace*, &c.] This is a reverential description of the elevation of the host; and could only be written by a man on whom that awful act of pious daring had made a deep and lasting impression.

† *To use some holy and religious* fineness,] i. e. subtile and ingenious device. Coxeter, whose ideas of harmony were never paralleled, unless by those of Mr. M. Mason, corrupted this into *finesse*, though the line was reduced to absolute prose by it! Massinger knew no such word; the introduction of which is justly reprobated by Johnson, as wholly unnecessary. But, indeed, in all times, our language has been over-run and debased by fantastic terms,

"Which sweet Philisides fetch'd of late from France."
The word occurs, in its natural sense, in *The Devil's an Ass*:
"———you'll mar all with your *fineness*."
Here, too, Mr. Sympson proposes to read *finesse!* while Whalley, who properly rejects his amendment, explains the original word, by "shyness, or coyness;" to which it bears not the slightest affinity.

* ———— *with a* book.] The book was a very proper one for Grimaldi: from his references, it appears to be the Bible.

They were the gentle touches of a hand
That comes to cure me. Can good deeds redeem me?
I will rise up a wonder to the world,
When I have given strong proofs how I am alter'd.
I, that have sold such as professed the faith
That I was born in, to captivity,
Will make their number equal, that I shall
Deliver from the oar; and win as many
By the clearness of my actions, to look on
Their misbelief and loath it. I will be
A convoy for all merchants; and thought worthy
To be reported to the world, hereafter,
The child of your devotion; nurs'd up,
And made strong by your charity, to break through
All dangers hell can bring forth to oppose me:
Nor am I, though my fortunes were thought desper-
Now you have reconciled me to myself, [ate,
So void of worldly means, but, in despite
Of the proud viceroy's wrongs, I can do something
To witness of my change: when you please, try me*,
And I will perfect what you shall enjoin me,
Or fall a joyful martyr.
*Fran.* You will reap
The comfort of it: live yet undiscover'd
And with your holy meditations strengthen
Your Christian resolution: ere long,
You shall hear further from me. [*Exit.*
*Grim.* I'll attend
All your commands with patience;—come, my mates,
I hitherto have lived an ill example,
And, as your captain, led you on to mischief;
But now will truly labour, that good men
May say hereafter of me to my glory,
(Let but my power and means hand with my will†,)
His good endeavours did weigh down his ill.
[*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter* Francisco, *in his usual habit.*

*Fran.* This penitence is not counterfeit: howso-
Good actions are in themselves rewarded. [ever,
My travail's to meet with a double crown:
If that Vitelli come off safe, and prove
Himself the master of his wild affections—

*Enter* Gazet.

O, I shall have intelligence; how now, Gazet,
Why these sad looks and tears?
*Gaz.* Tears, sir! I have lost [for
My worthy master. Your rich heir seems to mourn
A miserable father, your young widow,
Following a bedrid husband to his grave,
Would have her neighbours think she cries and roars,
That she must part with such a goodman do-nothing;
When 'tis because he stays so long above ground,
And hinders a rich suitor.—All's come out, sir.
We are smoak'd for being coney-catchers; my mas-
Is put in prison; his she customer [ter
Is under guard too; these are things to weep for:—
But mine own loss consider'd, and what a fortune
I have had, as they say, snatch'd out of my chops,
Would make a man run mad.
*Fran.* I scarce have leisure,
I am so wholly taken up with sorrow
For my loved pupil, to enquire thy fate;
Yet I will hear it.
*Gaz.* Why, sir, I had bought a place,
A place of credit too, an I had gone through with it;
I should have been made an eunuch: there was ho-
nour
For a late poor 'prentice! when, upon the sudden,
There was such a hurlyburly in the court,
That I was glad to run away, and carry
The price of my office with me.
*Fran.* Is that all?
You have made a saving voyage: we must think now,
Though not to free, to comfort sad Vitelli,
My grieved soul suffers for him.
*Gaz.* I am sad too;
But had I been an eunuch——
*Fran.* Think not on it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in* Asambeg's *Palace.*

*Enter* Asambeg; *he unlocks a door, and* Paulina *comes forth.*

*Asam.* Be your own guard: obsequiousness and
service
Shall win you to be mine. Of all restraint
For ever take your leave, no threats shall awe you,
No jealous doubts of mine disturb your freedom,
No fee'd spies wait upon your steps: your virtue,
And due consideration in yourself
Of what is noble, are the faithful helps
I leave you, as supporters, to defend you
From falling basely.
*Paul.* This is wondrous strange:
Whence flows this alteration?
*Asam.* From true judgment;
And strong assurance neither grates of iron,
Hemm'd in with walls of brass, strict guards, high
The forfeiture of honour, nor the fear [birth,
Of infamy or punishment, can stay
A woman slaved to appetite, from being
False and unworthy.
*Paul.* You are grown satirical
Against our sex. Why, sir, I durst produce
Myself in our defence, and from you challenge
A testimony that's not to be denied,
All fall not under this unequal censure.
I, that have stood your flatteries, your threats,
Borne up against your fierce temptations; scorn'd
The cruel means you practised to supplant me,
Having no arms to help me to hold out,
But love of piety, and constant goodness;
If you are unconfirm'd, dare again boldly,
Enter into the lists, and combat with
All opposites man's malice can bring forth
To shake me in my chastity, built upon
The rock of my religion.
*Asam.* I do wish
I could believe you; but, when I shall show you
A most incredible example of
Your frailty, in a princess, sued and sought to
By men of worth, of rank, of eminence; courted

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* ——— *I can do something*
To witness of my change: *when you please, try me*, &c.] The reader must be convinced, long ere this, that the modern editions of Massinger offer a very inadequate representation of his works. Numerous as the errors pointed out are, a still greater number have been corrected in silence: of these the source is generally obvious; here, however, is one for which no motive can be assigned; it is a gratuitous and wanton deviation from the original, that no degree of folly can justify, no excess of negligence account for:—In Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason the passage stands thus:
*I can do something*
To prove that I have power, *when you please try me!*

† (*Let but my power and means* hand with my will,)] Or, as we should now say, *go hand in hand, co-operate* with my will.

By happiness itself, and her cold temper
Approved by many years; yet she to fall,
Fall from herself, her glories, nay, her safety,
Into a gulph of shame and black despair:
I think you'll doubt yourself, or, in beholding
Her punishment, for ever be deterr'd
From yielding basely.
*Paul.* I would see this wonder;
'Tis, sir, my first petition.
*Asam.* And thus granted;
Above, you shall observe all. [*Exit Paulina.*

*Enter* MUSTAPHA.

*Musta.* Sir, I sought you,
And must relate a wonder. Since I studied,
And knew what man was, I was never witness
Of such invincible fortitude as this Christian
Shows in his sufferings: all the torments that
We could present him with, to fright his constancy,
Confirm'd, not shook it; and those heavy chains,
That eat into his flesh, appear'd to him
Like bracelets made of some loved mistress' hairs
We kiss in the remembrance of her favours.
I am strangely taken with it, and have lost
Much of my fury.
*Asam.* Had he suffer'd poorly,
It had call'd on my contempt; but manly patience,
And all-commanding virtue, wins upon
An enemy. I shall think upon him. Ha!

*Enter* Aga*, *with a black box.*

So soon return'd! This speed pleads in excuse
Of your late fault, which I no more remember.
What's the grand signior's pleasure?
*Aga.* 'Tis enclosed here.
The box too that contains it may inform you
How he stands affected: I am trusted with
Nothing but this, on forfeit of your head,
She must have a speedy trial.
*Asam.* Bring her in
In black, as to her funeral: [*Exit Aga.*] 'tis the colour
Her fault wills her to wear, and which in justice,
I dare not pity. Sit, and take your place:
However in her life she has degenerated,
May she die nobly, and in that confirm
Her greatness, and high blood!

*Solemn music. Re-enter the* Aga, *with the* Capiaga *leading in* DONUSA *in black, her train borne up by* CARAZIE *and* MANTO. *A Guard attending.* PAULINA *enters above.*

*Musta.* I now could melt;
But, soft compassion leave me.
*Mant.* I am affrighted
With this dismal preparation. Should the enjoying
Of loose desires find ever such conclusions,
All women would be vestals.
*Don.* That you clothe me
In this sad livery of death, assures me
Your sentence is gone out before, and I
Too late am call'd for, in my guilty cause
To use qualification or excuse——
Yet must I not part so with mine own strengths*,
But borrow, from my modesty, boldness, to
Enquire by whose authority you sit
My judges, and whose warrant digs my grave
In the frowns you dart against my life?
*Asam.* See here,
This fatal sign and warrant! This, brought to
A general, fighting in the head† of his
Victorious troops, ravishes from his hand
His even then conquering sword; this, shown unto
The sultan's brothers, or his sons, delivers
His deadly anger; and, all hopes laid by,
Commands them to prepare themselves for heaven;
Which would stand with the quiet of your soul,
To think upon, and imitate.
*Don.* Give me leave
A little to complain; first, of the hard
Condition of my fortune, which may move you,
Though not to rise up intercessors for me,
Yet, in remembrance of my former life,
(This being the first spot tainting mine honour,)
To be the means to bring me to his presence.
And then I doubt not, but I could allege
Such reasons in mine own defence, or plead
So humbly, (my tears helping,) that it should
Awake his sleeping pity.
*Asam.* 'Tis in vain.
If you have aught to say, you shall have hearing;
And, in me, think him present.
*Don.* I would thus then
First kneel, and kiss his feet; and after, tell him
How long I had been his darling; what delight
My infant years afforded him; how dear
He prized his sister in both bloods, my mother:
That she, like him, had frailty, that to me
Descends as an inheritance; then conjure him,
By her blest ashes, and his father's soul,
The sword that rides upon his thigh, his right hand
Holding the sceptre and the Othoman fortune,
To have compassion on me.
*Asam.* But suppose
(As I am sure) he would be deaf, what then
Could you infer?
*Don.* I, then, would thus rise up,
And to his teeth tell him he was a tyrant,
A most voluptuous and insatiable epicure
In his own pleasures; which he hugs so dearly,
As proper and peculiar to himself,
That he denies a moderate lawful use
Of all delight to others. And to thee,
Unequal judge, I speak as much, and charge thee,
But with impartial eyes to look into
Thyself, and then consider with what justice
Thou canst pronounce my sentence. Unkind nature,
To make weak women servants, proud men masters!
Indulgent Mahomet, do thy bloody laws
Call my embraces with a Christian death,
Having my heat and May of youth to plead
In my excuse? and yet want power to punish

* *Enter* Aga,] I suppose the reader will be inclined to exclaim with Asambeg, "So soon return'd!" for from Tunis to Constantinople is an interval *humane commodum*. I have neither entered, nor proposed to enter, into any disquisitions on the preservation of the unities of time and place, which must be a work of absolute supererogation in criticizing an author who totally forgot or disregarded them. Massinger is not more irregular than his contemporaries: indeed he is less so than many of them; but, in all cases, I am persuaded that he followed his story, without entertaining much anxiety as to the time it might occupy, or the various changes of situation it might require.

* *Yet must I not part so with mine own* strengths.] The modern editors read *strength*, which does not convey Massinger's meaning, and, indeed, is scarcely sense in this place: but they did not understand the word. *Strengths* are castles, strong places, and metaphorically *defences*, as here.

† *A general fighting* in *the head*, &c.] Mr. M. Mason chooses to modernize this expression, and read, *at* the head.

These that with scorn break through thy cobweb edicts,
And laugh at thy decrees? To tame their lusts
There's no religious bit; let her be fair,
And pleasing to the eye, though Persian, Moor,
Idolatress, Turk, or Christian, you are privileged,
And freely may enjoy her. At this instant,
I know, unjust man, thou hast in thy power
A lovely Christian virgin; thy offence
Equal, if not transcending mine; why, then,
(We being both guilty,) dost thou not descend
From that usurp'd tribunal, and with me
Walk hand in hand to death?

*Asam.* She raves; and we
Lose time to hear her: read the law.

*Don.* Do, do;
I stand resolved to suffer.

Aga. [reads.] *If any virgin of what degree or quality soever, born a natural Turk, shall be convicted of corporal looseness, and incontinence, with any Christian, she is, by the decree of our great prophet, Mahomet, to lose her head.*

*Asam.* Mark that, then tax our justice!

Aga. *Ever provided, That if she, the said offender, by any reasons, arguments, or persuasion, can win and prevail with the said Christian offending with her, to alter his religion, and marry her, that then the winning of a soul to the Mahometan sect, shall acquit her from all shame, disgrace, and punishment whatsoever.*

*Don.* I lay hold on that clause, and challenge from you
The privilege of the law.

*Musta.* What will you do?

*Don.* Grant me access and means, I'll undertake
To turn this Christian Turk, and marry him:
This trial you cannot deny.

*Musta.* O base!
Can fear to die make you descend so low
From your high birth, and brand the Othoman line
With such a mark of infamy?

*Asam.* This is worse
Than the parting with your honour. Better suffer
Ten thousand deaths, and without hope to have
A place in our great prophet's paradise,
Than have an act to aftertimes remember'd,
So foul as this is.

*Musta.* Cheer your spirits, madam;
To die is nothing, 'tis but parting with
A mountain of vexations.

*Asam.* Think of your honour:
In dying nobly, you make satisfaction
For your offence, and you shall live a story
Of bold heroic courage.

*Don.* You shall not fool me
Out of my life: I claim the law, and sue for
A speedy trial; if I fail, you may
Determine of me as you please.

*Asam.* Base woman!
But use thy ways, and see thou prosper in them;
For, if thou fall again into my power,
Thou shalt in vain, after a thousand tortures,
Cry out for death, that death which now thou fliest from.
Unloose the prisoner's chains. Go, lead her on
To try the magic of her tongue. I follow:
[*Exeunt all but Asambeg.*
I'm on the rack—descend, my best Paulina.
[*Exit with Paulina.*

## SCENE III.—*A Room in the Prison.*

*Enter* Francisco *and* Gaoler.

*Fran.* I come not empty-handed; I will purchase
Your favour at what rate you please. There's gold.

*Gaol.* 'Tis the best oratory. I will hazard
A check for your content. Below, there!

*Vitel.* [*below*] Welcome!
Art thou the happy messenger, that brings me
News of my death?

*Gaol.* Your hand. [*Plucks up Vitelli.*

*Fran.* Now if you please,
A little privacy.

*Gaol.* You have bought it, sir;
Enjoy it freely. [*Exit.*

*Fran.* O, my dearest pupil!
Witness these tears of joy, I never saw you,
'Till now, look lovely; nor durst I ever glory
In the mind of any man I had built up
With the hands of virtuous and religious precepts,
Till this glad minute. Now you have made good
My expectation of you. By my order,
All Roman Cæsars, that led kings in chains,
Fast bound to their triumphant chariots, if
Compared with that true glory and full lustre
You now appear in; all their boasted honours,
Purchased with blood and wrong, would lose their
And be no more remember'd! [names,

*Vitel.* This applause,
Confirm'd in your allowance, joys me more
Than if a thousand full-cramm'd theatres
Should clap their eager hands, to witness that
The scene I act did please, and they admire it.
But these are, father, but beginnings, not
The ends, of my high aims. I grant, to have master'd,
The rebel appetite of flesh and blood,
Was far above my strength; and still owe for it
To that great power that lent it: but, when I
Shall make't apparent the grim looks of death
Affright me not; and that I can put off
The fond desire of life (that, like a garment,
Covers and clothes our frailty) hastening to
My martyrdom, as to a heavenly banquet,
To which I was a choice invited guest:
Then you may boldly say, you did not plough
Or trust the barren and ungrateful sands
With the fruitful grain of your religious counsels.

*Fran.* You do instruct your teacher. Let the sun
Of your clear life, that lends to good men light,
But set as gloriously as it did rise,
(Though sometimes clouded,) *nil ultra* you may
To human wishes. [write

*Vitel.* I have almost gain'd
The end o' the race, and will not faint or tire now

*Enter* Aga *and* Gaoler.

*Aga.* Sir, by your leave, (nay, stay not*,) *(to the Gaoler who goes out,)* I bring comfort.
The viceroy, taken with the constant bearing
Of your afflictions; and presuming too
You will not change your temper, does command
Your irons should be ta'en off. [*They take off his irons.*] Now arm yourself
With your old resolution; suddenly
You shall be visited. You must leave the room too,
And do it without reply.

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* ——— *nay, stay not,*] So the old copy reads. Coxeter and M. Mason, read *stare* not.

*Fran.* There's no contending:
Be still thyself, my son. [*Exeunt Aga and Francisco.*
*Vitel.* 'Tis not in man,

*Enter* DONUSA, ASAMBEG, MUSTAPHA, *and* PAULINA.

To change or alter me.
*Paul.* Whom do I look on?
My brother? 'tis he!—but no more, my tongue;
Thou wilt betray all. [*Aside.*
*Asam.* Let us hear this temptress:
The fellow looks as he would stop his ears
Against her powerful spells.
*Paul.* [*Aside.*] He is undone else.
*Vitel.* I'll stand the encounter—charge me home.
*Don.* I come, sir, [*Bows herself.*
A beggar to you, and doubt not to find
A good man's charity, which if you deny,
You are cruel to yourself; a crime a wise man
(And such I hold you) would not willingly
Be guilty of; nor let it find less welcome,
Though I, a creature you contemn, now show you
The way to certain happiness; nor think it
Imaginary or fantastical,
And so not worth the acquiring, in respect
The passage to it is nor rough nor thorny;
No steep hills in the way which you must climb up,
No monsters to be conquer'd, no enchantments
To be dissolved by counter charms, before
You take possession of it.
*Vitel.* What strong poison
Is wrapp'd up in these sugar'd pills?
*Don.* My suit is,
That you would quit your shoulders of a burthen,
Under whose ponderous weight you wilfully
Have too long groan'd, to cast those fetters off,
With which, with your own hands, you chain your freedom.
Forsake a severe, nay, imperious mistress,
Whose service does exact perpetual cares,
Watchings, and troubles; and give entertainment
To one that courts you, whose least favours are
Variety and choice of all delights
Mankind is capable of.
*Vitel.* You speak in riddles.
What burthen, or what mistress, or what fetters,
Are those you point at?
*Don.* Those which your religion,
The mistress you too long have served, compels you*
To bear with slave-like patience.
*Vitel.* Ha!
*Paul.* How bravely
That virtuous anger shows!
*Don.* Be wise, and weigh†
The prosperous success of things; if blessings
Are donatives from heaven, (which, you must grant,
Were blasphemy to question,) and that
They are call'd down and pour'd on such as are
Most gracious with the great Disposer of them,
Look on our flourishing empire, if the splendor,
The majesty, and glory of it dim not
Your feeble sight: and then turn back, and see
The narrow bounds of yours, yet that poor remnant
Rent in as many factions and opinions
As you have petty kingdoms;—and then, if
You are not obstinate against truth and reason,
You must confess the Deity you worship
Wants care or power to help you.
*Paul.* Hold out now,
And then thou art victorious. [*Aside.*
*Asam.* How he eyes her!
*Musta.* As if he would look through her.
*Asam.* His eyes flame too,
As threatening violence.
*Vitel.* But that I know
The devil, thy tutor, fills each part about thee,
And that I cannot play the exorcist
To dispossess thee, unless I should tear
Thy body limb by limb, and throw it to
The furies, that expect it; I would now
Pluck out that wicked tongue, that hath blasphemed
The great Omnipotency, at whose nod
The fabric of the world shakes. Dare you bring
Your juggling prophet in comparison with
That most inscrutable and infinite Essence,
That made this all, and comprehends his work;—
The place is too profane to mention him
Whose only name* is sacred. O Donusa!
How much, in my compassion, I suffer,
That thou, on whom this most excelling form,
And faculties of discourse†, beyond a woman,
Were by his liberal gift conferr'd, shouldst still
Remain in ignorance of him that gave it!
I will not foul my mouth to speak the sorceries
Of your seducer, his base birth, his whoredoms,
His strange impostures; nor deliver how
He taught a pigeon to feed in his ear,
Then made his credulous followers believe
It was an angel, that instructed him
In the framing of his Alcoran—pray you, mark me.
*Asam* These words are death, were he in nought
*Vitel.* Your intent to win me‡ [else guilty.
To be of your belief, proceeded from
Your fear to die. Can there be strength in that
Religion, that suffers us to tremble
At that which every day, nay hour, we haste to?
*Don.* This is unanswerable, and there's something
I err in my opinion. [tells me
*Vitel.* Cherish it,
It is a heavenly prompter; entertain
This holy motion, and wear on your forehead
The sacred badge he arms his servants with§;

* ——— *compels* you.] Coxeter dropt the last word at the press. Mr. M. Mason omits it of course, though the passage is not sense without it. In the next speech, for *that* virtuous anger, he reads *the*, &c. There are other errors and omissions, which are here rectified and supplied.

† Don. *Be wise, and weigh*, &c.] Part of this speech is taken, but with great skill, from Minucius Felix; indeed, it was the leading argument, and constantly directed, for the two first ages of the church, against the Christians: after the Reformation, the church of Rome took it up, and pointed it with equal propriety, and, indeed, with equal success, against the Protestants!

* *The place is too profane to mention him*
*Whose* only name *is sacred.*] i. e. whose name is the sole or only name that is sacred: a mode of expression frequently adopted by our old writers.

† *And faculties of* discourse,] i. e. of reason. It is to be regretted, that so just and noble a speech as this assuredly is, should be debased by the insertion of the contemptible fable with which it concludes: that fable, however, was gravely delivered by contemporary historians and divines: Massinger, therefore, though he may perhaps be arraigned for want of taste, cannot fairly be charged with over-credulity.

‡ Vitel. *Your intent to win me,*] A hemistich preceding this, is lost; it was probably an ejaculatory remark from Paulina.

§ ——— *and wear on your forehead*
*The sacred badge he arms his servants with:*] This is a periphrasis of baptism, familiar to the Catholic writers. It may neither be unamusing, nor uninstructive, for the reader to compare this scene with the third act of *The Virgin Martyr:* he will find many passages strikingly similar.

You shall, like me, with scorn look down upon
All engines tyranny can advance to batter
Your constant resolution. Then you shall
Look truly fair, when your mind's pureness answers
Your outward beauties.
*Don.* I came here to take you,
But I perceive a yielding in myself
To be your prisoner.
*Vitel.* 'Tis an overthrow,
That will outshine all victories. O Donusa,
Die in my faith, like me; and 'tis a marriage
At which celestial angels shall be waiters,
And such as have been sainted welcome us.
Are you confirm'd?
*Don.* I would be: but the means
That may assure me?
*Vitel.* Heaven is merciful,
And will not suffer you to want a man
To do that sacred office, build upon it.
*Don.* Then thus I spit at Mahomet.
*Asam.* Stop her mouth:
In death to turn apostata! I'll not hear
One syllable from any;—wretched creature!
With the next rising sun prepare to die.
Yet, Christian, in reward of thy brave courage,
Be thy faith right or wrong, receive this favour;
In person I'll attend thee to thy death:
And boldly challenge all that I can give,
But what's not in my grant, which is—to live.
[*Exeunt.*

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## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in the Prison.*

*Enter* Vitelli *and* Francisco.

*Fran.* You are wondrous* brave and jocund.
*Vitel.* Welcome, father.
Should I spare cost, or not wear cheerful looks,
Upon my wedding day, it were ominous,
And show'd I did repent it; which I dare not,
It being a marriage, howsoever sad
In the first ceremonies that confirm it,
That will for ever arm me against fears,
Repentance, doubts, or jealousies, and bring
Perpetual comforts, peace of mind, and quiet
To the glad couple.
*Fran.* I well understand you;
And my full joy to see you so resolved
Weak words cannot express. What is the hour
Design'd for this solemnity?
*Vitel.* The sixth:
Something before the setting of the sun,
We take our last leave of his fading light,
And with our soul's eyes seek for beams eternal.
Yet there's one scruple with which I am much
Perplex'd and troubled, which I know you can
Resolve me of.
*Fran.* What is't?
*Vitel.* This, sir; my bride,
Whom I first courted, and then won, not with
Loose lays, poor flatteries, apish compliments,
But sacred and religious zeal, yet wants
The holy badge that should proclaim her fit
For these celestial nuptials: willing she is,
I know, to wear it as the choicest jewel
On her fair forehead; but to you, that well
Could do that work of grace, I know the viceroy
Will never grant access. Now, in a case
Of this necessity, I would gladly learn,
Whether, in me, a layman, without orders,
It may not be religious and lawful,
As we go to our deaths, to do that office?
*Fran.* A question in itself with much ease answered:
Midwives, upon necessity, perform it;
And knights that, in the Holy Land, fought for
The freedom of Jerusalem, when full [mets
Of sweat and enemies' blood, have made them hel-
The fount, out of which with their holy hands
They drew that heavenly liquor: 'twas approv'd then
By the holy church, nor must I think it now,
In you, a work less pious.
*Vitel.* You confirm me;
I will find a way to do it. In the mean time,
Your holy vows assist me!
*Fran.* They shall ever
Be present with you.
*Vitel.* You shall see me act
This last scene to the life.
*Fran.* And though now fall,
Rise a bless'd martyr.
*Vitel.* That's my end, my all. [*Exeunt.*

* Fran. *You are wondrous* brave *and jocund.*] i. e. as has been already observed, richly, splendidly apparelled.

### SCENE II.—*A Street.*

*Enter* Gridaldi, Master, Boatswain, *and* Sailors.

*Boatsw.* Sir, if you slip this opportunity,
Never expect the like.
*Mast.* With as much ease now
We may steal the ship out of the harbour, captain,
As ever gallants in a wanton bravery
Have set upon a drunken constable,
And bore him from a sleepy rug-gown'd watch:
Be therefore wise.
*Grim.* I must be honest too.
And you shall wear that shape, you shall observe me,
If that you purpose to continue mine.
Think you ingratitude can be the parent
To our unfeign'd repentance? Do I owe
A peace within here, kingdoms could not purchase,
To my religious creditor, to leave him
Open to danger, the great benefit
Never remember'd! no; though in her bottom
We could stow up the tribute of the Turk;
Nay, grant the passage safe too; I will never
Consent to weigh an anchor up, till he,
That only must, commands it.
*Boatsw.* This religion
Will keep us slaves and beggars.
*Mast.* The fiend prompts me

To change my copy: plague upon't! we are seamen;
What have we to do with't, but for a snatch or so,
At the end of a long Lent*?

*Enter* Francisco.

*Boatsw.* Mum; see who is here.
*Grim.* My father!
*Fran.* My good convert. I am full
Of serious business which denies me leave
To hold long conference with you: only thus much
Briefly receive; a day or two, at the most,
Shall make me fit to take my leave of Tunis,
Or give me lost for ever.
*Grim.* Days nor years,
Provided that my stay may do you service,
But to me shall be minutes.
*Fran.* I much thank you:
In this small scroll you may in private read
What my intents are; and, as they grow ripe,
I will instruct you further: in the mean time
Borrow your late distracted looks and gesture;
The more dejected you appear, the less
The viceroy must suspect you.
*Grim.* I am nothing,
But what you please to have me be.
*Fran.* Farewell, sir.
Be cheerful, master, something we will do,
That shall reward itself in the performance;
And that's true prize indeed.
*Mast.* I am obedient.
*Boatsw.* And I. there's no contending.
[*Exeunt Grim. Mast. Boatsw. and Sailors.*
*Fran.* Peace to you all!
Prosper, thou great Existence, my endeavours,
As they religiously are undertaken,
And distant equally from servile gain,

*Enter* Paulina, Carazie, *and* Manto.

Or glorious ostentation!—I am heard
In this blest opportunity, which in vain
I long have waited for. I must show myself.
O, she has found me! now if she prove right,
All hope will not forsake us.
*Paul.* Further off;
And in that distance know your duties too.
You were bestow'd on me as slaves to serve me,
And not as spies to pry into my actions,
And after, to betray me. You shall find
If any look of mine be unobserved,
I am not ignorant of a mistress' power,
And from whom I receive it.
*Car.* Note this, Manto,
The pride and scorn with which she entertains us,
Now we are made her's by the viceroy's gift!
Our sweet condition'd princess, fair Donusa,
Rest in her death wait on her! never used us
With such contempt. I would he had sent me
To the gallies or the gallows, when he gave me
To this proud little devil.
*Mant.* I expect
All tyrannous usage, but I must be patient;
And though, ten times a day, she tears these locks,
Or makes this face her footstool, 'tis but justice.
*Paul.* 'Tis a true story of my fortunes, father.
My chastity preserved by miracle,
Or your devotions for me; and, believe it,
What outward pride soe'er I counterfeit,
Or state, to these appointed to attend me,
I am not in my disposition alter'd,
But still your humble daughter, and share with you,
In my poor brother's sufferings;—all hell's torments
Revenge it on accurs'd Grimaldi's soul,
That, in his rape of me, gave a beginning
To all the miseries that since have follow'd!
*Fran.* Be charitable, and forgive him, gentle daughter.
He's a changed man, and may redeem his fault
In his fair life hereafter. You must bear too
Your forced captivity, for 'tis no better,
Though you wear golden fetters, and of him,
Whom death affrights not, learn to hold out nobly.
*Paul.* You are still the same good counsellor,
*Fran.* And who knows,
(Since what above is purposed, is inscrutable,)
But that the viceroy's extreme dotage on you
May be the parent of a happier birth
Than yet our hopes dare fashion. Longer conference
May prove unsafe for you and me, however
(Perhaps for trial) he allows you freedom.
[*Delivers a paper.*
From this learn therefore what you must attempt,
Though with the hazard of yourself: heaven guard you,
And give Vitelli patience! then I doubt not
But he will have a glorious day, since some
Hold truly, such as suffer, overcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Hall in* Asambeg's *Palace.*

*Enter* Asambeg, Mustapha, Aga, *and* Capiaga.

*Asam.* What we commanded, see perform'd: and
In all things to be punctual. [fail not
*Aga.* We shall, sir. [*Exeunt Aga and Capiaga.*
*Musta.* 'Tis strange, that you should use such circumstance
To a delinquent of so mean condition.
*Asam.* Had he appear'd in a more sordid shape
Than disguised greatness ever deign'd to mask in,
The gallant bearing of his present fortune
Aloud proclaims him noble.
*Musta.* If you doubt him
To be a man built up for great employments,
And as a cunning spy, sent to explore
The city's strength, or weakness, you by torti
May force him to discover it.
*Asam.* That were base;
Nor dare I do such injury to virtue
And bold assured courage; neither can I
Be won to think, but if I should attempt it,
I shoot against the moon. He that hath stood
The roughest battery, that captivity
Could ever bring to shake a constant temper;
Despised the fawnings of a future greatness,
By beauty, in her full perfection, tender'd;
That hears of death as of a quiet slumber,
And from the surplusage of his own firmness,
Can spare enough of fortitude, to assure
A feeble woman; will not*, Mustapha,

* *At the end of a long* Lent?] Massinger alludes to the custom which all good Catholics had (and, indeed, still have) of confessing themselves at Easter. Good Friday or Easter Sunday is almost the only day on which the French and Italian sailors ever think of repairing to a confessional.

* *A feeble woman; will* not, *Mustapha,*] For *not*, the old copy reads *now*. Instead of correcting this palpable error of the press, the modern editors add to it a word of no authority, and thus produce a verse of surprising harmony:

*A feeble woman; will* now, *Mustapha,* never.

Be alter'd in his soul for any torments
We can afflict his body with.
*Musta.* Do your pleasure:
I only offer'd you a friend's advice,
But without gall or envy to the man
That is to suffer. But what do you determine
Of poor Grimaldi? the disgrace call'd on him
A hear, has run him mad.
*Asam.* There weigh the difference
In the true temper of their minds. The one,
A pirate, sold to mischiefs, rapes, and all
That make a slave relentless and obdurate,
Yet, of himself wanting the inward strengths
That should defend him, sinks beneath compassion
Or pity of a man: whereas this merchant,
Acquainted only with a civil* life;
Arm'd in himself, intrench'd and fortified
With his own virtue, valuing life and death
At the same price, poorly does not invite
A favour, but commands us do him right;
Which unto him, and her we both once honour'd,
As a just debt I gladly pay;—they enter.
Now sit we equal hearers.

*A dreadful music. Enter at one door, the* Aga, Janizaries, Vitelli, Francisco, *and* Gazet; *at the other,* Donusa, Paulina, Carazie, *and* Manto.

*Musta.* I shall hear
And see, sir, without passion; my wrongs arm me.
*Vitel.* A joyful preparation! To whose bounty
Owe we our thanks for gracing thus our hymen?
The notes, though dreadful to the ear, sound here
As our epithalamium were sung
By a celestial choir, and a full chorus
Assured us future happiness. These that lead me
Gaze not with wanton eyes upon my bride,
Nor for their service are repaid by me
With jealousies or fears; nor do they envy
My passage to those pleasures from which death
Cannot deter me. Great sir, pardon me:
Imagination of the joys I haste to
Made me forget my duty; but the form
And ceremony past, I will attend you,
And with our constant resolution feast you;
Not with coarse cates, forgot as soon as tasted,
But such as shall, while you have memory,
Be pleasing to the palate.

* *Acquainted only with a* civil *life*;] *Civil*, in Massinger as well as in his contemporaries, alludes to the political regulations, customs, and habits, of the city, as distinguished from the court; sometimes, indeed, it takes a wider range, and comprises a degree of civilization or moral improvement, as opposed to a state of barbarism, or pure nature.

Wherever *civil* occurs in Shakspeare, Steevens interprets, or rather misinterprets, it by "grave, solemn, decent," &c. That it sometimes bears those meanings cannot be denied, but then it is always in reference to citizenship, or to that state of orderly society which is swayed by wise and well-balanced institutions: in its abstract sense it would frequently have no meaning, or, at least none that was worthy of Shakspeare; e. g.

"You, lord archbishop,—
Whose see is by a *civil* peace maintain'd."
*Second Part of Henry IV.*

That is, (says Steevens,) a "grave and decent" peace. What is that?

Again:

"Why should this desert silent be?
For it is unpeopled? No:
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall *civil* sayings show." *As you Like It.*

"That is, grave and solemn sayings!" No, surely: sayings collected from an intercourse with civil life.

*Fran.* Be not lost
In what you purpose. [*Exit.*
*Gaz.* Call you this a marriage!
It differs little from hanging; I cry at it.
*Vitel.* See, where my bride appears! in what full lustre!
As if the virgins that bear up her train
Had long contended to receive an honour
Above their births, in doing her this service.
Nor comes she fearful to meet those delights,
Which, once past o'er, immortal pleasures follow.
I need not, therefore, comfort or encourage
Her forward steps; and I should offer wrong
To her mind's fortitude, should I but ask
How she can brook the rough high-going sea,
Over whose foamy back our ship, well rigg'd
With hope and strong assurance, must transport us.
Nor will I tell her, when we reach the haven,
Which tempests shall not hinder, what loud welcome
Shall entertain us; nor commend the place,
To tell whose least perfection would strike dumb
The eloquence of all boasted in story,
Though join'd together.
*Don.* 'Tis enough, my dearest,
I dare not doubt you; as your humble shadow,
Lead where you please, I follow.
*Vitel.* One suit, sir,
And willingly I cease to be a beggar;
And that you may with more security hear it,
Know, 'tis not life I'll ask, nor to defer
Our deaths, but a few minutes.
*Asam.* Speak; 'tis granted.
*Vitel.* We being now to take our latest leave,
And grown of one belief, I do desire
I may have your allowance to perform it,
But in the fashion which we Christians use
Upon the like occasions.
*Asam.* 'Tis allow'd of.
*Vitel.* My service: haste, Gazet, to the next spring,
And bring me of it.
*Gaz.* Would I could as well
Fetch you a pardon; I would not run but fly,
And be here in a moment. [*Exit*
*Musta.* What's the mystery
Of this? discover it.
*Vitel.* Great sir, I'll tell you.
Each country hath its own peculiar rites:
Some, when they are to die, drink store of wine,
Which, pour'd in liberally, does oft beget
A bastard valour, with which arm'd, they bear
The not-to-be declined charge of death
With less fear and astonishment: others take
Drugs to procure a heavy sleep, that so
They may insensibly receive the means
That casts them in an everlasting slumber;
Others——

*Re-enter* Gazet, *with water*

O welcome!
*Asam.* Now the use of yours?
*Vitel.* The clearness of this is a perfect sign
Of innocence: and as this washes off
Stains and pollutions from the things we wear;
Thrown thus upon the forehead, it hath power
To purge those spots that cleave upon* the mind,
If thankfully received. [*Throws it on her face.*

*—— *that cleave* upon *the mind,*] So the old copy: the modern editors, with as little judgment as necessity, read, cleave *unto* the mind.

*Asam.* 'Tis a strange custom.
*Vitel.* How do you entertain it, my Donusa?
Feel you no alteration, no new motives,
No unexpected aids, that may confirm you
In that to which you were inclin'd before?
*Don.* I am another woman;—till this minute
I never lived, nor durst think how to die.
How long have I been blind! yet on the sudden,
By this blest means, I feel the films of error
Ta'en from my soul's eyes. O divine physician!
That hast bestow'd a sight on me, which death,
Though ready to embrace me in his arms,
Cannot take from me: let me kiss the hand
That did this miracle, and seal my thanks
Upon those lips from whence these sweet words vanish'd,
That freed me from the cruellest of prisons,
Blind ignorance and misbelief. False prophet!
Impostor Mahomet!——
*Asam.* I'll hear no more,
You do abuse my favours; sever them·
Wretch, if thou hadst another life to lose*
This blasphemy deserved it;—instantly
Carry them to their deaths.
*Vitel.* We part now, blest one,
To meet hereafter in a kingdom, where
Hell's malice shall not reach us.
*Paul.* Ha! ha! ha!
*Asam.* What means my mistress?
*Paul.* Who can hold her spleen,
When such ridiculous follies are presented,
The scene, too, made religion? O, my lord,
How from one cause two contrary effects
Spring up upon the sudden!
*Asam.* This is strange.
*Paul.* That which hath fool'd her in her death, wins me,
That hitherto have barr'd myself from pleasure,
To live in all delight.
*Asam.* There's music in this.
*Paul.* I now will run as fiercely to your arms
As ever longing woman did, born high
On the swift wings of appetite.
*Vitel.* O devil!
*Paul.* Nay, more; for there shall be no odds betwixt us,
I will turn Turk*.
*Gaz.* Most of your tribe do so,
When they begin in whore. [*Aside.*
*Asam.* You are serious, lady?
*Paul.* Serious!—but satisfy me in a suit
That to the world may witness that I have
Some power upon you, and to-morrow challenge
Whatever's in my gift; for I will be
At your dispose†.
*Gaz.* That's ever the subscription
To a damn'd whore's false epistle. [*Aside.*
*Asam.* Ask this hand,
Or, if thou wilt, the heads of these. I am rapt
Beyond myself with joy. Speak, speak, what is it?
*Paul.* But twelve short hours reprieve for this base couple.
*Asam.* The reason, since you hate them?
*Paul.* That I may
Have time to triumph o'er this wretched woman.
I'll be myself her guardian; I will feast,
Adorned in her choice and richest jewels:
Commit him to what guards you please. Grant this,
I am no more mine own, but yours.
*Asam.* Enjoy it;
Repine at it who dares: bear him safe off
To the black tower, but give him all things useful:
The contrary was not in your request?
*Paul.* I do contemn him.
*Don.* Peace in death denied me!
*Paul.* Thou shalt not go in liberty to thy grave;
For one night a sultana is my slave.
*Musta.* A terrible little tyranness.
*Asam.* No more;
Her will shall be a law. Till now ne'er happy!
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

*Enter* FRANCISCO, GRIMALDI, Master, Boatswain, *and* Sailors.

*Grim.* Sir, all things are in readiness; the Turks,
That seized upon my ship, stow'd under hatches;
My men resolved and cheerful. Use but means
To get out of the ports, we will be ready
To bring you aboard, and then (heaven be pleased,) but
This for the viceroy's fleet! [
*Fran.* Discharge your parts,
In mine I'll not be wanting: Fear not, master,
Something will come along to fraught your bark,
That you will have just cause to say you never
Made such a voyage.
*Mast.* We will stand the hazard.
*Fran.* What's the best hour?
*Boats.* After the second watch.
*Fran.* Enough; each to his charge.
*Grim.* We will be careful. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.—*A Room in* Asambeg's *Palace.*

*Enter* PAULINA, DONUSA, CARAZIE, *and* MANTO.

*Paul.* Sit, madam, it is fit that I attend you;
And pardon, I beseech you, my rude language,
To which the sooner you will be invited,
When you shall understand, no way was left me
To free you from a present execution,
But by my personating that which never
My nature was acquainted with.
*Don.* I believe you.
*Paul.* You will, when you shall understand I may
Receive the honour to be known unto you
By a nearer name:—and, not to rack you further,
The man you please to favour is my brother;
No merchant, madam, but a gentleman
Of the best rank in Venice.
*Don.* I rejoice in't;
But what's this to his freedom? for myself,
Were he well off, I were secure.
*Paul.* I have

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* *I will* turn Turk.

Gaz. *Most of your tribe do so,*
*When they begin in whore.*] To *turn Turk*, was a figurative expression for a change of condition, or opinion. It should be observed, that Gazet wantonly perverts the phrase, which is used in its literal acceptation by Paulina.

† —— *I will be*
*At your* dispose.] Mr. M. Mason, for no other reason, as appears, than that of spoiling the metre, alters this to
—— *I will be*
*At your* disposal!

A present means, not plotted by myself,
But a religious man, my confessor,
That may preserve all, if we had a servant
Whose faith we might rely on.
*Don.* She, that's now
Your slave, was once mine; had I twenty lives,
I durst commit them to her trust.
*Mant.* O madam!
I have been false,—forgive me: I'll redeem it
By any thing, however desperate,
You please to impose upon me.
*Paul.* Troth these tears,
I think, cannot be counterfeit; I believe her,
And, if you please, will try her.
*Don.* At your peril;
There is no further danger can look towards me.
*Paul.* This only then—canst thou use means to carry
This bake-meat to Vitelli.
*Mant.* With much ease;
I am familiar with the guard; beside,
It being known it was I that betray'd him*,
My entrance hardly will of them be question'd.
*Paul.* About it then. Say that 'twas sent to him
From his Donusa; bid him search the midst of it,
He there shall find a cordial.
*Mant.* What I do
Shall speak my care and faith. [*Exit.*
*Don.* Good fortune with thee!
*Paul.* You cannot eat?
*Don.* The time we thus abuse
We might employ much better
*Paul.* I am glad
To hear this from you. As for you, Carazie,
If our intents do prosper, make choice, whether
You'll steal away with your two mistresses,
Or take your fortune.
*Car.* I'll be gelded twice first;
Hang him that stays behind.
*Paul.* I wait you, madam.
Were but my brother off, by the command
Of the doting viceroy there's no guard dare stay me;
And I will safely bring you to the place,
Where we must expect him.
*Don.* Heaven be gracious to us! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.—*A Room in the Black Tower.*

*Enter* Vitelli, Aga, *and Guard.*

*Vitel.* Paulina to full off thus! 'tis to me
More terrible than death, and, like an earthquake,
Totters this walking building, such I am;
And in my sudden ruin would prevent,
By choaking up at once my vital spirits,
This pompous preparation for my death.
But I am lost†; that good man, good Francisco,
Deliver'd me a paper, which till now
I wanted leisure to peruse. [*Reads the paper.*
*Aga.* This Christian
Fears not, it seems, the near approaching sun,
Whose second rise he never must salute.

*Enter* Manto *with the baked meat.*

1 *Guard.* Who's that?
2 *Guard.* Stand.
*Aga.* Manto!
*Mant.* Here's the viceroy's ring
Gives warrant to my entrance; yet you may
Partake of any thing I shall deliver.
'Tis but a present to a dying man,
Sent from the princess that must suffer with him.
*Aga.* Use your own freedom.
*Mant.* I would not disturb
This his last contemplation.
*Vitel.* O, 'tis well!
He has restored all, and I at peace again
With my Paulina.
*Mant.* Sir, the sad Donusa,
Grieved for your sufferings more than for her own,
Knowing the long and tedious pilgrimage
You are to take, presents you with this cordial,
Which privately she wishes you should taste of;
And search the middle part, where you shall find
Something that hath the operation to
Make death look lovely.
*Vitel.* I will not dispute
What she commands, but serve it. [*Exit.*
*Aga.* Prithee, Manto,
How hath the unfortunate princess spent this night,
Under her proud new mistress?
*Mant.* With such patience
As it o'ercomes the other's insolence,
Nay, triumphs o'er her pride. My much haste now
Commands me hence; but, the sad tragedy past,
I'll give you satisfaction to the full
Of all hath pass'd, and a true character
Of the proud Christian's nature. [*Exit.*
*Aga.* Break the watch up;
What should we fear i'the midst of our* own strengths?
'Tis but the basha's jealousy. Farewell, soldiers.
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VII.—*An upper Room in the same.*

*Enter* Vitelli *with the baked meat.*

*Vitel.* There's something more in this than means to cloy
A hungry appetite, which I must discover.
She will'd me search the midst: thus, thus I pierce it.
—Ha! what is this? a scroll bound up in packthread!
What may the mystery be? [*Reads.*

*Son, let down this packthread at the west window of the castle. By it you shall draw up a ladder of ropes, by which you may descend; your dearest Donusa with the rest of your friends below attend you. Heaven prosper you!* Franc.sco.

O best of men! he that gives up himself
To a true religious friend, leans not upon
A false deceiving reed, but boldly builds
Upon a rock: which now with joy I find
In reverend Francisco, whose good vows,
Labours, and watchings, in my hoped-for freedom,
Appear a pious miracle. I come,

* *It being known it was I that betray'd* him,] Besides making several petty alterations in this line, Coxter subjoined *him* to it, which is not found in the old copy. This is retained, as either that or *you* seems necessary to complete the sense: his imaginary improvements I have removed.
† *But* I am lost;] i. e. I forget myself.

* *What should we fear in the midst of our own* strengths? &c] i. e. our own fortresses.

I come with confidence; though the descent
Were steep as hell, I know I cannot slide,
Being call'd down by such a faithful guide. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VIII.—*A Room in* ASAMBEG'S *Palace.*

*Enter* ASAMBEG, MUSTAPHA, *and* Janizaries.

*Asam.* Excuse me, Mustapha, though this night to me
Appear as tedious as that treble one
Was to the world when Jove on fair Alcmena
Begot Alcides. Were you to encounter
Those ravishing pleasures, which the slow-paced hours
(To me they are such) bar me from, you would,
With your'continued wishes, strive to imp*
New feathers to the broken wings of time,
And chide the amorous sun, for too long dalliance
In Thetis' watery bosom.

*Musta.* You are too violent
In your desires, of which you are yet uncertain;
Having no more assurance to enjoy them,
Than a weak woman's promise, on which wise men
Faintly rely.

*Asam.* Tush! she is made of truth;
And what she says she will do, holds as firm
As laws in brass, that know no change: [*The chamber shot off*†.] What's this?
Some new prize brought in, sure—

*Enter* AGA.

Why are thy looks
So ghastly? Villain, speak!

*Aga.* Great sir, hear me,
Then after kill me;—we are all betray'd.
The false Grimaldi, sunk in your disgrace,
With his confederates, has seized his ship,
And those that guarded it stow'd under hatches.
With him the condemn'd princess, and the merchant,
That, with a ladder made of ropes, descended
From the black tower, in which he was enclosed;
And your fair mistress——

*Asam.* Ha!

*Aga.* With all their train,
And choicest jewels, are gone safe aboard:
Their sails spread forth, and with a fore-right gale*
Leaving our coast, in scorn of all pursuit,
As a farewell they shew'd a broadside to us†.

*Asam.* No more.

*Musta.* Now note your confidence!

*Asam.* No more.
O my credulity! I am too full
Of grief and rage to speak. Dull, heavy fool!
Worthy of all the tortures that the frown
Of thy incensed master can throw on thee,
Without one man's compassion! I will hide
This head among the deserts, or some cave
Fill'd with my shame and me; where I alone
May die without a partner in my moan. [*Exeunt*†.

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* —— —— —— *to* imp

*New feathers to the broken wings of time,*] *To* imp, says the compiler of *the Faulconer's Dictionary*, "is to insert a feather into the wing of a hawk, or other bird, in the place of one that is broken." To this practice our old writers, who seem to have been, in the language of the present day, keen sportsmen, perpetually allude. There is a passage in Tomkis's *Albumazar*, which would be admired even in the noblest scenes of Shakspeare:

"How slow the day slides on! when we desire
Time's haste, he seems to lose a match with lobsters;
And when we wish him stay, he *imps* his wings
With feathers plumed with thought!"

† *The* chamber *shot off.*] Such is the marginal direction in the old copy. The modern editors, in kindness to their readers' ignorance, have considerately expunged the word *chamber*, and inserted *piece* (it should have been *great gun*) in its place. Yet a little while, and we shall happily purge our language of every unfashionable expression. *Chambers* occur continually in our old writers; they are, as Mr. Malone says, small pieces of ordnance, such as are still fired in the Park on rejoicing days. From the marginal direction, it seems as if the theatres, in our author's time, were provided with one or more of these pieces: and indeed, it appears from Jonson's *Execration upon Vulcan*, that the Globe playhouse was set on fire by the discharge of this holiday artillery:

"—— the Globe, the glory of the Bank,
I saw with two poor *chambers* taken in,
And rased, ere thought could urge, this might have been."

* —— —— —— *and with a* fore-right *gale.*] The old copy has *a fore gale.* Mr. M. Mason saw the measure was defective, and proposed to read *a right fore-gale.* I prefer the lection which I have inserted in the text, as it is a common expression, and has indeed been already used by the poet himself. Thus, in *the Bondman*.

"—— —— sink him with
A *fore-right gale* of liberty."

† *As a farewell they* shew'd a broadside *to us*] I take this opportunity of observing, that our old dramatic writers were extremely well acquainted with nautical terms; this was owing to the avidity with which voyages were read by all descriptions of people. Great effects were then produced by small means, and created a wonderful interest in the public mind: the writers, too, of these popular works entered into them with their whole soul, and gave a fullness and precision to their narratives which are not always to be found in those of the present day. I know not how I have been drawn on so far; but I meant to say that from some cause or other (perhaps from what I last hinted at) maritime language is not so generally understood now as it was two centuries ago. There is scarcely a nautical expression in Shakspeare which is not illustrated into obscurity, or misinterpreted. With respect to the expression which gave rise to these remarks, I shall only observe, (not to puzzle the reader with terms which he would perhaps ill understand,) that *to shew a broadside* to an enemy, argues the highest degree of confidence and security; and is here adduced with great propriety to prove that the fugitives thought themselves out of the danger of pursuit.

† The quantity of action in this play is the very cause of the forced contrivances which are to be found in it: yet, however extravagant in its plan, or improbable in its conduct, it contains many beautiful sentiments and interesting situations. There was no such call for some of the licentiousness which stains it. However, its conclusion is favourable to the cause of virtue. The final influence of truth is seen in the conversion of Donusa; and the force of conscience in the reclaiming of Vitelli and the Renegado. Massinger seems to have pleased himself with the discrimination of their repentance, Act V. sc. iii., and it may be remarked in general, that when his plots are unhappy, or his action confused, he makes amends by the superior care bestowed on certain of his characters.

The Renegado is described as impious, atheistical, sacrilegious, vindictive, licentious, and cruel. Accordingly, his remorse is of a violent nature. He is abject and forlorn, despairs of the power of heaven itself to save him, and appears frantic with imaginations of horror. He is superstitious too, (a true mark of nature thus agitated,) and will only be comforted if he can atone to the holy man in person whose administration of the sacred rites he had profaned. And when this is dexterously contrived by Francisco, his protestations of penance are as tumultuously uttered as they are gloomily conceived. Inflictions the most severe shall be his pleasures; the stripes of iron whips shall be but gentle touches of a saving hand; and his whole life shall be one continued atonement to his native faith, which he had renounced.

The recovery of the tender but misguided Vitelli is of a different kind. At first he is pleased with the success of his pursuit, talks lightly of virtue, and is resolved to proceed with his indulgence. But he is soon checked by the appearance of his confessor, acknowledges his error, earnestly asks forgiveness, avows the struggle between his passions and his

duty, but promises submission, and keeps his promise. In his conference with Donusa (an impressive scene) he shews himself superior to the enticements which yet he deeply feels; and the satisfaction of conscience, now secure from a relapse, gives him constancy in prison, and amid the prospect of death. He rises to a sacred vehemence in favour of his religion, and converts Donusa herself. This incident, though but slightly managed, reminds us of *The Virgin-Martyr*, and in both plays we may observe a similar use of religious terms and ecclesiastical questions, which, with the language and events of the Roman Martyrologies, seem to be familiar to Massinger.

The Jesuit is represented in a manner highly flattering to his order. Pious, sagacious, charitable, disinterested, and without ostentation, he watches over the welfare of his charge, and directs all the proceedings of the desired conclusion.

The Turkish characters are not ill-drawn. The women are wanton, capricious, and stick at nothing to accomplish their ends. The men are shrewd and interested, haughty and violent, and of course become alternately fawning and ferocious.

The chief lesson to be drawn from this play is, to be on our guard against the effects of vicious habits. Gross sins make repentance a terror. The return to duty is most easy and consoling, when the departure from it has been neither long nor wilful:

———*breve sit quod turpiter audes.*

# THE PARLIAMENT OF LOVE.

THE PARLIAMENT OF LOVE.] A comedy of this name was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, June 29, 1660; and a manuscript play so called, and said to be written by W. Rowley, was in the number of those destroyed by Mr. Warburton's servant. I suspect this to be the drama before us. It is, beyond all possibility of doubt, the genuine work of Massinger, and was licensed for the stage by Sir H. Herbert on the 3rd of June, 1624. I have already mentioned my obligations to Mr. Malone for the use of the manuscript, with permission to insert it in the present edition, of which it forms no inconsiderable ornament: it is here given with the most scrupulous fidelity, not a word, not a syllable, being altered or omitted, except in one or two instances, where the inadvertence of the old copyist had occasioned a palpable blunder, of which the remedy was as certain as the discovery was easy.

It would not have required much pains, or the exertion of much ingenuity, to supply most of the chasms occasioned by the defect of the manuscript, which are here pointed out by short lines: but it seemed the safer method to present them as they stood. The reader may now be confident that all is genuine, and exercise his skill in filling up the vacant spaces, in a manner most consonant to his own opinion of the drift of the author. He must not flatter himself with the hope of further aids, for unless another manuscript of this play should be discovered, (of which there is little probability,) no subsequent researches will add to what is now before him. Such, unfortunately, is the decayed state of the present, that with every precaution which the most anxious concern could suggest, it crumbled under the inspection: a repetition, therefore, of my labours, which I scarcely think will be lightly undertaken, will produce nothing but disappointment; since many lines, and fragments of lines, which are faithfully copied in the succeeding pages, will be found in it no more.

I cannot entertain a doubt but that this curious relick will be perused with uncommon interest; at least with all that perfect novelty can give: since it is highly probable, that not a single page of it has been read by any person now in existence.

The plot is founded upon those celebrated Courts or Parliaments of Love, said to be holden in France during the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, for the discussion of amorous questions, and the distribution of rewards and punishments among faithful and perfidious lovers.

The origin of these institutions is due to the lively imagination of the Troubadours: petty discussions on points of gallantry, which probably took place between them and their mistresses, are magnified, in their romantic writings, into grave and solemn debates, managed with all the form and ceremony of provincial councils, by the most distinguished personages of both sexes.

In their tales this does not look amiss: when the whole business of the world is love, every thing connected with it assumes an air of importance; but, unfortunately, these reveries of a warm fancy have found admittance into general history, where the improbability and folly of them become instantly apparent. Nothing, in short, can be more mean and absurd than the causes proposed for judgment, except, perhaps, it be the sentences of this motley tribunal.

In France the existence of these Parliaments has been discussed with much warmth. Monsieur de Chasteuil a Provençal, and therefore interested in the honour of his country, collected from the Troubadours and their followers a number of anecdotes on the subject, which he moulded into a consistent and entertaining narrative: it wanted, however, the foundation of truth, and was controverted in all its parts by Monsieur de Haitze. The question is of little interest to us: those, however, who feel any degree of curiosity on the subject, may consult the Abbé de Sade*, who has stated the arguments on both sides with that candour and perspicuity which are visible in every page of his entertaining work.

De Sade himself, though he laughs at the pretensions of the Troubadours, is yet inclined to think that Courts or Parliaments of Love were sometimes held; though not with the state and formality ascribed to them by the historians of Provence. He mentions a celebrated one at Troyes, where the Countess of Champagne† presided; and he gives a few of the *arrets*, or decrees, which emanated from it: these are still more frivolous than those of the Troubadours, and in no age of the world could have been received without derision and contempt.

After all, the reality of these tribunals was not doubted in Massinger's time, nor in the ages preceding it he had therefore sufficient authority for his fable. Add, too, that he has given the establishment a dignity which renders its decisions of importance. A *dame de chateau* issuing her ridiculous *arrets* (for so they were styled) excites little notice; but a great and victorious monarch sitting in judgment, attended by his peers, and surrounded with all the pomp of empire, is an imposing object. Nor are the causes selected,

* *Memoires pour la Vie de Francois Petrarque*, tom. II. *notes*, p. 44.

† Mr. Godwin says—"the queen of France;" but he seems to have posted through de Sade, as Yorick and his pupil did through Europe—"at a prodigious rate."

altogether unworthy of the tribunal: it is not a miserable question, "whether lovers must needs be jealous,' "whether love can consist with matrimony*," &c. which is to be heard; but injuries of a serious nature, and which can only be redressed by a court of this peculiar kind. In a word, a Parliament of Love, if ever respectable, is only so, as convoked in this delightful drama.

As the list of the dramatis personæ is destroyed, we are reduced to guess at the period in which the supposed events of this drama took place: luckily, there is not much room for deliberation, since the king's speech, on his first appearance, confines it to Charles VIII. That monarch led his army into Italy on the 6th of October, 1494, and entered Naples in triumph on the 20th of February in the following year: thus says Mezerai, "in four months this young king marched through all Italy, was received every where as their sovereign lord, without using any force, only sending his harbingers to mark out his lodgings, and conquered the whole kingdom of Naples, excepting only Brindes, in fifteen days."

Charles was the gayest monarch that ever sat upon the throne of France; he was fond of masks, revels, dances, and the society of the ladies, to a culpable degree; Massinger, therefore, could not have found a fitter prince for the establishment of a Parliament of Love. During a treaty with Lodowick Sforza, (father of Francis Duke of Milan,) on which the security of his conquests in a great measure depended, he was so impatient to return to his favourite amusements, that he broke through all restraint, and before any of its stipulations were put in execution, "went away," continues the honest historian, "to dance, masquerade, and make love." By this precipitation, he lost all the fruit of his victories; for Sforza did not perform one article of the treaty.

This play was acted at the Cockpit, in Drury Lane. I have been sparing of my observations, being desirous (as far as was consistent with my plan) that it might enjoy the reader's undivided attention.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

AS FAR AS THEY APPEAR IN THE REMAINING SCENES OF THIS PLAY

Charles VIII. *king of* France.
*Duke of* Orleans.
*Duke of* Nemours.
Chamont, *a nobleman; once guardian to* Bellisant.
Philamour, Lafort, } *counsellors.*
Montrose, *a noble gentleman, in love with* Bellisant.
Cleremond, *in love with* Leonora.
Clarindore, Perigot, Novall, } *wild courtiers.*
Dinant, *physician to the court.*

Bellisant, *a noble lady.*
Lamira, *wife to* Chamont.
Beaupre, (*supposed* Calista,) *wife to* Clarindore.
Leonora.
Clarinda, *wife to* Dinant.

*Other Courtiers, Priest, Officers, Servants, &c.*

SCENE, Paris, *and the adjacent country.*

## ACT I.

### SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Bellisant's *House.*

*Enter* Chamont *and* Bellisant.

*Cham.* - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - -
I did† discharge the trust imposed upon me,
Being your guardian.

*Bell.* 'Tis with truth acknowledged.
*Cham.* The love I then bore to you, and desire
To do you all good offices of a friend,
Continues with me, nay, increases, lady:
And, out of this assurance, I presume,
What, from a true heart, I shall now deliver,
Will meet a gentle censure.
*Bell.* When you speak,
Whate'er the subject be, I gladly hear.
*Cham.* To tell you of the greatness of your state,
And from what noble stock you are derived,
Were but impertinence, and a common theme,
Since you well know both. What I am to speak of
Touches you nearer; therefore give me leave
To say, that, howsoever your great bounties,
Continual feasting, princely entertainments,
May gain you the opinion of some few
Of a brave generous spirit, (the best harvest
That you can hope for from such costly seed,)
You cannot yet, amongst the multitude,
(Since, next unto the princes of the blood,
The eyes of all are fix'd on you,) but give

* *Memoires pour la Vie de Petrarque*, tom. II. *notes*, p. 60.

† *I did* &c.] Here the fragment begins. It is not possible to say how much of this act is lost, as the manuscript is not paged; but, perhaps, two or three scenes. One must have taken place between Chamont and Beaupré, in which the latter disclosed her history; another, perhaps, between Cleremond and Leonora; the assemblage of the "guests" at Bellisant's house probably formed a third, and the present conference, in which she quits her guests to attend on Chamont, may be the fourth. The reader will please to observe, that all this is conjecture, and given for nothing more: to facilitate references, it is necessary to fix on some determinate number: the ultimate choice, however, is of no great moment, though I flatter myself it cannot be far from the truth. Very little of this scene appears to be lost; Chamont is here, perhaps, in his first speech

Some wounds, which will not close without a scar
To your fair reputation, and good name,
In suffering such a crew of riotous gallants,
Not of the best repute, to be so frequent
Both in your house and presence: this, 'tis rumour'd,
Little agrees with the curiousness* of honour,
Or modesty or a maid.
*Bell.* Not to dwell long
Upon my answer, I must thank your goodness,
And provident care, that have instructed me
What my revenues are, by which I measure
How far I may expend; and yet I find not
That I begin to waste, nor would I add
To what I now possess. I am myself;
And for my fame, since I am innocent here,
This for the world's opinion!
*Cham.* Take heed, madam.
That [world's†] opinion, which you slight, confirms
This lady for immodest, and proclaims
Another for a modest; whereas the first [second
Ne'er knew what loose thoughts were, and the praised
Had never a cold dream.
*Bell.* I dare not argue:
But what means to prevent this?
*Cham.* Noble marriage.
*Bell.* Pardon me, sir; and do not think I scorn
Your grave advice, which I have ever followed,
Though not pleased in it.—— [not:
Would you have me match with wealth? I need it
Or hunt for honour, and increase of titles?
In truth, I rest ambitious of no greater
Than what my father left. Or do you judge
My blood to run so high, that 'tis not in
Physic to cool me? I yet feel no such heat:
But when, against my will, it grows upon me,
I'll think upon your counsel.
*Cham.* If you resolve, then,
To live a virgin, you have - - -
To which you may retire, and ha - -
To - - - - - - - -
In - - - - - - - -
And live cont - - - - -
*Bell.* What proof
Should I give of my continence, if I lived
Not seen, nor seeing any? Spartan Helen,
Corinthian Lais, or Rome's Messaline,
So mew'd up, might have died as they were born,
By lust untempted; no, it is the glory
Of chastity to be tempted, tempted home too,
The honour else is nothing! I would be
The first example to convince, for liars,
Those poets, that, with sharp and bitter rhymes
Proclaim aloud, that chastity has no being,
But in a cottage: and so confident
I am in this to conquer, that I will
Expose myself to all assaults; see masks,
And hear bewitching sonnets; change discourse
With one that, for experience, could teach Ovid
To write, a better way, his *Art of Love:*
Feed high, and take and give free entertainment,
Lend Cupid eyes, and new artillery,
Deny his mother for a deity;
Yet every burning shot he made at me,
Meeting with my chaste thoughts, should lose their ardour;
Which when I have o'ercome, malicious men
Must, to their shame, confess 'tis possible
For a young lady (some say fair) at court,
To keep her virgin honour.
*Cham.* May you prosper
In this great undertaking! I'll not use
A syllable to divert you: but must be
A suitor in another kind.
*Bell.* Whate'er it be,
'Tis granted.
*Cham.* It is only to accept
A present from me.
*Bell.* Call you this a suit?
*Cham.* Come in, Calista.

*Enter* BEAUPRE, *disguised as a Moorish Slave.*

This is one I would
Bestow upon you.
*Bell.* 'Tis the handsomest
I e'er saw of her country; she hath neither
Thick lips, nor rough curl'd hair.
*Cham.* Her manners, lady,
Upon my honour, better her good shape:
She speaks our language too; for being surprised
In Barbary, she was bestowed upon
A pirate of Marseilles*, with whose wife [her,
She lived five years, and learn'd it: there I bought
As pitying her hard usage; if you please
To make her yours, you may.
*Bell.* With many thanks.
Come hither, pretty one; fear not, you shall find me
A gentle mistress.
*Beau.* With my care and service
I'll study to preserve you such.
*Bell.* Well answered.
Come, follow me; we'll instantly to court,
And take my guests along.
*Cham.* They wait you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A State Room in the Palace.*

*Flourish.—Enter* CHARLES, ORLEANS, NEMOURS, PHILAMOUR, *and* LAFORT.

*Char.* What solitude does dwell about our court!
Why this dull entertainment? Have I march'd
Victorious through Italy, enter'd Rome,
Like a triumphant conqueror, set my foot
Upon the neck of Florence, tamed the pride
Of the Venetians, scourged those petty tyrants,
That - - - - den of the world, to be
- - - home, nay, my house neglected!
(*New Speaker.*) - the courtiers would appear
- - - - therefore they presumed
- - - - - - - - -
(*New Speaker.*) - - the ladies, sir,
- - - - that glad time
- - - - - the choice.

*Enter* BELLISANT, LEONORA, LAMIRA, CLARINDA, CHAMONT, MONTROSE, CLEREMOND, CLARINDORE, PERIGOT, NOVALL, *and other Courtiers.*

*Phil.* Here they come.
*Ladies.* All happiness to your majesty!
*Courtiers.* And victory sit ever on your sword!

* *Little agrees with the* curiousness *of honour,*] i. e. the punctilious nicety of honour: in this sense the word often occurs.

† *That* [world's] *opinion which you slight,* &c.] I have ventured to complete the metre by inserting the word between brackets, which was probably overlooked by the transcriber.

* *A pirate of* Marseilles,] *Marseilles* here, as in *the Unnatural Combat,* is a trisyllable.

*Char.* Our thanks to all.
But wherefore come you in divided troops,
As if the mistress would not accept
Their servants' guardship*, or the servants, slighted,
Refuse to offer it? You all wear sad looks:
On Perigot appears not that blunt mirth
Which his face used to promise; on Montrose
There hangs a heavy dulness; Cleremond
Droops even to death, and Clarindore hath lost
Much of his sharpness; nay, these ladies too,
Whose sparkling eyes did use to fire the court
With various inventions of delight, [whence
Part with their splendour. What's the cause? from
Proceeds this alteration?
*Peri.* I am troubled
With the toothach, or with love, I know not whether:
There is a worm in both. [*Aside.*
*Clarin.* It is their pride.
*Bell.* Or your unworthiness.
*Clar.* The honour that
The French dames held for courtesy, above
All ladies of the earth, dwells not in these,
That glory in their cruelty.
*Leon.* The desert
The chevaliers of France were truly lords of,
And which your grandsires really did possess,
At no part you inherit.
*Bell.* Ere they durst
Presume to offer service to a lady,
In person they perform'd some gallant acts,
The fame of which prepared them gracious hearing,
Ere they made their approaches: what coy she, then,
Though great in birth, not to be parallel'd
For nature's liberal bounties, both set off
With fortune's trappings, wealth; but, with delight,
Gladly acknowledged such a man her servant
To whose heroic courage, and deep wisdom,
The flourishing commonwealth, and thankful king,
Confess'd themselves for debtors? Whereas now,
If you have travelled Italy, and brought home
Some remnants of the language, and can set
Your faces in some strange and ne'er seen posture,
Dance a lavolta†, and be rude and saucy;
Protest, and swear, and damn, (for these are acts
That most think grace them,) and then view your- [selves
In the deceiving mirror of self-love,
You do conclude there hardly is a woman
That can be worthy of you.
*Mont.* We would grant
We are not equal to our ancestors
In noble undertakings, if we thought,
In us a free confession would persuade you
Not to deny your own most wilful errors:
And where you tax us‡ for unservice, lady,
I never knew a soldier yet, that could
Arrive into your favour; we may suffer
The winter's frost, and scorching summer's heat,
When the hot lion's breath singeth the fields,
To seek out victory; yet, at our return,
Though honour'd in our manly wounds, well taken,
You say they do deform us, and the loss
Of much blood that way, renders us unfit
To please you in your chambers.
*Clarin.* I must speak
A little in the general cause: your beauties
Are charms that do enchant so - - -
- - - - - - - - - - -
Knowing that we are fastened in your toils;
In which to struggle, or strive to break out,
Increases the captivity. Never Circe,
Sated with such she purposed to transform,
Or cunning Siren, for whose fatal music
Nought but the hearer's death could satisfy,
Knew less of pity. Nay, I dare go further,
And justify your majesty hath lost
More resolute and brave courageous spirits
In this same dull and languishing fight of love,
Than e'er your wars took from you.
*Char.* No reply:——
This is a cause we will determine of,
And speedily redress: tamed Italy,
With fear, confesses me a warlike king,
And France shall boast I am a prince of love.
Shall we, that keep perpetual parliaments
For petty suits, or the least injury
Offer'd the goods or bodies of our subjects,
Not study a cure or the sickness of the mind,
Whose venomous contagion hath infected
Our bravest servants, and the choicest beauties
Our court is proud of? These are wounds require
A kingly surgeon, and the honour worthy
By us to be accepted.
*Phil.* It would add
To the rest of your great actions.
*Laf.* But the means
Most difficult, I fear
*Cham.* You shall do more, sir,
If you perform this, than I e'er could read
The sons of Saturn, that by lot divided
The government of the air, the sea, and hell,
Had spirit to undertake.
*Char.* Why, this more fires me;
And now partake of my design. With speed
Erect a place of justice near the court,
Which we'll have styled, the PARLIAMENT OF LOVE:
Here such whose humble service is not consider'd
By their proud mistresses, freely may complain;
And shall have hearing and redress.
*Nov.* O rare!
*Peri.* I like this well.
*Char.* And ladies that are wrong'd
By such as do profess themselves their servants,
May cite them hither, and their cause deliver'd
Or by their own tongues, or fee'd advocates,
Find sudden satisfaction.
*Nov.* What a rascal
Was I to leave the law! I might have had
Clients and clients. Ne'er was such a time
For any smooth-chinn'd advocate.
*Peri.* They will get the start

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* *But wherefore come you in divided troops,*
*As if the* mistresses *would not accept*
*Their* servants' *guardship*, &c.] *Servant* and *mistress*, as I have already observed, signified, in the language of Massinger's time, a lover and the object of his affection. Let me now call the reader's attention to the exquisite melody of this speech: nothing is forced, nothing is inverted; plainness and simplicity are all the aids of which the poet has availed himself, yet a more perfect specimen of flowing, elegant, and rythmical modulation is not to be found in the English language. The sprightliness, energy, and spirit which pervade the remainder of this scene are worthy of all praise.

† *Dance a* lavolta,] For this dance (for which the courtiers of England as well as of France were indebted to Italy) see *the Great Duke of Florence.*

‡ *And* where *you tax us*, &c.] *Where* is used for whereas: a practice so common with Massinger, and indeed with all our old writers, that it is unnecessary to produce any example of it.

Of the ladies' spruce physicians, starve their chap-
Though never so well timber'd. [lains,
*Char.* 'Tis our will,
Nor shall it be disputed. Of this court,
Or rather, sanctuary of pure lovers,
My lord of Orleans, and Nemours, assisted
By the messieurs Philamour and Lafort, are judges.
You have worn Venus' colours from your youth,
And cannot, therefore, but be sensible
Of all her mysteries: what you shall determine,
In the way of penance, punishment, or reward,
Shall - - - the trial; a month we grant you
- - - - - - - amours, which expired,
- - - - make your complaints, and be assured
- - - impartial hearing; this determined,
- - - - - - - rest of our affairs. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in* Clarindore's *House.*

*Enter* Clarindore, Montrose, Plrigot, *and* Novall.

*Peri.* I do not relish
The last part of the king's speech, though I was
Much taken with the first.
*Nov.* Your reason, tutor?
*Peri.* Why, look you, pupil; the decree, that women
Should not neglect the service of their lovers,
But pay them from the exchequer they were born with,
Was good and laudable; they being created
To be both tractable and tactable,
When they are useful: but to have it order'd,
All women that have stumbled in the dark,
Or given, by owl-light, favours, should complain,
Is most intolerable: I myself shall have, [ets,
Of such as trade in the streets, and 'scaped my pock-
Of progress laundresses, and marketwomen,
When the king's pleasure's known, a thousand bills
Preferr'd against me.
*Clarin.* This is out of season:
Nothing to madam Bellisant, that, in public,
Hath so inveighed against us.
*Nov.* She's a fury,
I dare no more attempt her.
*Peri.* I'll not venture
To change six word's with her for half her state,
Or stay, till she be trimm'd*, from wine and women,
For any new monopoly.
*Mont.* I will study
How to forget her, shun the tempting poison
Her looks, and magic of discourse, still offer,
And be myself again: since there's no hope,
'Twere madness to pursue her.
*Peri.* There are madams [not
Better brought up, 'tis thought, and wives that dare
Complain in parliament; there's safe trading, pupil:
And, when she finds she is of all forsaken,
Let my lady pride repent in vain, and mump,
And envy others' markets.
*Clarin.* May I ne'er prosper
But you are three of the most fainting spirits
That ever I conversed with! You do well
To talk of progress laundresses, punks, and beggars:
The wife of some rich tradesman with three teeth,
And twice so many hairs: truck with old ladies,
That nature hath given o'er, that owe their doctors
For an artificial life, that are so frozen,
That a sound plague cannot thaw them; but despair
I give you over: never hope to take
A velvet petticoat up, or to commit
With an Italian cutwork smock, when torn too.
*Mont.* And what hopes nourish you?
*Clarin.* Troth, mine are modest.
I am only confident to win the lady
You dare not look on, and now, in the height
Of her contempt and scorn, to humble her.
And teach her at what game her mother play'd,
When she was got; and, cloy'd with those poor toys,
As I find her obedient and pleasing,
I may, perhaps, descend to marry her:
Then, with a kind of state, I take my chair*,
Command a sudden muster of my servants,
And, after two or three majestic hums,
It being known all is mine, peruse my writings,
Let out this manor, at an easy rate,
To such a friend, lend this ten thousand crowns
For the redemption of his mortgaged land,
Give to each by-blow I know mine, a farm,
Erect - - - this in conse- - -
- - - - - - - - - - -
That pleased me in my youth, but now grown stale.
These things first ordered by me, and confirm'd
By Bellisant, my wife, I care not much
If, out of her own lands, I do assign her
Some pretty jointure,
*Peri.* Talkest thou in thy sleep?
*Nov.* Or art thou mad?
*Clar.* A little elevated
With the assurance of my future fortune:
Why do you stare and grin? I know this must be,
And I will lay three thousand crowns, within
A month I will effect this.
*Mont.* How!
*Clarin.* Give proof
I have enjoy'd fair Bellisant, evident proof
I have pluck'd her virgin rose, so long preserved,
Not, like a play-trick, with a chain or ring†
Stolen by corruption, but, against her will,
Make her confess so much
*Mont.* Impossible.

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* *Or stay, till she be* trimm'd *from wine and women.*] This word is very indistinct in the manuscript; I copied it with my best care, but still doubt whether it be the one given by the author.

* *Then with a kind of state, I take my chair,* &c.] This is imitated from the soliloquy of Malvolio, in *Twelfth Night;* which is itself an imitation of the reverie of Almaschar, in *the Arabian Nights Entertainment.*

† *Not, like a play-trick, with a chain or ring Stolen by corruption,* &c.] Here is an allusion, perhaps, to the bracelet of Imogen: the trick, however, of which Clarindore speaks, is found in many of our old dramas.

*Clarin.* Then the disgrace be mine, the profit yours,
If that you think her chastity a rock
Not to be moved or shaken, or hold me
A flatterer of myself, or overweener,
Let me pay for my foolery.
*Peri.* I'll engage
Myself for a thousand.
*Nov.* I'll not out for a second.
*Mont.* I would gladly lose a third part for assurance
No virgin can stand constant long.
*Clarin.* Leave that
To the trial: let us to a notary,
Draw the conditions, see the crowns deposited,
And then I will not cry, St. Dennis for me*!
But Love, blind archer, aid me!
*Peri.* Look you thrive;
I would not be so jeer'd and hooted at,
As you will be else.
*Clarin.* I will run the hazard. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Leonora's *House.*

*Enter* Leonora *and a* Servant.

*Serv.* He will not be denied
*Leon.* Slave, beat him back!
I feed such whelps.——
*Serv.* Madam, I rattled him,
Rattled him home.
*Leon.* Rattle him hence, you rascal,
Or never see me more.

*Enter* Cleremond.

*Serv.* He comes: a sword!
What would you have me do? Shall I cry murder
Or raise the constable?
*Leon.* Hence, you shaking coward! [sum
*Serv.* I am glad I am so got off: here's a round
For a few bitter words! be not shook off, sir;
I'll see none shall disturb you. [*Exit.*
*Cler.* You might spare
These frowns, good lady, on me; they are useless,
I am shot through and through with your disdain,
And on my heart the darts of scorn so thick,
That there's no vacant place left to receive
Another wound; their multitude is grown
My best defence, and do confirm me that
You cannot hurt me further.
*Leon.* Wert thou not
Made up of impudence, and slaved to folly,
Did any drop of noble blood remain
In thy lustful veins, hadst thou or touch or relish,
Of modesty, civility, or manners,
Or but in thy deformed outside only
Thou didst retain the essence of a man,
- - - - - - - - - so many - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
And loathing to thy person, thou wouldst not
Force from a blushing woman that rude language,
Thy baseness first made me acquainted with.
*Cler.* Now saint-like patience guard me!
*Leon.* I have heard
Of mountebanks, that, to vent their drugs and oils,
Have so inur'd themselves to poison, that
They could digest a venom'd toad, or spider,
Better than wholesome viands: in the list
Of such I hold thee; for that bitterness
Of speech, reproof, and scorn, by her delivered
Whom thou professest to adore, and shake at,
Which would deter all mankind but thyself,
Do nourish in thee saucy hopes, with pleasure.
*Cler.* Hear but my just defence.
*Leon.* Yet, since thou art
So spaniel-like affected, and thy dotage
Increases from abuse and injury,
That way I'll once more feast thee. Of all men
I ever saw yet, in my settled judgment,
'Spite of thy barber, tailor, and perfumer,
And thine adulterate and borrow'd helps,
Thou art the ughest creature; and when trimm'd up
To the height, as thou imagin'st, in mine eyes,
A leper with a clap-dish, (to give notice
He is infectious*,) in respect of thee,
Appears a young Adonis.
*Cler.* You look on me
In a false glass, madam.
*Leon.* Then thy dunghill mind,
Suitable to the outside, never yet
Produced one gentle thought, knowing her want
Of faculties to put it into act.
Thy courtship, as absurd as any zany's,
After a practised manner; thy discourse,
Though full of bombast phrase, never brought matter
Worthy the laughing at, much less the hearing.—
But I grow weary; for, indeed, to speak thee,
Thy ills I mean, and speak them to the full,
Would tire a thousand women's voluble tongues,
And twice so many lawyers'—for a farewell,
I'll sooner clasp an incubus, or hug
A fork'd-tongued adder, than meet thy embraces,
Which, as the devil, I fly from.
*Cler.* Now you have spent
The utmost of your spleen, I would not say
Your malice, set off to the height with fiction,
Allow me leave, (a poor request, which judges
Seldom deny unto a man condemn'd,)
A little to complain: for, being censured,
Or to extenuate, or excuse my guilt,
Were but to wash an Ethiop. How oft, with tears,
When the inhuman porter has forbid
My entrance by your most severe commands,

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* ——— *St. Dennis for me!*] This was the watch-word of the French soldiers when they charged their enemies.

* A *leper with a clap-dish, (to give notice He is infectious,)*] This explains the origin of the custom, to which our old writers have such frequent allusions.

The leprosy was once very common here; this the writers on the subject properly attribute to the want of linen, of fresh meat in winter, and above all, to the sloth in which the poor vegetated in their most filthy hovels. Our old poets seldom mention a leper, without noticing, at the same time, his constant accompaniments, the cup and clapper. Thus Henryson:

"Thus shalt thou go begging fro hous to hous,
With *cuppe* and *clapper*, like a *Lazarous*."
*Testament of Cresseide.*

The *clapper* was not, as some imagine, an instrument solely calculated for making a noise; it was simply the cover of the *cup* or *dish*, which the poor wretch opened and shut with a loud clap, at the doors of the well-disposed. Cleanliness and a wholesome diet have eradicated this loathsome disease amongst us; but it still exists in many parts of the continent, where I have seen little communities of the infected, begging by the road side with a clap-dish, which they continue to strike, as formerly, on the appearance of a traveller. In England the clap dish was impudently assumed by vagrants, sturdy-beggars, &c., who found it (as Farquhar says of the title of captain) "convenient for travelling," as the terror or pity the sound of it excited was well calculated to draw contributions from the public.

Have these eyes wash'd your threshold! Did there
Come novelty to Paris, rich or rare, [ever
Which but as soon as known was not presented,
Howe'er with frowns refused? Have I not brought
The braveries of France* before your window,
To fight at barriers, or to break a lance,
Or, in their full career, to take the ring,
To do your honour? and then, being refused
To speak my grief, my arms, my impresses,
The colours that I wore, in a dumb sorrow
Express'd how much I suffer'd in the rigour
Of your displeasure.

*Leon.* Two months hence I'll have
The - - - - - - -

*Cler.* Stay, best madam,
I am growing to a period.

*Leon.* Pray you do;
I here shall take a nap else, 'tis so pleasing.

*Cler.* Then only this: the voice you now contemn,
You once did swear was musical; you have met too
These lips in a soft encounter, and have brought
An equal ardour with you: never lived
A happier pair of lovers. I confess,
After you promised marriage, nothing wanting
But a few days expired, to make me happy,
My violent impatience of delay
Made me presume, and with some amorous force,
To ask a full fruition of those pleasures
Which sacred Hymen to the world makes lawful,
Before his torch was lighted; in this only,
You justly can accuse me.

*Leon.* Dar'st thou think
That this offence can ever find a pardon,
Unworthy as thou art!

*Cler.* But you most cruel,
That, in your studied purpose of revenge,
Cast both divine and human laws behind you,
And only see their rigour, not their mercy.
Offences of foul shape, by holy writ
Are warranted remission, provided
That the delinquent undergo the penance
Imposed upon him by his confessor:
But you that should be mine, and only can
Or punish or absolve me, are so far
From doing me right, that you disdain to hear me.

*Leon.* Now I may catch him in my long-wish'd toils; pose,
My hate help me to work it! (*aside.*) To what pur-
Poor and pale spirited man, should I expect
From thee the satisfaction of a wrong,
Compared to which, the murder of a brother
Were but a gentle injury?

*Cler.* Witness, heaven,
All blessings hoped by good men, and all tortures
The wicked shake at, no saint left unsworn by,
That, uncompell'd, I here give up myself
Wholly to your devotion; if I fail
To do whatever you please to command,
To expiate my trespass to your honour,
So that, the task perform'd, you likewise swear,
First to forgive, and after, marry me,
May I endure more sharp and lingering torments
Than ever tyrants found out! may my friends
With scorn, not pity, look upon my sufferings,
And at my last gasp, in the place of hope,
Sorrow, despair, possess me!

* *The* braveries *of France,*] We have had this expression before. See *The Bondman.*

*Leon.* You are caught,
Most miserable fool, but fit to be so;—
And 'tis but justice that thou art delivered
Into her power that's sensible of a wrong,
And glories to revenge it. Let me study
What dreadful punishment, worthy my fury,
I shall inflict upon thee; all the malice
Of injured women help me! death? that's nothing,
'Tis, to a conscious wretch, a benefit,
And not a penance; else, on the next tree,
For sport's sake, I would make thee hang thyself.

*Cler.* What have I done?

*Leon.* What cannot be recall'd.
To row for seven years in the Turkish gallies?
A flea-biting! To be sold to a brothel,
Or a common bagnio? that's a trifle too!
- - - Furies - - - - - -
The lashes of their whips pierce through the mind.
I'll imitate them: I have it too.

*Cler.* Remember
You are a woman.

*Leon.* I have heard thee boast,
That of all blessings in the earth next me,
The number of thy trusty, faithful friends,
Made up thy happiness: out of these, I charge thee,
And by thine own repeated oaths conjure thee,
To kill the best deserver. Do not start;
I'll have no other penance: then to practise,
To find some means he that deserves the best,
By undertaking something others fly from:
This done, I am thine.

*Cler.* But hear me.

*Leon.* Not a syllable:
And till then never see me. [*Exit.*

*Cler.* I am lost,
Foolishly lost and sunk by mine own baseness:
I'll say only,
With a heart-breaking patience, yet not rave,
Better the devil's than a woman's slave. [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.—*A Room in* Bellisant's *House.*

*Enter* Clarindore *and* Beaupre.

*Clarin.* Nay, prithee, good Calista—

*Beau.* As I live, sir,
She is determined to be private, and charged me,
Till of herself she broke up her retirement,
Not to admit a visitant.

*Clarin.* Thou art a fool,
And I must have thee learn to know thy strength;
There never was a sure path to the mistress,
But by her minister's help, which I will pay for:
[*Gives her his purse.*
But yet this is but trash; hark in thine ear—
By Love! I like thy person, and will make
Full payment that way; be thou wise.

*Beau.* Like me, sir!
One of my dark complexion!

*Clarin.* I am serious:
The curtains drawn, and envious light shut out,
The soft touch heightens appetite, and takes more
Than colour, Venus' dressing, in the day time,
But never thought on in her midnight revels.
Come, I must have thee mine.

*Beau.* But how to serve you?

*Clarin.* Be speaking still my praises to thy lady,
How much I love and languish for her bounties:

You may remember* too, how many madams
Are rivals for me, and in way of caution,
Say you have heard, when I was wild, how dreadful
My name was to a profess'd courtezan,
Still asking more than she could give.

*Enter* Bellisant.

*Beau.* My lady!
*Bell.* Be within call:
[*Aside, to the Servants within.*
How now, Clarindore,
Courting my servant! Nay, 'tis not my envy—
You now express yourself a complete lover,
That, for variety's sake, if she be woman,
Can change discourse with any.
*Clarin.* All are foils
I practise on, but when you make me happy
In doing me that honour: I desired
To hear her speak in the Morisco tongue;
Troth, 'tis a pretty language.
*Bell.* Yes, to dance to:
Look to those sweetmeats. [*Exit Beauprè.*
*Clarin.* How! by heaven, she aims
To speak with me in private!
*Bell.* Come, sit down;
Let's have some merry conference.
*Clarin.* In which - - - - -
It - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
That my whole life employ'd to do you service,
At no part can deserve.
*Bell.* If you esteeem it
At such a rate, do not abuse my bounty,
Or comment on the granted privacy, further
Than what the text may warrant; so you shall
Destroy what I have built.
*Clarin.* I like not this. [*Aside.*
*Bell.* This new-erected Parliament of Love,
It seems, has frighted hence my visitants:
How spend Montrose and Perigot their hours?
Novall and Cleremond vanish'd in a moment;
I like your constancy yet.
*Clarin.* That's good again;
She hath restored all: Pity them, good madam,
The splendour of your house and entertainment,
Enrich'd with all perfections by yourself,
Is too, too glorious for their dim eyes:
You are above their element; modest fools!
That only dare admire: and bar them from
Comparing of these eyes to the fairest flowers,
Giving you Juno's majesty, Pallas' wit,
Diana's hand, and Thetis' pretty foot;
Or, when you dance, to swear that Venus leads
The Loves and Graces from the Idalian green,
And such hyperboles stolen out of playbooks,
They would stand all day mute, and as you were
Some curious picture only to be look'd on,
Presume no further.
*Bell.* Pray you keep your distance,
And grow not rude.
*Clarin.* Rude, lady! manly boldness
Cannot deserve that name; I have studied you,
And love hath made an easy gloss upon
The most abstruse and hidden mysteries
Which you may keep conceal'd. You well may praise
A bashful suitor, that is ravish'd with
A feather of your fan, or if he gain
A riband from your shoe, cries out *Nil ultra!*

* *You may* remember *too,*] i. e. put her mind.

*Bell.* And what would satisfy you?
*Clarin.* Not such poor trifles,
I can assure you, lady. Do not I see
You are gamesome, young, and active? that you love
A man that, of himself, comes boldly on,
That will not put your modesty to trouble,
To teach him how to feed, when meat's before him?
That knows that you are flesh and blood, a creature,
And born with such affections, that like me,
Now I have opportunity, and your favour,
Will not abuse my fortune? Should I stand now
Licking my fingers, cry, ah me! then kneel,
And swear you were a goddess, kiss the skirts
Of your proud garments, when I were gone, I am sure
I should be kindly laugh'd at for a coxcomb;
The story made the subject of your mirth,
At your next meeting, when you sit in council,
Among the beauties.
*Bell.* Is this possible?
All due respect forgotten!
*Clarin.* Hang respect!
Are we not alone? See, I dare touch this hand,
And without adoration unglove it.
A spring of youth is in this palm: here Cupid,
The moisture turn'd to diamonds, heads his arrows
The far-famed English Bath, or German Spa,
One drop of this will purchase. Shall this nectar
Run useless, then to waste? or - - - these lips,
That open like the morn, breathing perfumes
On such as dare approach them, be untouch'd?
They must—nay, 'tis in vain to make resistance,—
Be often kiss'd and tasted:—You seem angry
At - - - I have displeased you.
*Bell.* [*to the servants within.*] - - - - - - -
And come prepared, as if some Africk monster,
By force, had broke into my house.

*Enter* Servants, *with drawn swords.*

*Clarin.* How's this?
*Bell.* Circle him round with death, and if he stir,
Or but presume to speak, till I allow it,
His body be the navel to the wheel,
In which your rapiers, like so many spokes,
Shall meet and fix themselves.
*Clarin.* Were I off with life
This for my wager!
*Bell.* Villain, shake and tremble
At my just anger! Which, of all my actions,
Confined in virtuous limits, hath given life
And birth to this presumption? Hast thou ever
Observed in me a wanton look or gesture
Not suiting with a virgin? Have I been
Prodigal in my favours, or given hopes,
To nourish such attempts? Swear, and swear truly,
What in thy soul thou think'st of me.
*Clarin.* As of one
Made up of chastity; and only tried,
Which I repent, what this might work upon you.
*Bell.* The intent deserves not death; but, sirrah, know
'Tis in my power to look thee dead.
*Clarin.* 'Tis granted.
*Bell.* I am not so cruel; yet for this insolence,
Forbear my house for ever: if you are hot,
You, ruffian-like, may force a parting kiss,
As from a common gamester.
*Clarin.* I am cool:
She's a virago.

*Bell.* Or you may go boast,
How bravely you came on, to your companions;
I will not bribe your silence: no reply.
Now thrust him headlong out of doors, and see
He never more pass my threshold. [*Exit.*
*Clarin.* This comes of
My daring: all hell's plagues light on the proverb
That says, *Faint heart*——but it is stale.

*Serv.* Pray you walk, sir,
We must shew you the way else.
*Clarin.* Be not too officious.
I am no bar* for you to try your strength on.
Sit quietly by this disgrace I cannot:
Some other course I must be forced to take,
Not for my wager now, but honour's sake.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in* Chamont's *House.*

*Enter* Chamont, Perigot, Novall, Dinant, Lamira, *and* Clarinda.

*Peri.* 'Twas prince-like entertainment.
*Cham.* You o'erprize it.
*Din.* Your cheerful looks made every dish a feast,
And 'tis that crowns a welcome.
*Lam.* For my part,
I hold society and honest mirth
The greatest blessing of a civil life.
*Cla.* Without good company, indeed, all dainties
Lose their true relish, and, like painted grapes,
Are only seen, not tasted.
*Nov.* By this light,
She speaks well too! I'll have a fling at her;
She is no fit electuary for a doctor:
A coarser julap may well cool his worship;
This cordial is for gallants.
*Cham.* Let me see,
The night grows old; pray you often be my guests.
Such as dare come unto a - - - table,
Although not crack'd with curious delicates,
Have liberty to command it as their own:
I may do the like with you, when you are married.
*Peri.* Yes, 'tis likely,
When there's no forage to be had abroad,
Nor credulous husbands left to father children
Of bachelors' begetting; when court wives
Are won to grant variety is not pleasing,
And that a friend at a pinch is useless to them,
I - - - - - - - - but till then
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
*Cham.* You have a merry time of 't;——
But we forget ourselves:—Gallants, good night.
Good master doctor, when your leisure serves,
Visit my house; when we least need their art,
Physicians look most lovely.
*Din.* All that's in me,
Is at your lordship's service. Monsieur Perigot,
Monsieur Novall, in what I may be useful,
Pray you command me.
*Nov.* We'll wait on you home.
*Din.* By no means, sir; good night.
[*Exeunt all but Novall and Perigot.*
*Nov.* The knave is jealous.
*Peri.* 'Tis a disease few doctors cure themselves of.
*Nov.* I would he were my patient!
*Peri.* Do but practise
To get his wife's consent, the way is easy.
*Nov.* You may conclude so; for myself, I grant
I never was so taken with a woman,
Nor ever had less hope.
*Peri.* Be not dejected;
Follow but my directions, she's your own:
I'll set thee in a course that shall not fail.—
I like thy choice; but more of that hereafter:
Adultery is a safe and secret sin;
The purchase of a maidenhead seldom quits
The danger and the labour: build on this,
He that puts home shall find all women coming,
The frozen Bellisant ever excepted.
Could you believe the fair wife of Chamont,
A lady never tainted in her honour,
Should at the first assault, for till this night
I never courted her, yield up the fort
That she hath kept so long?
*Nov.* 'Tis wondrous strange.
What winning language used you?
*Peri.* Thou art a child;
'Tis action, not fine speeches, take a woman.
Pleasure's their heaven; and he that gives assurance
That he hath strength to tame their hot desires,
Is the prevailing orator: she but saw me
Jump over six join'd stools, and after cut
Some forty capers; tricks that never miss†,
In a magnificent mask, to draw the eyes
Of all the beauties in the court upon me,
But straight she wrung my hand, trod on my toe,
And said my mistress could not but be happy
In such an able servant. I replied
Bluntly, I was ambitious to be hers;
And she, nor coy nor shy, straight entertain'd me:
I begg'd a private meeting, it was granted,
The time and place appointed.
*Nov.* But remember,
Chamont is your friend.
*Peri.* Now out upon thee, puisne!
As if a man so far e'er loved that title,
But 'twas much more delight and tickling to him,
To hug himself, and say, This is my cuckold!
*Nov.* But did he not observe thee?
*Peri.* Though he did,
As I am doubtful, I will not desist;
The danger will endear the sport.

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* *I am no* bar *for you to try your strength on.*] Alluding to the threats of the servants "to quoit him down stairs." Pitching the *bar* is still a game at which the rustics of this country *try their strength.*

† ———— tricks *that never miss*, &c.]
"He, indeed, danced well:
A turn o' the toe, with a lofty *trick* or two,
To argue nimbleness and a strong back,
Will go far with a madam."
*The Custom of the Country.*

*Enter* Clarindore.

*Nov.* Forbear;
Here's Clarindore.
*Peri.* We will be merry with him;
I have heard his entertainment. Join but with me,
And we will jeer this self-opinion'd fool
Almost to madness.
*Nov.* He's already grown
Exceeding melancholy, and some say
That's the first step to frenzy.
*Peri.* I'll upon him.
Save you, good monsieur! no reply? grown proud
Of your success? it is not well - - - -
*Clar.* 'Tis come out; these goslings
Have heard of my - - - - - -
*Nov.* We gratulate,
Though we pay for't, your happy entrance to
The certain favours, nay, the sure possession,
Of madam Bellisant.
*Clarin.* The young whelp too!
'Tis well, exceeding well.
*Peri.* 'Tis so with you, sir;
But bear it modestly, 'faith it will become you:
And being arrived at such a lordly revenue,
As this your happy match instates you with,
Two thousand crowns from me, and from Novall,
Though we almost confess the wager lost,
Will be a small addition.
*Nov.* You mistake him;
Nor do I fear, out of his noble nature,
But that he may be won to license us
To draw our venture.
*Clarin.* Spend your frothy wits,
Do, do; you snarl, but hurt not.
*Nov.* O, give leave
To losers for to speak.
*Peri.* 'Tis a strange fate
Some men are born to, and a happy star
That reign'd at your nativity! it could not be else,
A lady of a constancy like a rock,
Not to be moved, and held impregnable,
Should yield at the first assault!
*Nov.* 'Tis the reward
Of a brave daring spirit.
*Peri.* Tush! we are dull;
Abuse our opportunities.
*Clarin.* Have you done yet?
*Peri.* When he had privacy of discourse, he knew
How to use that advantage; did he stand
Fawning, and crouching? no; he ran up boldly,
Told her what she was born to, ruffled her,
Kiss'd her, and toused her:—all the passages
Are at court already; and, 'tis said, a patent
Is granted him, if any maid be chaste,
For him to humble her, and a new name given him,
The scornful virgin tamer.
*Clarin.* I may tame
Your buffoon tongues, if you proceed.
*Nov.* No anger.
I have heard that Bellisant was so taken with
Your manly courage, that she straight prepared you
A sumptuous banquet.
*Peri.* Yet his enemies
Report it was a blanket.
*Nov.* Malice, malice!
She was shewing him her chamber too, and call'd for
Perfumes, and cambric sheets.
*Peri.* When, see the luck on't!
Against her will, her most unmannerly grooms,
For so 'tis rumour'd, took him by the shoulders,
And thrust him out of doors.
*Nov.* Faith, sir, resolve us;
How was it? we would gladly know the truth,
To stop the mouth of calumny.
*Clarin.* Troth, sir, I'll tell you:
One took me by the nose thus, and a second
Made bold with me thus—but one word more, you shall
Feel new expressions—and so my gentle boobies,
Farewell, and be hang'd! [*Exit.*
*Nov.* We have nettled him.
*Peri.* Had we stung him to death, it were but justice,
An overweening braggard!
*Nov.* This is nothing
To the doctor's wife.
*Peri.* Come, we'll consult of it,
And suddenly.
*Nov.* I feel a woman's longing till I am at it.
*Peri.* Never fear; she's thine own, boy.
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*A Street.*

*Enter* Cleremond.

*Cler.* What have my sins been, heaven? yet thy great pleasure
Must not be argued. Was wretch ever bound
On such a black adventure, in which only
To wish to prosper is a greater curse
Than to - - - - - - - - - me
Of reason, understanding, and true judgment.
'Twere a degree of comfort to myself
I were stark mad; or, like a beast of prey,
Prick'd on by griping hunger, all my thoughts
And faculties were wholly taken up
To cloy my appetite, and could look no further:
But I rise up a new example of
Calamity, transcending all before me;
And I should gild my misery with false comforts,
If I compared it with an Indian slave's,
That with incessant labour to search out
Some unknown mine, dives almost to the centre;
And, if then found, not thank'd of his proud master.
But this, if put into an equal scale
With my unparallel'd fortune, will weigh nothing;
For from a cabinet of the choicest jewels
That mankind ere was rich in, whose least gem
All treasure of the earth, or what is hid
In Neptune's watery bosom, cannot purchase,
I must seek out the richest, fairest, purest,
And when by proof 'tis known it holds the value,
As soon as found destroy it. O most cruel;
And yet, when I consider of the many
That have profess'd themselves my friends, and vow'd [ments
Their lives were not their own when my engage-
Should summon them to be at my devotion,
Not one endures the test; I almost grow
Of the world's received opinion, that holds
Friendship but a mere name, that binds no further
Than to the altar*—to retire with safety.
Here comes Montrose.

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* ——— *that binds no further*
† *Than to the altar,*] An allusion to the saying Pericles, that he would support the interests of his friend μεχρι ὥρου, as *far as the altar*; i. e. as far as his respect for the gods would give him leave.

*Enter* Montrose *and* Beaupre.

What sudden joy transports him?
I never saw man rapt so.
*Mont.* Purse and all,
And 'tis too little, though it were cramm'd full
With crowns of the sun. O blessed, blessed paper!
But made so by the touch of her fair hand.
What shall I answer? Say, I am her creature,
Or, if thou canst find out a word that may
Express subjection in an humbler style,
Use it, I prithee; add too, her commands
Shall be with as much willingness perform'd,
As I in this fold, this, receive her favours*
*Beau.* I shall return so much.
*Mont.* And that two hours
Shall bring me to attend her.
*Beau.* With all care
And circumstance of service from yourself,
I will deliver it.
*Mont.* I am still your debtor. [*Exit Beaupré.*
*Cler.* I read the cause now clearly; I'll slip by:
For though, even at this instant, he should prove
Himself, which others' falsehood makes me doubt,
That constant and best friend I go in quest of,
It were inhuman in their birth to strangle
His promising hopes of comfort.
*Mont.* Cleremond
Pass by me as a stranger! at a time too
When I am fill'd with such excess of joy,
So swollen and surfeited with true delight,
That had I not found out a friend, to whom
I might impart them, and so give them vent,
In their abundance they would force a passage,
And let out life together! Prithee, bear,
For friendship's sake, a part of that sweet burthen
Which I shrink under; and when thou hast read
Fair Bellisant subscribed, so near my name too,
Observe but that,—thou must, with me, confess,
There cannot be room in one lover's heart
Capacious enough to entertain
Such multitudes of pleasures.
*Cler.* I joy with you,
Let that suffice, and envy not your blessings;
May they increase! Farewell, friend.
*Mont.* How! no more?
By the snow-white hand that writ these characters,
It is a breach to courtesy and manners,
So coldly to take notice of his good,
Whom you call friend! See further: here she writes
That she is truly sensible of my sufferings,
And not alone vouchsafes to call me servant,
But to employ me in a cause that much
Concerns her in her honour; there's a favour!
Are you yet stupid?—and that, two hours hence,
She does expect me in the private walks
Neighbouring the Louvre: connot all this move you?
I could be angry. A tenth of these bounties
But promised to you from Leonora,
To witness my affection to my friend,
In his behalf, had taught me to forget
All mine own miseries.
*Cler.* Do not misinterpret
This coldness in me; for alas! Montrose,
I am a thing so made up of affliction,
So every way contemn'd, that I conclude
My sorrows are infectious; and my company,
Like such as have foul ulcers running on them,
To be with care avoided. May your happiness,
In the favour of the matchless Bellisant,
Hourly increase! and my best wishes guard you!
'Tis all that I can give.
*Mont.* You must not leave me.
*Cler.* Indeed I must and will; mine own engagements
Call me away.
*Mont.* What are they? I presume
There cannot be a secret of that weight,
You dare not trust me with; and should you doubt me,
I justly might complain that my affection
Is placed unfortunately.
*Cler.* I know you are honest;
And this is such a business, and requires
Such sudden execution, that it cannot
Fall in the compass of your will, or power,
To do me a friend's office. In a word,
On terms that near concern me in mine honour,
I am to fight the quarrel, mortal too,
The time some two hours hence, the place ten miles
Distant from Paris; and when you shall know
I yet am unprovided of a second,
You will excuse my sudden parting from you.
Farewell, Montrose.
*Mont.* Not so; I am the man
Will run the danger with you; and must tell you,
That, while I live, it was a wrong to seek
Another's arm to second you. Lead the way;
My horse stands ready.
*Cler.* I confess 'tis noble
For you to offer this, but it were base
In me to accept it.
*Mont.* Do not scorn me, friend.
*Cler.* No; but admire and honour you; and from that
Serious consideration, must refuse
The tender of your aid. France knows you valiant
And that you might, in single opposition,
Fight for a crown; but millions of reasons
Forbid me your assistance. You forget
Your own designs; being the very minute
I am to encounter with mine enemy,
To meet your mistress, such a mistress too,
Whose favour you so many years have sought:
And will you then, when she vouchsafes access,
Nay more, invites you, check at her fair offer?
Or shall it be repeated, to my shame,
For my own ends I robb'd you of a fortune
Princes might envy? Can you even hope
She ever will receive you to her presence,
If you neglect her now?—Be wise, dear friend,
And, in your prodigality of goodness,
Do not undo yourself. Live long and happy,
And leave me to my dangers.
*Mont.* Cleremond,
I have with patience heard you, and consider'd
The strength of your best arguments; weigh'd the dangers
I run in mine own fortunes; but again,
When I oppose the sacred name of friend
Against those joys I have so long pursued,
Neither the beauty of fair Bellisant,
Her wealth, her virtues, can prevail so far,
In such a desperate case as this, to leave you.—
To have it to posterity recorded,

* *As I in this fold*, this, *receive her favours.*] Massinger is fond of these repetitions, which indeed, sparingly used, have a very good effect.

At such a time as this I proved true gold,
And current in my friendship, shall be to me
A thousand mistresses, and such embraces
As leave no sting behind them: therefore, on;
I am resolved, unless you beat me off,
I will not leave you.
*Cler.* Oh! here is a jewel
Fit for the cabinet of the greatest monarch!
But I of all men miserable——
*Mont.* Come, be cheerful;
Good fortune will attend us.
*Cler.* That, to me,
To have the greatest blessing, a true friend,
Should be the greatest curse!—Be yet advised.
*Mont.* It is in vain.
*Cler.* That e'er I should have cause
To wish you had loved less!
*Mont.* The hour draws on:
We'll talk more as we ride.
*Cler.* Of men most wretched! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Bellisant's *House.*

*Enter* Bellisant *and* Beaupre.

*Bell.* Nay, pray you, dry your eyes, or your sad story,
Whose every accent still, methinks, I hear,
'Twas with such passion, and such grief deliver'd,
Will make mine bear your's company. All my fear is,
The rigorous repulse this worst of men,
False, perjured Clarindore—I am sick to name him—
Received at his last visit, will deter him
From coming again.
*Beau.* No; he's resolved to venture;
And has bribed me, with hazard of your anger,
To get him access, but in another shape*:
The time prefix'd draws near too.
*Bell.* 'Tis the better. [*Knocking within.*
One knocks.
*Beau.* I am sure 'tis he.
*Bell.* Convey him in;
But do it with a face of fear. [*Exit Beaupré.*
I cannot
Resolve yet with what looks to entertain him.
You powers that favour innocence, and revenge
Wrongs done by such as scornfully deride
Your awful names, inspire me! [*Walks aside.*

*Re-enter* Beaupre *with* Clarindore *disguised.*

*Beau.* Sir, I hazard
My service in this action.
*Clarin.* Thou shalt live
To be the mistress of thyself and others,
If that my projects hit: all's at the stake now:
And as the die falls, I am made most happy,
Or past expression wretched.
*Bell.* Ha! who's that?
What bold intruder usher you? This rudeness!—
From whence? what would he?
*Beau.* He brings letters, madam,
As he says, from Lord Chamont.
*Clarin.* How her frowns fright me!
*Bell.* From Lord Chamont? Are they of such import,
That you, before my pleasure be enquired,
Dare bring the bearer to my private chamber?
No more of this: your packet, sir?
*Clarin.* The letters
Deliver'd to my trust and faith are writ
In such mysterious and dark characters,
As will require the judgment of your soul,
More than your eye, to read and understand them.
*Bell.* What riddle's this? [*Discovering Clarin.*
Ha! am I then contemn'd?
Dare you do this, presuming on my soft
And gentle nature?—Fear not, I must show
A seeming anger. [*Aside to Beaupré.*] What new boist'rous courtship,
After your late loose language, and forced kiss,
Come you to practise? I know none beyond it.
If you imagine that you may commit
A rape in mine own house, and that my servants
Will stand tame lookers on——
*Clarin* If I bring with me
One thought, but of submission and sorrow,
Or nourish any hope, but that your goodness
May please to sign my pardon, may I perish
In your displeasure! which to me is more
Than fear of hell hereafter. I confess,
The violence I offered to your sweetness,
In my presumption, with lips impure,
To force a touch from yours, a greater crime
Than if I should have mix'd lascivious flames
With those chaste fires that burn at Dian's altar.
That 'twas a plot of treason to your virtues,
To think you could be tempted, or believe
You were not fashion'd in a better mould,
And made of purer clay than other women.
Since you are, then, the phœnix of your time,
And e'en now, while you bless the earth, partake
Of their angelical essence, imitate
Heaven's aptness to forgive, when mercy's sued for,
And once more take me to your grace and favour.
*Bell.* What charms are these! what an enchanting tongue!
What pity 'tis, one that can speak so well,
Should in his actions be so ill!
*Beau.* Take heed,
Lose not yourself.
*Bell.* So well, sir, you have pleaded,
And, like an advocate, in your own cause,
That, though your guilt were greater, I acquit you,
The fault no more remember'd; and for proof
My heart partakes in my tongue, thus seal your pardon; [*Kisses him.*
And with this willing favour (which forced from me,
Call'd on my anger) make atonement with you.
*Clarin.* If I dream now, O, may I never wake,
But slumber thus ten ages!
*Bell.* Till this minute,
You ne'er to me look'd lovely.
*Clarin.* How!
*Bell.* Nor have I
E'er seen a man, in my opinion, worthy
The bounty I vouchsafe you; therefore fix here,
And make me understand that you can bear
Your fortune modestly.
*Clarin.* I find her coming:
This kiss was but the prologue to the play,
And not to seek the rest were cowardice.
Help me, dissimulation! (*aside.*) Pardon, madam,
Though now, when I should put on cheerful looks
In being blest with what I durst not hope for,
I change the comic scene, and do present you
With a most tragic spectacle.

* ——— *but in another* shape:] i. e. as I have before observed, in another dress.

*Bell.* Heaven avert
This prodigy! what mean you?
*Clarin.* To confirm,
In death, how truly I have loved. I grant
Your favours done me, yield this benefit,
As to make way for me to pass in peace
To my long rest: what I have tasted from you
Informs me only of the much I want:
For in your pardon, and the kiss vouchsafed me,
You did but point me out a fore-right way
To lead to certain happiness, and then will'd me
To move no further. Pray you, excuse me, therefore,
Though I desire to end a lingering torment:
And, if you please, with your fair hand, to make me
A sacrifice to your chastity, I will meet [your
The instrument you make choice of, with more fer-
Than ever Cæsar did, to hug the mistress
He doted on, plumed victory; but if that
You do abhor the office, as too full
Of cruelty and horror, yet give leave,
That, in your presence, I myself may be
Both priest and offering. [*Draws his sword.*
*Bell.* Hold, hold, frantic man!
The shrine of love shall not be bathed in blood.
Women, though fair, were made to bring forth men,
And not destroy them; therefore hold. I say!
I had a mother, and she look'd upon me
As on a true epitome of her youth:
Nor can I think I am forbid the comfort
To bring forth little models of myself,
If heaven be pleased (my nuptial joys perform'd)
To make me fruitful.
*Clarin.* Such celestial music
Ne'er blest these ears. O! you have argued better
For me, than I could for myself.
*Bell.* For you!
What, did I give you hope to be my husband?
*Clarin.* Fallen off again! [*Aside.*
*Bell.* Yet since you have given sure proof
Of love and constancy, I'll unmask those thoughts,
That long have been conceal'd; I am yours, but how?
In an honourable way.
*Clarin.* I were more than base,
Should I desire you otherwise.
*Bell.* True affection
Needs not a contract: and it were to doubt me,
To engage me further; yet, my vow expired,
Which is, to live a virgin for a year,
Challenge my promise.
*Clarin.* For a year! O, madam!
Play not the tyranness: do not give me hopes,
And in a moment change them to despair.
A year! alas, this body, that's all fire,
If you refuse to quench it with your favour,
Will, in three days, be cinders; and your mercy
Will come too late then. Dearest lady, marriage
Is but a ceremony; and a hurtful vow
Is in the breach of it better commended,
Than in the keeping. O! I burn, I burn;
And, if you take not pity, I must fly
To my last refuge. [*Offers to stab himself*
*Bell.* Hold! Say I could yield
This night, to satisfy you to the full,
And you should swear, until the wedding day,
To keep the favours I now grant conceal'd;
You would be talking.
*Clarin.* May my tongue rot out, then!
*Bell.* Or boast to your companions of your conquest,
And of my easiness.
*Clarin.* I'll endure the rack first.
*Bell.* And, having what you long for, cast me off,
As you did madam Beaupré.
*Clarin.* May the earth
First gape, and swallow me!
*Bell.* I'll press you no further.
Go in, your chamber's ready: if you have
A bedfellow, so: but silence I enjoin you,
And liberty to leave you when I please:
I blush, if you reply.
*Clarin.* Till now ne'er happy! [*Exit.*
*Beau.* What means your ladyship?
*Bell.* Do not ask, but do
As I direct you: though as yet we tread
A rough and thorny way, faint not; the ends
I hope to reach shall make a large amends.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in* Dinant's *House.*

*Enter* Novall *and* Dinant.

*Din.* You are welcome first, sir: and that spoke, receive
A faithful promise, all that art, or long
Experience, hath taught me, shall enlarge
Themselves for your recovery.
*Nov.* Sir, I thank you,
As far as a weak, sick, and unable man
Has power to express; but what wants in my tongue,
My hand (for yet my fingers feel no gout,)
Shall speak in this dumb language.
*Gives him his purse.*
*Din.* You are too magnificent.
*Nov.* Fie! no, sir; health is, sure, a precious jewel,
We cannot buy it too dear. [
*Din* Take comfort, sir;
I find not, by your urine, nor your pulse,
Or any outward symptom, that you are
In any certain danger.
*Nov.* Oh! the more my fear:
Infirmities that are known are - - - cured,
But when the causes of them are conceal'd,
As these of mine are, doctor, they prove mortal.
Howe'er, I'll not forget you while I live,
Do but your parts.
*Din.* Sir, they are at your service.
I'll give you some preparatives, to instruct me
Of your inward temper; then, as I find cause,
Some gentle purge.
*Nov.* Yes, I must purge; I die else:
But where, dear doctor, you shall not find out.
This is a happy entrance, may it end well!
I'll mount your nightcap, Doddipol. [*Aside*
*Din.* In what part,

We are sworn to secrecy, and you must be free,)
Do you find your greatest agony?
*Nov.* Oh! I have
Strange motions on the sudden; villanous tumours,
That rise, then fall, then rise again; oh, doctor!
Not to be shown or named.
*Din.* Then, in my judgment,
You had best leave Paris; choose some fresher air;
That does help much in physic.
*Nov.* By no means.
Here, in your house, or no where, you must cure me:
The eye of the master fats the horse: and when
His doctor's by, the patient may drink wine
In a fit of a burning fever: for your presence
Works more than what you minister. Take physic,
Attended on by ignorant grooms, mere strangers
To your directions, I must hazard life,
And you your reputation! whereas, sir,
I hold your house a college of your art,
And every boy you keep, by you instructed,
A pretty piece of a Galenist: then the females,
From your most fair wife to your kitchen drudge,
Are so familiar with your learned courses,
That, to an herb, they know to make thin broth:
Or, when occasion serves, to cheer the heart,
And such ingredient I shall have most need of,
How many cocks o' the game make a strong cullis,
Or pheasant's eggs a caudle.
*Din.* I am glad
To hear you argue with such strength.
*Enter* Clarinda; *she whispers* Dinant.
*Nov.* A flash, sir:
But now I feel my fit again. She is
Made up of all perfection; any danger
That leads to the enjoying so much sweetness
Is pleasure at the height: I am ravish'd with
The mere imagination. Oh happiness!—— [*Aside.*
*Din.* How's this! One from the duke Nemours?
*Cla.* Yes, sir.
*Din.* 'Tis rank:
The sight of my wife hath forced him to forget
To counterfeit:—I now guess at your sickness.
And if I fit you not!——
*Cla.* The gentleman stays you. [wife,
*Din.* I come to him presently; in the mean time,
Be careful of this monsieur: nay, no coyness,
You may salute him boldly; his pale lips
Enchant not in the touch.
*Nov.* Her's do, I'm sure.
*Din.* Kiss him again.
*Cla.* Sir, this is more than modest.
*Din.* Modest! why, fool, desire is dead in him:
Call it a charitable, pious work,
If it refresh his spirits.
*Nov.* Yes, indeed, sir.
I find great ease in it.
*Din.* Mark that! and would you
Deny a sick man comfort? meat's against
- - - - - physic, must be granted too,
- - - - wife - - - - you shall,
In person, wait on him; nay, hang not off,
I say you shall: this night, with your own hands,
I'll have you air his bed, and when he eats
Of what you have prepared, you shall sit by him,
And, with some merry chat, help to repair
Decayed appetite; watch by him when he slumbers;
Nay, play his page's part: more, I durst trust you,
Were this our wedding day, you yet a virgin,
To be his bedfellow; for well I know
Old Priam's impotence, or Nestor's hernia, is
Herculean activeness, if but compared
To his debility: put him to his oath,
He'll swear he can do nothing.
*Nov.* Do! O no, sir;
I am past the thought of it.
*Din.* But how do you like
The method I prescribe?
*Nov.* Beyond expression;
Upon the mere report I do conceive
Hope of recovery.
*Cla.* Are you mad?
*Din.* Peace, fool.
This night you shall take a cordial to strengthen
Your feeble limbs; 'twill cost ten crowns a draught.
*Nov.* No matter, sir.
*Din.* To morrow you shall walk
To see my garden; then my wife shall shew you
The choice rooms of my house; when you are weary,
Cast yourself on her couch.
*Nov.* Oh, divine doctor!
What man in health would not be sick, on purpose
To be your patient?
*Din.* Come, sir, to your chamber;
And now I understand where your disease lies,
(Nay, lead him by the hand), doubt not I'll cure you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An open part of the Country near Paris.*

*Enter* Clermond *and* Montrose.

*Cler.* This is the place.
*Mont.* An even piece of ground,
Without advantage; but be jocund, friend.
The honour to have entered first the field,
However we come off, is ours*.
*Cler.* I need not,
So well I am acquainted with your valour,
To dare, in a good cause, as much as man,
Lend you encouragement; and should I add,
Your power to do, which fortune, howe'er blind,
Hath ever seconded, I cannot doubt
But victory still sits upon your sword,
And must not now forsake you.
*Mont.* You shall see me
Come boldly up; nor will I shame your cause,
By parting with an inch of ground not bought
With blood on my part.
*Cler.* 'Tis not to be question'd:
That which I would entreat, (and pray you grant it)
Is, that you would forget your usual softness,
Your foe being at your mercy; it hath been
A custom in you, which I dare not praise,
Having disarm'd your enemy of his sword,
To tempt your fate, by yielding it again;
Then run a second hazard.
*Mont.* When we encounter
A noble foe, we cannot be too noble. [you,
*Cler.* That I confess; but he that's now to oppose
I know for an archvillain; one that hath lost
All feeling of humanity, one that hates
Goodness in others, 'cause he's ill himself;

* *The honour to have enter'd first the field,*
*However we come off, is ours.*] Thus Fletcher: [side;
"*Cler.* I'm first in the field, that honour's gain'd of our
"Pray heaven, I may get off as honourably!"
*The Little French Lawyer*
It is observable, that several of the names which occur in *The Parliament of Love* are found also in Fletcher's play; though their plots have nothing in common.

A most ungrateful wretch, (the name's too gentle,
All attributes of wickedness cannot reach him,)
Of whom to have deserved, beyond example
Or precedent of friendship, is a wrong
Which only death can satisfy.
*Mont.* You describe
A monster to me.
*Cler.* True, Montrose, he is so.
Afric, though fertile of strange prodigies,
Never produced his equal; be wise, therefore,
And if he fall into your hands, dispatch him:
Pity to him is cruelty. The sad father,
That sees his son stung by a snake to death,
May, with more justice, stay his vengeful hand,
And let the worm* escape, than you vouchsafe him
A minute to repent: for 'tis a slave
So sold to hell and mischief, that a traitor
To his most lawful prince, a church-robber,
A parricide, who, when his garners are
Cramm'd with the purest grain, suffers his parents,
Being old and weak, to starve for want of bread;
Compared to him, are innocent.
*Mont.* I ne'er heard
Of such a cursed nature; if long-lived,
He would infect mankind: rest you assured,
He finds from me small courtesy.
*Cler.* And expect
As little from him; blood is that he thirsts for,
Not honourable wounds.
*Mont.* I would I had him
Within my sword's length!
*Cler.* Have thy wish: Thou hast!
[*Cleremond draws his sword*
Nay, draw thy sword, and suddenly; I am
That monster, temple-robber, parricide,
Ingrateful wretch; friend-hater, or what else
Makes up the perfect figure of the devil,
Should he appear like man. Banish amazement,
And call thy ablest spirits up to guard thee
From him that's turn'd a fury. I am made
Her minister, whose cruelty but named,
Would with more horror strike the pale-cheek'd stars,
Than all those dreadful words which conjurors use,
To fright their damn'd familiars. Look not on me
As I am Cleremond; I have parted with
The essence that was his, and entertain'd
The soul of some fierce tigress, or a wolf's,
New-hang'd for human slaughter, and 'tis fit:
I could not else be an apt instrument
To bloody Leonora.
*Mont.* To my knowledge
I never wrong'd her.
*Cler.* Yes, in being a friend
To me; she hated my best friend, her malice
Would look no lower:—and for being such,
By her commands, Montrose, I am to kill thee.
Oh, that thou hadst, like others, been all words,
And no performance! or that thou hadst made
Some little stop in thy career of kindness!
Why wouldst thou, to confirm the name of friend,
Despise the favours of fair Bellisant,
And all those certain joys that waited for thee?
Snatch at this fatal offer of a second,
Which others fled from?—'Tis in vain to mourn now,
When there's no help; and therefore, good Montrose,
Rouse thy most manly parts, and think thou stand'st
A champion for more than king or country: [now
Since, in thy fall, goodness itself must suffer.
Remember too, the baseness of the wrong
- - - friendship; let it edge thy sword,
And kill compassion in thee; and forget not
I will take all advantages: and so,
Without reply, have at thee!
[*They fight. Cleremond falls*
*Mont.* See, how weak
An ill cause is! you are already fallen:
What can you look for now?
*Cler.* Fool, use thy fortune:
And so he counsels thee, that, if we had
Changed places, instantly would have cut thy throat,
Or digg'd thy heart out.
*Mont.* In requital of
That savage purpose, I must pity you;
Witness these tears, not tears of joy for conquest,
But of true sorrow for your misery.
Live, O live, Cleremond, and, like a man,
Make use of reason, as an exorcist
To cast this devil out, that does abuse you;
This fiend of false affection.
*Cler.* Will you not kill me?
You are then more tyrannous than Leonora.
An easy thrust will do it: you had ever
A charitable hand; do not deny me,
For our old friendship's sake: no! will't not be?
There are a thousand doors to let out life;
You keep not guard of all: and I shall find,
By falling headlong from some rocky cliff,
Poison, or fire, that long rest which your sword
Discourteously denies me. [*Exit.*
*Mont.* I will follow;
And something I must fancy, to dissuade him
From doing sudden violence on himself:
That's now my only aim; and that to me,
Succeeding well, is a true victory.

SCENE III.—Paris. *An outer Room in* CHAMONT'S *House.*

*Enter* CHAMONT *disguised, and* DINANT.

*Din.* Your lady tempted too!
*Cham.* And tempted home;
Summon'd to parley, the fort almost yielded,
Had not I stepp'd in to remove the siege:
But I have countermined his works, and if
You second me, will blow the letcher up,
And laugh to see him caper.
*Din.* Any thing:
Command me as your servant, to join with you;
All ways are honest we take, to revenge us
On these lascivious monkeys of the court,
That make it their profession to dishonour
Grave citizens' wives; nay, those of higher rank,
As 'tis, in your's, apparent. My young rambler
That thought to cheat me with a feign'd disease,
I have in the toil already; I have given him,
Under pretence to make him high and active,
A cooler:—I dare warrant it will yield
Rare sport to see it work: I would your lordship
Could be a spectator.
*Cham.* It is that I aim at:
And might I but persuade you to dispense
A little with your candour*, and consent

* *And let the* worm *escape,*] i. e. the *snake* mentioned in the preceding line. *Worm*, which is pure Saxon, was once the general term for all reptiles of the serpent kind; indeed, it is still so, in many parts of England. The word occurs so frequently in this sense, among the writers of Massinger's time that it appears unnecessary to produce instances of it.

* Viz. honour. *See the Guardian*, Act iii. Sc. 1.

To make your house the stage, on which we'll act
A comic scene; in the pride of all their hopes,
We'll show these shallow fools sunk-eyed despair,
And triumph in their punishment.
*Din.* My house,
Or whatsoever else is mine, shall serve
As properties to grace it.
*Cham.* In this shape*, then,
Leave me to work the rest.
*Din.* Doubt not, my lord,
You shall find all things ready. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Perigot.

*Cham.* This sorts well
With my other purposes. Perigot! to my wish.
Aid me, invention!
*Peri.* Is the quean fallen off?
I hear not from her:—'tis the hour and place,
That she appointed.
What have we here? This fellow has a pimp's face,
And looks as if he were her call, her fetch——
With me?
*Cham.* Sir, from the party,
The lady you should truck with, the lord's wife
Your worship is to dub, or to make free
Of the company of the horners.
*Peri.* Fair Lamira?
*Cham.* The same, sir.
*Peri.* And how, my honest squire o'dames†? I see
Thou art of her privy council.
*Cham.* Her grant holds, sir.
*Peri.* O rare! But when?
*Cham.* Marry, instantly.
*Peri.* But where?
*Cham.* She hath outgone the cunning of a woman,
In ordering it both privately and securely:
You know Dinant the doctor?
*Peri.* Good.
*Cham.* His house
And him she has made at her devotion, sir.
Nay, wonder not; most of these empirics
Thrive better by connivance in such cases,
Than their lame practice: framing some distemper,
The fool, her lord——
*Peri.* Lords may be what they please;
I question not their patent.
*Cham.* Hath consented,
That this night, privately, she shall take a clyster;
Which he believes the doctor ministers,
And never thinks of you.
*Peri.* A good wench still.
*Cham.* And there, without suspicion——
*Peri.* Excellent!
I make this lord my cuckold.
*Cham.* True, and write
The reverend drudging doctor, my copartner
And fellow bawd: next year we will have him war-
Of our society. [den
*Peri.* There! there! I shall burst,
I am so swollen with pleasure; no more talking,
Dear keeper of the vaulting door‡; lead on.

* Cham. *In this* shape, *then,*] i. e. the disguise which he had assumed.

† *And how, my honest squire o' dames?*] See *The Emperor of the East.*

‡ *Dear* keeper of the vaulting door;] To *keep the door*, was one of the thousand synonymes of a bawd or pander. To this the distracted Othello alludes in his passionate speech to Emilia:

*Cham.* Charge you as boldly,
*Peri.* Do not fear; I have
A staff to taint, and bravely*.
*Cham.* Save the splinters,
If it break in the encounter.
*Peri.* Witty rascal! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Bellisant's *House.*

*Enter* Clarindore, Bellisant, *and* Beaupre.

*Clarin.* Boast of your favours, madam!
*Bell.* Pardon, sir,
My fears, since it is grown a general custom,
In our hot youth to keep a catalogue
Of conquests this way got; nor do they think
Their victory complete, unless they publish,
To their disgrace, that are made captives to them,
How far they have prevail'd.
*Clarin.* I would have such rascals
First gelded, and then hang'd.
*Bell.* Remember too, sir,
To what extremities your love had brought you;
And since I saved your life, I may, with justice,
By silence charge you to preserve mine honour;
Which, howsoever to my conscious self
I am tainted, foully tainted, to the world
I am free from all suspicion.
*Clarin.* Can you think
I'll do myself that wrong? although I had
A lawyer's mercenary tongue, still moving,
- - - -le this precious carcanet, these jewels,
- - of your magnificence, would keep me
A Pythagorean, and ever silent.
No, rest secure, sweet lady; and excuse
My sudden and abrupt departure from you:
And if the fault makes forfeit of your grace,
A quick return shall ransom and redeem it.
*Bell.* Be mindful of your oaths.
[*Walks aside with Beaupré.*
*Clarin.* I am got off,
And leave the memory of them behind me.
Now, if I can find out my scoffing gulls,
Novall and Perigot, besides my wager,
Which is already sure, I shall return
Their bitter jests, and wound them with my tongue,
Much deeper than my sword. Oh! but the oaths
I have made to the contrary, and her credit,
Of which I should be tender:—tush! both hold
With me an equal value. The wise say,

" ——————— you, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And *keep the gate* of hell!"

* Peri. *Do not fear; I have*
*A staff to* taint, *and bravely.*] This is a very uncommon word in its present application; nor can I be certain that I comprehend its precise meaning. To break a staff or spear, in the tilts and tournaments of our ancestors, was an honourable achievement; but then (as appears from "the Ordinances made by the Earl of Worcester, constable of England in 1466, and renewed in 1562") it was to be done in a particular manner, and "as it ought to bee broken." How a spear ought to be broken, is not said; nor was the information perhaps necessary at the time. It seems, however, that it should be as near the middle as possible; for, if it were within a foot of the coronel or extremity, it was then "to be adjudged as no speare broken, but a fayre *attaynt*." *Nugæ Antiquæ*, Vol. I. p. 4. I meet with the word in *Every Man Out of his Humour*, the only place, with the exception of the work I have just quoted, where I ever recollect to have seen it: and there, too, it is used in a derogatory sense, "He has a good riding face, and he can sit a horse well; he will *taint* a staff well at tilt."

That the whole fabric of a woman's lighter
Than wind or feathers: what is then her fame?
A kind of nothing;—not to be preserved [trine,
With the loss of so much money:—'tis sound doc-
And I will follow it. [*Exit.*
*Bell.* Prithee, be not doubtful;
Let the wild colt run his course.
*Beau.* I must confess
I cannot sound the depth of what you purpose,
But I much fear——
*Bell.* That he will blab; I know it,
And that a secret scalds him: that he suffers
Till he hath vented what I seem to wish
He should conceal;—but let him, I am arm'd for't.
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.—*A Room in* DINANT'S *House.*

*Enter* CHAMONT, DINANT, LAMIRA, CLARINDA, *and* Servants.

*Cham.* For Perigot, he's in the toil, ne'er doubt it.
O, had you seen how his veins swell'd with lust,
When I brought him to the chamber! how he gloried,
And stretch'd his limbs, preparing them for action;
And taking me to be a pander, told me
'Twas more delight to have a lord his cuckold,
Than to enjoy my lady!—there I left him
In contemplation, greedily expecting
Lamira's presence; but, instead of her,
I have prepared him other visitants.——
You know what you have to do?
1 *Serv.* Fear not, my lord,
He shall curvet, I warrant him, in a blanket.
2 *Ser.* We'll discipline him with dog whips, and take off
His rampant edge.
*Cham.* His life; save that—remember
You cannot be too cruel.
*Din.* For his pupil,
My wife's inamorato, if cold weeds,
Removed but one degree from deadly poison,
Have not forgot their certain operation,
You shall see his courage cool'd; and in that temper,
Till he have howl'd himself into my pardon,
I vow to keep him.
*Nov.* [*within.*] Ho, doctor! master doctor!
*Din.* The game's afoot, we will let slip: conceal
Yourselves a little. [*They retire.*

*Enter* NOVALL.

*Nov.* Oh! a thousand agues
Play at barley-break in my bones; my blood's a pool
On the sudden frozen, and the icicles
Cut every vein: 'tis here, there, every where;
Oh dear, dear, master doctor!
*Din.* I must seem
Not to understand him; 'twill increase his torture.
How do you, sir? has the potion wrought? do you
An alteration? have your swellings left you? [feel
Is your blood still rebellious?
*Nov.* Oh, good doctor,
I am a ghost, I have nor flesh, nor blood,
Nor heat, nor warmth, about me.
*Din.* Do not dissemble;
I know you are high and jovial.
*Nov.* Jovial, doctor!
No, I am all amort, as if I had lain
Three days in my grave already.
*Din.* I will raise you:
For, look you, sir, you are a liberal patient,
Nor must I, while you can be such, part with you;
'Tis against the laws of our college. Pray you, mark me;
I have with curiosity consider'd
Your constitution to be hot and moist,
And that at your nativity Jupiter
And Venus were in conjunction, whence it follows,
By necessary consequence, you must be
A most insatiate lecher.
*Nov.* Oh! I have been,
I have been, I confess: but now I cannot
Think of a woman.
*Din.* For your health you must, sir,
Both think, and see, and touch; you're but a dead man else.
*Nov.* That way I am already.
*Din.* You must take,
And suddenly, ('tis a conceal'd receipt,)
A buxom juicy wench.
*Nov.* Oh! 'twill not down, sir;
I have no swallow for't.
*Din.* Now, since I would
Have the disease as private as the cure,
(For 'tis a secret,) I have wrought my wife
To be both physic and physician,
To give you ease:—will you walk to her?
*Nov.* Oh! doctor,
I cannot stand; in every sense about me
I have the palsy, but my tongue.
*Din.* Nay then,
You are obstinate, and refuse my gentle offer:
Or else 'tis foolish modesty:—Come hither,
Come, my Clarinda,

*Re-enter* CLARINDA.

'tis not common courtesy;
Comfort the gentleman.
*Nov.* This is ten times worse.
*Cham.* [*within.*] He does torment him rarely.
*Din.* She is not coy, sir.
What think you, is not this a pretty foot,
And a clean instep? I will leave the calf
For you to find and judge of: here's a hand too;
Try it; the palm is moist; the youthful blood
Runs strong in every azure vein: the face too
Ne'er knew the help of art; and, all together,
May serve the turn, after a long sea-voyage,
For the captain's self.
*Nov.* I am a swabber, doctor,
A bloodless swabber; have not strength enough
To cleanse her poop.
*Din.* Fie, you shame yourself,
And the profession of your rutting gallants,
That hold their doctors' wives as free for them,
As some of us do our apothecaries'!
*Nov.* Good sir, no more.
*Din.* Take her aside; cornute me;
I give you leave: what should a quacksalver,
A fellow that does deal with drugs, as I do,
That has not means to give her choice of gowns,
Jewels, and rich embroidered petticoats,
Do with so fair a bedfellow? she being fashion'd
To purge a rich heir's reins, to be the mistress
Of a court gallant? Did you not tell her so?
*Nov.* I have betray'd myself! I did, I did.
*Din.* And that rich merchants, advocates, and doctors,
Howe'er deserving from the commonwealth,

On forfeit of the city's charter, were
Predestined cuckolds?
*Nov.* Oh, some pity, doctor!
I was an heretic, but now converted,
Some little, little respite!
*Din.* No, you town-bull;
- - - -venge all good men's wrongs,
And now will play the tyrant. To dissect thee,
Eat thy flesh off with burning corrosives,
Or write with aquafortis in thy forehead,
Thy last intent to wrong my bed, were justice;
And to do less were foolish pity in me;
I speak it, ribald!
*Nov.* Perigot! Perigot!
Woe to thy cursed counsel.

*Re-enter* Chamont *and* Lamira.

*Cham.* Perigot!
Did he advise you to this course?
*Nov.* He did.
*Cham.* And he has his reward for't.
*Peri.* [*within.*] Will you murder me?
*Serv.* [*within.*] Once more, aloft with him.
*Peri.* [*within.*] Murder! murder! murder!

*Enter* Servants *with* Perigot *in a blanket.*

*Cham.* What conceal'd bake-meats have you there?
Is it goat's flesh? It smells rank. [a present?
1 *Ser.* We have had
Sweet work of it, my lord.
2 *Ser.* I warrant you 'tis tender,
It wants no cooking; yet, if you think fit,
We'll bruise it again.
*Peri.* As you are Christians, spare me!
I am jelly within already, and without
Embroidered all o'er with statute lace.
What would you more?
*Nov.* My tutor in the gin too!
This is some comfort: he is as good as drench'd;
And now we'll both be chaste.
*Cham.* What, is't a cat [so?
You have encounter'd, monsieur, you are scratch'd
My lady, sure, forgot to pare her nails,
Before your soft embraces.
*Din.* He has ta'en great pains:
What a sweat he's in!
*Cham.* O! he's a master-dancer,
Knows how to caper into a lady's favour:
One lofty trick more, dear monsieur.
*Nov.* That I had [a dog,
But strength enough to laugh at him! blanketted like
And like a cut-purse whipt! I am sure that now
He cannot jeer me.
*Peri.* May not a man have leave
To hang himself?
*Cham.* No; that were too much mercy.
Live to be wretched; live to be the talk
Of the conduit, and the bakehouse*. I will have thee
Pictured as thou art now, and thy whole story
Sung to some villanous tune in a lewd ballad;
And make thee so notorious to the world,
That boys in the streets shall hoot at thee: come, Lamira,
And triumph o'er him. Dost thou see this lady,
My wife, whose honour foolishly thou thought'st
To undermine and make a servant to
Thy brutish lusts, laughing at thy affliction?
And, as a sign she scorns thee, set her foot
Upon thy head? Do so:—'Sdeath! but resist,
Once more you caper.
*Peri.* I am at the stake,
And must endure it.
*Cham.* Spurn him, too.
*Lam.* Troth, sir,
I do him too much grace.
*Cham.* Now, as a schoolboy
Does kiss the rod that gave him chastisement,
To prove thou art a slave, meet with thy lips
This instrument that corrects thee.
*Peri.* Have you done yet? [look now!
*Din.* How like a pair of crest-fallen jades they
*Cla.* They are not worth our scorn.
*Peri.* O pupil, pupil! [ther
*Nov.* Tutor, I am drench'd: let us condole toge
*Cham.* And where's the tickling itch now, my dear monsieur.
To say, *This lord's my cuckold!* I am tired:
That we had fresh dogs to hunt them!

*Enter* Clarindore.

*Clarin.* - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - I am acquainted with the story;
The doctor's man has told me all.
*Din.* Upon them. [this
*Peri.* Clarindore! worst of all: for him to know
Is a second blanketting to me.
*Nov.* I again
Am drench'd to look upon him.
*Clarin.* How is't? nay, bear up;
You that commend adultery, I am glad
To see it thrive so well. Fie, Perigot!
Dejected? Haply thou wouldst have us think,
This is the first time that thou didst curvet,
And come aloft in a blanket. By St. Dennis!
Here are shrewd scratches too; but nothing to
A man of resolution, whose shoulders
Are of themselves armour of proof, against
A bastinado, and will tire ten beadles.
*Peri.* Mock on; know no mercy.
*Clarin.* Thrifty young men!
What a charge is saved in wenching! and 'tis timely—
A certain wager of three thousand crowns
Is lost, and must be paid, my pair of puppies;
The coy dame Bellisant hath stoop'd! bear witness
This chain and jewels you have seen her wear.
The fellow, that her grooms kick'd down the stairs,
Hath crept into her bed; and, to assure you
There's no deceit, she shall confess so much:
I have enjoy'd her.
*Cham.* Are you serious?
*Clarin.* Yes, and glory in it.
*Cham.* Nay then, give over fooling.——
Thou liest, and art a villain, a base villain,
To slander her.
*Clarin.* You are a lord, and that
Bids me forbear you; but I will make good
Whatever I have said.
*Cham.* I'll not lose time
To change words with thee. The king hath ordain'd
A Parliament of Love to right her wrongs,
To which I summon thee. [*Exit.*
*Clarin.* Your worst: I care not. Farewell,
babions! [*Exit.*

* *Of the* conduit, *and the* bakehouse.] These, in the age of Massinger, were the general rendezvous of gossips of both sexes: they are still so, in most country towns.

*Din.* Here was a sudden change!
Nay, you must quit my house: shog on, kind patient,
And, as you like my physic, when you are
Rampant again, you know I have that can cool you.
Nay, monsieur Perigot, help your pupil off too,
Your counsel brought him on. Ha! no reply?
Are you struck dumb? If you are wrong'd, complain.
*Peri.* We shall find friends to right us.
*Din.* And I justice,
The cause being heard; I ask no more. Hence! vanish! [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*A Court of Justice.*

*Enter* Chamont, Philamour, *and* Lafort.

*Phil.* Montrose slain! and by Cleremond!
*Cham.* 'Tis too true.
*Laf.* But wondrous strange that any difference,
Especially of such a deadly nature,
Should e'er divide so eminent a friendship.
*Phil.* The miracle is greater, that a lady,
His most devoted mistress, Leonora,
Against the usual softness of her sex,
Should with such violence and heat pursue
Her amorous servant; since I am inform'd
That he was apprehended by her practice*,
And, when he comes to trial for his life,
She'll rise up his accuser.
*Cham.* So 'tis rumour'd:
And that's the motive that young Cleremond
Makes it his humble suit, to have his cause
Decided in the Parliament of Love;
For he pretends the bloody quarrel grew
From grounds that claim a reference to that place:
Nor fears he, if you grant him equal hearing,
But, with unanswerable proof, to render
The cruel Leonora tainted with
A guilt beyond his.
*Laf.* The king is acquainted
Already with the accident; besides,
He hath vouchsafed to read divers petitions
Preferr'd on several causes; one against
Monsieur Dinant, his doctor, by Novall;
A second, in which madam Bellisant
Complains 'gainst Clarindore; there is a bill too
Brought in by Perigot, against your lordship;
All which, in person, he resolves to hear,
Then, as a judge, to censure. [*A Flourish within.*
*Phil.* See the form!
Choice music ushers him.
*Cham.* Let us meet the troop,
And mix with them.
*Phil.* 'Twill poise your expectation.' [*Exeunt.*

*Loud music. Enter* Charles, *followed by* Orleans, Nemours, Chamont, Lafort, *and* Philamour: *A* Priest *with the image of* Cupid: *then enter* Cleremond, Clarindore, Perigot, Novall, Bellisant, Leonora, Beaupre, Lamira, Clarinda, *and* Officers. Montrose *is brought forward on a bier, and placed before the bar.*

*Char.* Let it not seem a wonder, nor beget
An ill opinion in this fair assembly
That here I place this statue; 'tis not done,
Upon the forfeit of our grace, that you
Should, with a superstitious reverence,
Fall down and worship it: nor can it be
Presumed, we hope, young Charles, that justly holds
The honour'd title of *most Christian king*,
Would ever nourish such idolatrous thoughts.
'Tis rather to instruct deceived mankind,
How much pure love, that has his birth in heaven,
And scorns to be received a guest, but in
A noble heart prepared to entertain him,
Is, by the gross misprision of weak men,
Abused and injured. That celestial fire,
Which hieroglyphically is described
In this his bow, his quiver, and his torch,
First warm'd their bloods, and after gave a name
To the old heroic spirits: such as Orpheus,
That drew men, differing little then from beasts,
To civil government; or famed Alcides,
The tyrant-queller, that refused the plain
And easy path, leading to vicious pleasures,
And ending in a precipice deep as hell,
To scale the ragged cliff, on whose firm top
Virtue and honour, crown'd with wreaths of stars,
Did sit triumphant. But it will be answer'd,
(The world decaying in her strength,) that now
We are not equal to those ancient times,
And therefore 'twere impertinent and tedious
To cite more precedents of that reverend age,
But rather to endeavour, as we purpose,
To give encouragement, by reward, to such
As with their best nerves imitate that old goodness;
And with severe correction, to reform
The modern vices —Begin; read the bills.
*Peri.* Let mine be first, my lord, 'twas first preferr'd.
*Bell.* But till my cause be heard, our whole sex suffers.
*Off.* Back! keep back, there!
*Nov.* Prithee, gentle officer,
Handle me gingerly, or I fall to pieces,
Before I can plead mine.
*Peri.* I am bruised - - -
*Omnes.* Justice! justice!
*Char.* Forbear these clamours, you shall all be heard:
And, to confirm I am no partial judge,
By lottery decide it*; here's no favour.——
Whose bill is first, Lafort? [*The names are drawn.*
*Laf.* 'Tis Cleremond's.
*Char.* The second?
*Laf.* Perigot's; the third, Novall's.
*Nov.* Our cases are both lamentable, tutor.

* *That he was apprehended by her* practice,] i. e. by her artifice. This word is frequently found in Massinger and his contemporaries, in the sense of an insidious trick, or stratagem. The incident of Leonora instigating her lover to murder his friend, and then surrendering him to justice, is derived with some variations from Marston's *Dutch Courtezan.*

* *By* lottery *decide it*;] By drawing lots. So Shakspeare: "Let high-sited tyranny range on,
Till each man drop *by lottery.*" *Julius Cæsar.*

*Peri.* And I am glad they shall be heard together;
We cannot stand asunder.
*Char.* What's the last?
*Laf.* The injur'd lady Bellisant's.
*Char.* To the first, then; and so proceed in order.
*Phil.* Stand to the bar. [*Cler. comes forward.*
*Leon.* Speak, Cleremond, thy grief, as I will mine.
*Peri.* A confident little pleader! were I in case,
I would give her a double fee.
*Nov.* So would I, tutor.
*Off.* Silence! silence!
*Cler.* Should I rise up to plead my innocence,
Though, with the favour of the court, I stood
Acquitted to the world, yea, though the wounds
Of my dead friend, (which, like so many mouths
With bloody tongues, cry out aloud against me,)
By your authority, were closed; yet here,
A not to be corrupted judge, my conscience,
Would not alone condemn me, but inflict
Such lingering tortures on me, as the hangman,
Though witty in his malice, could not equal.
I therefore do confess a guilty cause,
Touching the fact, and, uncompell'd, acknowledge
Myself the instrument of a crime the sun,
Hiding his face in a thick mask of clouds,
As frighted with the horror, durst not look on.
But if your laws with greater rigour punish
Such as invent a mischief, than the organs
By whom 'tis put in act, (they truly being
The first great wheels by which the lesser move,)
Then stand forth Leonora; and I'll prove
The white robe of my innocence tainted with
But one black spot of guilt, and even that one
By thy hand cast on me; but thine, died o'er,
Ten times in-grain in hell's most ugly colours.
*Leon.* The fellow is distracted: see how he raves!
Now as I live, if detestation of
His baseness would but give me leave, I should
Begin to pity him.
*Cler.* Frontless impudence,
And not to be replied to! Sir, to you,
And these subordinate ministers of yourself,
I turn my speech: to her I do repent
I e'er vouchsafed a syllable. My birth*
Was noble as 'tis ancient, nor let it relish
Of arrogance, to say my father's care,
With curiousness and cost, did train me up
In all those liberal qualities that commend
A gentleman: and when the tender down
Upon my chin told me I was a man,
I came to court; there youth, ease, and example,
First made me feel the pleasing pains of love:
And there I saw this woman; saw, and loved her
With more than common ardour; for that deity,
(Such our affection makes him,) whose dread power
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - the choicest arrow, headed with
Not loose but loyal flames, which aim'd at me
Who came with greedy haste to meet the shaft,
- - - -ng, that my captive heart was made
- - - - - - - - - Love's divine artillery,
- - - - preserved - - - no relation.
But the shot made at her was not, like mine,
Of gold, nor of pale lead that breeds disdain;
Cupid himself disclaims it: I think rather,
As by the sequel 'twill appear, some fury
From burning Acheron snatch'd a sulphur brand,
That smoak'd with hate, the parent of red murder,
And threw it in her bosom. Pardon me,
Though I dwell long upon the cause that did
Produce such dire effects; and, to omit,
For your much patience' sake, the cunning trap
In which she caught me, and, with horrid oaths,
Embark'd me in a sea of human blood,
I come to the last scene——
*Leon.* 'Tis time; for this
Grows stale and tedious.
*Cler.* When, I say, she had,
To satisfy her fell rage, as a penance,
Forced me to this black deed, her vow, too, given,
That I should marry her, and she conceal me;
When to her view I brought the slaughter'd body
Of my dear friend, and labour'd with my tears
To stir compunction in her, aided too
By the sad object, which might witness for me,
At what an over-rate I had made purchase
Of her long-wish'd embraces; then, great sir,—
But that I had a mother, and there may be
Some two or three of her - - - sex less faulty,
I should affirm she was the perfect image
Of the devil, her tutor, that had left hell empty
To dwell in wicked woman.
*Leon.* Do; rail on.
*Cler.* For not alone she gloried in my sufferings,
Forswore what she had vow'd, refused to touch me,
Much less to comfort me, or give me harbour;
But, instantly, ere I could recollect
My scatter'd sense, betray'd me to your justice,
Which I submit to; hoping, in your wisdom,
That as, in me, you lop a limb of murder,
You will, in her, grub up the root. I have said, sir.
*Leon.* Much, I confess, but much to little purpose.
And though, with your rhetorical flourishes,
You strive to gild a rotten cause, the touch
Of reason, fortified by truth, deliver'd
From my unletter'd tongue, shall shew it dust;
And so to be contemn'd; you have trimm'd up
All your deservings, should I grant them such,
With more care than a maiden of threescore
Does hide her wrinkles, which, if she encounter
The rain, the wind, or sun, the paint wash'd off,
Are to dim eyes discover'd. I forbear
The application, and in a plain style
Come roundly to the matter. 'Tis confess'd,
This pretty, handsome, gentleman, (for thieves
Led to the gallows are held proper men,
And so I now will call him,) would needs make me
The mistress of his thoughts: nor did I scorn,
For truth is truth, to grace him as a servant.
Nay, he took pretty ways to win me too,
For a court novice; every year I was

* ———— *My birth*
*Was noble as 'tis ancient*, &c.] Sir H. Herbert (for Mr. Malone supposes this to be the presentation copy, and to have remained in his hands), has taken several liberties with this play. In some places, where the expressions appeared too free, he has drawn his pen through them; in others, he has struck out lines, under the idea, perhaps, of compressing the sense, kindly supplying a connecting word or two from his own stores; and in others, he been content with including the objectionable passages between brackets. In the latter there is not much harm, but the former is a sore evil: for as I do not deem very highly of Sir Henry's taste, nor indeed of his judgment, the endeavours to recover the genuine text from the blot spread over it, has been attended with a very considerable degree of trouble; it has, however, been generally successful.

If I thought that innovations, hazarded without knowledge to direct them, could be objects of curiosity, I would give the reader this speech as it stands in the *new version*:—but it is not worth his care. 1805. Subsequent investigation enabled Mr. Gifford, by comparing the MS. with the recovered corrected copy of the *Duke of Milan*, to ascertain that the hand-writing of this play was Massinger's.

His Valentine, and in an anagram,
My name worn in his hat; he made me banquets,
As if he thought that ladies, like to flies,
Were to be caught with sweetmeats; quarrell'd with
My tailor, if my gown were not the first
Of that edition; beat my shoemaker,
If the least wrinkle on my foot appear'd,
As wronging the proportion; and, in time,
Grew bolder, usher'd me to masks, and - - -
Or else paid him that wrote them; - - -
With such a deal of p- - - - - -
And of good rank, are taken with such gambols;
In a word, I was so; and a solemn contract
Did pass betwixt us; and the day appointed,
That should make our embraces warrantable,
And lawful to the world: all things so carried,
As he meant nought but honourable love.
*Char.* A pretty method.
*Phil.* Quaintly, too, deliver'd. [gave proof
*Leon.* But, when he thought me sure, he then
That foul lust lurk'd in the fair shape of love;
For valuing neither laws divine nor human,
His credit, nor my fame, with violence born
On black-sail'd wings of loose and base desires,
As if his natural parts had quite forsook him,
And that the pleasures of the marriage bed
Were to be reap'd with no more ceremony
Than brute beasts couple,—I yet blush to speak it,
He tempted me to yield my honour up
To his libidinous twines; and, like an atheist,
Scoff'd at the form and orders of the church;
Nor ended so, but, being by me reproved,
He offer'd violence, but was prevented.
*Char.* Note, a sudden change.
*Laf* 'Twas foul in Cleremond.
*Leon.* I, burning then with a most virtuous anger,
Razed from my heart the memory of his name,
Reviled, and spit at him; and knew, 'twas justice
That I should take those deities he scorn'd,
Hymen and Cupid, into my protection,
And be the instrument of their revenge:
And so I cast him off, scorn'd his submission,
His poor and childish whinings, will'd my servants
To shut my gates against him: but, when neither
Disdain, hate, nor contempt, could free me from
His loathsome importunities, (and fired too
To wreak mine injured honour,) I took gladly
Advantage of his execrable oaths
To undergo what penance I enjoin'd him;
Then, to the terror of all future ribalds,
That make no difference between love and lust,
Imposed this task upon him. I have said, too:
Now, when you please, a censure.
*Char.* She has put
The judges to their whisper. [tutor?
*Nov.* What do you think of these proceedings,
*Peri.* The truth is,
I like not the severity of the court;
Would I were quit, and in an hospital,
I could let fall my suit!
*Nov.* 'Tis still your counsel.
*Char.* We are resolved, and with an equal hand
Will hold the scale of justice; pity shall not
Rob us of strength and will to draw her sword,
Nor passion transport us: let a priest
And headsman be in readiness;—do you start
To hear them named? Some little pause we grant you,
To take examination of yourselves,
What either of you have deserved, and why
These instruments of our power are now thought useful:
You shall hear more, anon.——
*Cler.* I like not this.
*Leon.* A dreadful preparation! I confess
It shakes my confidence.
*Clarin.* I presumed this court
Had been in sport erected; but now find,
With sorrow to the strongest hopes I built on,
That 'tis not safe to be the subject of
The - - - of kings,
(*New Speaker*) To the second cause.
*Laf.* - - - Perigot's.
*Nov.* Nay, take me along too;
And, since that our complaints differ not much,
Dispatch us both together. I accuse
This devilish doctor.
*Peri.* I this wicked lord.
*Nov.* 'Tis known I was an able, lusty man,
Fit to get soldiers to serve my king
And country in the wars; and howsoever
'Tis said I am not valiant of myself,
I was a striker, one that could strike home too;
And never did beget a girl, though drunk.
To make this good, I could produce brave boys,
That others father, twigs of mine own grafting,
That loved a drum at four, and ere full ten,
Fought battles for the parish they were born in:
And such by-blows, old stories say, still proved
Fortunate captains: now whereas in justice,
I should have had a pension from the state
For my good service, this ungrateful doctor,
Having no child, and never like to have one,
Because in pity to his barrenness,
I plotted how to help him to an heir,
Has, with a drench, so far disabled me,
That the great Turk may trust me with his virgins,
And never use a surgeon. Now consider,
If this be not hard measure, and a wrong to
Little Dan Cupid, if he be the god
Of coupling, as 'tis said; and will undo,
If you give way to this, all younger brothers
That carry their revenue in their breeches.
Have I not nick'd it, tutor?
*Peri.* To a hair, boy:
Our bills shall pass, ne'er fear it. For my case,
It is the same, sir; my intent as noble
As was my pupil's.
*Cham.* Plead it not again, then:
It takes much from the dignity of the court
But to give audience to such things as these,
That do in their defence, condemn themselves,
And need not an accuser. To be short, sir,
And in a language as far from obsceneness,
As the foul cause will give me leave, be pleased
To know thus much: This hungry pair of flesh-flies,
And most inseparable pair of coxcombs,
Though born of divers mothers, twins in baseness,
Were frequent at my table, had free welcome,
And entertainment fit for better men;
In the return of which, this thankful monsieur
Tempted my wife, seduced her, at the least
To him it did appear so; which discover'd,
And with what treacheries he did abuse
My bounties, treading underneath his feet
All due respect of hospitable rights,
Or the honour of my family; though the intent
Deserved a stab, and at the holy altar,
I borrow'd so much of your power to right me,
As to make him caper.

*Din.* For this gallant, sir,
I do confess I cool'd him, spoil'd his rambling;
Would all such as delight in it, were served so!
And since you are acquainted with the motives
That did induce me to it, I forbear
A needless repetition.
*Cham.* 'Tis not worth it.
The criminal judge is fitter to take - - -
Of pleas of this base nature. Be - - - -
An injured lady, for whose wrong - - - -
I see the statue of the god of love
Drop down tears of compassion, his sad mother,
And fair-cheek'd Graces, that attend on her,
Weeping for company, as if that all
The ornaments upon the Paphian shrine
Were, with one gripe, by sacrilegious hands,
Torn from the holy altar: 'tis a cause, sir,
That justly may exact your best attention;
Which if you truly understand and censure,
You not alone shall right the present times,
But bind posterity to be your debtor.
Stand forth, dear madam:—
[*Bellisant comes forward.*
Look upon this face.
Examine every feature and proportion,
And you with me must grant, this rare piece finish'd,
Nature, despairing e'er to make the like,
Brake suddenly the mould in which 'twas fashion'd.
Yet, to increase your pity, and call on
Your justice with severity, this fair outside
Was but the cover of a fairer mind.
Think, then, what punishment he must deserve,
And justly suffer, that could arm his heart
With such impenetrable flinty hardness,
To injure so much sweetness.
*Clarin.* I must stand
The fury of this tempest, which already
Sings in my ears.
*Bell.* Great sir, the too much praise
This lord, my guardian once, has shower'd upon me,
Could not but spring up blushes in my cheeks,
If grief had left me blood enough to speak
My humble modesty: and so far I am
From being litigious, that though I were robb'd
Of my whole estate, provided my fair name
Had been unwounded, I had now been silent.
But since the wrongs I undergo, if smother'd,
Would injure our whole sex, I must lay by
My native bashfulness, and put on boldness,
Fit to encounter with the impudence
Of this bad man, that from his birth hath been
So far from nourishing an honest thought,
That the abuse of virgins was his study,
And daily practice. His forsaking of
His wife, distressed Beauprè; his lewd wager
With these, companions like himself, to abuse me;
His desperate resolution, in my presence,
To be his own assassin; to prevent which,
Foolish compassion forced me to surrender
The life of life, my honour, I pass over:
I'll only touch his foul ingratitude,
To scourge which monster, if your laws provide not
A punishment with rigour, they are useless:
Or if the sword, the gallows, or the wheel,
Be due to such as spoil us of our goods;
Perillus' brazen bull, the English rack,
The German pincers, or the Scotch oil'd boots,
Though join'd together, yet come short of torture,
To their full merit, those accursed wretches,
That steal our reputations and good names,
As this base villain has done mine:—Forgive me,
If rage provoke me to uncivil language;
The cause requires it. Was it not enough
That, to preserve thy life, I lost my honour,
- - - - in recompense of such a gift
- - - - - - publish it to my disgrace?
- - - - - - - whose means, unfortunate I,
Whom, but of late, the city, nay all France,
Durst bring in opposition for chaste life,
With any woman in the Christian world,
Am now become a by-word and a scorn,
In mine own country.
*Char.* As I live, she moves me.
Is this true, Clarindore?
*Nov.* Oh! 'tis very true, sir;
He bragg'd of it to me.
*Per.* And me:
Nay, since we must be censured, we'll give evidence;
'Tis comfort to have fellows in affliction:
You shall not 'scape, fine monsieur.
*Clarin.* Peace, you dog-bolts!
Sir, I address myself to you, and hope
You have preserved one ear for my defence,
The other freely given to my accuser:
This lady, that complains of injury,
If she have any, was herself the cause
That brought it to her; for being young, and rich,
And fair too, as you see, and from that proud,
She boasted of her strength, as if it were not
In the power of love to undermine the fort
On which her chastity was strongly raised:
I, that was bred a courtier, and served
Almost my whole life under Cupid's ensigns,
Could not, in justice, but interpret this
As an affront to the great god of love,
And all his followers, if she were not brought
To due obedience: these strong reasons, sir,
Made me to undertake her. How I woo'd
Or what I swore, it skills* not; (since 'tis said,
And truly, Jupiter and Venus smile
At lovers' perjuries;) to be brief, she yielded.
And I enjoy'd her: if this be a crime,
And all such as offend this pleasant way
Are to be punish'd, I am sure you would have
Few followers in the court: you are young yourself, sir.
And what would you in such a cause?——
*Laf.* Forbear.
*Phil.* You are rude and insolent.
*Clarin.* Good words, gentle judges.
I have no oil'd tongue; and I hope my bluntness
Will not offend.
*Char.* But did you boast your conquest
Got on this lady?
*Clarin.* After victory;
A little glory in a soldier's mouth
Is not uncomely; love being a kind of war too:
And what I did achieve, was full of labour
As his that wins strong towns, and merits triumphs:
I thought it could not but take from my honour,
(Besides the wager of three thousand crowns
Made sure by her confession of my service,)
If it had been conceal'd.
*Char.* Who would have thought
That such an impudence could e'er have harbour
In the heart of any gentleman? In this,
Thou dost degrade thyself of all the honours
Thy ancestors left thee, and, in thy base nature,

* *It* skills *not;*] It *signifies* not.

'Tis too apparent that thou art a peasant.
Boast of a lady's favours! this confirms
Thou art the captain of that - - - -
That glory in their sins, and - - - -
With name of courtship; such as dare bely
Great women's bounties, and, repulsed and scorn'd,
Commit adultery with their good names,
And never touch their persons. I am sorry,
For your sake, madam, that I cannot make
Such reparation for you in your honour
As I desire; for, if I should compel him
To marry you, it were to him a blessing,
To you a punishment; he being so unworthy:
I therefore do resign my place to you;
Be your own judge; whate'er you shall determine,
By my crown, I'll see perform'd.

*Clarin.* I am in a fine case,
To stand at a woman's mercy.

*Bell.* Then thus, sir:
I am not bloody, nor bent to revenge;
And study his amendment, not his ruin:
Yet, since you have given up your power to me,
For punishment, I do enjoin him to
Marry this Moor.

*Clarin.* A devil! hang me rather.

*Char.* It is not to be alter'd.

*Clarin.* This is cruelty
Beyond expression - - - - I have a wife.

*Cham.* Ay, too good for thee. View her well,
And then, this varnish from her face wash'd off,
Thou shalt find Beauprè.

*Clarin.* Beauprè!

*Bell.* Yes, his wife, sir.
But long by him with violence cast off:
And in this shape she served me; all my studies
Aiming to make a fair atonement for her,
To which your majesty may now constrain him.

*Clarin.* It needs not; I receive her, and ask pardon
Of her and you.

*Bell.* On both our parts 'tis granted.
This was your bedfellow, and fill'd your arms,
When you thought you embraced me; I am yet
A virgin; nor had ever given consent,
In my chaste house, to such a wanton passage,
But that I knew that her desires were lawful.
But now no more of personated passion:
This is the man I loved, [*pointing to the bier.*] that I loved truly,
However I dissembled; and with him
Dies all affection in me. So, great sir,
Resume your seat.

*Char.* An unexpected issue,
Which I rejoice in; would 'twere in our power
To give a period to the rest, like this,
And spare our heavy censure! but the death
Of good Montrose forbids it. Cleremond,
Thou instantly shall marry Leonora;
Which done, as suddenly thy head cut off,
And corpse interr'd, upon thy grave I'll build
A room of eight feet square, in which this lady,
For punishment of her cruelty, shall die
An anchoress.

*Leon.* I do repent, and rather
Will marry him, and forgive him.

*Clarin.* Bind her to
Her word, great sir; Montrose lives; this a plot
To catch this obstinate lady.

*Leon.* I am glad
To be so cheated.

*Mont.* [*rises from the bier.*] - - - lady,
- - - - - - - - deceived; do not repent
Your good opinion of me when thought dead.
Nor let not my neglect to wait upon you,
Considering what a business of import
Diverted me, be thought unpardonable.

*Bell.* For my part 'tis forgiven; and thus I seal
- - - - - - - - - - - -

*Char.* Nor are we averse
To your desires; may you live long and happy!

*Nov.* Mercy to us, great sir.

*Peri.* We will become
Chaste and reformed men.

*Cham. and Din.* We both are suitors,
On this submission, for your pardon, sir.

*Char.* Which we in part will grant; but, to deter
Others, by their example, from pursuing
Unlawful lusts, that think adultery
A sport to be oft practised; fix on them
Two satyrs' heads; and so, in capital letters
Their foul intents writ on their breasts, we'll have them
Led thrice through Paris; then, at the court gate
To stand three hours, where Clarindore shall make
His recantation for the injury
Done to the Lady Bellisant; and read
A sharp invective, ending with a curse
Against all such as boast of ladies' favours:
Which done, both truly penitent, my doctor
Shall use his best art to restore your strength,
And render Perigot a perfect man.
So break we up Love's Parliament, which, we hope,
Being for mirth intended, shall not meet with
An ill construction; and if then, fair ladies*,
You please to approve it, we hope you'll invite
Your friends to see it often with delight.

[*Exeunt*†.

* ——— *fair ladies*] After this the manuscript adds, "and gracious spectators," which, as a foolish interpolation, I have dropped.

† This is a beautiful fragment, and is every where strongly marked with Massinger's manner; the same natural flow of poetry, the same unforced structure of his lines, and easy fall of period; the same fond use of mythology; and, what is more convincing than all the rest, the same intimate and habitual reference to his own thoughts and expressions elsewhere. I wish it could be added that there are no marks of licentiousness: the only consolation for the uneasiness occasioned by it is, that proper punishments are at last inflicted on the offenders; and we hail the moral, which aims at the suppression of "unlawful lusts."

As to the history connected with it, it is very slender: Charles talks of his conquests in Italy; but his chief business is to decree "the Parliament of Love." After this he disappears, and various gallantries take place, which are only meant to create employment for the court, and are adjudged by him in the last act.

The principal point of curiosity is the chivalrous institution of courts, where "disdained lovers" and "wronged ladies" might seek redress of amorous grievances. And this is already enquired into by the Editor.

The characters are lively and amusing: but in Montrose it seems to have been Massinger's intention to describe the united force of love and friendship. He is both lofty and tender, and possesses a sort of unconscious greatness, which shews itself in disinterested and magnanimous actions rather than in words. We tremble for him in the conversation preceding the combat with Cleremond, and are at length made happy with the success of the device which induces the reluctant Bellisant to confess her love. DR. IRELAND.

# THE ROMAN ACTOR.

THE ROMAN ACTOR.] This Tragedy was licensed by Sir H. Herbert, October 11th, 1626, and given to the press in 1629.

The plot is founded on the life of Domitian, as recorded by Suetonius, Dio, and others. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason say that the poet has been very true to history; but they say it, as usual, without knowledge: he has, as in *The Duke of Milan*, adopted a few leading circumstances, and had recourse to his invention for the rest.

This Play was successful in the representation; and appears to have been well received by the critics of those times, since it is preceded by commendatory copies of verses from Ford, Harvey, May, Taylor, and others. Taylor, an admirable actor, who played the part of Paris, calls it "the best of many good;" and Massinger himself declares that "he ever held it as the most perfect birth of his Minerva*." The judgment of an author is not always to be taken upon his own works. He has his partialities and his prejudices, and, like other parents, sees beauties which are not immediately apparent to an indifferent spectator. *The Roman Actor*, though a very excellent piece, will scarcely be ranked at this day above *The Unnatural Combat*, *The Duke of Milan*, or *The Bondman*.

This Tragedy was revived by Betterton, who took for himself the part of Paris, in which he was highly celebrated. It was again brought on the stage, with a few trifling alterations, in 1722, but I know not with what success. The old title page says, that it had been "divers times acted, with good allowance, at the private Play-house in the Black Friars, by the King's Majesty's servants."

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TO MY MUCH HONOURED AND MOST TRUE FRIENDS,

## SIR PHILIP KNYVET, KNT. & BART.

AND TO

## SIR THOMAS JEAY, KNT.

AND

## THOMAS BELLINGHAM, ESQ.

OF NEWTIMBER, IN SUSSEX.

How much I acknowledge myself bound for your so many, and extraordinary favours conferred upon me, as far as it is in my power, posterity shall take notice; I were most unworthy of such noble friends, if I should not, with all thankfulness, profess and own them. In the composition of this Tragedy you were my only supporters, and it being now by your principal encouragement to be turned into the world, it cannot walk safer than under your protection. It hath been happy in the suffrage of some learned and judicious gentlemen when it was presented, nor shall they find cause, I hope, in the perusal, to repent them of their good opinion of it. If the gravity and height of the subject distaste such as are only affected with jigs and ribaldry, (as I presume it will,) their condemnation of me and my poem can no way offend me: my reason teaching me, such malicious and ignorant detractors deserve rather contempt than satisfaction. I ever held it the most perfect birth of my Minerva; and therefore in justice offer it to those that have best deserved of me; who, I hope, in their courteous acceptance will render it worth their receiving, and ever, in their gentle construction of my imperfections, believe they may at their pleasure dispose of him, that is wholly and sincerely

Devoted to their service,
PHILIP MASSINGER.

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* Too much stress has been laid on this expression: it is proper, in adverting to it, to consider how few dramatic pieces Massinger had produced, when it was used

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | *Actors' Names.* |
|---|---|
| DOMITIANUS CÆSAR, | J. Lowin*. |
| PARIS, *the* ROMAN ACTOR, | J. Taylor. |
| ÆLIUS LAMIA, | T. Pollard. |
| JUNIUS RUSTICUS, | Rob. Benfield. |
| PALPHURIUS SURA, } *senators,* | W. Patricke. |
| FULCINIUS, | |
| PARTHENIUS, CÆSAR'S *freedman,* | R. Sharpe. |
| ARETINUS, CÆSAR'S *spy,* | E. Swanstone. |
| STEPHANOS†, DOMITILLA'S *freedman,* | |
| ÆSOPUS, } *players* | R. Robinson. |
| LATINUS, } | C. Greville. |
| ASCLETARIO, *an astrologer.* | |

| | *Actors' Names.* |
|---|---|
| PHILARGUS, *a rich miser; father to* PARTHENIUS, | A. SMITH. |
| SEJEIUS, } *conspirators,* | G. Vernon‡. |
| ENTELLUS, } | J. Horne‡. |
| DOMITIA, *wife of* ÆLIUS LAMIA, | J. Tompson. |
| DOMITILLA, *cousin-german to* CÆSAR. | J. Hunnieman. |
| JULIA, *daughter of* TITUS, | W. Trigge. |
| CÆNIS, VESPASIAN'S *concubine,* | A. Gough. |
| *A Lady.* | |
| Tribunes, Lictors, Centurions, Soldiers, Hangmen, Servants, Captives. | |

SCENE, Rome.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Theatre. Enter* PARIS, LATINUS, *and* ÆSOPUS.

*Æsop.* What do we act to-day?
*Lat.* Agave's Frenzy,
With Pentheus' Bloody End.
*Par.* It skills not what§;
The times are dull, and all that we receive
Will hardly satisfy the day's expense.
The Greeks, to whom we owe the first invention
Both of the buskin'd scene, and humble sock,
That reign in every noble family,
Declaim against us: and our theatre‖,
Great Pompey's work, that hath given full delight
Both to the eye and ear of fifty thousand
Spectators in one day, as if it were
Some unknown desert, or great Rome unpeopled,
Is quite forsaken.
*Lat.* Pleasures of worse natures
Are gladly entertain'd; and they that shun us,
Practise, in private, sports the stews would blush at,
A litter borne by eight Liburnian slaves,
To buy diseases from a glorious strumpet,
The most censorious of our Roman gentry,
Nay, of the guarded robe*, the senators
Esteem an easy purchase.
*Par.* Yet grudge us†,
That with delight join profit, and endeavour
To build their minds up fair, and on the stage
Decipher to the life what honours wait
On good and glorious actions, and the shame
That treads upon the heels of vice, the salary
Of six *sestertii*.
*Æsop.* For the profit, Paris,
And mercenary gain, they are things beneath us;
Since, while you hold your grace and power with Cæsar,
We, from your bounty, find a large supply,
Nor can one thought of want ever approach us.
*Par.* Our aim is glory, and to leave our names
To aftertime.
*Lat.* And, would they give us leave,
There ends all our ambition.
*Æsop.* We have enemies,
And great ones too, I fear. 'Tis given out lately,
The consul Aretinus, Cæsar's spy,
Said at his table, ere a month expired,
For being gall'd in our last comedy,
He'd silence us for ever.
*Par.* I expect
No favour from him; my strong Aventine is‡,

* *John Lowin,* &c.] All that is known of this excellent actor (as well as most of those who follow) is collected with great care by Mr. Malone, and inserted in his *Historical View of the English Stage:* to which I refer the reader.

† *Stephanos.*] So Massinger spells his name; it should, however, be Stephanus.

‡ George Vernon and James Horne have no characters assigned them in the list of persons presented; probably they played Sejeius and Entellus, whose names have not hitherto been given among the dramatis personæ; though they appear in the second scene of the last act.

§ Par. *It* skills not.] i. e. matters not. So in *The Custom of the Country:*

" ———— Some pursue
The murderer; yet if he 'scape, it *skills not;*
Were I a prince, I would reward him for't."

‖ ———— *and our* theatre,
*Great Pompey's work,* &c.] The old copy reads *amphitheatre,* for which I have taken the liberty to substitute *theatre.* Massinger could not be ignorant that the former was not "the work of Pompey;" nor that a building appropriated solely to combats of gladiators, wild beasts, &c., was not properly adapted to the scenical exhibitions of Paris and his associates. Not to insist that the *work* for which Pompey was so celebrated, was a *theatre,* (as we learn from Tacitus and others,) I would just observe, that the redundancy of the old reading furnishes no slight proof that the confusion of terms did not arise from the poet, but his transcriber.

What Massinger says of the theatre, is applied by Addison, in his Letter from Rome, to the Coliseo:—

" ———— which *unpeopled Rome,*
And held uncrowded nations in its womb."

* *Nay, of the* guarded *robe.*] i. e. the laced or bordered robe.—The *Laticlavus.* M. MASON.

† Paris *Yet grudge us,*
*That with delight join profit,* &c.] Paris here applies, pleasantly enough, to himself, what was said of a very different character:

*Hos inter sumptus, sestertia Quintiliano*
*Ut multum, duo sufficient.*

On the whole, it is amusing to hear him talk in the high moral strain of Seneca and Juvenal.

‡ ———— *my strong* Aventine.] I scarcely know what is meant by this uncouth expression. On this hill the auguries were usually taken, it may therefore

That great Domitian, whom we oft have cheer'd
In his most sullen moods, will once return,
Who can repair, with ease, the consul's ruins.
*Lat.* 'Tis frequent in the city*, he hath subdued
The Catti and the Daci, and, ere long,
The second time will enter Rome in triumph.

*Enter two* Lictors.

*Par.* Jove hasten it! With us?—I now believe
The consul's threats, Æsopus.
1 *Lict.* You are summon'd
To appear to-day in senate.
2 *Lict.* And there to answer
What shall be urged against you.
*Par.* We obey you.
Nay, droop not, fellows; innocence should be bold.
We, that have personated in the scene
The ancient heroes, and the falls of princes,
With loud applause; being to act ourselves,
Must do it with undaunted confidence.
Whate'er our sentence be, think 'tis in sport:
And, though condemn'd, let's hear it without sorrow,
As if we were to live again to-morrow†.
1 *Lict.* 'Tis spoken like yourself.

*Enter* Ælius Lamia, Junius Rusticus, *and* Palphurius Sura.

*Lam.* Whither goes Paris?
1 *Lict.* He's cited to the senate.
*Lat.* I am glad the state is
So free from matters of more weight and trouble,
That it has vacant time to look on us. [kings
*Par.* That reverend place, in which the affairs of
And provinces were determined, to descend
To the censure of a bitter word, or jest,
Dropp'd from a poet's pen! Peace to your lordships!
We are glad that you are safe.

[*Exeunt Lictors, Paris, Latinus, and Æsopus.*

*Lam.* What times are these!
To what is Rome fallen! may we, being alone
Speak our thoughts freely of the prince and state,
And not fear the informer?
*Rust.* Noble Lamia,
So dangerous the age is, and such bad acts
Are practised every where, we hardly sleep,
Nay, cannot dream, with safety. All our actions
Are call'd in question: to be nobly born
Is now a crime; and to deserve too well,
Held capital treason. Sons accuse their fathers,
Fathers their sons; and, but to win a smile
From one in grace at court, our chastest matrons
Make shipwreck of their honours. To be virtuous
Is to be guilty. They are only safe
That know to soothe the prince's appetite,
And serve his lusts.
*Sura.* 'Tis true; and 'tis my wonder,
That two sons of so different a nature [Titus,
Should spring from good Vespasian. We had a
Styled, justly, the delight of all mankind,
Who did esteem that day lost in his life,
In which some one or other tasted not
Of his magnificent bounties;—one that had
A ready tear, when he was forced to sign
The death of an offender: and so far
From pride, that he disdain'd not the converse
Even of the poorest Roman.
*Lam.* Yet his brother,
Domitian, that now sways the power of things*,
Is so inclined to blood, that no day passes
In which some are not fastened to the hook,
Or thrown down from the Gemonies†. His freedmen
Scorn the nobility, and he himself,
As if he were not made of flesh and blood,
Forgets he is a man.
*Rust.* In his young years, [ness:
He show'd what he would be when grown to ripe-
His greatest pleasure was, being a child,
With a sharp-pointed bodkin to kill flies,
Whose rooms now men supply. For his escape
In the Vitellian war, he raised a temple
To Jupiter, and proudly placed his figure
In the bosom of the god: and in his edicts
He does not blush, or start, to style himself
(As if the name of emperor were base)
Great Lord and God Domitian.
*Sura.* I have letters
He's on his way to Rome, and purposes
To enter with all glory. The flattering senate
Decrees him divine honours; and to cross it,
Were death with studied torments:—for my part‡,
I will obey the time; it is in vain
To strive against the torrent.
*Rust.* Let's to the curia,
And, though unwillingly, give our suffrages,
Before we are compell'd.
*Lam.* And since we cannot
With safety use the active, let's make use of
The passive fortitude, with this assurance,
That the state, sick in him, the gods to friend§,
Though at the worst will now begin to mend. [*Exeunt.*

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signify, my strong forebodings, or expectations. Or it may mean (as the Aventine was a post of strength) my security, my defence.

* Lat. *'Tis frequent in the city,*] A Latinism; 'tis common, currently reported, &c.

† *As if we were to live again to-morrow.*] This line is wholly omitted by Mr. M. Mason! To a culpable negligence, this "most accurate of editors" joins a gross ignorance of history. He reads just below, *Enter Ælius, Lamia, Junius Rusticus, Palphurius, and Sura!* He has not even the excuse of being misled by Coxeter here, for the copulative between Palphurius and Sura is his own ingenious addition!

* *Domitian, that now sways the* power of things,] A Latinism for—that now sways the world, *rerum potestas.*

† *Or* thrown down from the Gemonies.]

For this pure and classical expression, the modern editors have foolishly substituted,

*Or thrown from the Tarpeian rock!*

I say foolishly, because, from their impertinent alteration, they appear to take the fastening to the hook, and the throwing from the Gemonies to be modes of excecution: whereas they were expressions of indignity to the sufferer *after* death. The Gemonies (*Scalæ Gemoniæ*) was an abrupt and rugged precipice on the Aventine where the bodies of state criminals were flung, and from whence, after they had been exposed to the insults of the rabble, they were dragged to the Tiber, which flowed at the foot of the hill.

I have already observed, that Massinger is only known to those who read him in the old editions, and every page and every line I examine of Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, strengthens and confirms the observation.

‡ ——————— *for my part*
*I will obey the time; it is in vain*
*To strive against the torrent.*] Massinger has confounded the character of Sura with that of Crispus. It is needless, however, to dwell on such inaccuracies, since none will consult the dramatic poet for the true characters of those eventful times. In the preceding speech, he represents Domitian as delighting "to kills flies in his childhood." This is directly in the face of history. Suetonius says that he *began his reign* with killing flies. His childhood was sufficiently innocent.

§ ——————— *the* gods to friend,] i. e. συν θεοις, with the protection of heaven—a very common expression in our old poets. Thus Spenser:

"So forward on his way, with *God to friend,*
He passed forth"——————

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Lamia's *House.*

*Enter* Domitia *and* Parthenius.

*Dom.* To me this reverence!
*Parth.* I pay it, lady,
As a debt due to her that's Cæsar's mistress:
For understand with joy, he that commands
All that the sun gives warmth to, is your servant;
Be not amazed, but fit you to your fortunes.
Think upon state and greatness*, and the honours
That wait upon Augusta, for that name,
Ere long, comes to you:—still you doubt your vassal;
But, when you've read this letter, writ and sign'd
With his imperial hand, you will be freed
From fear and jealousy; and, I beseech you,
When all the beauties of the earth bow to you,
And senators shall take it for an honour,
As I do now, to kiss these happy feet;
When every smile you give is a preferment,
And you dispose of provinces to your creatures,
Think on Parthenius.
*Dom.* Rise. I am transported,
And hardly dare believe what is assured here.
The means, my good Parthenius, that wrought Cæsar,
Our god on earth, to cast an eye of favour
Upon his humble handmaid?
*Parth.* What, but your beauty?
When nature framed you for her masterpiece,
As the pure abstract of all rare in woman,
She had no other ends but to design you
To the most eminent place. I will not say
(For it would smell of arrogance to insinuate
The service I have done you) with what zeal
I oft have made relation of your virtues,
Or how I've sung your goodness, or how Cæsar
Was fired with the relation of your story:
I am rewarded in the act, and happy
In that my project prosper'd.
*Dom.* You are modest:
And were it in my power, I would be thankful.
If that, when I was mistress of myself,
And, in my way of youth, pure and untainted†,
The emperor had vouchsafed to seek my favours,
I had with joy given up my virgin fort,
At the first summons, to his soft embraces:
But I am now another's, not mine own.
You know I have a husband:—for my honour,
I would not be his strumpet, and how law
Can be dispensed with to become his wife,
To me's a riddle.
*Parth.* I can soon resolve it:
When power puts in his plea the laws are silenced.
The world confesses one Rome, and one Cæsar,
And as his rule is infinite, his pleasures
Are unconfined; this syllable, his *will*,
Stands for a thousand reasons.
*Dom.* But with safety,
Suppose I should consent, how can I do it?
My husband is a senator, of a temper
Not to be jested with.

*Enter* Lamia.

*Parth.* As if he durst
Be Cæsar's rival!—here he comes; with ease
I will remove this scruple.

* *Think upon state and greatness!*] Mr. M. Mason foists in the article before *state*, which weakens the expression, and destroys the metre.

† *And, in* my way of youth, *pure and untainted,*] See *a Very Woman.*

*Lam.* How! so private!
My own house made a brothel! Sir, how durst you,
Though guarded with your power in court and greatness,
Hold conference with my wife? As for you, minion,
I shall hereafter treat——
*Parth.* You are rude and saucy,
Nor know to whom you speak.
*Lam.* This is fine, i'faith!
Is she not my wife?
*Parth.* Your wife! But touch her, that respect forgotten
That's due to her whom mightiest Cæsar favours,
And think what 'tis to die. Not to lose time,
She's Cæsar's choice: it is sufficient honour
You were his taster in this heavenly nectar;
But now must quit the office.
*Lam.* This is rare!
Cannot a man be master of his wife
Because she's young and fair, without a patent?
I in my own house am an emperor, [knaves?
And will defend what's mine. Where are my
If such an insolence escape unpunish'd——
*Parth.* In yourself, Lamia,—Cæsar hath forgot
To use his power, and I, his instrument,
In whom, though absent, his authority speaks,
Have lost my faculties! [*Stamps.*

*Enter a* Centurion *with* Soldiers.

*Lam.* The guard! why, am I
Design'd for death!
*Dom.* As you desire my favour,
Take not so rough a course.
*Parth.* All your desires
Are absolute commands. Yet give me leave
To put the will of Cæsar into act.
Here's a bill of divorce between your lordship
And this great lady: if you refuse to sign it,
And so as if you did it uncompell'd,
Won to't by reasons that concern yourself,
Her honour too untainted, here are clerks,
Shall in your best blood write it new, till torture
Compel you to perform it.
*Lam.* Is this legal*?
*Parth.* Monarchs that dare not do unlawful things,
Yet bear them out, are constables, not kings.
Will you dispute?
*Lam.* I know not what to urge
Against myself, but too much dotage on her,
Love, and observance.
*Parth.* Set it under your hand,
That you are impotent, and cannot pay
The duties of a husband; or, that you are mad;
Rather than want just cause, we'll make you so.
Dispatch, you know the danger else;—deliver it,

* Lam. *Is this legal?*
Parth *Monarchs, that dare not do unlawful things,*] In Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason's editions these lines are thus printed:

Lam. *Is this legal?*
New works *that dare not, &c.*

On which the latter says: "I considered this passage for some time as irretrievable, for there is a mistake not only in the words, but in the person also to whom they are attributed;" and he proceeds with great earnestness and gravity to rectify the mistake. All this "consideration" might have been saved by a glance at the old copies, which, read precisely as I have given it. True it is, that Coxeter found the nonsense they have printed, in the quarto; but the error seems to have been quickly discovered and removed, since it occurs but in one of the numerous copies which I have had occasion to consult.

Nay, on your knee. Madam, you now are free,
And mistress of yourself.
*Lam.* Can you, Domitia,
Consent to this?
*Dom.* 'Twould argue a base mind
To live a servant, when I may command.
I now am Cæsar's: and yet, in respect
I once was yours, when you come to the palace,
Provided you deserve it in your service,
You shall find me your good mistress*. Wait me,
And now farewell, poor Lamia. [Parthenius.
[*Exeunt all but Lamia.*
*Lam.* To the gods
I bend my knees, (for tyranny hath banish'd
Justice from men,) and as they would deserve
Their altars, and our vows, humbly invoke them,
That this my ravish'd wife may prove as fatal
To proud Domitian, and her embraces
Afford him, in the end, as little joy
As wanton Helen brought to him of Troy! [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.—*The Senate-house.*

*Enter* Lictors, Aretinus, Fulcinius, Rusticus Sura, Paris, Latinus, *and* Æsopus.

*Aret.* Fathers conscript†, may this our meeting be
Happy to Cæsar and the commonwealth!
*Lict.* Silence!
*Aret.* The purpose of this frequent senate
Is first, to give thanks to the gods of Rome,
That, for the propagation of the empire,
Vouchsafe us one to govern it, like themselves.
In height of courage, depth of understanding,
And all those virtues, and remarkable graces,
Which make a prince most eminent, our Domitian
Transcends the ancient Romans: I can never
Bring his praise to a period. What good man,
That is a friend to truth, dares make it doubtful,
That he hath Fabius' staidness, and the courage
Of bold Marcellus, to whom Hannibal gave
The style of Target, and the Sword of Rome?
But he has more, and every touch more Roman;
As Pompey's dignity, Augustus' state,
Antony's bounty, and great Julius' fortune,
With Cato's resolution. I am lost
In the ocean of his virtues: in a word,
All excellencies of good men meet in him
But no part of their vices.
*Rust.* This is no flattery!
*Sura.* Take heed, you'll be observed.
*Aret.* 'Tis then most fit
That we, (as to the father of our country‡,
Like thankful sons, stand bound to pay true service
For all those blessings that he showers upon us,)
Should not connive, and see his government
Depraved and scandalized by meaner men,
That to his favour and indulgence owe
Themselves and being.
*Par.* Now he points at us.
*Aret.* Cite Paris, the tragedian.
*Par.* Here.
*Aret.* Stand forth.
In thee, as being the chief of thy profession,
I do accuse the quality of treason*,
As libellers against the state and Cæsar.
*Par.* Mere accusations are not proofs, my lord;
In what are we delinquents?
*Aret.* You are they
That search into the secrets of the time,
And, under feign'd names, on the stage, present
Actions not to be touch'd at; and traduce
Persons of rank and quality of both sexes,
And with satirical and bitter jests
Make even the senators ridiculous
To the plebeians.
*Par.* If I free not myself,
And, in myself, the rest of my profession,
From these false imputations, and prove
That they make that a libel which the poet
Writ for a comedy, so acted too;
It is but justice that we undergo
The heaviest censure.
*Aret.* Are you on the stage,
You talk so boldly?
*Par.* The whole world being one,
This place is not exempted; and I am
So confident in the justice of our cause,
That I could wish Cæsar, in whose great name
All kings are comprehended, sat as judge,
To hear our plea, and then determine of us.
If, to express a man sold to his lusts,
Wasting the treasure of his time and fortunes
In wanton dalliance, and to what sad end
A wretch that's so given over does arrive at;
Deterring careless youth, by his example,
From such licentious courses; laying open
The snares of bawds, and the consuming arts
Of prodigal strumpets, can deserve reproof;
Why are not all your golden principles,
Writ down by grave philosophers to instruct us
To choose fair virtue for our guide, not pleasure,
Condemn'd unto the fire?
*Sura.* There's spirit in this.
*Par.* Or if desire of honour was the base
On which the building of the Roman empire
Was raised up to this height; if, to inflame
The noble youth with an ambitious heat
T' endure the frosts of danger, nay, of death,
To be thought worthy the triumphal wreath
By glorious undertakings, may deserve
Reward or favour from the commonwealth;
Actors may put in for as large a share
As all the sects of the philosophers.
They with cold precepts† (perhaps seldom read)
Deliver, what an honourable thing
The active virtue is: but does that fire
The blood, or swell the veins with emulation,
To be both good and great, equal to that
Which is presented on our theatres?

---

* *You shall find me your* good mistress.] That is, your *patroness*. This was the language of the times, and is frequently found in our old writers: it occurs again in the dedication to *The Emperor of the East*.

† Aret. *Fathers conscript*, &c.] This was the customary form of opening the debate: it occurs in Jonson's *Catiline*. *Frequent senate*, which is found in the next speech, is a Latinism for a full house.

‡ *That we, (as to the father*, &c.] We should certainly read *who* instead of *as*.—M. Mason.
There is an ellipsis of *who*: but the text is right.

* *In thee, as being the chief of thy profession,*
*I do accuse the* quality *of treason*,] *Quality*, though used in a general sense for any occupation, calling, or condition of life, yet seems more peculiarly appropriated, by our old writers, to that of a player. See *the Picture*.

† *They with cold precepts*, &c.] This is judiciously expanded from Horace:

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,*
*Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ*
*Ipse sibi tradit spectator.*

Let a good actor, in a lofty scene,
Shew great Alcides honour'd in the sweat
Of his twelve labours; or a bold Camillus,
Forbidding Rome to be redeem'd with gold
From the insulting Gauls; or Scipio,
After his victories, imposing tribute
On conquer'd Carthage: if done to the life,
As if they saw their dangers, and their glories,
And did partake with them in their rewards,
All that have any spark of Roman in them,
The slothful arts laid by, contend to be
Like those they see presented.
*Rust.* He has put
The consuls to their whisper*.
*Par.* But, 'tis urged
That we corrupt youth, and traduce superiors.
When do we bring a vice upon the stage,
That does go off unpunish'd? Do we teach,
By the success of wicked undertakings,
Others to tread in their forbidden steps?
We show no arts of Lydian panderism,
Corinthian poisons, Persian flatteries,
But mulcted so in the conclusion, that
Even those spectators that were so inclined,
Go home changed men. And, for traducing such
That are above us, publishing to the world
Their secret crimes, we are as innocent
As such as are born dumb. When we present
An heir that does conspire against the life
Of his dear parent, numbering every hour
He lives, as tedious to him; if there be
Among the auditors, one whose conscience tells him
He is of the same mould,—WE CANNOT HELP IT.
Or, bringing on the stage a loose adulteress,
That does maintain the riotous expense
Of him that feeds her greedy lust, yet suffers
The lawful pledges of a former bed
To starve the while for hunger: if a matron,
However great in fortune, birth, or titles,
Guilty of such a foul unnatural sin,
Cry out, 'Tis writ for me,—WE CANNOT HELP IT.
Or, when a covetous man's express'd, whose wealth
Arithmetic cannot number, and whose lordships
A falcon in one day cannot fly over;
Yet he so sordid in his mind, so griping,
As not to afford himself the necessaries
To maintain life; if a patrician,
(Though honour'd with a consulship,) find himself
Touch'd to the quick in this,—WE CANNOT HELP IT:
Or, when we show a judge that is corrupt,
And will give up his sentence, as he favours
The person, not the cause; saving the guilty,
If of his faction, and as oft condemning
The innocent, out of particular spleen;
If any in this reverend assembly,
Nay, even yourself, my lord, that are the image
Of absent Cæsar, feel something in your bosom
That puts you in remembrance of things past,
Or things intended,—'TIS NOT IN US TO HELP IT.
I have said, my lord; and now, as you find cause,
Or censure us, or free us with applause.
*Lat.* Well pleaded, on my life! I never saw him
Act an orator's part before.
*Æsop.* We might have given
Ten double fees to Regulus, and yet
Our cause deliver'd worse. [*A shout within.*

*Enter* PARTHENIUS.

*Aret.* What shout is that?
*Parth.* Cæsar, our lord, married to conquest, is
Return'd in triumph.
*Ful.* Let's all haste to meet him.
*Aret.* Break up the court; we will reserve to him
The censure of this cause.
*All.* Long life to Cæsar! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*The Approach to the Capitol.*

*Enter* JULIA, CÆNIS, DOMITILLA, *and* DOMITIA.

*Cænis.* Stand back—the place is mine.
*Jul.* Yours! Am I not
Great Titus' daughter, and Domitian's niece?
Dares any claim precedence?
*Cænis.* I was more:
The mistress of your father, and, in his right,
Claim duty from you.
*Jul.* I confess, you were useful
To please his appetite.
*Dom.* To end the controversy,
For I'll have no contending, I'll be bold
To lead the way myself.
*Domitil.* You, minion!
*Dom.* Yes;
And all, ere long, shall kneel to catch my favours.
*Jul.* Whence springs this flood of greatness?
*Dom.* You shall know
Too soon for your vexation, and perhaps
Repent too late, and pine with envy, when
You see whom Cæsar favours.
*Jul.* Observe the sequel.

*Enter* Captains *with laurels*, DOMITIAN *in his triumphant chariot*, PARTHENIUS, PARIS, LATINUS, *and* ÆSOPUS, *met by* ARETINUS, SURA, LAMIA, RUSTICUS, FULCINIUS, Soldiers, *and Captives.*

*Cæs.* As we now touch the height of human glory,
Riding in triumph to the capitol,
Let these, whom this victorious arm hath made
The scorn of fortune, and the slaves of Rome,
Taste the extremes of misery. Bear them off
To the common prisons, and there let them prove
How sharp our axes are.
[*Exeunt Soldiers with Captives.*
*Rust.* A bloody entrance! [*Aside.*
*Cæs.* To tell you you are happy in your prince,
Were to distrust your love, or my desert;
And either were distasteful: or to boast
How much, not by my deputies, but myself,
I have enlarged the empire; or what horrors
The soldier, in our conduct, hath broke through,
Would better suit the mouth of Plautus' braggart,
Than the adored monarch of the world.
*Sura.* This is no boast! [*Aside.*
*Cæs.* When I but name the Daci,
And grey-eyed Germans, whom I have subdued,
The ghost of Julius will look pale with envy,
And great Vespasian's and Titus' triumph,
(Truth must take place of father and of brother,)
Will be no more remember'd. I am above

---

* Rust. *He has put* &c.] Massinger never scruples to repeat himself. We have just had this expression in *The Parliament of Love:*

"——— she has put
The judges to their whisper."

The learned reader will discover several classical allusions in the ensuing speech, and, indeed, in every part of this drama: these I have not always pointed out; though I would observe, in justice to Massinger, that they are commonly made with skill and effect, and without that affectation of literature elsewhere so noticeable.

All honours you can give me; and the style
Of Lord and God, which thankful subjects give me,
Not my ambition, is deserved.
*Aret.* At all parts
Celestial sacrifice is fit for Cæsar,
In our acknowledgment.
*Cæs.* Thanks, Aretinus;
Still hold our favour. Now, the god of war,
And famine, blood, and death, Bellona's pages,
Banish'd from Rome to Thrace, in our good fortune,
With justice he may taste the fruits of peace,
Whose sword hath plough'd the ground, and reap'd the harvest
Of your prosperity. Nor can I think
That there is one among you so ungrateful,
Or such an enemy to thriving virtue,
That can esteem the jewel he holds dearest
Too good for Cæsar's use.
*Sura.* All we possess—
*Lam.* Our liberties—
*Ful.* Our children—
*Par.* Wealth—
*Aret.* And throats,
Fall willingly beneath his feet.
*Rust.* Base flattery!
What Roman can endure this! [*Aside.*
*Cæs.* This calls* on
My love to all, which spreads itself among you.
The beauties of the time! receive the honour
To kiss the hand which, rear'd up thus, holds thunder;
To you, 'tis an assurance of a calm.
Julia, my niece, and Cænis, the delight
Of old Vespasian; Domitilla, too,
A princess of our blood.
*Rust.* 'Tis strange his pride
Affords no greater courtesy to ladies
Of such high birth and rank.
*Sura.* Your wife's forgotten.
*Lam.* No, she will be remembered, fear it not,
She will be graced, and greased.
*Cæs.* But, when I look on
Divine Domitia, methinks we should meet
(The lesser gods applauding the encounter)
As Jupiter, the Giants lying dead
On the Phlegræan plain, embraced his Juno.
Lamia, it is your honour that she's mine.
*Lam.* You are too great to be gainsaid.
*Cæs.* Let all
That fear our frown, or do affect our favour,
Without examining the reason why,
Salute her (by this kiss I make it good)
With the title of Augusta.
*Dom.* Still your servant.
*All.* Long live Augusta, great Domitian's empress!
*Cæs.* Paris, my hand.
*Par.* The gods still honour Cæsar!
*Cæs.* The wars are ended, and, our arms laid by,
We are for soft delights. Command the poets
To use their choicest and most rare invention,
To entertain the time, and be you careful
To give it action: we'll provide the people
Pleasures of all kinds. My Domitia, think not
I flatter, though thus fond. On to the capitol:
'Tis death to him that wears a sullen brow.
This 'tis to be a monarch, when alone
He can command all, but is awed by none.
[*Exeunt*

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## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Palace.*

*Enter* Philargus *in rags, and* Parthenius.

*Phil.* My son to tutor me! Know your obedience,
And question not my will.
*Parth.* Sir, were I one,
Whom want compell'd to wish a full possession
Of what is yours; or had I ever number'd†
Your years, or thought you lived too long, with
You then might nourish ill opinions of me: [reason
Or did the suit that I prefer to you
Concern myself, and aim'd not at your good,
You might deny, and I sit down with patience,
And after never press you.
*Phil.* In the name of Pluto,
What would'st thou have me do?
*Parth.* Right to yourself;
Or suffer me to do it. Can you imagine
This nasty hat, this tatter'd cloak, rent shoe,
This sordid linen, can become the master
Of your fair fortunes? whose superfluous means,
Though I were burthensome, could clothe you in
The costliest Persian silks, studded with jewels,
The spoils of provinces, and every day
Fresh change of Tyrian purple.
*Phil.* Out upon thee!
My monies in my coffers melt to hear thee.
Purple! hence, prodigal! Shall I make my mercer
Or tailor heir, or see my jeweller purchase?
No, I hate pride.
*Parth.* Yet decency would do well.
Though, for your outside, you will not be alter'd,
Let me prevail so far yet, as to win you
Not to deny your belly nourishment;
Neither to think you've feasted when 'tis cramm'd
With mouldy barley-bread, onions, and leeks,
And the drink of bondmen, water.
*Phil.* Wouldst thou have me
Be an Apicius, or a Lucullus,
And riot out my state in curious sauces?
Wise nature with a little is contented;
And, following her, my guide, I cannot err.

---

* *This calls*, &c.] This passage is so strangely pointed in the modern editions, that it clearly appears to have been misunderstood. They read,

*This calls on*
*My love to all, which spreads itself among you,*
*The beauties of the time. Receive* &c.

† ——— ——— *or had I ever number'd*
*Your years,*] This was accounted a high degree of unnaturalness and impiety among all nations: *patrios inquiere in annos* is reckoned by Ovid among the prominent causes which provoked Jupiter to destroy the old world by a deluge.

*Parth.* But you destroy her in your want of care
(I blush to see, and speak it) to maintain her
In perfect health and vigour, when you suffer,
Frighted with the charge of physic, rheums, catarrhs,
The scurf, ache in your bones, to grow upon you,
And hasten on your fate with too much sparing;
When a cheap purge, a vomit, and good diet,
May lengthen it. Give me but leave to send
The emperor's doctor to you.
*Phil.* I'll be borne first,
Half rotten, to the fire that must consume me!
His pills, his cordials, his electuaries,
His syrups, julaps, bezoar stone, nor his
Imagined unicorn's horn, comes in my belly;
My mouth shall be a draught first, 'tis resolved.
No; I'll not lessen my dear golden heap,
Which, every hour increasing, does renew
My youth and vigour; but, if lessen'd, then,
Then my poor heart-strings crack. Let me enjoy it,
And brood o'er't, while I live, it being my life,
My soul, my all: but when I turn to dust,
And part from what is more esteem'd, by me,
Than all the gods Rome's thousand altars smoke to,
Inherit thou my adoration of it,
And, like me, serve my idol. [*Exit.*
*Parth.* What a strange torture
Is avarice to itself! what man, that looks on
Such a penurious spectacle, but must
Know what the fable meant of Tantalus,
Or the ass whose back is crack'd with curious viands,
Yet feeds on thistles. Some course I must take,
To make my father know what cruelty
He uses on himself.

*Enter* PARIS.

*Par.* Sir, with your pardon,
I make bold to enquire the emperor's pleasure;
For, being by him commanded to attend,
Your favour may instruct us what's his will
Shall be this night presented.
*Parth.* My loved Paris,
Without my intercession, you well know,
You may make your own approaches, since his ear
To you is ever open.
*Par.* I acknowledge
His clemency to my weakness, and, if ever
I do abuse it, lightning strike me dead!
The grace he pleases to confer upon me
(Without boast I may say so much) was never
Employ'd to wrong the innocent, or to incense
His fury.
*Parth.* 'Tis confess'd: many men owe you
For provinces they ne'er hoped for; and their lives,
Forfeited to his anger:—you being absent,
I could say more.
*Par.* You still are my good patron;
And, lay it in my fortune to deserve it,
You should perceive the poorest of your clients
To his best abilities thankful.
*Parth.* I believe so.
Met you my father?
*Par.* Yes, sir, with much grief,
To see him as he is. Can nothing work him
To be himself?
*Parth.* O, Paris, 'tis a weight
Sits heavy here; and could this right hand's loss
Remove it, it should off; but he is deaf
To all persuasion.
*Par.* Sir, with your pardon,
I'll offer my advice: I once observed,
In a tragedy of ours*, in which a murder
Was acted to the life, a guilty hearer,
Forced by the terror of a wounded conscience,
To make discovery of that which torture
Could not wring from him. Nor can it appear
Like an impossibility, but that
Your father, looking on a covetous man
Presented on the stage, as in a mirror,
May see his own deformity, and loath it.
Now, could you but persuade the emperor
To see a comedy we have, that's styled
*The Cure of Avarice*, and to command
Your father to be a spectator of it,
He shall be so anatomized in the scene,
And see himself so personated, the baseness
Of a self-torturing miserable wretch
Truly described, that I much hope the object
Will work compunction in him.
*Parth.* There's your fee;
I ne'er bought better counsel. Be you in readiness,
I will effect the rest.
*Par.* Sir, when you please;
We'll be prepared to enter.—Sir, the emperor.
[*Exit.*

†*Enter* CÆSAR, ARRUNTIUS, *and Guard.*

*Cæs.* Repine at us!
*Aret.* 'Tis more, or my informers,
That keep strict watch upon him, are deceived
In their intelligence: there is a list
Of malcontents, as Junius Rusticus,
Palphurius Sura, and this Ælius Lamia,
That murmur at your triumphs, as mere pageants;
And, at their midnight meetings, tax your justice,
(For so I style what they call tyranny,)
For Pætus Thrasea's death, as if in him
Virtue herself were murder'd: nor forget they
Agricola, who, for his service done
In the reducing Britain to obedience,
They dare affirm to be removed with poison;
And he compell'd to write you a coheir
With his daughter, that his testament might stand,
Which, else, you had made void. Then your much
To Julia your niece, censured as incest, [love
And done in scorn of Titus, your dead brother:
But the divorce Lamia was forced to sign
To her you honour with Augusta's title,
Being only named, they do conclude there was
A Lucrece once, a Collatine, and a Brutus;
But nothing Roman left now but, in you,
The lust of Tarquin.
*Cæs.* Yes; his fire, and scorn
Of such as think that our unlimited power
Can be confined. Dares Lamia pretend

---

* ——— *I once observed*
*In a tragedy of ours*, &c.]
" ——— I have heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ." *Hamlet.*

† *Enter* CÆSAR, &c.] Coxeter seldom attempts to specify the place of action without falling into error; and Mr. M. Mason, who, in despite of his accuracy, labours, like Falstaff, under "the malady of not marking," constantly and closely follows him. They call this "Scene the second," and change the ground "from a chamber to a palace;" withstanding the emperor enters while Paris is yet speaking, and Parthenius continues on the stage.

An interest to that which I call mine;
Or but remember she was ever his,
That's now in our possession? Fetch him hither.
[*Exit Guard.*
I'll give him cause to wish he rather had
Forgot his own name, than e'er mention'd her's.
Shall we be circumscribed? Let such as cannot
By force make good their actions, though wicked,
Conceal, excuse, or qualify their crimes!
What our desires grant leave and privilege to,
Though contradicting all divine decrees,
Or laws confirm'd by Romulus and Numa,
Shall be held sacred.
*Aret.* You should, else, take from
The dignity of Cæsar.
*Cæs.* Am I master
Of two and thirty legions, that awe
All nations of the triúmphed world,
Yet tremble at our frown, to yield account
Of what's our pleasure, to a private man!
Rome perish first, and Atlas' shoulders shrink,
Heaven's fabric fall, (the sun, the moon, the stars,
Losing their light and comfortable heat,)
Ere I confess that any fault of mine
May be disputed!
*Aret.* So you preserve your power,
As you should, equal and omnipotent here
With Jupiter's above.
[*Parthenius kneeling, whispers Cæsar.*
*Cæs.* Thy suit is granted,
Whate'er it be, Parthenius, for thy service
Done to Augusta——Only so? a trifle:
Command him hither. If the comedy fail
To cure him, I will minister something to him
That shall instruct him to forget his gold,
And think upon himself
*Parth.* May it succeed well,
Since my intents are pious! [*Exit.*
*Cæs.* We are resolved
What course to take; and, therefore, Aretinus,
Enquire no further. Go you to my empress,
And say I do entreat (for she rules him
Whom all men else obey) she would vouchsafe
The music of her voice at yonder window,
When I advance my hand, thus. I will blend
[*Exit Aretinus.*
My cruelty with some scorn, or else 'tis lost.
Revenge, when it is unexpected, falling
With greater violence; and hate clothed in smiles,
Strikes, and with horror, dead, the wretch that
Prepared to meet it. [comes not
*Re-enter Guard with* Lamia.
Our good Lamia, welcome.
So much we owe you for a benefit,
With willingness on your part conferr'd upon us,
That 'tis our study, we that would not live
Engaged to any for a courtesy,
How to return it.
*Lam.* 'Tis beneath your fate
To be obliged, that in your own hand grasp
The means to be magnificent.
*Cæs.* Well put off;
But yet it must not do: the empire, Lamia,
Divided equally, can hold no weight,
If balanced with your gift in fair Domitia——
You, that could part with all delights at once,
The magazine of rich pleasures being contain'd
In her perfections,—uncompell'd, deliver'd
As a present fit for Cæsar. In your eyes,
With tears of joy, not sorrow, 'tis confirm'd
You glory in your act.
*Lam.* Derided too!
Sir, this is more——
*Cæs.* More than I can requite;
It is acknowledged, Lamia. There's no drop
Of melting nectar I taste from her lip,
But yields a touch of immortality
To the blest receiver; every grace and feature,
Prized to the worth, bought at an easy rate,
If purchased for a consulship. Her discourse
So ravishing, and her action so attractive,
That I would part with all my other senses,
Provided I might ever see and hear her.
The pleasures of her bed I dare not trust
The winds or air with; for that would draw down,
In envy of my happiness, a war
From all the gods, upon me.
*Lam.* Your compassion
To me, in your forbearing to insult
On my calamity, which you make your sport,
Would more appease those gods you have provoked,
Than all the blasphemous comparisons
You sing unto her praise.
*Cæs.* I sing her praise! [*Domitia appears at the*
'Tis far from my ambition to hope it; [*window.*
It being a debt she only can lay down,
And no tongue else discharge.
[*He raises his hand. Music above.*
Hark! I think, prompted
With my consent that you once more should hear
She does begin. An universal silence [her,
Dwell on this place! 'Tis death, with lingering
torments,
To all that dare disturb her.—
[*A Song, by Domitia.*
—Who can hear this,
And fall not down and worship? In my fancy,
Apollo being judge, on Latmos' hill
Fair-hair'd Calliope, on her ivory lute,
(But something short of this,) sung Ceres' praises,
And grisly Pluto's rape on Proserpine.
The motions of the spheres are out of time*,
Her musical notes but heard. Say, Lamia, say,
Is not her voice angelical?
*Lam.* To your ear:
But I, alas! am silent.
*Cæs.* Be so ever,
That without admiration canst hear her!
Malice to my felicity strikes thee dumb,
And, in thy hope, or wish, to repossess
What I love more than empire, I pronounce thee
Guilty of treason. Off with his head! do you stare?
By her that is my patroness, Minerva,
Whose statue I adore of all the gods,
If he but live to make reply, thy life
Shall answer it!
[*The Guard leads off Lamia, stopping his mouth.*
My fears of him are freed now,
And he that lived to upbraid me with my wrong,

* *The motions of the spheres are out of* time,] For *time*, Mr. M. Mason chooses to read, *tune*. In this capricious alteration he is countenanced by some of the commentators on Shakspeare, who, as well as himself, might have spared their pains; since it appears from numberless examples that the two words were once synonymous. *Time*, however, was the more ancient and common term: nor was it till long after the age of Massinger, that the use of it in the sense of harmony, was entirely superseded by that of *tune*.

For an offence he never could imagine,
In wantonness removed. Descend, my dearest;
Plurality of husbands shall no more
Breed doubts or jealousies in you: 'tis dispatch'd,
And with as little trouble here, as if
I had kill'd a fly.

*Enter* Domitia, *ushered in by* Aretinus, *her train borne up by* Julia, Cænis, *and* Domitilla.

Now you appear, and in
That glory you deserve! and these, that stoop
To do you service, in the act much honour'd!
Julia, forget that Titus was thy father;
Cænis, and Domitilla, ne'er remember
Sabinus or Vespasian. To be slaves
To her is more true liberty, than to live
Parthian or Asian queens. As lesser stars
That wait on Phœbe in her full of brightness,
Compared to her, you are. Thus, thus I seat you
By Cæsar's side, commanding these, that once
Were the adored glories of the time,
To witness to the world they are your vassals,
At your feet to attend you.

*Dom.* 'Tis your pleasure,
And not my pride. And yet, when I consider
That I am yours, all duties they can pay
I do receive as circumstances due
To her you please to honour.

*Re-enter* Parthenius *with* Philargus.

*Parth.* Cæsar's will
Commands you hither, nor must you gainsay it.

*Phil.* Lose time to see an interlude? must I pay [too
For my vexation?

*Parth.* Not in the court;
It is the emperor's charge.

*Phil.* I shall endure
My torment then the better.

*Cæs.* Can it be
This sordid thing, Parthenius, is thy father?
No actor can express him: I had held
The fiction for impossible in the scene,
Had I not seen the substance. Sirrah, sit still,
And give attention; if you but nod,
You sleep for ever. Let them spare the prologue,
And all the ceremonies proper to ourself,
And come to the last act—there, where the cure
By the doctor is made perfect. The swift minutes
Seem years to me, Domitia, that divorce thee
From my embraces: my desires increasing
As they are satisfied, all pleasures else
Are tedious as dull sorrows. Kiss me again:
If I now wanted heat of youth, these fires,
In Priam's veins would thaw his frozen blood,
Enabling him to get a second Hector
For the defence of Troy.

*Dom.* You are wanton!
Pray you, forbear. Let me see the play.

*Cæs.* Begin there.

*Enter* Paris *like a doctor of physic, and* Æsopus: Latinus *is brought forth asleep in a chair, a key in his mouth.*

*Æsop.* O master doctor, he is past recovery;
A lethargy hath seized him: and, however
His sleep resemble death, his watchful care
To guard that treasure he dares make no use of,
Works strongly in his soul.

*Par.* What's that he holds
So fast between his teeth?

*Æsop.* The key that opens
His iron chests, cramm'd with accursed gold,
Rusty with long imprisonment. There's no duty
In me, his son, nor confidence in friends,
That can persuade him to deliver up
That to the trust of any.

*Phil.* He is the wiser:
We were fashion'd in one mould.

*Æsop.* He eats with it;
And when devotion calls him to the temple
Of Mammon*, whom, of all the gods, he kneels to,
That held thus still, his orisons are paid:
Nor will he, though the wealth of Rome were
For the restoring of 't, for one short hour [pawn'd
Be won to part with it.

*Phil.* Still, still myself!
And if like me he love his gold, no pawn
Is good security.

*Par.* I'll try if I can force it——
It will not be. His avaricious mind,
Like men in rivers drown'd, makes him gripe fast,
To his last gasp, what he in life held dearest;
And, if that it were possible in nature,
Would carry it with him to the other world.

*Phil.* As I would do to hell, rather than leave it.

*Æsop.* Is he not dead?

*Par.* Long since to all good actions,
Or to himself, or others, for which wise men
Desire to live. You may with safety pinch him,
Or under his nails stick needles, yet he stirs not;
Anxious fear to lose what his soul doats on,
Renders his flesh insensible. We must use
Some means to rouse the sleeping faculties
Of his mind; there lies the lethargy. Take a trumpet†,
And blow it into his ears; 'tis to no purpose;
The roaring noise of thunder cannot wake him:
And yet despair not; I have one trick left yet.

*Æsop.* What is it?

*Par.* I will cause a fearful dream
To steal into his fancy, and disturb it
With the horror it brings with it, and so free
His body's organs.

*Dom.* 'Tis a cunning fellow;
If he were indeed a doctor, as the play says‡,
He should be sworn my servant; govern my slum-
And minister to me waking. [bers,

*Par.* If this fail, [*A Chest is brought in.*
I'll give him o'er. So; with all violence
Rend ope this iron chest, for here his life lies
Bound up in fetters, and in the defence
Of what he values higher, 'twill return,
And fill each vein and artery.—Louder yet!
—'Tis open, and already he begins

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* *Of Mammon*, &c.] There seems a want of judgment in the introduction of Mammon, (a deity unknown to the Romans,) when Plutus would have served the turn as well.

† ——————— *Take a trumpet*
*And blow it in his ears; 'tis to no purpose;*] So Juvenal:
*Qui vix cornicines exaudiet atque tubarum*
*Concentus.* Sat. x.
And Jonson:
"Sir, speak out;
You may be louder yet; a culverin
Discharged into his ear, would hardly bore it." *The Fox.*

‡ *If he were* indeed *a doctor, as the play says,*] *Indeed*, which completes the verse, is omitted by both the modern editors; as are many other words in this little interlude, which I have silently brought back. Domitia adds, "He should be *sworn my servant*." This was less a Roman than an English custom. In Massinger's time the attendants of the great, who were maintained in considerable numbers, took *an oath of fidelity* on their entrance into office.

To stir, mark with what trouble.
[*Latinus stretches himself.*
*Phil.* As you are Cæsar,
Defend this honest, thrifty man! they are thieves,
And come to rob him.
*Parth.* Peace! the emperor frowns.
*Par.* So; now pour out the bags upon the table,
Remove his jewels, and his bonds.—Again,
Ring a second golden peal. His eyes are open;
He stares as he had seen Medusa's head,
And were turn'd marble.—Once more.
*Lat.* Murder! Murder!
They come to murder me. My son in the plot?
Thou worse than parricide! if it be death
To strike thy father's body, can all tortures
The furies in hell practise, be sufficient
For thee that dost assassinate my soul?
My gold! my bonds! my jewels! dost thou envy
My glad possession of them for a day;
Extinguishing the taper of my life
Consumed unto the snuff?
*Par.* Seem not to mind him.
*Lat.* Have I, to leave thee rich, denied myself
The joys of human being; scraped and hoarded
A mass of treasure, which had Solon seen,
The Lydian Crœsus had appear'd to him
Poor as the beggar Irus? And yet I,
Solicitous to increase it, when my entrails
Were clemm'd*, with keeping a perpetual fast
Was deaf to their loud windy cries, as fearing,
Should I disburse one penny to their use,
My heir might curse me. And to save expense
In outward ornaments, I did expose
My naked body to the winter's cold,
And summer's scorching heat: nay, when diseases
Grew thick upon me, and a little cost
Had purchased my recovery, I chose rather
To have my ashes closed up in my urn,
By hasting on my fate, than to diminish
The gold my prodigal son, while I am living,
Carelessly scatters.
*Æsop.* Would you'd dispatch and die once†!
Your ghost should feel in hell, THAT is my slave
Which was your master.
*Phil.* Out upon thee, varlet!
*Par.* And what then follows all your carke and caring,
And self-affliction? When your starved trunk is
Turn'd to forgotten dust, this hopeful youth
Urines upon your monument, ne'er remembering
How much for him you suffer'd; and then tells
To the companions of his lusts and riots,
The hell you did endure on earth, to leave him
Large means to be an epicure, and to feast
His senses all at once, a happiness
You never granted to yourself. Your gold, then,
Got with vexation, and preserved with trouble,
Maintains the public stews, panders, and ruffians,
That quaff damnations to your memory*,
For living so long here.
*Lat.* It will be so; I see it.
O, that I could redeem the time that's past!
I would live and die like myself; and make true use
Of what my industry purchased.
*Par.* Covetous men,
Having one foot in the grave, lament so ever:
But grant that I by art could yet recover
Your desperate sickness, lengthen out your life
A dozen of years; as I restore your body
To perfect health, will you with care endeavour
To rectify your mind?
*Lat.* I should so live then,
As neither my heir should have just cause to think
I lived too long, for being close-handed to him,
Or cruel to myself.
*Par.* Have your desires.
Phœbus assisting me, I will repair
The ruin'd building of your health; and think not
You have a son that hates you; the truth is,
This means, with his consent, I practised on you
To this good end: it being a device,
In you to shew the *Cure of Avarice.*

[*Exeunt Paris, Latinus, and Æsopus.*

*Phil.* An old fool, to be gull'd thus! had he died
As I resolve to do, not to be alter'd,
It had gone off twanging.
*Cæs.* How approve you, sweetest,
Of the matter and the actors?
*Dom.* For the subject†,
I like it not! it was filch'd out of Horace.
—Nay, I have read the poets:—but the fellow
That play'd the doctor, did it well, by Venus;
He had a tuneable tongue, and neat delivery:
And yet, in my opinion, he would perform
A [illegible]ver's part much better. Prithee, Cæsar,
For I grow weary, let us see to-morrow
*Iphis and Anaxarete.*
*Cæs.* Any thing
For thy delight, Domitia; to your rest,
Till I come to disquiet you: wait upon her.
There is a business that I must dispatch,
And I will straight be with you.

[*Exeunt Aret. Dom., Julia, Cænis, and Domitil.*

*Parth.* Now, my dread sir,
Endeavour to prevail.
*Cæs.* One way or other
We'll cure him, never doubt it. Now, Philargus,
Thou wretched thing, hast thou seen thy sordid baseness,
And but observed what a contemptible creature
A covetous miser is? Dost thou in thyself
Feel true compunction, with a resolution
To be a new man?

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* *Were* clemm'd *with keeping a perpetual fast,*] To be *clemm'd* not *clamm'd*, (as Steevens quotes it from the miserable text of Coxeter and M. Mason,) is to be shrunk up with hunger, so as to cling together: thus Marston;
"Now lions *half-clemm'd entrails* roar for food."
*Antonio and Mellida.*
Metaphorically, to be starved. Thus Jonson: "Hard is their fate, when the valiant must either beg or *clem.*" Again, "I cannot eat stones and turf: What! will he *clem* me and my followers? ask him, an he will *clem* me." *Poetaster.*

† Æsop. *Would you'd dispatch and die once!*] This line is incorrectly given in both the modern editions. Coxeter dropt a word, and M. Mason inserted one at random, which spoiled at once the measure and the sense! He reads,
*Would you dispatch and die* at *once*

* *That quaff damnations to your memory*, &c.] Thus Pope:
"At best, it falls to some ungracious son,
Who cries, my father's d———d, and all's my own!"

† Dom. *For the subject,*
*I like it not; it was filch'd out of Horace.*] I differ from Domitia. There is uncommon spirit and beauty in this little interlude. The outline indeed, as the lady observes, is from Horace; but is filled up with a masterly pencil.

*Phil.* This crazed body's Cæsar's;
But for my mind——
*Cæs.* Trifle not with my anger.
Canst thou make good use of what was now presented;
And imitate, in thy sudden change of life,
The miserable rich man, that express'd
What thou art to the life?
*Phil.* Pray you give me leave
To die as I have lived. I must not part with
My gold; it is my life; I am past cure.
*Cæs.* No; by Minerva, thou shalt never more
Feel the least touch of avarice. Take him hence,
And hang him instantly. If there be gold in hell,
Enjoy it:—thine here, and thy life together,
Is forfeited.
*Phil.* Was I sent for to this purpose?
*Parth.* Mercy for all my service; Cæsar, mercy!
*Cæs.* Should Jove plead for him, 'tis resolved he dies,
And he that speaks one syllable to dissuade me;
And therefore tempt me not. It is but justice:
Since such as wilfully would hourly die,
Must tax themselves, and not my cruelty.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* Julia, Domitilla, *and* Stephanos.

*Jul.* No, Domitilla; if you but compare
What I have suffer'd with your injuries,
(Though great ones, I confess,) they will appear
Like molehills to Olympus.
*Domitil.* You are tender
Of your own wounds, which makes you lose the feeling
And sense of mine. The incest he committed
With you, and publicly profess'd, in scorn
Of what the world durst censure, may admit
Some weak defence, as being born headlong to it,
But in a manly way, to enjoy your beauties:
Besides, won by his perjuries, that he would
Salute you with the title of Augusta,
Your faint denial show'd a full consent,
And grant to his temptations. But poor I,
That would not yield, but was with violence forced
To serve his lusts, and in a kind Tiberius
At Capreæ never practised, have not here
One conscious touch to rise up my accuser;
I, in my will being innocent.
*Steph.* Pardon me,
Great princesses, though I presume to tell you,
Wasting your time in childish lamentations,
You do degenerate from the blood you spring from:
For there is something more in Rome expected
From Titus' daughter, and his uncle's heir,
Than womanish complaints, after such wrongs
Which mercy cannot pardon. But, you'll say,
Your hands are weak, and should you but attempt
A just revenge on this inhuman monster,
This prodigy of mankind, bloody Domitian
Hath ready swords at his command, as well
As islands to confine you, to remove
His doubts, and fears, did he but entertain
The least suspicion you contrived or plotted
Against his person.
*Jul.* 'Tis true, Stephanos;
The legions that sack'd Jerusalem,
Under my father Titus, are sworn his,
And I no more remember'd.
*Domitil.* And to lose
Ourselves by building on impossible hopes,
Were desperate madness.
*Steph.* You conclude too fast.
One single arm, whose master does contemn
His own life, holds a full command o'er his,
Spite of his guards*. I was your bondman, lady
And you my gracious patroness; my wealth
And liberty your gift: and, though no soldier,
To whom or custom or example makes
Grim death appear less terrible, I dare die
To do you service in a fair revenge:
And it will better suit your births and honours
To fall at once, than to live ever slaves
To his proud empress, that insults upon
Your patient sufferings. Say but you, Go on,
And I will reach his heart, or perish in
The noble undertaking.
*Domitil.* Your free offer
Confirms your thankfulness, which I acknowledge
A satisfaction for a greater debt
Than what you stand engaged for; but I must not,
Upon uncertain grounds, hazard so grateful
And good a servant. The immortal Powers
Protect a prince, though sold to impious acts,
And seem to slumber till his roaring crimes
Awake their justice; but then, looking down,
And with impartial eyes, on his contempt
Of all religion, and moral goodness,
They, in their secret judgments, do determine
To leave him to his wickedness, which sinks him,
When he is most secure†.
*Jul.* His cruelty
Increasing daily, of necessity
Must render him as odious to his soldiers,
Familiar friends, and freedmen, as it hath done
Already to the senate: then forsaken
Of his supporters, and grown terrible
Even to himself, and her he now so doats on,
We may put into act what now with safety
We cannot whisper.
*Steph.* I am still prepared

* *One single arm, whose master does contemn*
*His own life holds a full command o'er his,*
*Spite of his guards*]. The same thought is expressed with more energy in *The Fatal Dowry:*
" I am desperate of my life, and command your's.'

† A noble sentiment, beautifully expressed. How much superior are these manly and rational observations, to the slavish maxims found in *Hamlet*, *The Maid's Revenge*, &c. It is true, they are derived from a purer code than any with which Domitilla was acquainted; but which, however, was not more open to Massinger than to his contemporaries.

To execute, when you please to command me:
Since I am confident he deserves much more
That vindicates his country from a tyrant*,
Than he that saves a citizen.

*Enter* Cænis.

*Jul.* O, here's Cænis.

*Domitil.* Whence come you?

*Cænis.* From the empress, who seems moved
In that you wait no better. Her pride's grown
To such a height, that she disdains the service
Of her own women; and esteems herself
Neglected, when the princesses of the blood,
On every coarse employment, are not ready
To stoop to her commands.

*Domitil.* Where is her greatness? [descend

*Cænis.* Where you would little think she could
To grace the room or persons.

*Jul.* Speak, where is she? [by,

*Cænis.* Among the players; where, all state laid
She does enquire who acts this part, who that,
And in what habits? blames the tirewomen
For want of curious dressings;—and, so taken
She is with Paris the tragedian's shape†,
That is to act a lover, I thought once
She would have courted him.

*Domitil.* In the mean time
How spends the emperor his hours?

*Cænis.* As ever
He hath done heretofore; in being cruel
To innocent men, whose virtues he calls crimes.
And, but this morning, if't be possible,
He hath outgone himself, having condemn'd
At Aretinus his informer's suit,
Palphurius Sura, and good Junius Rusticus,
Men of the best repute in Rome for their
Integrity of life: no fault objected,
But that they did lament his cruel sentence
On Pætus Thrasea, the philosopher,
Their patron and instructor.

*Steph.* Can Jove see this,
And hold his thunder!

*Domitil.* Nero and Caligula
Only commanded mischiefs; but our Cæsar
Delights to see them.

*Jul.* What we cannot help,
We may deplore with silence.

*Cænis.* We are call'd for
By our proud mistress.

*Domitil.* We awhile must suffer.

*Steph.* It is true fortitude to stand firm against
All shocks of fate, when cowards faint and die
In fear to suffer more calamity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter* Cæsar *and* Parthenius,

*Cæs.* They are then in fetters?

*Parth.* Yes, sir, but——

*Cæs.* But what?
I'll have thy thoughts; deliver them.

*Parth.* I shall, sir:
But still submitting to your god-like pleasure,
Which cannot be instructed.

*Cæs.* To the point.

*Parth.* Nor let your sacred majesty believe
Your vassal, that with dry eyes look'd upon
His father dragg'd to death by your command,
Can pity these, that durst presume to censure
What you decreed.

*Cæs.* Well; forward.

*Parth.* 'Tis my zeal
Still to preserve your clemency admired,
Temper'd with justice, that emboldens me
To offer my advice. Alas! I know, sir,
These bookmen, Rusticus, and Palphurius Sura,
Deserve all tortures: yet, in my opinion,
They being popular senators, and cried up
With loud applauses of the multitude,
For foolish honesty, and beggarly virtue,
'Twould relish more of policy, to have them
Made away in private, with what exquisite torments
You please,—it skills not,—than to have them drawn
To the Degrees* in public; for 'tis doubted
That the sad object may beget compassion
In the giddy rout, and cause some sudden uproar
That may disturb you.

*Cæs.* Hence, pale-spirited coward!
Can we descend so far beneath ourself,
As or to court the people's love, or fear
Their worst of hate? Can they, that are as dust
Before the whirlwind of our will and power,
Add any moment to us? Or thou think,
If there are gods above, or goddesses,
But wise Minerva, that's mine own, and sure,
That they have vacant hours to take into
Their serious protection, or care,
This many-headed monster? Mankind lives
In few, as potent monarchs, and their peers;
And all those glorious constellations
That do adorn the firmament, appointed,
Like grooms, with their bright influence to attend
The actions of kings and emperors,
They being the greater wheels that move the less,
Bring forth those condemn'd wretches;—[*Exit Parthenius.*]—let me see
One man so lost, as but to pity them,
And though there lay a million of souls
Imprison'd in his flesh, my hangmen's hooks
Should rend it off, and give them liberty.
Cæsar hath said it.

*Re-enter* Parthenius, *with* Aretinus, *and Guard; Hangmen dragging in* Junius Rusticus *and* Palphurius Sura, *bound back to back.*

*Aret.* 'Tis great Cæsar's pleasure,
That with fix'd eyes you carefully observe
The people's looks. Charge upon any man
That with a sigh or murmur does express
A seeming sorrow for these traitors' deaths.
You know his will, perform it.

*Cæs.* A good bloodhound,
And fit for my employments.

*Sura.* Give us leave
To die, fell tyrant.

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* ——— *from a* tyrant.] It is *tirannie* in the old copies; but as this word is frequently misprinted for the other, I have not removed Coxeter's emendation from the text; though not absolutely necessary.

† ——— *and so taken*
*She is with Paris the tragedian's* shape,] i. e. dress, habit.

* *To the* Degrees, &c.] To the *Scalæ Gemoniæ*, mentioned before; (p. 174;) Coxeter printed *Decrees;* but the old copy reads as above. The word is used by Jonson
" Their bodies thrown into the Gemonies,
The expulsed Apicata finds them there;
Whom when she saw lie spread on the *Degrees*," &c.

*Rust.* For, beyond our bodies,
Thou hast no power.
*Cæs.* Yes; I'll afflict your souls,
And force them groaning to the Stygian lake,
Prepared for such to howl in, that blaspheme
The power of princes, that are gods on earth.
Tremble to think how terrible the dream is
After this sleep of death.
*Rust.* To guilty men
It may bring terror; not to us, that know
What 'tis to die, well taught by his example
For whom we suffer. In my thought I see
The substance of that pure untainted soul
Of Thrasea, our master, made a star,
That with melodious harmony invites us
(Leaving this dunghill Rome, made hell by thee)
To trace his heavenly steps, and fill a sphere
Above yon crystal canopy.
*Cæs.* Do invoke him
With all the aids his sanctity of life
Have won on the rewarders of his virtue;
They shall not save you.—Dogs, do you grin? torment them.
[*The Hangmen torment them, they still smiling.*
So, take a leaf of Seneca now, and prove
If it can render you insensible
Of that which but begins here. Now an oil,
Drawn from the stoic's frozen principles,
Predominant over fire, were useful for you.
Again, again. You trifle. Not a groan?——
Is my rage lost? What cursed charms defend them!
Search deeper, villains. Who looks pale, or thinks
That I am cruel?
*Aret.* Over-merciful:
'Tis all your weakness, sir.
*Parth.* I dare not show
A sign of sorrow; yet my sinews shrink,
The spectacle is so horrid. [*Aside.*
*Cæs.* I was never
O'ercome till now. For my sake roar a little,
And show you are corporeal, and not turn'd
Aërial spirits.—Will it not do? By Pallas,
It is unkindly done to mock his fury
Whom the world styles Omnipotent! I am tortured
In their want of feeling torments. Marius' story,
That does report him to have sat unmoved,
When cunning surgeons ripp'd his arteries
And veins, to cure his gout, compared to this,
Deserves not to be named. Are they not dead?
If so, we wash an Æthiop.
*Sura.* No; we live.
*Rust.* Live to deride thee, our calm patience treading
Upon the neck of tyranny. That securely,
As 'twere a gentle slumber, we endure
Thy hangmen's studied tortures, is a debt
We owe to grave philosophy, that instructs us
The flesh is but the clothing of the soul,
Which growing out of fashion, though it be
Cast off, or rent, or torn, like ours, 'tis then,
Being itself divine, in her best lustre.
But unto such as thou, that have* no hopes
Beyond the present, every little scar,
The want of rest, excess of heat or cold,
That does inform them only they are mortal,
Pierce through and through them.
*Cæs.* We will hear no more.

*Rust.* This only, and I give thee warning of it:
Though it is in thy will to grind this earth
As small as atoms, they thrown in the sea too,
They shall seem re-collected to thy sense:
And, when the sandy building of thy greatness
Shall with its own weight totter, look to see me
As I was yesterday, in my perfect shape;
For I'll appear in horror.
*Cæs.* By my shaking
I am the guilty man, and not the judge.
Drag from my sight these cursed ominous wizards,
That, as they are now, like to double-faced Janus,
Which way soe'er I look, are furies to me.
Away with them! first show them death, then leave
No memory of their ashes. I'll mock fate.
[*Exeunt Hangmen with Rusticus and Sura.**
Shall words fright him victorious armies circle?
No, no; the fever does begin to leave me;

*Enter* DOMITIA, JULIA, *and* CÆNIS; STEPHANOS *following.*

Or, were it deadly, from this living fountain
I could renew the vigour of my youth,
And be a second Virbius†. O my glory!
My life! command‡! my all!
*Dom.* As you to me are.
[*Embracing and kissing mutually.*
I heard you were sad; I have prepared you sport
Will banish melancholy. Sirrah, Cæsar,
(I hug myself for't) I have been instructing
The players how to act; and to cut off
All tedious impertinence, have contracted
The tragedy into one continued scene.
I have the art of't, and am taken more
With my ability that way, than all knowledge
I have but of thy love.
*Cæs.* Thou art still thyself,
The sweetest, wittiest,——
*Dom.* When we are abed
I'll thank your good opinion. Thou shalt see
Such an Iphis of thy Paris§!—and to humble
The pride of Domitilla, that neglects me,
(Howe'er she is your cousin,) I have forced her
To play the part of Anaxarete——
You are not offended with it?
*Cæs.* Any thing
That does content thee yields delight to me:
My faculties and powers are thine.
*Dom.* I thank you:

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* ——— *that* have *no hopes.*] Coxeter and M. Mason very incorrectly read, *that* hast *no hopes.*

* [*Exeunt* Hangmen *with Rusticus and* Sura.] After *Sura*, Coxeter and M. Mason add, *Stephanos following.* This sending a man out before he comes in, is another instance of the surprising attention which Massenger experienced from the former editors. The quarto reads as it stands here: *hangmen*, too, is brought back in lieu of the more modish term *executioners.*

† *And be a second* Virbius.] The name given to Hippolytus after he was restored to life by Æsculapius. He was so called, say the critics, *quod inter* viros bis *fuerit.* See *The Æneid*, lib. vii. v. 765.

‡ *My life! command! my all!*] i. e. my power! my all! This is the reading of the old copies, and undoubtedly genuine: the modern editors (I know not why) choose to read, *My life! command my all!* which the reply of Domitia proves to be rank nonsense.

§ ——— *Thou shalt see*
*Such an Iphis of thy Paris!* &c.] The story of Iphis and Anaxarete is beautifully told by Ovid, in the fourteenth book of his *Metamorphosis*, (v. 698, *et seq.*,) to which I refer the reader, as it is too long to be extracted. Massinger has followed his leader *pari passu*; and indeed the elegance and spirit which he has infused into these little interludes, cannot be too highly commended.

Prithee let's take our places. Bid them enter
Without more circumstance.

*After a short flourish, enter* Paris *as* Iphis.

How do you like
That shape* ? methinks it is most suitable
To the aspect of a despairing lover.
The seeming late-fallen, counterfeited tears
That hang upon his cheeks, was my device.
*Cæs.* And all was excellent.
*Dom.* Now hear him speak.
*Iphis.* That she is fair, (and that an epithet
Too foul to express her,) or descended nobly,
Or rich, or fortunate, are certain truths
In which poor Iphis glories. But that these
Perfections in no other virgin found
Abused, should nourish cruelty and pride
In the divinest Anaxarete,
Is, to my love-sick languishing soul, a riddle;
And with more difficulty to be dissolved†,
Than that the monster Sphinx from the steep rock
Offer'd to Œdipus. Imperious Love,
As at thy ever-flaming altars Iphis,
Thy never-tired votary, hath presented,
With scalding tears, whole hecatombs of sighs,
Preferring thy power, and thy Paphian mother's,
Before the Thunderer's, Neptune's, or Pluto's,
(That, after Saturn, did divide the world,
And had the sway of things, yet were compell'd
By thy inevitable shafts to yield,
And fight under thy ensigns,) be auspicious
To this last trial of my sacrifice
Of love and service!
*Dom.* Does he not act it rarely?
Observe with what a feeling he delivers
His orisons to Cupid; I am rapt with't.
*Iphis.* And from thy never-emptied quiver take
A golden arrow‡, to transfix her heart,
And force her love like me; or cure my wound
With a leaden one, that may beget in me
Hate and forgetfulness of what's now my idol——
But I call back my prayer; I have blasphemed
In my rash wish: 'tis I that am unworthy;
But she all merit, and may in justice challenge,
From the assurance of her excellencies,
Not love but adoration. Yet, bear witness,
All-knowing Powers! I bring along with me,
As faithful advocates to make intercession,
A loyal heart with pure and holy flames,
With the foul fires of lust never polluted.
And, as I touch her threshold, which with tears,
My limbs benumb'd with cold, I oft have wash'd,
With my glad lips I kiss this earth grown proud
With frequent favours from her delicate feet.
*Dom.* By Cæsar's life he weeps! and I forbear
Hardly to keep him company.
*Iphis.* Blest ground, thy pardon,
If I profane it with forbidden steps.
I must presume to knock—and yet attempt it
With such a trembling reverence, as if
My hands [were now]* held up for expiation
To the incensed gods to spare a kingdom,
Within there, ho! something divine come forth
To a distressed mortal.

*Enter* Latinus *as a* Porter.

*Port.* Ha! who knocks there?
*Dom.* What a churlish look this knave has!
*Port.* Is't you, sirrah?
Are you come to pule and whine? Avaunt, and quickly;
Dog-whips shall drive you hence, else.
*Dom.* Churlish devil!
But that I should disturb the scene, as I live
I would tear his eyes out.
*Cæs.* 'Tis in jest, Domitia.
*Dom.* I do not like such jesting; if he were not
A flinty hearted slave, he could not use
One of his form so harshly. How the toad swells
At the other's sweet humility!
*Cæs.* 'Tis his part:
Let them proceed,
*Dom.* A rogue's part will ne'er leave him.
*Iphis.* As you have, gentle sir, the happiness
(When you please) to behold the figure of
The master-piece of nature, limn'd to the life,
In more than human Anaxarete,
Scorn not your servant, that with suppliant hands
Takes hold upon your knees, conjuring you,
As you are a man, and did not suck the milk
Of wolves and tigers, or a mother of
A tougher temper, use some means these eyes,
Before they are wept out, may see your lady.
Will you be gracious sir?
*Port.* Though I lose my place for't,
I can hold out no longer.
*Dom.* Now he melts,
There is some little hope he may die honest.
*Port.* Madam!

*Enter* Domitilla *as* Anaxarete.

*Anax.* Who calls? What object have we here?
*Dom.* Your cousin keeps her proud state still; I [think
I have fitted her for a part.
*Anax.* Did I not charge thee
I ne'er might see this thing more?
*Iphis.* I am, indeed, [on:
What thing you please; a worm that you may tread
Lower I cannot fall to show my duty,
Till your disdain hath digg'd a grave to cover
This body with forgotten dust; and, when
I know your sentence, cruellest of women!
I'll, by a willing death, remove the object
That is an eyesore to you.
*Anax.* Wretch, thou dar'st not:

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* ——— ——— *How do you like*
*That* shape?] The Roman actors played in masks, one of which Domitia calls a shape.—M. Mason.
That a mask was called a *shape* I never heard before. The fact is, that *shape* is a theatrical word, and, in the language of the property-man, means, as has been already observed, the whole of the dress.

† *And with more difficulty to be* dissolved.] So the old copies. Coxeter and M. Mason read *solved.*

‡ Iphis. *And from thy never-emptied quiver take*
*A golden arrow,* &c.] For this expression, which, like a few others, occurs somewhat too frequently. See the Virgin Martyr.

* *My hands* [were now] *held up for expiation*] I am very doubtful of the genuineness of this line. Of the old copies of this tragedy (of which there is but one edition) some read,

*My hands held up, or expiation*

and others,

*My hands help up, for expiation.*

It is evident, from the comma, that there is an error somewhere, which was discovered at the press, and attempted to be removed: but, as it has happened more than once in these plays, only exchanged for another. My addition is harmless: but if I could have ventured so far, I should have read,

*My hands held up* in prayer, *or expiation,*
*To,* &c.

As the line stands in Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason it is impossible to read it as verse, or any thing like verse.

That were the last and greatest service to me
Thy doting love could boast of. What dull fool
But thou could nourish any flattering hope,
One of my height in youth, in birth and fortune,
Could e'er descend to look upon thy lowness,
Much less consent to make my lord of one
I'd not accept, though offer'd for my slave?
My thoughts stoop not so low.
*Dom.* There's her true nature:
No personated scorn.
*Anax.* I wrong my worth,
Or to exchange a syllable or look
With one so far beneath me.
*Iphis.* Yet take heed,
Take heed of pride, and curiously consider,
How brittle the foundation is, on which
You labour to advance it. Niobe,
Proud of her numerous issue, durst contemn
Latona's double burthen; but what follow'd?
She was left a childless mother, and mourn'd to marble.
The beauty you o'erprize so, time or sickness
Can change to loath'd deformity; your wealth
The prey of thieves; queen Hecuba, Troy fired,
Ulysses' bondwoman*: but the love I bring you
Nor time, nor sickness, violent thieves, nor fate,
Can ravish from you.
*Dom.* Could the oracle
Give better counsel!
*Iphis.* Say, will you relent yet,
Revoking your decree that I should die?
Or, shall I do what you command? resolve;
I am impatient of delay.
*Anax.* Dispatch then:
I shall look on your tragedy unmoved,
Peradventure laugh at it; for it will prove
A comedy to me.
*Dom.* O devil! devil! [curses
*Iphis.* Then thus I take my last leave. All the
Of lovers fall upon you; and, hereafter,
When any man, like me contemn'd, shall study
In the anguish of his soul to give a name
To a scornful, cruel mistress, let him only
Say, This most bloody woman is to me,
As Anaxarete was to wretched Iphis!——
Now feast your tyrannous mind, and glory in
The ruins you have made: for Hymen's bands,
That should have made us one, this fatal halter
For ever shall divorce us: at your gate,
As a trophy of your pride and my affliction,
I'll presently hang myself.
*Dom.* Not for the world—
[*Starts from her seat*
Restrain him as you love your lives!
*Cæs.* Why are you
Transported thus, Domitia? 'tis a play;
Or, grant it serious, it at no part merits
This passion in you.
*Par.* I ne'er purposed, madam,
To do the deed in earnest; though I bow
To your care and tenderness of me.
*Dom.* Let me, sir,
Entreat your pardon; what I saw presented,
Carried me beyond myself.
*Cæs.* To your place again,
And see what follows.
*Dom.* No, I am familiar
With the conclusion; besides, upon the sudden
I feel myself much indisposed.
*Cæs.* To bed then;
I'll be thy doctor.
*Aret.* There is something more
In this than passion,—which I must find out,
Or my intelligence freezes.
*Dom.* Come to me, Paris,
To-morrow for your reward.
[*Exeunt all but Domitilla and Stephanos*
*Steph.* Patroness, hear me;
Will you not call for your share? sit down with this
And, the next action, like a Gaditane strumpet,
I shall look to see you tumble!
*Domtil.* Prithee be patient.
I, that have suffer'd greater wrongs, bear this;
And that, till my revenge, my comfort is. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* Parthenius, Julia, Domitilla, *and* Cænis.

*Parth.* Why, 'tis impossible.—Paris!
*Jul.* You observed not,
As it appears, the violence of her passion,
When personating Iphis, he pretended,
For your contempt, fair Anaxarete,
To hang himself.
*Parth.* Yes, yes, I noted that;
But never could imagine it could work her
To such a strange intemperance of affection,
As to doat on him.
*Domitil.* By my hopes, I think not

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* ——— *Queen Hecuba, Troy fir'd,*
*Ulysses' bondwoman*] These two half-lines are entirely misplaced, and should not be inserted here; they afterwards occur in the second volume, to which passage they belong. —M. Mason.

This is the most unaccountable notion that ever was taken up. *The Roman Actor* was not only written but printed many years before *The Emperor of the East;* how, then, could any lines or "half lines" be inserted into it from a piece which was not yet in existence! It required Mr. M. Mason's own words to convince me that he could range through Massinger, even in his desultory way, without discovering his propensity to repeat himself; which is so obtrusive as to form one of the most characteristic traits of his manner. With respect to the two half lines, they are where they should be, and are referred to in the verse which follows. It may amuse the reader to see this passage as "it occurs again."!

"You are are read in story, call to your remembrance
What the great Hector's mother, Hecuba,
Was to Ulysses, Illium sack'd."

The identity may admit of some question———but enough of this deplorable folly.

That she respects, though all here saw, and mark'd it;
Presuming she can mould the emperor's will
Into what form she likes, though we, and all
The informers of the world, conspired to cross it.
*Cænis.* Then with what eagerness, this morning, urging
The want of health and rest, she did entreat
Cæsar to leave her!
*Domitil.* Who no sooner absent,
But she calls, *Dwarf!* (so in her scorn she styles me,)
*Put on my pantofles; fetch pen and paper,*
*I am to write:*—and with distracted looks,
In her smock, impatient of so short delay
As but to have a mantle thrown upon her,
She seal'd—I know not what, but 'twas endorsed,
*To my loved Paris.*
*Jul.* Add to this, I heard her
Say, when a page received it, *Let him wait me,*
*And carefully, in the walk call'd our Retreat,*
*Where Cæsar, in his fear to give offence,*
*Unsent for never enters.*
*Parth.* This being certain,
(For these are more than jealous suppositions,)
Why do not you, that are so near in blood,
Discover it?
*Domitil.* Alas! you know we dare not.
'Twill be received for a malicious practice,
To free us from that slavery which her pride
Imposes on us. But, if you would please
To break the ice, on pain to be sunk ever,
We would aver it.
*Parth.* I would second you,
But that I am commanded with all speed
To fetch in* Ascletario the Chaldean;
Who, in his absence, is condemn'd of treason,
For calculating the nativity
Of Cæsar, with all confidence foretelling,
In every circumstance, when he shall die
A violent death. Yet, if you could approve
Of my directions, I would have you speak
As much to Aretinus, as you have
To me deliver'd: he in his own nature
Being a spy, on weaker grounds, no doubt,
Will undertake it; not for goodness' sake,
(With which he never yet held correspondence,)
But to endear his vigilant observings
Of what concerns the emperor, and a little
To triumph in the ruins of this Paris,
That cross'd him in the senate-house.

*Enter* Aretinus.

Here he comes,
His nose held up; he hath something in the wind,
Or I much err, already. My designs
Command me hence, great ladies; but I leave
My wishes with you. [*Exit.*
*Aret.* Have I caught your greatness
In the trap, my proud Augusta!
*Domitil.* What is't raps him?
*Aret.* And my fine Roman Actor? Is't even so?
No coarser dish to take your wanton palate,
Save that which, but the emperor, none durst taste of!
'Tis very well. I needs must glory in
This rare discovery: but the rewards
Of my intelligence bid me think, even now,
By an edict from Cæsar, I have power
To tread upon the neck of Slavish Rome,
Disposing offices and provinces
To my kinsmen, friends, and clients.
*Domitil.* This is more
Than usual with him.
*Jul.* Aretinus!
*Aret.* How!
No more respect and reverence tender'd to me,
But *Aretinus!* 'Tis confess'd that title,
When you were princesses, and commanded all,
Had been a favour; but being, as you are,
Vassals to a proud woman, the worst bondage,
You stand obliged with as much adoration
To entertain him, that comes arm'd with strength
To break your fetters, as tann'd galley-slaves
Pay such as do redeem them from the oar.
I come not to entrap you; but aloud
Pronounce that you are manumized: and to make
Your liberty sweeter, you shall see her fall,
This empress, this Domitia, what you will,
That triumph'd in your miseries.
*Domitil.* Were you serious,
To prove your accusation I could lend
Some help.
*Cæn.* And I.
*Jul.* And I.
*Aret.* No atom to me.
My eyes and ears are every where; I know all
To the line and action in the play that took her:
Her quick dissimulation to excuse
Her being transported, with her morning passion.
I bribed the boy that did convey the letter,
And, having perused it, made it up again:
Your griefs and angers are to me familiar.
—That Paris is brought to her*, and how far
He shall be tempted.
*Domitil.* This is above wonder.
*Aret.* My gold can work much stranger miracles
Than to corrupt poor waiters. Here, join with me—
[*Takes out a petitum.*
'Tis a complaint to Cæsar. This is that [hands
Shall ruin her, and raise you. Have you set your
To the accusation?
*Jul.* And will justify
What we've subscribed to.
*Cæn.* And with vehemence.
*Domitil.* I will deliver it.
*Aret.* Leave the rest to me then.

*Enter* Cæsar, *with his Guard.*

*Cæs.* Let our lieutenants bring us victory,
While we enjoy the fruits of peace at home;
And being secured from our intestine foes,
(Far worse than foreign enemies,) doubts and fears,
Though all the sky were hung with blazing meteors,
Which fond astrologers give out to be
Assured presages of the change of empires,
And deaths of monarchs, we, undaunted yet,
Guarded with our own thunder, bid defiance
To them and fate; we being too strongly arm'd
For them to wound us.
*Aret.* Cæsar!
*Jul.* As thou art
More than a man—
*Cæn.* Let not thy passions be
Rebellious to thy reason—

* *To* fetch in] i. e. to seize; a frequent expression.

* ——*That Paris is brought to her*, &c.] A line preceding this, seems to have been lost at the press: the drift of it is not difficult to guess: but I have not meddled with the old copies.

*Domitil.* But receive [*Delivers the petition.*
This trial of your constancy, as unmoved
As you go to or from the capitol,
Thanks given to Jove for triumphs.
*Cæs.* Ha*!
*Domitil.* Vouchsafe
A while to stay the lightning of your eyes,
Poor mortals dare not look on.
*Aret.* There's no vein
Of yours that rises with high rage, but is
An earthquake to us.
*Domitil.* And, if not kept closed
With more than human patience, in a moment
Will swallow us to the centre.
*Cæn.* Not that we
Repine to serve her, are we her accusers.
*Jul.* But that she's fallen so low.
*Aret.* Which on sure proofs
We can make good.
*Domitil.* And show she is unworthy
Of the least spark of that diviner fire
You have conferr'd upon her.
*Cæs.* I stand doubtful,
And unresolved what to determine of you.
In this malicious violence you have offer'd
To the altar of her truth and pureness to me,
You have but fruitlessly labour'd to sully
A white robe of perfection, black-mouth'd envy
Could belch no spot on.—But I will put off
The deity you labour to take from me,
And argue out of probabilities with you,
As if I were a man. Can I believe
That she, that borrows all her light from me,
And knows to use it, would betray her darkness
To your intelligence: and make that apparent,
Which, by her perturbations, in a play
Was yesterday but doubted, and find none
But you, that are her slaves, and therefore hate her,
Whose aids she might employ to make way for her?
Or Aretinus, whom long since she knew
To be the cabinet counsellor, nay, the key
Of Cæsar's secrets? Could her beauty raise her
To this unequall'd height, to make her fall
The more remarkable? or must my desires
To her, and wrongs to Lamia, be revenged
By her, and on herself, that drew on both?
Or she leave our imperial bed, to court
A public actor?
*Aret.* Who dares contradict
These more than human reasons, that have power
To clothe base guilt in the most glorious shape
Of innocence?
*Domitil.* Too well she knew the strength
And eloquence of her patron to defend her,
And thereupon presuming, fell securely;
Not fearing an accuser, nor the truth
Produced against her, which your love and favour
Will ne'er discern from falsehood.
*Cæs.* I'll not hear
A syllable more that may invite a change
In my opinion of her. You have raised
A fiercer war within me by this fable,
Though with your lives you vow to make it story,
Than if, and at one instant, all my legions
Revolted from me, and came arm'd against me.
Here in this paper are the swords predestined
For my destruction; here the fatal stars,
That threaten more than ruin; this the death's head
That does assure me, if she can prove false,
That I am mortal, which a sudden fever
Would prompt me to believe, and faintly yield to.
But now in my full confidence what she suffers,
In that, from any witness but myself,
I nourish a suspicion she's untrue,
My toughness returns to me. Lead on, monsters,
And, by the forfeit of your lives, confirm
She is all excellence, as you all baseness;
Or let mankind, for her fall, boldly swear
There are no chaste wives now, nor ever were*.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A private Walk in the Gardens of the Palace.*

*Enter* DOMITIA, PARIS, *and* Servants.

*Dom.* Say we command that none presume to dare,
On forfeit of our favour, that is life,
Out of a saucy curiousnes, to stand
Within the distance of their eyes or ears,
Till we please to be waited on. [*Exeunt Servants.*
And, sirrah,
Howe'er you are excepted, let it not
Beget in you an arrogant opinion
'Tis done to grace you.
*Par.* With my humblest service
I but obey your summons, and should blush else,
To be so near you.
*Dom.* 'Twould become you rather
To fear the greatness of the grace vouchsafed you
May overwhelm you; and 'twill do no less,
If, when you are rewarded, in your cups
You boast this privacy.
*Par.* That were, mightiest empress,
To play with lightning.
*Dom.* You conceive it right.
The means to kill or save is not alone
In Cæsar circumscribed; for, if incensed,
We have our thunder too, that strikes as deadly.
*Par.* 'Twould ill become the lowness of my for-
To question what you can do, but with all [tune,
Humility to attend what is your will,
And then to serve it.
*Dom.* And would not a secret,
Suppose we should commit it to your trust,
Scald you to keep it?
*Par.* Though it raged within me
Till I turn'd cinders, it should ne'er have vent.
To be an age a dying, and with torture,
Only to be thought worthy of your counsel†,
Or actuate what you command to me‡, [ledge,
A wretched obscure thing, not worth your know-
Were a perpetual happiness.
*Dom.* We could wish

* Cæs. *Ha!*] Omitted by Mr. M. Mason, to the destruction of the metre.

* *Or let mankind, for her fall, boldly swear*
*There are no* chaste *wives now, nor ever were.*] The "godlike Cæsar" forgets that the *chastity* of Domitia had long ceased to be a matter of doubt.

† *Only to be thought worthy of your* counsel,] The modern editors, who appear not to have understood the word, read *council* for *counsel*: but the latter is right. It means *secrecy*, and so it is frequently used, not only by Massinger, but by all the writers of his time:

"But what they did there is *counsel* to me,
Because they lay late the next day." *Old Ballad.*

‡ *Or* actuate *what you command to me,*] Here *actuate* is used for *act*, as *act* is used by some of our best poets, and Pope among the rest, but with less propriety, for *actuate*.

That we could credit thee, and cannot find
In reason, but that thou, whom oft I have seen
To personate a gentleman, noble, wise,
Faithful and gainsome, and what virtues else
The poet pleases to adorn you with;
But that (as vessels still partake the odour*
Of the sweet precious liquors they contain'd)
Thou must be really, in some degree,
The thing thou dost present.—Nay, do not tremble;
We seriously believe it, and presume
Our Paris is the volume in which all [with,
Those excellent gifts the stage hath seen him graced
Are curiously bound up.

*Par.* The argument
Is the same, great Augusta, that I, acting
A fool, a coward, a traitor, or cold cynic,
Or any other weak and vicious person,
Of force I must be such. O gracious madam,
How glorious soever, or deform'd,
I do appear in the scene, my part being ended,
And all my borrow'd ornaments put off,
I am no more, nor less, than what I was
Before I enter'd.

*Dom.* Come, you would put on
A wilful ignorance, and not understand
What 'tis we point at. Must we in plain language,
Against the decent modesty of our sex,
Say that we love thee, love thee to enjoy thee;
Or that in our desires thou art preferr'd
And Cæsar but thy second? Thou in justice,
If from the height of majesty we can
Look down upon thy lowness, and embrace it,
Art bound with fervour to look up to me.

*Par.* O, madam! hear me with a patient ear,
And be but pleased to understand the reasons
That do deter me from a happiness
Kings would be rivals for. Can I, that owe
My life, and all that's mine, to Cæsar's bounties,
Beyond my hopes or merits, shower'd upon me,
Make payment for them with ingratitude,
Falsehood, and treason! Though you have a shape
Might tempt Hippolytus, and larger power
To help or hurt than wanton Phædra had,
Let loyalty and duty plead my pardon,
Though I refuse to satisfy.

*Dom.* You are coy,
Expecting I should court you. Let mean ladies
Use prayers and entreaties to their creatures
To rise up instruments to serve their pleasures;
But for Augusta so to lose herself,
That holds command o'er Cæsar and the world,
Were poverty of spirit. Thou must, thou shalt:
The violence of my passion knows no mean,
And in my punishments, and my rewards,
I'll use no moderation. Take this only,
As a caution from me; threadbare chastity
Is poor in the advancement of her servants,
But wantonness magnificent: and 'tis frequent
To have the salary of vice weigh down
The pay of virtue. So, without more trifling
Thy sudden answer.

*Par.* In what a strait am I brought in†!

Alas! I know that the denial's death;
Nor can my grant, discover'd, threaten more.
Yet, to die innocent, and have the glory
For all posterity to report, that I
Refused an empress, to preserve my faith
To my great master; in true judgment, must
Show fairer than to buy a guilty life
With wealth and honour. 'Tis the base I build on;
I dare not, must not, will not.

*Dom.* How! contemn'd?
Since hopes, nor fears, in the extremes prevail not,
I must use a mean. Think who 'tis sues to thee:
Deny not that yet, which a brother may
Grant to his sister: as a testimony

*Enter* Cæsar, Aretinus, Julia, Domitilla, Cænis, *and a Guard behind.*

I am not scorn'd, kiss me;—kiss me again:
Kiss closer. Thou art now my Trojan Paris,
And I thy Helen.

*Par.* Since it is your will.

*Cæs.* And I am Menelaus; but I shall be
Something I know not yet.

*Dom.* Why lose we time
And opportunity? These are but salads
To sharpen appetite: let us to the feast,
[*Courting Paris wantonly.*
Where I shall wish that thou wert Jupiter,
And I Alcmena; and that I had power
To lengthen out one short night into three,
And so beget a Hercules.

*Cæs.* [*Comes forward.*] While Amphitrio
Stands by, and draws the curtains

*Par.* Oh!—— [*Falls on his face.*

*Dom.* Betray'd!

*Cæs.* No; taken in a net of Vulcan's filing,
Where, in myself, the theatre of the gods
Are sad spectators, not one of them daring
To witness, with a smile, he does desire
To be so shamed for all the pleasure that
You've sold your being for! What shall I name thee?
Ingrateful, treacherous, insatiate, all
Invectives which, in bitterness of spirit, [men,
Wrong'd men have breathed out against wicked wo-
Cannot express thee! Have I raised thee from
Thy low condition to the height of greatness,
Command, and majesty, in one base act
To render me, that was, before I hugg'd thee*,
An adder, in my bosom, more than man,
A thing beneath a beast! Did I force these
Of mine own blood, as handmaids to kneel to
Thy pomp and pride, having myself no thought
But how with benefits to bind thee mine;
And am I thus rewarded! Not a knee,
Nor tear, nor sign of sorrow for thy fault?
Break stubborn silence: what canst thou allege
To stay my vengeance?

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* ——*('as vessels still partake the odour*
*Of the sweet precious liquors they contain'd)*]
*Quæ semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem*
*Testa diu.* Hor.

† Par. In *what a strait am I brought* in!] Coxeter and M. Mason read,
Oh! *what a strait am I brought in!*
This is, perhaps, a better mode of expression; but we should confound all times, if we thus modernized every phrase which appears uncouth to our eyes and ears: add too, that similar redundancies are to be found in almost every page of our old writers, and above all, in Massinger! An instance occurs just below:
——of *which, if again*
*I could be ignorant* of, &c.

* *To render me that was, before I hugg'd thee,*] This and the two following lines have been hitherto printed and pointed in a very unintelligible manner. Mr. M. Mason tried to reform them, but failed: the simple removal of a bracket in the old copies restores them to sense.

*Dom.* This,—Thy lust compell'd me
To be a strumpet, and mine hath return'd it
In my intent and will, though not in act,
To cuckold thee.
*Cæs.* O, impudence! take her hence,
And let her make her entrance into hell,
By leaving life with all the tortures that
Flesh can be sensible of. Yet stay. What power
Her beauty still holds o'er my soul, that wrongs
Of this unpardonable nature cannot teach me
To right myself, and hate her!—Kill her.—Hold!
O that my dotage should increase from that
Which should breed detestation! By Minerva,
If I look on her longer I shall melt
And sue to her, my injuries forgot,
Again to be received into her favour;
Could honour yield to it! Carry her to her chamber*;
Be that her prison, till in cooler blood
I shall determine of her. [*Exit Guard with Domitia.*
*Aret.* Now step I in,
While he's in this calm mood, for my reward.
Sir, if my service hath deserved—
*Cæs.* Yes, yes:
And I'll reward thee. Thou hast robb'd me of
All rest and peace, and been the principal means
To make me know that, of which if again
I could be ignorant of, I would purchase it

*Re-enter Guard.*

With the loss of empire: Strangle him; take these hence too,
And lodge them in the dungeon. Could your reason,
Dull wretches, flatter you with hope to think
That this discovery, that hath shower'd upon me
Perpetual vexation, should not fall
Heavy on you? Away with them!—stop their mouths,
I will hear no reply.
[*Exit Guard with Aretinus, Julia, Cænis, and Domitilla.*
—O, Paris, Paris!
How shall I argue with thee? how begin
To make thee understand, before I kill thee, [me?
With what grief and unwillingness 'tis forced from
Yet, in respect I have favour'd thee, I'll hear
What thou canst speak to qualify or excuse
Thy readiness to serve this woman's lust;
And which thou couldst give me such satisfaction,
As I might bury the remembrance of it.
Look up: we stand attentive.
*Par.* O, dread Cæsar!
To hope for life, or plead in the defence
Of my ingratitude, were again to wrong you.
I know I have deserved death; and my suit is,
That you would hasten it: yet, that your highness,
When I am dead, (as sure I will not live,)
May pardon me, I'll only urge my frailty,
Her will, and the temptation of that beauty
Which you could not resist. How could poor I, then,
Fly that which follow'd me, and Cæsar sued for?
This is all. And now your sentence.
*Cæs.* Which I know not
How to pronounce. O that thy fault had been
But such as I might pardon! if thou hadst
In wantonness, like Nero, fired proud Rome,
Betray'd an army, butcher'd the whole senate;
Committed sacrilege, or any crime
The justice of our Roman laws calls death,
I had prevented any intercession,
And freely sign'd thy pardon.
*Par.* But for this,
Alas! you cannot, nay, you must not, sir;
Nor let it to posterity be recorded,
That Cæsar, unrevenged, suffer'd a wrong,
Which, if a private man should sit down with it,
Cowards would baffle him.
*Cæs.* With such true feeling
Thou arguest against thyself, that it
Works more upon me, than if my Minerva,
The grand protrectress of my life and empire,
On forfeit of her favour, cried aloud,
Cæsar, show mercy! and, I know not how,
I am inclined to it. Rise. I'll promise nothing;
Yet clear thy cloudy fears, and cherish hopes.
What we must do, we shall do: we remember
A tragedy we oft have seen with pleasure,
Call'd *The False Servant.*
*Par.* Such a one we have, sir.
*Cæs.* In which a great lord* takes to his protection
A man forlorn, giving him ample power
To order and dispose of his estate
In's absence, he pretending then a journey:
But yet with this restraint that, on no terms,
(This lord suspecting his wife's constancy,
She having play'd false to a former husband,)
The servant, though solicited, should consent,
Though she commanded him, to quench her flames.
*Par.* That was, indeed, the argument.
*Cæs.* And what
Didst thou play in it?
*Par.* The *false servant*, sir. [without?
*Cæs.* Thou didst, indeed. Do the players wait
*Par.* They do, sir, and prepared to act the story
Your majesty mention'd.
*Cæs.* Call them in. Who presents
The injured lord?
*Enter* Æsopus, Latinus, *and a* Lady.
*Æsop.* 'Tis my part, sir.
*Cæs.* Thou didst not
Do it to the life; we can perform it better. [not
Off with my robe and wreath: since Nero scorned
The public theatre, we in private may
Disport ourselves. This cloak and hat, without
Wearing a beard, or other property,
Will fit the person.
*Æsop.* Only, sir, a foil,
The point and edge rebated, when you act,
To do the murder. If you please to use this,
And lay aside your own sword.
*Cæs.* By no means.
In jest nor earnest this parts never from me. [lady
We'll have but one short scene—That, where the
In an imperious way commands the servant
To be unthankful to his patron: when
My cue's to enter, prompt me:—Nay, begin,
And do it sprightly: though but a new actor,
When I come to execution, you shall find
No cause to laugh at me.
*Lat.* In the name of wonder,
What's Cæsar's purpose!

* *Carry her to* her *chamber;* &c.] Mr. M. Mason reads *my* chamber, strangely enough; but, indeed, this whole scene is very carelessly given by him.

* Cæs. *In which a great lord,* &c.] The modern editions give this speech and the next to Paris. The blunder, which is palpable enough, originated with Coxeter, and the most accurate of all editors unfortunately followed him.

*Æsop.* There's is no contending.
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*Par.* I am arm'd :
And, stood grim Death now in my view, and his
Inevitable dart aim'd at my breast,
His cold embraces should not bring an ague
To any of my faculties, till his pleasures [years
Were served and satisfied ; which done, Nestor's
To me would be unwelcome. [*Aside.*
*Lady.* Must we entreat,
That were born to command ? or court a servant,
That owes his food and clothing to our bounty,
For that, which thou ambitiously shouldst kneel for ?
Urge not, in thy excuse, the favours of
Thy absent lord, or that thou stand'st engaged
For thy life to his charity ; nor thy fears
Of what may follow, it being in my power
To mould him any way.
*Par.* As you may me,
In what his reputation is not wounded,
Nor I, his creature, in my thankfulness suffer.
I know you're young and fair ; be virtuous too,
And loyal to his bed, that hath advanced you
To the height of happiness.
*Lady.* Can my lovesick heart
Be cured with counsel ? or durst reason ever
Offer to put in an exploded plea
In the court of Venus ? My desires admit not
The least delay ; and therefore instantly
Give me to understand what I must trust to :
For, if I am refused, and not enjoy
Those ravishing pleasures from thee, I run mad for,
I'll swear unto my lord, at his return,
(Making what I deliver good with tears,)
That brutishly thou wouldst have forced from me
What I make suit for. And then but imagine
What 'tis to die, with these words, *slave and traitor,*
With burning corsives† writ upon thy forehead,
And live prepared for't.
*Par.* This he will believe
Upon her information, 'tis apparent ;
And then I'm nothing : and of two extremes,
Wisdom says, choose the less. Rather than fall
Under your indignation, I will yield :
This kiss, and this, confirms it,
*Æsop.* Now, sir, now.
*Cæs.* I must take them at it ?
*Æsop.* Yes, sir ; be but perfect. [now ;
*Cæs.* O villain ! thankless villain !—I should talk
But I've forgot my part. But I can do :
Thus, thus, and thus ! [*Stabs Paris.*
*Par.* Oh ! I am slain in earnest. [Paris ;
*Cæs.* 'Tis true ; and 'twas my purpose, my good
And yet, before life leave thee, let the honour
I've done thee in thy death bring comfort to thee.
If it had been within the power of Cæsar,
His dignity preserved, he had pardon'd thee :
But cruelty of honour did deny it.
Yet, to confirm I loved thee, 'twas my study
To make thy end more glorious, to distinguish
My Paris from all others ; and in that
Have shown my pity. Nor would I let thee fall
By a centurion's sword, or have thy limbs
Rent piecemeal by the hangman's hook, however
Thy crime deserved it : but, as thou didst live
Rome's bravest actor, 'twas my plot that thou
Shouldst die in action, and, to crown it, die,
With an applause enduring to all times,
By our imperial hand.—His soul is freed
From the prison of his flesh ; let it mount upward !
And for this trunk, when that the funeral pile
Hath made it ashes, we'll see it enclosed
In a golden urn ; poets adorn his hearse
With their most ravishing sorrows, and the stage
For ever mourn him, and all such as were
His glad spectators weep his sudden death,
The cause forgotten in his epitaph.
[*A sad music ; the Players bear off Paris body, Cæsar and the rest following*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace, with an Image of Minerva.*

*Enter* Parthenius, Stephanos, *and Guard.*

*Parth.* Keep a strong guard upon him, and admit
Access to any, to exchange a word [not
Or syllable with him, till the emperor pleases
To call him to his presence.—[*Exit Guard.*]—The relation
That you have made me, Stephanos, of these late
Strange passions in Cæsar, much amaze me.
The informer Aretinus put to death
For yielding him a true discovery
Of the empress' wantonness ; poor Paris kill'd first,
And now lamented ; and the princesses
Confined to several islands ; yet Augusta,
The machine on which all this mischief moved,
Received again to grace !
*Steph.* Nay, courted to it :
Such is the impotence* of his affection !
Yet, to conceal his weakness, he gives out
The people made suit for her, whom they hate more
Than civil war, or famine. But take heed,
My lord, that, nor in your consent nor wishes,
You lent or furtherance or favour to
The plot contrived against her : should she prove it,
Nay, doubt it only, you are a lost man,
Her power o'er doting Cæsar being now
Greater than ever.
*Parth.* 'Tis a truth I shake at ;
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*Steph.* Say but, Do,
I am yours, and sure.
*Parth.* I'll stand one trial more,
And then you shall hear from me.
*Steph.* Now observe
The fondness of this tyrant, and her pride.
[*They stand aside.*

*Enter* CÆSAR *and* DOMITIA.

*Cæs.* Nay, all's forgotten.
*Dom.* It may be, on your part.
*Cæs.* Forgiven too, Domitia:—'tis a favour
That you should welcome with more cheerful looks.
Can Cæsar pardon what you durst not hope for,
That did the injury, and yet must sue
To her, whose guilt is wash'd off by his mercy,
Only to entertain it?
*Dom.* I ask'd none;
And I should be more wretched to receive
Remission for what I hold no crime,
But by a bare acknowledgment, than if,
By slighting and contemning it, as now,
I dared thy utmost fury. Though thy flatterers
Persuade thee, that thy murders, lusts, and rapes,
Are virtues in thee; and what pleases Cæsar,
Though never so unjust, is right and lawful;
Or work in thee a false belief that thou
Art more than mortal; yet I to thy teeth,
When circled with thy guards, thy rods, thy axes,
And all the ensigns of thy boasted power,
Will say, Domitian, nay, add to it Cæsar,
Is a weak, feeble man, a bondman to
His violent passions, and in that my slave;
Nay, more my slave than my affections made me
To my loved Paris.
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Or hear, and not revenge it? Come, you know
The strength that you hold on me, do not use it
With too much cruelty; for though 'tis granted
That Lydian Omphale had less command
O'er Hercules, than you usurp o'er me,
Reason may teach me to shake off the yoke
Of my fond dotage.
*Dom.* Never; do not hope it;
It cannot be. Thou being my beauty's captive,
And not to be redeem'd, my empire's larger
Than thine, Domitian, which I'll exercise
With rigour on thee, for my Paris' death.
And, when I've forced those eyes, now red with fury,
To drop down tears, in vain spent to appease me,
I know thy fervour such to my embraces, [thee,
Which shall be, though still kneel'd for, still denied
That thou with languishment shalt wish my actor
Did live again, so thou mightst be his second
To feed upon those delicates, when he's sated*.
*Cæs.* O my Minerva! [her:
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She cannot arm thee with ability
To draw thy sword on me, my power being greater:
Or only say to thy centurions,
Dare none of you do what I shake to think on,
And in this woman's death remove the furies
That every hour afflict me?—Lamia's wrongs,
When thy lust forced me from him, are in me
At the height revenged; nor would I outlive Paris,
But that thy love, increasing with my hate,
May add unto thy torments; so, with all
Contempt I can, I leave thee. [*Exit.*
*Cæs.* I am lost,
Nor am I Cæsar. When I first betray'd
The freedom of my faculties and will
To this imperious siren, I laid down
The empire of the world, and of myself,
At her proud feet. Sleep all my ireful powers!
Or is the magic of my dotage such,
That I must still make suit to hear those charms
That do increase my thraldom! Wake, my anger;
For shame, break through this lethargy, and appear
With usual terror, and enable me,
Since I wear not a sword to pierce her heart,
Nor have a tongue to say this, *Let her die*,
Though 'tis done with a fever-shaken hand,
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Was never drawn yet, but some men of rank
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And do as I command you. I was never
Fuller of confidence; for, having got
The victory of my passions, in my freedom
From proud Domitia (who shall cease to live,
Since she disdains to love), I rest unmoved:
And, in defiance of prodigious meteors,
Chaldeans' vain predictions, jealous fears
Of my near friends and freedmen, certain hate
Of kindred and alliance, or all terrors
The soldiers' doubted faith or people's rage
Can bring to shake my constancy, I am arm'd.
That scrupulous thing styled conscience is sear'd up,
And I, insensible of all my actions,
For which, by moral and religious fools,
I stand condemn'd, as they had never been.
And, since I have subdued triumphant love,
I will not deify pale captive fear,
Nor in a thought receive it. For, till thou,
Wisest Minerva, that from my first youth
Hast been my sole protectress, dost forsake me,
Not Junius Rusticus' threaten'd apparition*,
Nor what this soothsayer but even now foretold,
Being things impossible to human reason,
Shall in a dream disturb me. Bring my couch there:
A sudden but a secure drowsiness
Invites me to repose myself. Let music,
With some choice ditty, second it:—[*Exit Parthenius.*]—the mean time,
Rest there, dear book, which open'd, when I wake,
[*Lays the book under his pillow.*†
Shall make some sleep for ever.
[*Music and a song. Cæsar sleeps.*

*Re-enter* Parthenius *and* Domitia.

*Dom.* Write my name
In his bloody scroll, Parthenius! the fear's idle:
He durst not, could not.
*Parth.* I can assure nothing;
But I observed, when you departed from him,
After some little passion, but much fury,
He drew it out: whose death he sign'd, I know not;
But in his looks appear'd a resolution
Of what before he stagger'd at. What he hath
Determined of is uncertain, but too soon
Will fall on you, or me, or both, or any,
His pleasure known to the tribunes and centurions,
Who never use to enquire his will, but serve it.
Now, if, out of the confidence of your power,
The bloody catalogue being still about him,
As he sleeps you dare peruse it, or remove it,
You may instruct yourself, or what to suffer,
Or how to cross it.
*Dom.* I would not be caught
With too much confidence. By your leave, sir. Ha!
No motion! you lie uneasy, sir,
Let me mend your pillow. [*Takes the book.*
*Parth.* Have you it?
*Dom.* 'Tis here.
*Cæs.* Oh! [madam,
*Parth.* You have waked him: softly, gracious
While* we are unknown; and then consult at leisure.
[*Exeunt.*

*Dreadful music. The Apparitions of* Junius Rusticus *and* Palphurius Sura *rise, with bloody swords in their hands; they wave them over the head of* Cæsar, *who seems troubled in his sleep, and as if praying to the image of Minerva, which they scornfully seize, and then disappear with it.*

*Cæs.* Defend me, goddess, or this horrid dream
Will force me to distraction! whither have
These furies borne thee? Let me rise and follow.
I am bathed o'er with the cold sweat of death,
And am deprived of organs to pursue
These sacrilegious spirits. Am I at once
Robb'd of my hopes and being? No, I live—
[*Rises distractedly.*
Yes, live, and have discourse†, to know myself
Of gods and men forsaken. What accuser
Within me cries aloud, I have deserved it,
In being just to neither? Who dares speak this?
Am I not Cæsar?—How! again repeat it?
Presumptuous traitor, thou shalt die!—What traitor?
He that hath been a traitor to himself,
And stands convicted here. Yet who can sit
A competent judge o'er Cæsar? Cæsar. Yes,
Cæsar by Cæsar's sentenced, and must suffer;
Minerva cannot save him. Ha! where is she‡?
Where is my goddess? vanish'd! I am lost then.
No; 'twas no dream, but a most real truth,
That Junius Rusticus and Palphurius Sura,
Although their ashes were cast in the sea,
Were by their innocence made up again,
And in corporeal forms but now appear'd,
Waving their bloody swords above my head,
As at their deaths they threaten'd. And, methought,
Minerva, ravish'd hence, whisper'd that she
Was, for my blasphemies, disarm'd by Jove,
And could no more protect me. Yes, 'twas so,
[*Thunder and lightning.*
His thunder does confirm it, against which,
Howe'er it spare the laurel, this proud wreath

*Enter three* Tribunes.

Is no assurance. Ha! come you resolved
To be my executioners?
1 *Trib.* Allegiance
And faith forbid that we should lift an arm
Against your sacred head.
2 *Trib.* We rather sue
For mercy.
3 *Trib.* And acknowledge that in justice
Our lives are forfeited for not performing
What Cæsar charged us.
1 *Trib.* Nor did we transgress it

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* *Nor Junius Rusticus'* threaten'd apparition.] Act III. sc. ii.

† [*Lays the book under his pillow.*] Nothing (as I have more than once had occasion to observe) can be more careless than the stage-directions in the modern editions. Here they both make Cæsar fall asleep in the midst of his speech, which, nevertheless, they both suffer him to continue!

* ——— *softly, gracious madam,*
While *we are unknown,*] i. e. *until:* a very common acceptation of the word in our old writers. So Beaumont and Fletcher:
"I may be convey'd into your chamber, I'll lie
Under your bed *while* midnight." *Wit at several Weapons.*
And Waller:
"Blessings may be repeated *while* they cloy:
But shall we starve because fruition's joy?"

† *Yes, live, and have* discourse,] i. e. reason or judgment.

‡ ——— *Ha! where is she?*
*Where is my goddess?*] This attachment of Domitian to Minerva is an historical fact. He chose her at an early period of his life for his protectress, multiplied her statues to a great extent, and had always a strong reliance on her favour. If the reader wishes for more on the subject, he may turn to the editor's translation of Juvenal, Sat. VII.

In our want of will or care; for, being but men,
It could not be in us to make resistance,
The gods fighting against us.
*Cæs.* Speak, in what
Did they express their anger? we will hear it,
But dare not say, undaunted.
1 *Trib.* In brief thus, sir:
The sentence given by your imperial tongue,
For the astrologer Ascletario's death,
With speed was put in execution.
*Cæs.* Well. [his arms
1 *Trib.* For, his throat cut, his legs bound, and
Pinion'd behind his back, the breathless trunk
Was with all scorn dragg'd to the field of Mars,
And there, a pile being raised of old dry wood,
Smear'd o'er with oil and brimstone, or what else
Could help to feed or to increase the fire,
The carcass was thrown on it; but no sooner
The stuff, that was most apt, began to flame,
But suddenly, to the amazement of
The fearless soldier, a sudden flash
Of lightning, breaking through the scatter'd clouds,
With such a horrid violence forced its passage,
And, as disdaining all heat but itself,
In a moment quench'd the artificial fire:
And before we could kindle it again,
A clap of thunder follow'd with such noise,
As if then Jove, incensed against mankind,
Had in his secret purposes determined
An universal ruin to the world.
This horror past, not at Deucalion's flood
Such a stormy shower of rain (and yet that word is
Too narrow to express it) was e'er seen:
Imagine rather, sir, that with less fury
The waves rush down the cataracts of Nile;
Or that the sea, spouted into the air
By the angry Orc, endangering tall ships
But sailing near it, so falls down again.——
Yet here the wonder ends not, but begins:
For, as in vain we labour'd to consume
The wizard's body, all the dogs of Rome,
Howling and yelling like to famish'd wolves,
Brake in upon us; and though thousands were
Kill'd in th' attempt, some did ascend the pile,
And with their eager fangs seized on the carcass.
*Cæs.* But have they torn it?
1 *Trib.* Torn it and devour'd it.
*Cæs.* I then am a dead man, since all predictions
Assure me I am lost. O, my loved soldiers,
Your emperor must leave you! yet, however
I cannot grant myself a short reprieve,
I freely pardon you. The fatal hour
Steals fast upon me: I must die this morning,
By five*, my soldiers; that's the latest hour
You e'er must see me living.
1 *Trib.* Jove avert it!
In our swords lies your fate, and we will guard it.
*Cæs.* O no, it cannot be; it is decreed
Above, and by no strength here to be alter'd.
Let proud mortality but look on Cæsar,
Compass'd of late with armies, in his eyes
Carrying both life and death, and in his arms
Fathoming the earth; that would be styled a god,
And is, for that presumption, cast beneath
The low condition of a common man,
Sinking with mine own weight.
1 *Trib.* Do not forsake
Yourself, we'll never leave you.
2 *Trib.* We'll draw up
More cohorts of your guard, if you doubt treason.
*Cæs.* They cannot save me. The offended gods,
That now sit judges on me, from their envy
Of my power and greatness here, conspire against me.
1 *Trib.* Endeavour to appease them.
*Cæs.* 'Twill be fruitless:
I'm past hope of remission. Yet could I
Decline this dreadful hour of five, these terrors,
That drive me to despair, would soon fly from me:
And could you but till then assure me*——
1 *Trib.* Yes, sir;
Or we'll fall with you, and make Rome the urn
In which we'll mix our ashes.
*Cæs.* 'Tis said nobly:
I'm something comforted: howe'er, to die
Is the full period of calamity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* PARTHENIUS, DOMITIA, JULIA, CÆNIS, DOMITILLA, STEPHANOS, SEJEIUS, *and* ENTELLUS.

*Parth.* You see we are all condemned; there's no evasion;
We must do, or suffer.
*Steph.* But it must be sudden;
The least delay is mortal.
*Dom.* Would I were
A man, to give it action!
*Domitil.* Could I make my approaches, though my stature
Does promise little, I have a spirit as daring
As hers that can reach higher.
*Steph.* I will take
That burthen from you, madam. All the art is,
To draw him from the tribunes that attend him;
For, could you bring him but within my sword's reach,
The world should owe her freedom from a tyrant
To Stephanos.
*Sej.* You shall not share alone
The glory of a deed that will endure
To all posterity.
*Ent.* I will put in
For a part myself.
*Parth.* Be resolved, and stand close.
I have conceived a way, and with the hazard
Of my life I'll practise it, to fetch him hither.
But then no trifling.
*Steph.* We'll dispatch him, fear not:
A dead dog never bites.
*Parth.* Thus then at all.
[*Exit; the rest conceal themselves.*

*Enter* CÆSAR *and the* Tribunes.

*Cæs.* How slow-paced are these minutes! in extremes,
How miserable is the least delay!
Could I imp† feathers to the wings of time,
Or with as little ease command the sun

* ——— *I must die this* morning,
By five, &c.] It may be just necessary, for the sake of the mere English reader, to observe that Massinger makes use here of the Roman manner of computation: *five in the morning*, therefore, answers to our eleven o'clock.

* *And could you but* till then *assure me*——] i. e. till five. *Till then*, which is absolutely necessary to the sense, as well as the metre, is omitted by Mr. M. Mason.

† *Could I* imp *feathers*, &c.] See Renegado, Act V sc. viii.

To scourge his coursers up heaven's eastern hill,
Making the hour to tremble at past recalling,
As I can move this dial's tongue to six;*
My veins and arteries, emptied with fear,
Would fill and swell again. How do I look?
Do you yet see Death about me?
1 *Trib.* Think not of him;
There is no danger: all these prodigies
That do affright you, rise from natural causes;
And though you do ascribe them to yourself,
Had you ne'er been, had happened.
*Cæs.* 'Tis well said,
Exceeding well, brave soldier. Can it be,
That I, that feel myself in health and strength,
Should still believe I am so near my end,
And have my guards about me? perish all
Predictions! I grow constant they are false,
And built upon uncertainties.
1 *Trib.* This is right;
Now Cæsar's heard like Cæsar.
*Cæs.* We will to
The camp, and having there confirm'd the soldier
With a large donative and increase of pay,
Some shall——I say no more.

*Re-enter* Parthenius.

*Parth.* All happiness,
Security, long life, attend upon
The monarch of the world!
*Cæs.* Thy looks are cheerful.
*Parth.* And my relation full of joy and wonder.
Why is the care of your imperial body,
My lord, neglected, the fear'd hour being past,
In which your life was threaten'd?
*Cæs.* Is't past five?
*Parth.* Past six, upon my knowledge; and, in justice,
Your clock-master should die, that hath deferr'd
Your peace so long. There is a post new lighted,
That brings assured intelligence, that your legions
In Syria have won a glorious day,
And much enlarged your empire. I have kept him
Conceal'd, that you might first partake the pleasure
In private, and the senate from yourself
Be taught to understand how much they owe
To you and to your fortune.
*Cæs.* Hence, pale fear, then!
Lead me, Parthenius.
1 *Trib.* Shall we wait you?
*Cæs.* No.
After losses guards are useful. Know your distance.
[*Exeunt Cæsar and Parthenius.*
2 *Trib.* How strangely hopes delude men! as I live,
The hour is not yet come.
1 *Trib.* Howe'er, we are
To pay our duties and observe the sequel.
[*Exeunt Tribunes. Domitia and the rest come forward.*
*Dom.* I hear him coming. Be constant.

*Re-enter* Cæsar *and* Parthenius.

*Cæs.* Where, Parthenius,
Is this glad messenger?
*Steph.* Make the door fast. Here;
A messenger of horror.
*Cæs.* How! betray'd?
*Dom.* No; taken, tyrant.
*Cæs.* My Domitia
In the conspiracy!
*Parth.* Behold this book.
*Cæs.* Nay, then I am lost. Yet, though I am unarm'd
I'll not fall poorly. [*Overthrows Stephanos.*
*Steph.* Help me.
*Ent.* Thus, and thus!
*Sej.* Are you so long a falling? [*They stab him.*
*Cæs.* 'Tis done basely. [*Dies.*
*Parth.* This for my father's death.
*Dom.* This for my Paris.
*Jul.* This for thy incest.
*Domitil.* This for thy abuse
Of Domitilla. [*They severally stab him.*
*Tribunes.* [*within.*] Force the doors!

*Enter* Tribunes.

O Mars!
What have you done?
*Parth.* What Rome shall give us thanks for.
*Steph.* Dispatch'd a monster.
1 *Trib.* Yet he was our prince,
However wicked; and, in you, this murder
Which whosoe'er succeeds him will revenge:
Nor will we, that served under his command,
Consent that such a monster as thyself,
(For in thy wickedness Augusta's title
Hath quite forsook thee,) thou, that wert the ground
Of all these mischiefs, shall go hence unpunish'd:
Lay hands on her, and drag her to her sentence.—
We will refer the hearing to the senate,
Who may at their best leisure censure you.
Take up his body: he in death hath paid
For all his cruelties. Here's the difference;
Good kings are mourn'd for after life; but ill,
And such as govern'd only by their will,
And not their reason, unlamented fall;
No good man's tear shed at their funeral.
[*Exeunt; the Tribunes bearing the body of Cæsar*.*

* *As I can move this dial's tongue to* six;] i. e. to the hour of noon.

* In this tragedy Massinger seems to have aimed at something particularly dignified and lofty. I do not know that he has quite succeeded. The failure, however, arises not so much from the subject as the characters. The portrait of Domitian, which is too disgusting to excite much interest, might have been relieved by some of those touches of accidental virtue which sometimes straggled across his vices; or the vices themselves might have been made to enliven each other by contrast. History would have supplied both these resources. But Massinger has been content to represent him in the least varied part of his life, when lust and cruelty had swallowed up all his faculties, extinguished every remembrance of virtue, and reduced him to a loathsome mass of filth and fury. Now and then, indeed, we meet with more movement and interest. During the tortures of Rusticus and Sura (the horror of which reminds us of *the Virgin Martyr*) the force of consience is made to appear for a moment; and while his assassination is preparing, he is fatally secure, then falls into terror; is confident once more, and is presently dispatched. The characters of the women are scarcely better than that of Domitian. Their love is licentiousness; nor is Domitilla, whose case would have allowed it, sufficiently distinguished from the rest. But the vengeance implored by Lamia against his wife is well conducted. It is aptly fulfilled by herself in the progress of her own debaucheries.

Indeed Massinger's chief attention is bestowed on Paris. In his favour the voice of history is raised far above the truth; and in a scene of extraordinary animation he is made to defend himself and the stage with all the dignity of patriotism, and the intrepidity of conscious rectitude. Here we may reasonably suppose the writer to have had some nearer meaning; and the charge of Aretinus, and the refutation of it, Act I., Sc. iii., may strengthen the suspicion expressed in the account given of *The Bondman*. Another of these

personal circumstances strikes us at the very opening of this play. Paris had the wealth and the honours of Rome at his command, but Massinger had too good reason to complain that the "times were dull," and that the profits of his profession hardly satisfied "the day's expense."

A word must be said of the "episodes," as they have been termed. Mr. M. Mason has pronounced them tedious, and Davies allows them to be incumbrances. It was their duty to enquire whether the plot is assisted by them. If they had done this with care, they must have found that the interlude ordered for Philargus is the occasion of his death, and therefore contributes to the assassination of Domitian through the vengeance of Parthenius, who stabs him in the name of his murdered father. It also begins the passion of Domitia for Paris, and hastens the catastrophe, through her alienation from the emperor. The other interludes promote the last effect only; but all of them are more or less connected with the main subject, which they tend to enliven and relieve. The only forgetfulness I observe, is in the last act. The princesses are "confined to several islands;" yet they appear without further notice, and partake in the assassination of Domitian. However, this is very unusual with Massinger, who is generally exact in arranging his subject, and accounting for the minutest incidents of it.

A word more of the two conspirators, whose names have not hitherto appeared among the dramatis personæ. Coxeter had referred the reader to Suetonius for the materials of this play, and asserted that Massinger had strictly copied him. This seems to have satisfied Mr. M. Mason, who either did not look into Suetonius, or, if he did, was prudently silent about characters which he could not find. But Sejeius (Sigerius) and Entellus are as much historical persons as Parthenius or any other. They are expressly mentioned in this very affair by Dio Cassius, who furnishes other particulars adopted by Massinger, and not to be found in Suetonius.

The first of them indeed he calls Sigerus; but the true name has been recovered from Martial, who couples it with that of Parthenius, lib. iv., 79. If the commentator be right (or rather Grotius, to whom he refers,) Sigerius is also quoted by Tertullian as a name of boldness: but the edition which I use reads, *Stephanis atque Parthenis audaciores.* At all events, the passage informs us that the actors in this conspiracy were long remembered in Rome; where, however, was no want of names eminent in this bloody way. Indeed, insurrection was now taking a wider range; and the Cassii, the Nigri, and the Albini had begun to eclipse the murderous fame of their humbler predecessors.

If, as I sincerely hope, the reader loves to see the pure and peaceful manners of Christianity amidst those scenes of treachery and blood, he will be gratified with the argument which led to the above allusion, *Unde qui inter duas lauros obsident Cæsarem?* (It is pleasing to discover the laurels of Augustus at the door of Pertinax,) *Unde qui faucibus ejus exprimendis palæstricam* exercent? Unde qui armati palatium irrumpunt, omnibus Stephanis atque Parthenis audaciores? De Romanis, ni fallor, id est, de* non Christianis. *Apol. ad Gentes.*

DR. IRELAND.

* This allusion is explained by Victor's account of the murder of Commodus: *ab immisso validissimo palæstrita compressis faucibus expiravit.*

# THE GREAT DUKE OF FLORENCE.

THE GREAT DUKE OF FLORENCE.] "The Great Duke" was licensed by Sir H. Herbert "for the Queen's servants," July 5th, 1627. This, Mr. Malone conjectures, with every appearance of probability, to be the "COMICAL HISTORY" before us. The plot is raised on the slight materials afforded by our old chroniclers in the life of Edgar, materials which we have since seen worked up by Mason into the beautiful drama of *Elfrida*.

This play was not committed to the press till 1636, when it was preceded by two commendatory copies of verses by G. Donne and J. Ford. Though highly, and, indeed, deservedly, popular, it was not reprinted: this may be attributed, in some measure, to the growing discontent of the times, which perversely turned aside from scenes like these, to dwell with fearful anxiety on those of turbulence and blood.

It was acted "by her Majesty's servants at the Phœnix in Drury Lane;" where, the title adds, it was "often presented."

TO THE TRULY HONOURED, AND MY NOBLE FAVOURER,

## SIR ROBERT WISEMAN, KNT*.

OF THORRELLS-HALL, IN ESSEX.

SIR,

As I dare not be ungrateful for the many benefits you have heretofore conferred upon me, so I have just reason to fear that my attempting this way to make satisfaction (in some measure) for so due a debt, will further engage me. However, examples encourage me. The most able in my poor quality have made use of Dedications in this nature, to make the world take notice (as far as in them lay) who and what they were that gave supportment and protection to their studies, being more willing to publish the doer, than receive a benefit in a corner. For myself, I will freely, and with a zealous thankfulness, acknowledge, that for many years I had but faintly subsisted, if I had not often tasted of your bounty. But it is above my strength and faculties to celebrate to the desert your noble inclination, and that made actual, to raise up, or, to speak more properly, to rebuild the ruins of demolished poesie. But that is a work reserved, and will be, no doubt, undertaken, and finished, by one that can to the life express it. Accept, I beseech you, the tender of my service, and in the list of those you have obliged to you, contemn not the name of

Your true and faithful honourer,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

* Sir Robert Wiseman was the eldest son of Richard Wiseman, a merchant of London, who, having amassed a fortune, returned into Essex, in which county he had acquired considerable estates, and there died in 1618, and was succeeded by Sir Robert—Massinger's Patron was the oldest of fourteen children, and a man of amiable character. He died unmarried the 11th May, 1641, in his 68th year.—*Gilchrist.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COZIMO, *duke of* Florence.
GIOVANNI, *nephew to the duke.*
SANAZARRO, *the duke's favourite.*
CAROLO CHAROMONTE, Giovanni's *tutor.*
CONTARINO, *secretary to the duke.*
ALPHONSO, HIPPOLITO, HIERONIMO, *counsellors of state.*
CALANDRINO, *a merry fellow, servant to* Giovanni.
BERNARDO, CAPONI, PETRUCHIO, *servants to* Charomonte.
*A Gentleman.*
FIORINDA, *duchess of* Urbin.
LIDIA, *daughter to* Charomonte.
CALAMINTA, *servant to* Fiorinda.
PETRONELLA, *a foolish servant to* Lidia.
*Attendants, Servants, &c.*

SCENE, *partly in* Florence, *and partly at the residence of* Charomonte *in the country.*

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Country. A Room in* Charomonte's *House.*

*Enter* CHAROMONTE *and* CONTARINO.

*Char.* You bring your welcome with you.
*Cont.* Sir, I find it
In every circumstance.
*Char.* Again most welcome. [me,
Yet, give me leave to wish (and pray you, excuse
For I must use the freedom I was born with)
The great duke's pleasure had commanded you
To my poor house upon some other service;
Not this you are design'd to: but his will
Must be obey'd, howe'er it ravish from me
The happy conversation of one
As dear to me as the old Romans held [power
Their household Lars, whom* they believed had
To bless and guard their families.
*Cont.* 'Tis received so
On my part, signior; nor can the duke
But promise to himself as much as may
Be hoped for from a nephew. And 'twere weakness
In any man to doubt, that Giovanni†,
Train'd up by your experience and care
In all those arts peculiar and proper
To future greatness, of necessity
Must in his actions, being grown a man,
Make good the princely education
Which he derived from you.
*Char.* I have discharged
To the utmost of my power, the trust the duke
Committed to me, and with joy perceive
The seed of my endeavours was not sown
Upon the barren sands, but fruitful glebe,
Which yields a large increase: my noble charge,
By his sharp wit, and pregnant apprehension,
Instructing those that teach him; making use,
Not in a vulgar and pedantic form,
Of what's read to him, but 'tis straight digested,
And truly made his own. His grave discourse,
In one no more indebted unto years,
Amazes such as hear him: horsemanship,
And skill to use his weapon, are by practice
Familiar to him: as for knowledge in
Music, he needs it not, it being born with him;
All that he speaks being with such grace deliver'd
That it makes perfect harmony.
*Cont.* You describe
A wonder to me.
*Char.* Sir, he is no less;
And, that there may be nothing wanting that
May render him complete, the sweetness of
His disposition so wins on all
Appointed to attend him, that they are
Rivals, even in the coarsest office, who
Shall get precedency to do him service;
Which they esteem a greater happiness,
Than if they had been fashion'd and built up
To hold command o'er others.
*Cont.* And what place
Does he now bless with his presence?
*Char.* He is now
Running at the ring, at which he's excellent.
He does allot for every exercise
A several hour; for sloth, the nurse of vices,
And rust of action, is a stranger to him.
But I fear I am tedious; let us pass,
If you please, to some other object, though I cannot
Deliver him as he deserves.
*Cont.* You have given him
A noble character.
*Char.* And how, I pray you
(For we, that never look beyond our villas,
Must be inquisitive), are state affairs
Carried in court?
*Cont.* There's little alteration:
Some rise, and others fall, as it stands with
The pleasure of the duke, their great disposer.
*Char.* Does Lodovico Sanazarro hold
Weight, and grace with him?

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* *Their household Lars,* whom *they believed,* &c.] Mr. M. Mason chooses to read, of his own authority,
*Their household Lars,* who, *they believed,* &c.

† *In any man to doubt that* Giovanni,] Giovanni is here used as a quadrisyllable. This is incorrect, and shows that Massinger had studied the language in books only: no Italian would or could pronounce it in this manner. He makes the same mistake in the name of the duchess; Fiorinda is a trisyllable, yet he adopts the division of poor Calandrino, and constantly pronounces Fi-o-rin-da. Shirley adopts a similar pronunciation in the *Gentleman of Venice,* where Giovanni is almost always a quadrisyllable.

*Cont.* Every day new honours
Are shower'd upon him, and without the envy
Of such as are good men; since all confess
The service done our master in his wars
'Gainst Pisa and Sienna may with justice
Claim what's conferr'd upon him.
*Char.* 'Tis said nobly;
For princes never more make known their wisdom,
Than when they cherish goodness where they find it:
They being men, and not gods, Contarino,
They can give wealth and titles, but no virtues;
That is without their power. When they advance,
Not out of judgment, but deceiving fancy,
An undeserving man, howe'er set off
With all the trim of greatness, state, and power,
And of a creature even grown terrible
To him from whom he took his giant form,
This thing is still a comet, no true star;
And when the bounties feeding his false fire
Begin to fail, will of itself go out,
And what was dreadful, prove ridiculous.
But in our Sanazarro 'tis not so,
He being pure and tried gold; and any stamp
Of grace, to make him current to the world,
The duke is pleased to give him, will add honour
To the great bestower; for he, though allow'd
Companion to his master, still preserves
His majesty in full lustre.
*Cont.* He, indeed,
At no part does take from it, but becomes
A partner of his cares, and eases him,
With willing shoulders, of a burthen which
He should alone sustain.
*Char.* Is he yet married?
*Cont.* No, signior, still a bachelor; howe'er
It is apparent that the choicest virgin
For beauty, bravery, and wealth, in Florence,
Would, with her parents' glad consent, be won,
Were his affection and intent but known,
To be at his devotion.
*Char.* So I think too.
But break we off—here comes my princely charge.

*Enter* Giovanni *and* Calandrino.

Make your approaches boldly; you will find
A courteous entertainment [*Cont. kneels.*
*Giov.* Pray you, forbear
My hand, good signior; 'tis a ceremony
Not due to me. 'Tis fit we should embrace
With mutual arms,
*Cont.* It is a favour, sir,
I grieve to be denied.
*Giov.* You shall o'ercome:
But 'tis your pleasure, not my pride, that grants it.
Nay, pray you, guardian, and good sir, put on.
How ill it shows to have that reverend head
Uncover'd to a boy!
*Char.* Your excellence
Must give me liberty to observe the distance
And duty that I owe you.
*Giov.* Owe me duty!
I do profess (and when I do deny it,
Good fortune leave me!) you have been to me
A second father, and may justly challenge,
For training up my youth in arts and arms,
As much respect and service, as was due
To him that gave me life. And did you know, sir,
Or will believe from me, how many sleeps
Good Charomonte hath broken, in his care
To build me up a man, you must confess
Chiron, the tutor to the great Achilles,
Compared with him, deserves not to be named.
And if my gracious uncle, the great duke,
Still holds me worthy his consideration,
Or finds in me aught worthy to be loved,
That little rivulet flow'd from this spring;
And so from me report him.
*Cont.* Fame already
Hath fill'd his highness' ears with the true story
Of what you are, and how much better'd by him.
And 'tis his purpose to reward the travail
Of this grave sir, with a magnificent hand.
For, though his tenderness hardly could consent,
To have you one hour absent from his sight,
For full three years he did deny himself
The pleasure he took in you, that you, here,
From this great master, might arrive unto
The theory of those high mysteries
Which you, by action, must make plain in court.
'Tis, therefore, his request (and that, from him,
Your excellence must grant a strict command),
That instantly (it being not five hours riding)
You should take horse, and visit him. These his letters
Will yield you further reasons. [*Delivers a packet.*
*Cal.* To the court!—
Farewell the flower*, then, of the country's garland.
This is our sun, and when he's set, we must not
Expect or spring or summer, but resolve
For a perpetual winter.
*Char.* Pray you, observe
[*Giovanni reading the letters.*
The frequent changes in his face.
*Cont* As if
His much unwillingness to leave your house
Contended with his duty.
*Char.* Now he appears
Collected and resolved.
*Giov.* It is the duke!
The duke upon whose favour all my hopes
And fortunes do depend. Nor must I check
At his commands for any private motives
That do invite my stay here, though they are
Almost not to be master'd. My obedience,
In my departing suddenly, shall confirm
I am his highness' creature: yet, I hope
A little stay to take a solemn farewell
Of all those ravishing pleasures I have tasted
In this my sweet retirement, from my guardian,
And his incomparable daugther, cannot meet
An ill construction.
*Cont.* I will answer that;
Use your own will.
*Giov.* I would speak to you, sir,
In such a phrase as might express the thanks
My heart would gladly pay; but——
*Char.* I conceive you:
And something I would say; but I must do it
In that dumb rhetoric which you make use of;
For I do wish you all—I know not how,
My toughness melts, and, spite of my discretion,
I must turn woman. [*Embraces Giovanni.*
*Cont.* What a sympathy
There is between them!
*Cal.* Were I on the rack,

* *Farewell* the flower, *then*, of the country's garland.] I suppose this to be the title of one of those innumerable *livres bleus* that fluttered about the town in our author's time.

I could not shed a tear. But I am mad,
And, ten to one, shall hang myself for sorrow,
Before I shift my shirt. But hear you, sir
(I'll separate you), when you are gone, what will
Become of me?
*Giov.* Why thou shalt to court with me.
*Cal.* To see you worried?
*Cont.* Worried, Calandrino!
*Cal.* Yes, sir: for bring this sweet face to the court,
There will be such a longing 'mong the madams,
Who shall engross it first, nay, fight and scratch for't,
That, if they be not stopp'd, for entertainment
They'll kiss his lips off. Nay, if you'll scape so,
And not be tempted to a further danger,
These succubæ are so sharp set, that you must
Give out you are an eunuch.
*Cont.* Have a better
Opinion of court ladies, and take care
Of your own stake.
*Cal.* For my stake, 'tis past caring.
I would not have a bird of unclean feathers
Handsel his lime twig,—and so much for him:
There's something else that troubles me.
*Cont.* What's that?
*Cal.* Why, how to behave myself in court, and tightly.
I have been told the very place transforms men,
And that not one of a thousand, that before
Lived honestly in the country on plain salads,
But bring him thither, mark me that, and feed him
But a month or two with custards and court cake-bread,
And he turns knave immediately. I'd be honest;
But I must follow the fashion, or die a beggar.
*Giov.* And, if I ever reach my hopes, believe it
We will share fortunes.
*Char.* This acknowledgment

*Enter* Lidia.

Binds me your debtor ever.—Here comes one
In whose sad looks you easily may read
What her heart suffers, in that she is forced
To take her last leave of you.
*Cont.* As I live,
A beauty without parallel!
*Lid.* Must you go, then,
So suddenly?
*Giov.* There's no evasion, Lidia,
To gain the least delay, though I would buy it
At any rate. Greatness, with private men
Esteem'd a blessing, is to me a curse;
And we, whom, for our high births, they conclude
The only freemen, are the only slaves.
Happy the golden mean! had I been born
In a poor sordid cottage, not nurs'd up
With expectation to command a court,
I might, like such of your condition, sweetest,
Have ta'en a safe and middle course, and not,
As I am now, against my choice, compell'd
Or to lie grovelling on the earth, or raised
So high upon the pinnacles of state,
That I must either keep my height with danger,
Or fall with certain ruin.
*Lid.* Your own goodness
Will be your faithful guard.
*Giov.* O, Lidia.
*Cont.* So passionate* ! [*Aside.*

* *So passionate.*] i. e. so full of sorrow—so deeply affected—a sense in which the word is frequently used by our old writers.

*Giov.* For, had I been your equal,
I might have seen and liked with mine own eyes,
And not, as now, with others; I might still,
And without observation, or envy,
As I have done, continued my delights
With you, that are alone, in my esteem,
The abstract of society: we might walk
In solitary groves, or in choice gardens;
From the variety of curious flowers
Contemplate nature's workmanship and wonders
And then, for change, near to the murmur of
Some bubbling fountain, I might hear you sing,
And, from the well-tuned accents of your tongue,
In my imagination conceive
With what melodious harmony a quire
Of angels sing above their Maker's praises.
And then with chaste discourse, as we return'd,
Imp * feathers to the broken wings of time:—
And all this I must part from.
*Cont.* You forget
The haste imposed upon us.
*Giov.* One word more
And then I come. And after this, when, with
Continued innocence of love and service,
I had grown ripe for Hymeneal joys,
Embracing you, but with a lawful flame,
I might have been your husband.
*Lid.* Sir, I was,
And ever am, your servant; but it was,
And 'tis, far from me in a thought to cherish
Such saucy hopes. If I had been the heir
Of all the globes and sceptres mankind bows to,
At my best you had deserved me; as I am,
Howe'er unworthy, in my virgin zeal
I wish you, as a partner of your bed,
A princess equal to you; such a one
That may make it the study of her life,
With all the obedience of a wife, to please you.
May you have happy issue, and I live
To be their humblest handmaid!
*Giov.* I am dumb,
And can make no reply.
*Cont.* Your excellence
Will be benighted.
*Giov.* This kiss, bathed in tears,
May learn you what I should say.
*Lid.* Give me leave
To wait on you to your horse.
*Char.* And me to bring you
To the one half of your journey.
*Giov.* Your love puts
Your age to too much trouble.
*Char.* I grow young,
When most I serve you.
*Cont.* Sir, the duke shall thank you. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

Florence. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* Alphonso, Hippolito, *and* Hieronimo.

*Alph.* His highness cannot take it ill.
*Hip.* However,
We with our duties shall express our care
For the safety of his dukedom.
*Hier.* And our loves

* Imp *feathers to the broken wings of time.*] See The Renegado, Act V., Sc. viii.

*Enter* Cozimo.

To his person.—Here he comes: present it boldly.
[*They kneel, Alphonso tenders a paper.*
*Coz.* What needs this form? We are not grown so proud
As to disdain familiar conference
With such as are to counsel and direct us.
This kind of adoration shew'd not well
In the old Roman emperors, who, forgetting
That they were flesh and blood, would be styled gods:
In us to suffer it, were worse. Pray you, rise.
[*Reads.*
Still the old suit! With too much curiousness
You have too often search'd this wound which yields
Security and rest, not trouble, to me.
For here you grieve, that my firm resolution
Continues me a widower; and that
My want of issue to succeed me in
My government, when I am dead, may breed
Distraction in the state, and make the name
And family of the Medici, now admired,
Contemptible.
*Hip.* And with strong reasons, sir.
*Alph.* For, were you old, and past hope to beget
The model of yourself, we should be silent.
*Hier.* But, being in your height and pride of years,
As you are now, great sir, and having, too,
In your possession the daughter of
The deceased duke of Urbin, and his heir,
Whose guardian you are made; were you but pleased
To think her worthy of you, besides children,
The dukedom she brings with her for a dower
Will yield a large increase of strength and power
To those fair territories which already
Acknowledge you their absolute lord.
*Coz.* You press us
With solid arguments, we grant; and, though
We stand not bound to yield account to any
Why we do this or that, (the full consent
Of our subjects being included in our will,)
We, out of our free bounties, will deliver
The motives that divert* us. You well know
That, three years since, to our much grief, we lost
Our duchess; such a duchess, that the world,
In her whole course of life†, yields not a lady
That can with imitation deserve
To be her second; in her grave we buried
All thoughts of woman: let this satisfy
For any second marriage. Now, whereas
You name the heir of Urbin, as a princess
Of great revenues, 'tis confess'd she is so:
But for some causes, private to ourself, [not;
We have disposed her otherwise. Yet despair
For you, ere long, with joy shall understand,
That in our princely care we have provided
One worthy to succeed us.

*Enter* Sanazarro.

*Hip.* We submit,
And hold the counsels of great Cozimo
Oraculous.
*Coz.* My Sanazarro!—Nay,
Forbear all ceremony. You look sprightly, friend,
And promise in your clear aspect some novel
That may delight us.
*Sanaz.* O sir, I would not be
The harbinger of aught that might distaste you;
And therefore know (for 'twere a sin to torture
Your highness' expectation) your vice-admiral,
By my directions, hath surprised the gallies
Appointed to transport the Asian tribute
Of the great Turk; a richer prize was never
Brought into Florence.
*Coz.* Still my nightingale*,
That with sweet accents dost assure me, that
My spring of happiness comes fast upon me!
Embrace me boldly. I pronounce that wretch
An enemy to brave and thriving action,
That dares believe but in a thought, we are
Too prodigal in our favours to this man,
Whose merits, though with him we should divide
Our dukedom, still continue us his debtor.
*Hip.* 'Tis far from me.
*Alph.* We all applaud it.
*Coz.* Nay, blush not, Sanazarro, we are proud
Of what we build up in thee; nor can our
Election be disparaged, since we have not
Received into our bosom and our grace
A glorious lazy drone†, grown fat with feeding
On others toil, but an industrious bee,
That crops the sweet flowers of our enemies,
And every happy evening returns
Loaden with wax and honey to our hive.
*Sanaz.* My best endeavours never can discharge
The service I should pay.
*Coz.* Thou art too modest;
But we will study how to give, and when,

*Enter* Giovanni *and* Contarino.

Before it be demanded.——Giovanni!
My nephew! let me eye thee better, boy.
In thee, methinks my sister lives again;
For her love I will be a father to thee,
For thou art my adopted son.
*Giov.* Your servant,
And humble subject.
*Coz.* Thy hard travel, nephew,
Requires soft rest, and therefore we forbear
For the present, an account how thou hast spent
Thy absent hours. See, signiors, see, our care,
Without a second bed, provides you of
A hopeful prince. Carry him to his lodgings,
And, for his further honour, Sanazarro,
With the rest, do you attend him.
*Giov.* All true pleasures
Circle your highness!

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* *The motives that* divert *us.*] i. e. *turn us aside* from following your advice.

† ——*that the world,*
*In* her whole course of life, *yields not*, &c.] This is awkwardly expressed, a circumstance most unusual with Massinger; but seems to mean, in her various excellencies and virtues. It is strangely pointed in Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason.

* Coz. *Still my* nightingale,
*That with sweet accents*, &c.] This seems to be from Jonson:
"I grant the linnet, lark, and bull-finch sing,
But best the dear *good angel of the spring,*
The *nightingale.*"
Our old poets give this pleasing office to the nightingale with great beauty and propriety; thus Sydney:
"The *nightingale*, so soon as *Aprill* bringeth
Unto her rested sense a perfect waking,
While late bare earth proud of new clothing springeth,
Sings out her woes," &c.
The Greek poets, and their echoes, the Romans, usually gave it to the swallow, and in this too there was propriety.

† *A* glorious *lazy drone,*] i. e. glorious—vain, empty vaunting. See The Unnatural Combat.

*Sanaz.* As the rising sun,
We do receive you.
*Giov.* May this never set,
But shine upon you ever!

[*Exeunt Giovanni, Sanazarro, Hieronimo, Alphonso, and Hippolito.*

*Coz.* Contarino!
*Cont.* My gracious lord.
*Coz.* What entertainment found you
From Carolo de Charomonte?
*Cont.* Free,
And bountiful. He's ever like himself,
Noble and hospitable.
*Coz.* But did my nephew
Depart thence willingly?
*Cont.* He obey'd your summons
As did become him. Yet it was apparent,
But that he durst not cross your will, he would
Have sojourn'd longer there, he ever finding
Variety of sweetest entertainment.
But there was something else; nor can I blame
His youth, though with some trouble he took leave
Of such a sweet companion,
*Coz.* Who was it?
*Cont.* The daughter, sir, of signior Carolo,
Fair Lidia, a virgin, at all parts
But in her birth and fortunes, equal to him.
The rarest beauties Italy can make boast of
Are but mere shadows to her, she the substance
Of all perfection. And what increases
The wonder, sir, her body's matchless form
Is better'd by the pureness of her soul.
Such sweet discourse, such ravishing behaviour,
Such charming language, such enchanting manners,
With a simplicity that shames all courtship*,
Flow hourly from her, that I do believe
Had Circe or Calypso her sweet graces,
Wandering Ulysses never had remember'd
Penelope, or Ithaca.
*Coz.* Be not rapt so.
*Cont.* Your excellence would be so, had you seen her.
*Coz.* Take up, take up†.—But did your observation
Note any passage of affection
Between her and my nephew?
*Cont.* How it should
Be otherwise between them, is beyond
My best imagination. Cupid's arrows
Were useless there; for, of necessity,
Their years and dispositions do accord so,
They must wound one another.
*Coz.* Umph! Thou art
My secretary, Contarino, and more skill'd
In politic designs of state, than in
Thy judgment of a beauty; give me leave
In this to doubt it.—Here. Go to my cabinet,
You shall find there letters newly received,
Touching the state of Urbin.
Pray you, with care peruse them; leave the search
Of this to us.
*Cont.* I do obey in all things. [*Exit.*
*Coz.* Lidia! a diamond so long conceal'd,
And never worn in court! of such sweet feature!
And he on whom I fix my dukedom's hopes
Made captive to it! Umph! 'tis somewhat strange.
Our eyes are every where, and we will make
A strict enquiry. Sanazarro!

*Re-enter* Sanazarro.

*Sanaz.* Sir.
*Coz.* Is my nephew at his rest?
*Sanaz.* I saw him in bed, sir.
*Coz.* 'Tis well; and does the princess Fiorinda,
Nay, do not blush, she is rich Urbin's heir,
Continue constant in her favours to you?
*Sanaz.* Dread sir, she may dispense them as she pleases;
But I look up to her as on a princess
I dare not be ambitious of, and hope
Her prodigal graces shall not render me
Offender to your highness*.
*Coz.* Not a scruple.
He whom I favour, as I do my friend,
May take all lawful graces that become him:
But touching this hereafter. I have now
(And though perhaps it may appear a trifle)
Serious employment for thee.
*Sanaz.* I stand ready
For any act you please.
*Coz.* I know it, friend.
Have you ne'er heard of Lidia, the daughter
Of Carolo Charomonte?
*Sanaz.* Him I know, sir,
For a noble gentleman, and my worthy friend;
But never heard of her.
*Coz.* She is deliver'd,
And feelingly to us by Contarino,
For a masterpiece in nature. I would have you
Ride suddenly thither, to behold this wonder,
But not as sent by us; that's our first caution:
The second is, and carefully observe it,
That though you are a bachelor, and endow'd with
All those perfections that may take a virgin,
On forfeit of our favour do not tempt her:
It may be her fair graces do concern us.
Pretend what business you think fit to gain
Access unto her father's house, and there
Make full discovery of her, and return me
A true relation:—I have some ends in it,
With which we will acquaint you.
*Sanaz.* This is, sir,
An easy task.
*Coz.* Yet one that must exact
Your secrecy and diligence. Let not
Your stay be long.
*Sanaz.* It shall not, sir.
*Coz.* Farewell,
And be, as you would keep our favour, careful.
[*Exeunt.*

---

* *With a simplicity that shames all* courtship,] i. e. all court breeding. Davenant has profited of these beautiful lines, and given his interesting Bertha many traits of Lidia:

" She ne'er saw courts, yet courts could have undone
With untaught looks, and an unpractised heart:
Her nets the most prepared could never shun,
For nature spred them in the scorn of art.

" She never had in busie cities bin.
Ne'er warm'd with hope, nor e'er allay'd with fears;
Not seeing punishment, could guess no sin,
And sin not seeing, ne'er had use of tears.

" But here her father's precepts gave her skill,
Which with incessant business fill'd the hours;
In spring she gather'd blossoms for the still,
In autumn berries, and in summer flowers."

† Coz. *Take up, take up.*——] i. e. stop, check yourself: This sense of the word, which is not uncommon, does not occur among the numerous examples collected by Johnson.

* Offender *to your highness.*] Mr. M. Mason reads of *sending*; the word that I have inserted is nearer the old copy, which exhibits, Offended *to your highness.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in* Fiorinda's *House.*

*Enter* Fiorinda *and* Calaminta.

*Fior.* How does this dressing show?
*Calam.* 'Tis of itself
Curious and rare; but, borrowing ornament
As it does from your grace, that deigns to wear it,
Incomparable.
*Fior.* Thou flatter'st me.
*Calam.* I cannot,
Your excellence is above it.
*Fior.* Were we less perfect,
Yet, being as we are, an absolute princess,
We of necessity must be chaste, wise, fair,
By our prerogative!—yet all these fail
To move where I would have them. How received
Count Sanazarro the rich scarf I sent him
For his last visit?
*Calam.* With much reverence,
I dare not say affection. He express'd
More ceremony in his humble thanks,
Than feeling of the favour; and appear'd
Wilfully ignorant, in my opinion,
Of what it did invite him to.
*Fior.* No matter; [heard
He's blind with too much light*. Have you not
Of any private mistress he's engaged to?
*Calam.* Not any; and this does amaze me, madam,
That he, a soldier, one that drinks rich wines,
Feeds high, and promises as much as Venus
Could wish to find from Mars, should in his manners
Be so averse to women.
*Fior.* Troth, I know not;
He's man enough, and if he has a haunt,
He preys far off, like a subtile fox.
*Calam.* And that way
I do suspect him: for I learnt last night,
When the great duke went to rest, attended by
One private follower, he took horse; but whither
He's rid, or to what end, I cannot guess at,
But I will find it out.
*Fior.* Do, faithful servant,

*Enter* Calandrino.

We would not be abused. Who have we here?
*Calam.* How the fool stares!
*Fior.* And looks as if he were
Conning his neck-verse.
*Cal.* If I now prove perfect
In my A B C of courtship, Calandrino
Is made for ever. I am sent—let me see,
On a *How d'ye*, as they call't.
*Calam.* What wouldst thou say? [ings; well.
*Cal.* Let me see my notes. These are her lodg-
*Calam.* Art thou an ass?
*Cal.* Peace! thou art a court wagtail,
[*Looking on his instructions.*
To interrupt me.
*Fior.* He has given it you.
Cal. *And then say to the illustrious Fi-o-rin-da—*
I have it. Which is she?
*Calam.* Why this; fop-doodle. [me out,
*Cal.* Leave chattering, bullfinch; you would put
But 'twill not do.—*Then, after you have made*
*Your three obeisances to her, kneel, and kiss*
*The skirt of her gown*—I'm glad it is no worse.
*Calam.* And why so, sir?
*Cal.* Because I was afraid
That, after the Italian garb, I should
Have kiss'd her backward.
*Calam.* This is sport unlook'd for.
*Cal.* Are you the princess?
*Fior.* Yes, sir.
*Cal.* Then stand fair,
For I am choleric, and do not nip
A hopeful blossom. Out again:—*Three low*
*Obeisances*——
*Fior.* I am ready.
*Cal.* I come on, then.
*Calam.* With much formality.
*Cal.* Umph! one, two, three.
[*Makes antic curtsies.*
Thus far I am right. Now for the last.—O rare!
She is perfumed all over! Sure great women,
Instead of little dogs, are privileged
To carry musk-cats.
*Fior.* Now the ceremony
Is pass'd, what is the substance?
*Cal.* I'll peruse
My instructions, and then tell you. *Her skirt kiss'd,*
*Inform her highness that your lord*——
*Calam.* Who's that?
*Cal.* Prince Giovanni, who intreats your grace,
That he with your good favour may have leave [it.
To present his service to you. I think I have nick'd
For a courtier of the first form.
*Fior.* To my wonder.

*Enter* Giovanni *and a* Gentleman.

Return unto the prince—but he prevents
My answer. Calaminta, take him off;
And, for the neat delivery of his message,
Give him ten ducats: such rare parts as yours
Are to be cherish'd.
*Cal.* We will share: I know
It is the custom of the court, when ten
Are promised, five is fair. Fie! fie! the princess
Shall never know it, so you dispatch me quickly,
And bid me not come to-morrow.
*Calam.* Very good, sir.
[*Exeunt Calandrino and Calaminta.*
*Giov.* Pray you, friend,
Inform the duke I am putting into act
What he commanded.
*Gent.* I am proud to be employ'd, sir. [*Exit.*
*Giov.* Madam, that, without warrant, I presume
To trench upon your privacies, may argue
Rudeness of manners; but the free access
Your princely courtesy vouchsafes to all
That come to pay their services, gives me hope
To find a gracious pardon.
*Fior.* If you please, not
To make that an offence in your construction,
Which I receive as a large favour from you,
There needs not this apology.
*Giov.* You continue,

* *He's blind with too much light.*] Improved by Milton, "dark with excess of light."

As you were ever, the greatest mistress of
Fair entertainment.
*Fior.* You are, sir, the master;
And in the country have learnt to outdo
All that in court is practised. But why should we
Talk at such distance? You are welcome, sir.
We have been more familiar, and since
You will impose the province (you should govern)
Of boldness on me, give me leave to say
You are too punctual. Sit, sir, and discourse
As we were used.
*Giov.* Your excellence knows so well
How to command, that I can never err
When I obey you.
*Fior.* Nay, no more of this.
You shall o'ercome; no more, I pray you, sir.—
And what delights, pray you be liberal
In your relation, hath the country life
Afforded you?
*Giov.* All pleasures, gracious madam, [tues.
But the happiness to converse with your sweet vir-
I had a grave instructor, and my hours
Design'd to serious studies yielded me
Pleasure with profit, in the knowledge of
What before I was ignorant in; the signior
Carolo de Charomonte being skilful
To guide me through the labyrinth of wild passions,
That labour'd to imprison my free soul
A slave to vicious sloth.
*Fior.* You speak him well.
*Giov.* But short of his deserts. Then for the time
Of recreation, I was allow'd
(Against the form follow'd by jealous parents
In Italy) full liberty to partake
His daughter's sweet society. She's a virgin
Happy in all endowments which a poet
Could fancy in his mistress; being herself
A school of goodness, where chaste maids may learn,
Without the aids of foreign principles,
By the example of her life and pureness,
To be, as she is, excellent. I but give you
A brief epitome of her virtues, which,
Dilated on at large, and to their merit,
Would make an ample story.
*Fior.* Your whole age,
So spent with such a father, and a daughter,
Could not be tedious to you.
*Giov.* True, great princess:
And now, since you have pleased to grant the hearing
Of my time's expence in the country, give me leave
To entreat the favour to be made acquainted
What service, or what objects in the court,
Have, in your excellency's acceptance, proved
Most gracious to you.
*Fior.* I'll meet your demand,
And make a plain discovery. The duke's care
For my estate and person holds the first
And choicest place: then, the respect the courtiers
Pay gladly to me, not to be contemn'd.
But that which raised in me the most delight
(For I am a friend to valour), was to hear
The noble actions truly reported
Of the brave count Sanazarro. I profess,
When it hath been, and fervently, deliver'd,
How boldly, in the horror of a fight,
Cover'd with fire and smoke, and, as if nature
Had lent him wings, like lightning he hath fallen
Upon the Turkish gallies, I have heard it
With a kind of pleasure which hath whisper'd to me,
This worthy must be cherish'd.
*Giov.* 'Twas a bounty
You never can repent.
*Fior.* I glory in it;
And when he did return (but still with conquest)
His armour off, not young Antinous
Appear'd more courtly: all the graces that
Render a man's society dear to ladies,
Like pages waiting on him; and it does
Work strangely on me.
*Giov.* To divert your thoughts,
Though they are fix'd upon a noble subject,
I am a suitor to you.
*Fior.* You will ask,
I do presume, what I may grant, and then
It must not be denied.
*Giov.* It is a favour
For which I hope your excellence will thank me
*Fior.* Nay, without circumstance.
*Giov.* That you would please
To take occasion to move the duke,
That you, with his allowance may command
This matchless virgin, Lidia (of whom
I cannot speak too much), to wait upon you.
She's such a one, upon the forfeit of
Your good opinion of me, that will not
Be a blemish to your train.
*Fior.* 'Tis rank! he loves her:
But I will fit him with a suit [*Aside.*].—I pause not
As if it bred or doubt or scruple in me
To do what you desire, for I'll effect it,
And make use of a fair and fit occasion;
Yet, in return, I ask a boon of you,
And hope to find you in your grant to me,
As I have been to you.
*Giov.* Command me, madam.
*Fior.* 'Tis near allied to yours. That you would be
A suitor to the duke, not to expose
After so many trials of his faith,
The noble Sanazarro to all dangers,
As if he were a wall to stand the fury
Of a perpetual battery: but now
To grant him, after his long labours, rest
And liberty to live in court; his arms
And his victorious sword and shield hung up
For monuments.
*Giov.* Umph! I'll embrace, fair princess,

*Enter* Cozimo.

The soonest opportunity. The duke!
*Cos.* Nay, blush not; we smile on your privacy,
And come not to disturb you. You are equals,
And, without prejudice to either's honours,
May make a mutual change of love and courtship,
Till you are made one, and with holy rites,
And we give suffrage to it.
*Giov.* You are gracious.
*Cos.* To ourself in this: but now break off; too
much
Taken at once of the most curious viands,
Dulls the sharp edge of appetite. We are now
For other sports, in which our pleasure is
That you shall keep us company.
*Fior.* We attend you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Country. A Hall in* Charomonte's *House.*

*Enter* Bernardo, Caponi, *and* Petruchio.

*Bern.* Is my lord stirring?

*Cap.* No; he's fast.
*Pet.* Let us take, then,
Our morning draught. Such as eat store of beef,
Mutton, and capons, may preserve their healths
With that thin composition call'd small beer,
As, 'tis said, they do in England. But Italians,
That think when they have supp'd upon an olive,
A root, or bunch of raisins, 'tis a feast,
Must kill those crudities rising from cold herbs,
With hot and lusty wines.
*Cap.* A happiness
Those tramontanes* ne'er tasted.
*Bern.* Have they not
Store of wine there?
*Cap.* Yes, and drink more in two hours
Than the Dutchmen or the Dane in four and twenty.
*Pet.* But what is't? French trash, made of rotten grapes,
And dregs and lees of Spain, with Welsh metheglin,
A drench to kill a horse! But this pure nectar,
Being proper to our climate, is too fine
To brook the roughness of the sea: the spirit
Of this begets in us quick apprehensions,
And active executions; whereas their
Gross feeding makes their understanding like it:
They can fight, and that's their all. [*They drink.*

*Enter* Sanazarro *and* Servant.

*Sanaz.* Security [open,
Dwells about this house, I think; the gate's wide
And not a servant stirring. See the horses
Set up, and clothed.
*Serv.* I shall, sir. [*Exit.*
*Sanaz.* I'll make bold
To press a little further.
*Bern.* Who is this?
Count Sanazarro?
*Pet.* Yes, I know him. Quickly
Remove the flagon.
*Sanaz.* A good day to you, friends.
Nay, do not conceal your physic; I approve it,
And, if you please, will be a patient with you.
*Pet.* My noble lord. [*Drinks.*
*Sanaz.* A health to yours. [*Drinks.*] Well done!
I see you love yourselves, and I commend you;
'Tis the best wisdom.
*Pet.* May it please your honour
To walk a turn in the gallery, I'll acquaint
My lord with your being here. [*Exit.*
*Sanaz.* Tell him I come
For a visit only. 'Tis a handsome pile this. [*Exit.*
*Cap.* Why here is a brave fellow, and a right one;
Nor wealth nor greatness makes him proud.
*Bern.* There are
Too few of them; for most of our new courtiers
(Whose fathers were familiar with the prices
Of oil and corn, with when and where to vent them,
And left their heirs rich, from their knowledge that way),
Like gourds shot up in a night, disdain to speak
But to cloth of tissue.

*Enter* Charomonte *in a nightgown,* Petruchio *following.*

*Char.* Stand you prating, knaves,
When such a guest is under my roof! See all
The rooms perfumed. This is the man that carries
The sway and swing of the court; and I had rather
Preserve him mine with honest offices, than——
But I'll make no comparisons. Bid my daughter
Trim herself up to the height; I know this courtier
Must have a smack at her; and, perhaps, by his place,
Expects to wriggle further: if he does,
I shall deceive his hopes; for I'll not taint
My honour for the dukedom. Which way went he?
*Cap.* To the round gallery.
*Char.* I will entertain him
As fits his worth and quality, but no further.
[*Exeunt.*

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## SCENE III.—*A Gallery in the same.*

*Enter* Sanazarro.

*Sanaz.* I cannot apprehend, yet I have argued
All ways I can imagine, for what reasons
The great duke does employ me hither; and,
What does increase the miracle, I must render
A strict and true account, at my return,
Of Lidia, this lord's daughter, and describe
In what she's excellent, and where defective.
'Tis a hard task: he that will undergo
To make a judgment of a woman's beauty,
And see through all her plasterings and paintings,
Had need of Lynceus' eyes, and with more ease
May look, like him, through nine mud walls, than make
A true discovery of her. But the intents
And secrets of my prince's heart must be
Served, and not search'd into.

*Enter* Charomonte.

*Char.* Most noble sir,
Excuse my age, subject to ease and sloth,
That with no greater speed I have presented
My service with your welcome.
*Sanaz.* 'Tis more fit
That I should ask your pardon, for disturbing
Your rest at this unseasonable hour.
But my occasions carrying me so near
Your hospitable house, my stay being short too,
Your goodness, and the name of friend, which you
Are pleased to grace me with, gave me assurance
A visit would not offend.
*Char.* Offend, my lord!
I feel myself much younger for the favour.
How is it with our gracious master?
*Sanaz.* He, sir,
Holds still his wonted greatness, and confesses
Himself your debtor, for your love and care
To the prince Giovanni; and had sent
Particular thanks by me, had his grace known,
The quick dispatch of what I was design'd to
Would have licensed me to see you.

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* *Those* tramontanes *ne'er tasted.*] i. e. those *strangers,* those *barbarians:* so the Italians called, and still call, all who live beyond the Alps, *ultra montes.* In a subsequent speech, the author does not forget to satirize the acknowledged propensity of his countrymen to drinking: "Your *Dane,* your *German,* and your swag-bellied *Hollander,* are nothing to your Englishman."

If Caponi, as well as Iago, be not, however, too severe upon us, it must be confessed that our ancestors were apt scholars, and soon bettered the instructions which they received. Sir Richard Baker (as Mr. Gilchrist observes), treating of the wars in the Low-Countries about the end of the sixteenth century, says, "Here it must not be omitted, that the English (who, of all the dwellers in the northern parts of the world, were hitherto the least drinkers, and deservedly praised for their sobriety) in these Dutch wars learned to be drunkards, and brought the vice so far to overspread the kingdom, that laws were fain to be enacted for repressing it." *Chron.* fol. p. 382.

*Char.* I am rich
In his acknowledgment.
*Sanaz.* Sir, I have heard
Your happiness in a daughter.
*Char.* Sits the wind there? [*Aside.*
*Sanaz.* Fame gives her out for a rare masterpiece.
*Char.* 'Tis a plain village girl, sir, but obedient;
That's her best beauty, sir.
*Sanaz.* Let my desire
To see her, find a fair construction from you;
I bring no loose thought with me.
*Char.* You are that way,
My lord, free from suspicion. Her own manners,
Without an imposition from me,
I hope, will prompt her to it.

*Enter* Lidia *and* Petronella.

As she is,
She comes to make a tender of that service
Which she stands bound to pay.
*Sanaz.* With your fair leave,
I make bold to salute you.
*Lid.* Sir, you have it.
*Petron.* I am her gentlewoman, will he not kiss me too?
This is coarse, i'faith. [*Aside.*
*Char.* How he falls off!
*Lid.* My lord, though silence best becomes a maid,
And to be curious to know but what
Concerns myself, and with becoming distance,
May argue me of boldness, I must borrow
So much of modesty, as to enquire
Prince Giovanni's health.
*Sanaz.* He cannot want
What you are pleased to wish him.
*Lid.* Would 'twere so!
And then there is no blessing that can make
A hopeful and a noble prince complete,
But should fall on him. O! he was our north star,
The light and pleasure of our eyes.
*Sanaz.* Where am I?
I feel myself another thing! Can charms
Be writ on such pure rubies* ? her lips melt
As soon as touch'd! Not those smooth gales that glide
O'er happy Araby, or rich Sabæa†,
Creating in their passage gums and spices,
Can serve for a weak simile to express
The sweetness of her breath. Such a brave stature
Homer bestowed on Pallas, every limb
Proportion'd to it!
*Char.* This is strange;—my lord!
*Sanaz.* I crave your pardon, and yours, matchless maid,
For such I must report you.
*Petron.* There's no notice
Taken all this while of me. [*Aside.*
*Sanaz.* And I must add,
If your discourse and reason parallel
The rareness of your more than human form,
You are a wonder.
*Char.* Pray you my lord make trial:
She can speak, I can assure you; and that my presence
May not take from her freedom, I will leave you:
For know, my lord, my confidence dares trust her
Where, and with whom, she pleases.——If he be
Taken the right way with her, I cannot fancy
A better match; and for false play, I know
The tricks, and can discern them.—Petronella.
*Petron.* Yes, my good lord.
*Char.* I have employment for you.
[*Exeunt Charomonte and Petronella.*
*Lid.* What's your will, sir? [of
*Sanaz.* Madam, you are so large a theme to treat
And every grace about you offers to me
Such copiousness of language that I stand
Doubtful which first to touch at. If I err,
As in my choice I may, let me entreat you,
Before I do offend, to sign my pardon:
Let this, the emblem of your innocence,
Give me assurance.
*Lid.* My hand join'd to yours,
Without this superstition, confirms it,
Nor need I fear you will dwell long upon me,
The barrenness of the subject yielding nothing
That rhetoric with all her tropes and figures
Can amplify. Yet, since you are resolved
To prove yourself a courtier in my praise,
As I'm a woman (and you men affirm
Our sex loves to be flatter'd) I'll endure it. i

*Enter* Charomonte *above.*

Now, when you please, begin.
*Sanaz.* [*turning from her*] Such Læda's paps were—
(Down pillows styled by Jove), and their pure whiteness
Shames the swan's down, or snow. No heat of lust
Swells up her azure veins; and yet I feel
That this chaste ice but touch'd fans fire in me.
*Lid.* You need not, noble sir, be thus transported,
Or trouble your invention to express
Your thought of me: the plainest phrase and language
That you can use will be too high a strain
For such an humble theme.
*Sanaz.* If the great duke
Made this his end to try my constant temper,
Though I am vanquish'd, 'tis his fault, not mine:
For I am flesh and blood, and have affections
Like other men. Who can behold the temples,
Or holy altars, but the objects work
Devotion in him? And I may as well
Walk over burning iron with bare feet,
And be unscorch'd, as look upon this beauty
Without desire, and that desire pursued too,
Till it be quench'd with the enjoying those
Delights, which to achieve, danger is nothing,
And loyalty but a word.
*Lid.* I ne'er was proud;
Nor can find I am guilty of a thought
Deserving this neglect and strangeness from you:
Nor am I amorous. *

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* ——————*Can charms*
*Be writ on such* pure rubies?] This, I believe, alludes to a very old opinion, that some sorts of gems (from an inherent sanctity), could not be profaned, or applied to the purposes of magic. The notion took its rise probably from some superstitious ideas respecting the precious stones employed in the breastplate of the high-priest of the Jews.

† *O'er happy* Araby,] So the quarto. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason have blundered it into prose; they read, *O'er happy* Arabia! In *The New Way to Pay Old Debts*, this beautiful simile occurs again.

* *Nor am I* amorous.] This would be a *strange* declaration for Lidia to make, when Sanazarro had said nothing to her on the subject of love; these words, therefore, must be considered as the beginning of a sentence that is left unfinished, and should be printed thus:
*Nor am I amorous*—————— M. Mason.
"However *strange* the declaration" may be, it is actually

*Sanaz.* Suppose his greatness
Loves her himself, why makes he choice of me
To be his agent? It is tyranny
To call one pinch'd with hunger to a feast,
And at that instant cruelly deny him
To taste of what he sees. Allegiance
Tempted too far is like the trial of
A good sword on an anvil; as that often
Flies in pieces without service to the owner,
So trust enforced too far proves treachery,
And is too late repented.
*Lid.* Pray you, sir,
Or license me to leave you, or deliver
The reasons which invite you to command
My tedious waiting on you.
*Char.* As I live,
I know not what to think on't. Is't his pride,
Or his simplicity?
*Sanaz.* Whither have my thoughts
Carried me from myself? In this my dulness,
I've lost an opportunity——
[*Turns to her; she falls off.*
*Lid.* 'Tis true,
I was not bred in court, nor live a star there;
Nor shine in rich embroideries and pearl,
As they, that are the mistresses of great fortunes,
Are every day adorn'd with——
*Sanaz.* Will you vouchsafe
Your ear, sweet lady?
*Lid.* Yet I may be bold,
For my integrity and fame, to rank
With such as are more glorious. Though I never
Did injury, yet I am sensible
When I'm contemn'd, and scorn'd.
*Sanaz.* Will you please to hear me?
*Lid.* O the difference of natures! Giovanni,
A prince in expectation, when he lived here
Stole courtesy from heaven*, and would not to
The meanest servant in my father's house
Have kept such distance.
*Sanaz.* Pray you do not think me
Unworthy of your ear; it was your beauty
That turn'd me statue. I can speak, fair lady.
*Lid.* And I can hear. The harshness of your courtship
Cannot corrupt my courtesy.
*Sanaz.* Will you hear me,
If I speak of love?
*Lid.* Provided you be modest;
I were uncivil, else.
*Char.* They are come to parley·
I must observe this nearer. [*He retires*
*Sanaz.* You are a rare one,
And such (but that my haste commands me hence)
I could converse with ever. Will you grace me
With leave to visit you again?
*Lid.* So you,
At your return to court, do me the favour
To make a tender of my humble service
To the prince Giovanni.
*Sanaz.* Ever touching
Upon that string! And will you give me hope
Of future happiness?
*Lid.* That, as I shall find you:
The fort that's yielded at the first assault
Is hardly worth the taking.

*Re-enter* Charomonte *below.*

*Char.* O, they are at it.
*Sanaz.* She is a magazine of all perfection,
And 'tis death to part from her, yet I must—
A parting kiss, fair maid.
*Lid.* That custom grants you. [ship,
*Char.* A homely breakfast does attend your lord-
Such as the place affords.
*Sanaz.* No; I have feasted
Already here; my thanks, and so I leave you:
I will see you again. 'Till this unhappy hour
I was never lost, and what to do, or say,
I have not yet determined. [*Exit.*
*Char.* Gone so abruptly!
'Tis very strange.
*Lid.* Under your favour, sir,
His coming hither was to little purpose,
For any thing I heard from him.
*Char* Take heed, Lidia!
I do advise you with a father's love,
And tenderness of your honour; as I would not
Have you coarse and harsh in giving entertainment,
So by no means to be credulous: for great men,
Till they have gain'd their ends, are giants in
Their promises, but, those obtain'd, weak pigmies
In their performance. And it is a maxim
Allow'd among them, so they may deceive,
They m y swear any thing; for the queen of love,
As they hold constantly, does never punish,
But smile, at lovers' perjuries*,—Yet be wise too,

made: nor is there the smallest necessity for supposing the sentence to be incomplete. Lidia simply means, I am not apt to be inflamed at first sight; and the remark is perfectly natural, in her uncertainty respecting the motives of Sanazarro's conduct.

* ——— *Giovanni,*
*A prince in expectation when he lived here,*
Stole courtesy from heaven, &c ] This is from Shakspeare, and the plain meaning of the phrase is, that the affability and sweetness of Giovanni were of a *heavenly* kind, i. e. more perfect than was usually found among men; resembling that divine condescension which excludes none from its regard, and therefore immediately derived or *stolen* from heaven, from whence all good proceeds. In this there is no impropriety: common usage warrants the application of the term to a variety of actions which imply nothing of turpitude, but rather the contrary: affections are *stolen*—in a word, to *steal*, here, and in many other places, means little else than to win by importunity, by imperceptible progression, by gentle violence, &c.

I mention this, because it appears to me that the commentators on our great poet have altogether mistaken him:

" And then I *stole all courtesy from heaven,*
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts."
*Hen. IV.*, Part I., Act III., sc. ii.

"This," says Warburton, who is always too refined for his subject, "is an allusion to the story of Prometheus, who stole fire from thence; and as with *this* he made a man, so with *that* Bolingbroke made a king." If there be any allusion to the story (which I will not deny), it is of the most remote and obscure kind; the application of it, however, is surely too absurd for serious notice. Steevens supposes the meaning to be,—" I was so affable, that I engrossed the devotion and reverence of all men to myself, and thus *defrauded heaven of its worshippers.*" Is heaven worshipped with " affability?" or have politeness and elegance of manners such irresistible charms, that, when found below, they must of necessity " engross all *devotion,*" and exclude the Deity from our thoughts?—This is not the language, nor are these the ideas of Shakspeare: and it would well become the critics to pause before they seriously disgrace him with such impious absurdities.

* ——— *for the queen of love,*
*As they hold constantly, does never punish,*
*But* smile, at lovers' perjuries.—]
*Ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipsa.*
It would be as well if the queen of love had been a little more fastidious on this subject. Her facility, I fear, has done much mischief, as lovers of all ages have availed themselves

And when you are sued to in a noble way,
Be neither nice nor scrupulous.
*Lid.* All you speak, sir,
I hear as oracles; nor will digress
From your directions.
*Char.* So shall you keep
Your fame untainted.
*Lid.* As I would my life, sir. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Florence. *An ante Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* SANAZARRO *and* Servant.

*Sanaz.* Leave the horses with my grooms; but be you careful,
With your best diligence and speed, to find out
The prince, and humbly, in my name, entreat
I may exchange some private conference with him,
Before the great duke know of my arrival.
*Serv.* I haste, my lord.
*Sanaz.* Here I'll attend his coming:
And see you keep yourself, as much as may be,
Conceal'd from all men else.
*Serv.* To serve your lordship,
I wish I were invisible. [*Exit.*
*Sanaz.* I am driven
Into a desperate strait, and cannot steer
A middle course; and of the two extremes
Which I must make election of, I know not
Which is more full of horror. Never servant
Stood more engaged to a magnificent master,
Than I to Cozimo: and all those honours
And glories by his grace conferr'd upon me,
Or by my prosperous services deserved,
If now I should deceive his trust, and make
A shipwreck of my loyalty, are ruin'd.
And, on the other side, if I discover
Lidia's divine perfections, all my hopes
In her are sunk, never to be buoy'd up:
For 'tis impossible, but, as soon as seen,
She must with adoration be sued to.
A hermit at his beads but looking on her,
Or the cold cynic, whom Corinthian Lais [stone,
(Not moved with her lust's blandishments) call'd a
At this object would take fire. Nor is the duke
Such an Hippolytus, but that this Phædra
But seen, must force him to forsake the groves
And Dian's huntmanship, proud to serve under
Venus' soft ensigns. No, there is no way
For me to hope fruition of my ends,
But to conceal her beauties;—and how that
May be effected, is as hard a task
As with a veil to cover the sun's beams,
Or comfortable light. Three years the prince
Lived in her company, and Contarino,
The secretary, hath possess'd* the duke
What a rare piece she is:—but he's my creature,
And may with ease be frighted to deny
What he hath said: and, if my long experience,
With some strong reasons I have thought upon,
Cannot o'er-reach a youth, my practice yields me
But little profit.

*Enter* GIOVANNI *with the* Servant.

*Giov.* You are well return'd, sir.
*Sanaz.* Leave us.—[*Exit Servant.*] When that your grace shall know the motives
That forced me to invite you to this trouble,
You will excuse my manners.
*Giov.* Sir, there needs not
This circumstance between us. You are ever
My noble friend.
*Sanaz.* You shall have further cause
To assure you of my faith and zeal to serve you.
And, when I have committed to your trust
(Presuming still on your retentive silence)
A secret of no less importance than
My honour, nay, my head, it will confirm
What value you hold with me.
*Giov.* Pray you, believe, sir,
What you deliver to me shall be lock'd up
In a strong cabinet, of which you yourself
Shall keep the key: for here I pawn my honour,
Which is the best security I can give, yet,
It shall not be discover'd.
*Sanaz.* This assurance
Is more than I with modesty could demand
From such a paymaster; but I must be sudden:
And therefore, to the purpose. Can your excellence,
In your imagination, conceive
On what design, or whither, the duke's will
Commanded me hence last night?
*Giov.* No, I assure you;
And it had been a rudeness to enquire
Of that I was not call'd to.
*Sanaz.* Grant me hearing,
And I will make you truly understand
It only did concern you.
*Giov.* Me, my lord! [tunes;
*Sanaz.* You, in your present state, and future for-
For both lie at the stake.
*Giov.* You much amaze me.
Pray you, resolve this riddle,
*Sanaz.* You know the duke,
If he die issueless, as yet he is,
Determines you his heir.
*Giov.* It hath pleased his highness
Oft to profess so much.
*Sanaz.* But say, he should
Be won to prove a second wife, on whom
He may beget a son, how, in a moment,
Will all those glorious expectations, which

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of it: but she had it from her father, whose laxity of principle is well known:

———*perjuria ridet amantum*
*Jupiter.*

* ———*hath* possess'd *the duke*
*What a rare piece she is:*] i. e. acquainted, or informed. In this sense the word perpetually occurs in our old writers. Thus in *The City Nightcap*: "You, sirrah, we are *possess'd*, were their pander." Again, in *The City Match*:
"She is *possess'd*
What streams of gold you flow in."

Render you reverenced and remarkable,
Be in a moment blasted, howe'er you are
His much-loved sister's son!
*Giov.* I must bear it
With patience, and in me it is a duty
That I was born with; and 'twere much unfit
For the receiver of a benefit
To offer, for his own ends, to prescribe
Laws to the giver's pleasure.
*Sanaz.* Sweetly answer'd,
And like your noble self. This your rare temper
So wins upon me, that I would not live
(If that by honest arts I can prevent it)
To see your hopes made frustrate. And but think
How you shall be transform'd from what you are,
Should this (as heaven avert it!) ever happen.
It must disturb your peace: for whereas now,
Being, as you are, received for the heir apparent,
You are no sooner seen, but wonder'd at;
The signiors making it a business to
Enquire how you have slept; and, as you walk
The streets of Florence, the glad multitude
In throngs press but to see you; and, with joy,
The father, pointing with his finger, tells
His son, This is the prince, the hopeful prince,
That must hereafter rule, and you obey him.—
Great ladies beg your picture, and make love
To that, despairing to enjoy the substance.—
And, but the last night, when 'twas only rumour'd
That you were come to court, as if you had
By sea past hither from another world,
What general shouts and acclamations follow'd!
The bells rang loud, the bonfires blazed, and such
As loved not wine, carousing to your health,
Were drunk, and blush'd not at it. And is this
A happiness to part with?
*Giov.* I allow these
As flourishes of fortune, with which princes
Are often sooth'd; but never yet esteem'd them
For real blessings.
*Sanaz.* Yet all these were paid
To what you may be, not to what you are;
For if the great duke but shew to his servants
A son of his own, you shall, like one obscure,
Pass unregarded.
*Giov.* I confess, command
Is not to be contemn'd, and if my fate
Appoint me to it, as I may, I'll bear it
With willing shoulders. But, my lord, as yet,
You've told me of a danger coming towards me,
But have not named it.
*Sanaz.* That is soon deliver'd.
Great Cozimo, your uncle, as I more
Than guess, for 'tis no frivolous circumstance
That does persuade my judgment to believe it,
Purposes to be married.
*Giov.* Married, sir! [me.
With whom, and on what terms? pray you, instruct
*Sanaz.* With the fair Lidia.
*Giov.* Lidia!
*Sanaz.* The daughter
Of signior Charomonte.
*Giov.* Pardon me
Though I appear incredulous: for, on
My knowledge, he ne'er saw her.
*Sanaz.* That is granted:
But Contarino hath so sung her praises,
And given her out for such a masterpiece,
That he's transported with it, sir:—and love
Steals sometimes through the ear into the heart,
As well as by the eye. The duke no sooner
Heard her described, but I was sent in post
To see her, and return my judgment of her
*Giov.* And what's your censure?
*Sanaz.* 'Tis a pretty creature.
*Giov.* She's very fair.
*Sanaz.* Yes, yes, I have seen worse faces.
*Giov.* Her limbs are neatly form'd.
*Sanaz.* She hath a waist
Indeed sized to love's wish.
*Giov.* A delicate hand too.
*Sanaz.* Then for a leg and foot—
*Giov.* And there I leave you,
For I presumed no further.
*Sanaz.* As she is, sir,
I know she wants no gracious part that may
Allure the duke; and, if he only see her,
She is his own; he will not be denied,
And then you are lost: yet, if you'll second me,
(As you have reason, for it most concerns you),
I can prevent all yet.
*Giov.* I would you could,
A noble way.
*Sanaz.* I will cry down her beauties;
Especially the beauties of her mind,
As much as Contarino hath advanced them;
And this, I hope, will breed forgetfulness,
And kill affection in him: but you must join
With me in my report, if you be question'd.
*Giov.* I never told a lie yet; and I hold it
In some degree blasphémous* to dispraise
What's worthy admiration: yet, for once,
I will dispraise a little, and not vary
From your relation.
*Sanaz.* Be constant in it.

*Enter* Alphonso.

*Alph.* My lord, the duke hath seen your man, and wonders

*Enter* Cozimo, Hippolito, Contarino, *and Attendants.*

You come not to him. See, if his desire [hither
To have conference with you hath not brought him
In his own person.
*Coz.* They are comely coursers,
And promise swiftness.
*Cont.* They are, of my knowledge,
Of the best race in Naples.
*Coz.* You are, nephew,
As I hear, an excellent horseman, and we like it:
'Tis a fair grace in a prince, Pray you, make trial
Of their strength and speed; and, if you think them fit
For your employment, with a liberal hand
Reward the gentleman that did present them
From the viceroy of Naples.
*Giov.* I will use
My best endeavour, sir.
*Coz.* Wait on my nephew,

*Exeunt Giovanni, Alphonso, Hippolito, and Attendants.*

Nay, stay you, Contarino; be within call;
It may be we shall use you. [*Exit Contarino.*

---

* ——————*and I hold it*
*In some degree* blasphémous.] So the word was usually accented in Massinger's time, and with strict regard to its Greek derivation. Thus Sidney:
"*Blasphémous* words the speaker vain do prove."
And Spenser:
"And therein shut up his *blasphémous* tongue."

You have rode hard, sir,
And we thank you for it: every minute seems
Irksome, and tedious to us, till you have
Made your discovery. Say, friend, have you seen
This phœnix of our age?

*Sanaz.* I have seen a maid, sir;
But, if that I have judgment, no such wonder*
As she was deliver'd to you.

*Coz.* This is strange. [look'd on

*Sanaz.* But certain truth. It may be, she was
With admiration in the country, sir;
But, if compared with many in your court,
She would appear but ordinary.

*Coz.* Contarino
Reports her otherwise.

*Sanaz.* Such as ne'er saw swans,
May think crows beautiful.

*Coz.* How is her behaviour?

*Sanaz.* 'Tis like the place she lives in.

*Coz.* How her wit,
Discourse, and entertainment?

*Sanaz.* Very coarse;
I would not willingly say poor, and rude:
But, had she all the beauties of fair women,
The dulness of her soul would fright me from her.

*Coz.* You are curious, sir. I know not what to think on't.
Contarino!

*Re-enter* Contarino.

*Cont.* Sir.

*Coz.* Where was thy judgment, man,
To extol a virgin Sanazarro tells me
Is nearer to deformity?

*Sanaz.* I saw her,
And curiously perused her; and I wonder
That she, that did appear to me, that know
What beauty is, not worthy the observing,
Should so transport you.

*Cont.* Troth, my lord, I thought then——

*Coz.* Thought! Didst thou not affirm it?

*Cont.* I confess, sir,
I did believe so then; but, now I hear
My lord's opinion to the contrary,
I am of another faith; for 'tis not fit
That I should contradict him. I am dim, sir,
But he's sharp-sighted.

*Sanaz.* This is to my wish.

*Coz.* We know not what to think of this; yet would not

*Re-enter* Giovanni, Hippolito, *and* Alphonso.

Determine rashly of it.—How do you like
My nephew's horsemanship?

*Hip.* In my judgment, sir,
It is exact and rare.

*Alph.* And, to my fancy,
He did present great Alexander mounted
On his Bucephalus.

*Coz.* You are right courtiers,
And know it is your duty to cry up
All actions of a prince.

* Sanaz. *I have seen a* maid, *sir;*
*But if that I have judgment, no such* wonder, &c.] It is too much to say that this simple thought is borrowed; and y't an expression of Shakspeare's might not improbably have hung on Massinger's mind:
" *Mir.* ——— No *wonder*, sir;
" But, certainly a *maid*." *Tempest.*
The commentators have amassed a prodigious number of extracts to illustrate the expression: this from Massinger, however, which appears to me more to the purpose than any of them, they have, as usual, overlooked.

*Sanaz.* Do not betray
Yourself, you're safe; I have done my part.
[*Aside to Giovanni.*

*Giov.* I thank you;
Nor will I fail.

*Coz.* What's your opinion, nephew,
Of the horses?

*Giov.* Two of them are, in my judgment,
The best I ever back'd; I mean the roan, sir,
And the brown bay: but for the chesnut-colour'd,
Though he be full of metal, hot, and fiery,
He treads weak in his pasterns.

*Coz.* So: come nearer;
This exercise hath put you into a sweat;
Take this and dry it*: and now I command you
To tell me truly what's your censure of
Charomonte's daughter, Lidia.

*Giov.* I am, sir,
A novice in my judgment of a lady;
But such as 'tis your grace shall have it freely.
I would not speak ill of her, and am sorry,
If I keep myself a friend to truth, I cannot
Report her as I would, so much I owe
Her reverend father: but I'll give you, sir,
As near as I can, her character in little.
She's of a goodly stature, and her limbs
Not disproportion'd; for her face, it is
Far from deformity; yet they flatter her,
That style it excellent: her manners are
Simple and innocent; but her discourse
And wit deserve my pity, more than praise:
At the best, my lord, she is a handsome picture,
And, that said, all is spoken.

*Coz.* I believe you;
I ne'er yet found you false.

*Giov.* Nor ever shall, sir.
Forgive me, matchless Lidia! too much love,
And jealous fear to lose thee, do compel me,
Against my will, my reason, and my knowledge,
To be a poor detractor of that beauty
Which fluent Ovid, if he lived again,
Would want words to express. [*Aside.*

*Coz.* Pray you make choice of
The richest of our furniture for these horses,
[*To Sanazarro.*
And take my nephew with you; we in this
Will follow his directions.

*Giov.* Could I find now
The princess Fiornda, and persuade her
To be silent in the suit that I moved to her,
All were secure.

*Sanaz.* In that, my lord, I'll aid you.

*Coz.* We will be private; leave us.
[*Exeunt all but Coximo.*
All my studies
And serious meditations aim no further
Than this young man's good. He was my sister's son,
And she was such a sister, when she lived,
I could not prize too much; nor can I better
Make known how dear I hold her memory,
Than in my cherishing the only issue
Which she hath left behind her. Who's that?

*Enter* Fiornda.

*Fior.* Sir.

* *This exercise hath put you into a sweat;*
Take this and dry it:] This is from Shakspeare; if he had been suffered to remain in quiet possession of it, the reader would have little to regret on the score of delicacy:
" ——— He's fat, and scant of breath:
Here, Hamlet, *take my napkin, rub thy brow.*"

*Coz.* My fair charge! you are welcome to us.
*Fior.* I have found it, sir.
*Coz.* All things go well in Urbin. [me
*Fior.* Your gracious care to me, an orphan, frees
From all suspicion that my jealous fears
Can drive into my fancy.
*Coz.* The next summer,
In our own person, we will bring you thither,
And seat you in your own.
*Fior.* When you think fit, sir.
But, in the mean-time, with your highness' pardon,
I am a suitor to you.
*Coz.* Name it, madam,
With confidence to obtain it.
*Fior.* That you would please
To lay a strict command on Charomonte,
To bring his daughter Lidia to the court:
And pray you, think, sir, that 'tis not my purpose
To employ her as a servant, but to use her
As a most wish'd companion.
*Coz.* Ha! your reason? [given her
*Fior.* The hopeful prince, your nephew, sir, hath
To me for such an abstract of perfection
In all that can be wish'd for in a virgin,
As beauty, music, ravishing discourse,
Quickness of apprehension, with choice manners
And learning too, not usual with women,
That I am much ambitious (though I shall
Appear but as a foil to set her off)
To be by her instructed, and supplied
In what I am defective.
*Coz.* Did my nephew
Seriously deliver this?
*Fior.* I assure your grace,
With zeal and vehemency; and, even when,
With his best words, he strived to set her forth,
(Though the rare subject made him eloquent,)
He would complain, all he could say came short
Of her deservings.
*Coz.* Pray you have patience. [*Walks aside.*
This was strangely carried.—Ha! are we trifled with?
Dare they do this? Is Cozimo's fury, that
Of late was terrible, grown contemptible?
Well; we will clear our brows, and undermine
Their secret works, though they have digg'd like moles,
And crush them with the tempest of my wrath
When I appear most calm. He is unfit
To command others, that knows not to use it†,
And with all rigour: yet my stern looks shall not
Discover my intents; for I will strike
When I begin to frown——You are the mistress
Of that you did demand.
*Fior.* I thank your highness;
But speed in the performance of the grant
Doubles the favour, sir.
*Coz.* You shall possess it
Sooner than you expect:——
Only be pleased to be ready when my secretary
Waits on you to take the fresh air. My nephew,
And my bosom friend so to cheat me! 'tis not fair.

*Re-enter* Giovanni *and* Sanazarro.

*Sanaz.* Where should this princess be? nor in her lodgings,
Nor in the private walks, her own retreat,
Which she so much frequented!
*Giov.* By my life,
She's with the duke! and I much more than fear
Her forwardness to prefer my suit hath ruin'd
What with such care we built up.
*Coz.* Have you furnish'd
Those coursers, as we will'd you?
*Sanaz.* There's no sign
Of anger in his looks.
*Giov.* They are complete, sir.
*Coz.* 'Tis well: to your rest. Soft sleeps wait on you, madam.
To-morrow, with the rising of the sun,
Be ready to ride with us. They with more safety
Had trod on fork-tongued adders, than provoked me.
[*Exit.*
*Fior.* I come not to be thank'd, sir, for the speedy
Performance of my promise touching Lidia;
It is effected.
*Sanaz.* We are undone.
*Fior.* The duke
No sooner heard me with my best of language
Describe her excellencies, as you taught me,
But he confirm'd it. You look sad, as if
You wish'd it were undone.
*Giov.* No, gracious madam,
I am your servant for't.
*Fior.* Be you as careful
For what I moved to you. Count Sanazarro,
Now I perceive you honour me, in vouchsafing
To wear so slight a favour.
*Sanaz.* 'Tis a grace
I am unworthy of.
*Fior.* You merit more,
In prizing so a trifle. Take this diamond;
I'll second what I have begun; for know,
Your valour hath so won upon me, that
'Tis not to be resisted: I have said, sir,
And leave you to interpret it. [*Exit.*
*Sanaz.* This to me
Is wormwood. 'Tis apparent we are taken
In our own noose. What's to be done?
*Giov.* I know not.
And 'tis a punishment justly fallen upon me,
For leaving truth, a constant mistress, that
Ever protects her servants, to become
A slave to lies and falsehood. What excuse
Can we make to the duke, what mercy hope for,
Our packing* being laid open?
*Sanaz.* 'Tis not to
Be question'd but his purposed journey is
To see fair Lidia.
*Giov.* And to divert him
Impossible.
*Sanaz.* There's now no looking backward.
*Giov.* And which way to go on with safety, not
To be imagined.
*Sanaz.* Give me leave: I have
An embryon in my brain, which, I despair not,
May be brought to form and fashion, provided
You will be open-breasted.
*Giov.* 'Tis no time now,
Our dangers being equal, to conceal
A thought from you.
*Sanaz.* What power hold you o'er Lidia?
Do you think that, with some hazard of her life,
She would prevent your ruin?

† ——— *that knows not to use* it,] i. e. his *command*, authority; the expression is harsh, but is not uncommon in the writers of Massinger's time.

* *Our* packing *being laid open?*] i. e. our insidious contrivance, our iniquitous collusion to deceive the duke: so the word is used by Shakspeare, and others.

*Giov.* I presume so:
If, in the undertaking it, she stray not
From what becomes her innocence; and to that
'Tis far from me to press her: I myself
Will rather suffer.
*Sanaz.* 'Tis enough; this night
Write to her by your servant Calandrino,
As I shall give directions; my man

*Enter* Calandrino, *fantastically dressed.*

Shall bear him company. See, sir, to my wish
He does appear; but much transformed from what
He was when he came hither.
*Cal.* I confess
I am not very wise, and yet I find
A fool, so he be parcel knave, in court
May flourish, and grow rich.
*Giov.* Calandrino.
*Cal.* Peace!
I am in contemplation.
*Giov.* Do not you know me?
*Cal.* I tell thee, no; on forfeit of my place,
I must not know myself, much less my father,
But by petition; that petition lined too
With golden birds, that sing to the tune of profit,
Or I am deaf.
*Giov.* But you've your sense of feeling.
[*Offering to strike him.*
*Sanaz.* Nay, pray you, forbear.
*Cal.* I have all that's requisite
To the making up of a signior: my spruce ruff,
My hooded cloak, long stocking, and paned hose,
My case of toothpicks, and my silver fork*,
To convey an olive neatly to my mouth;—
And, what is all in all, my pockets ring
A golden peal. O that the peasants in the country,
My quondam fellows, but saw me as I am,
How they would admire and worship me!
*Giov.* As they shall;
For instantly you must thither.
*Cal. My grand signior,*
*Vouchsafe a* beso las manos*, *and a cringe*
*Of the last edition.*
*Giov.* You must ride post with letters
This night to Lidia.
*Cal.* An it please your grace,
Shall I use my coach, or footcloth mule?
*Sanaz.* You widgeon,
You are to make all speed; think not of pomp.
*Giov.* Follow for your instructions, sirrah.
*Cal.* I have
One suit to you my good lord.
*Sanaz.* What is't?
*Cal.* That you would give me
A subtile court-charm, to defend me from
The infectious air of the country.
*Giov.* What's the reason?
*Cal.* Why, as this court-air taught me knavish wit,
By which I am grown rich, if that again
Should turn me fool and honest, vain hopes farewell!
For I must die a beggar.
*Sanaz.* Go to, sirrah,
You'll be whipt for this.
*Giov.* Leave fooling, and attend us. [*Exeunt*†.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Country. A Hall in* Charomonte's *House.*

*Enter* Charomonte *and* Lidia.

*Char.* Daughter, I have observed, since the prince left us,
(Whose absence I mourn with you), and the visit
Count Sanazarro gave us, you have nourished

---

* Cal. *I have all that's requisite*
*To the making up of a signior; my spruce ruff,*
*My hooded cloak, long stocking, and* paned hose,
*My case of* toothpicks, *and my* silver fork,] Calandrino is very correct in his enumeration of the articles which in his time made up a complete signior; and which are frequently introduced with evident marks of disapprobation and ridicule by our old poets. The ruff, cloak, and long stocking, are sufficiently familiar: *hose* are breeches:

"Lorenzo, thou dost boast of base renown;
Why, I could whip all these, were their *hose* down."
*The Spanish Tragedy.*

*Paned hose*, therefore, are breeches composed of small squares or pannels. While I am on this most grave subject, it may not be amiss to observe that, about this time, the large slashed breeches of a former reign began to give way to others of a closer make; an innovation which the old people found very inconvenient, and of which they complained with some degree of justice, as being ill adapted to the hard oak chairs and benches on which they usually sat! *Toothpicks*, the next accompaniment of state, were recently imported from Italy, as were *forks;* the want of which our ancestors supplied as well as they could with their fingers. Thomas Coryat (an itinerant buffoon, with just understanding enough to make himself worth the laughing at) claims the honour of introducing the use of forks into this country, which, he says, he learned in Italy—"where the natives, and also most strangers that are commorant there, doe alwaies at their meales use a little *forke*, when they cut their meate, for while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut the meat out of the dish, they fasten their *forke*, which they hold in their other hand, upon the same dish." *Coryat's Crudities, &c.*, 1611.

Jonson, who, more than any of his contemporaries, "caught the manners living as they rose," lashes the prostitution of monopolies in his time, by making Meercraft promise Tailbush and Gilthead to procure them grants for the manufacturing of *toothpicks* and *forks*. What he says of the former is too long for my purpose; the latter are thus introduced:

"*Meer.* Do you hear, sirs?
Have I deserved this from you two, for all
My pains at court to get you each a patent?
"*Gilt.* For what?
"*Meer.* Upon my project of the *forks*,
"*Gilt.* Forks! what be they?
"*Meer.* The laudable use of forks
Brought into custom here, as they are in Italy,
To the sparing of napkins." *The Devil's an Ass.*

* Cal. *My grand signior,*
*Vouchsafe a* beso las manos, &c.] This is the phrase in which Calandrino supposes his "quondam fellows" will address him. I know not whether it be through ignorance or design—but the modern editors always make their foreign scraps even more barbarous than the ancient ones. There is no occasion for this. In Massinger's time, these tags of politeness were in every body's mouth, and better understood than they are at this day.

† I have restricted myself to as few remarks as possible on the beauties of the author, but I cannot forbear observing, on the present occasion, that the act we have just finished, for language, sentiment, surprising yet natural turns, and general felicity of conduct, is not to be paralleled in any drama with which I am acquainted.

Sad and retired thoughts, and parted with
That freedom and alacrity of spirit
With which you used to cheer me.
*Lid.* For the count, sir,
All thought of him does with his person die;
But I confess ingenuously, I cannot
So soon forget the choice and chaste delights,
The courteous conversation of the prince,
And without vanity, I hope, afforded me,
When he made this house a court.
*Char.* It is in us,
To keep it so without him. Want we know not,
And all we can complain of, heaven be prais'd for't,
Is too much plenty; and we will make use of

*Enter* Caponi, Bernardo, Petruchio, *and other Servants.*

All lawful pleasures. How now, fellows; when
Shall we have this lusty dance?
*Cap.* In the afternoon, sir.
Tis a device, I wis, of my own making,
And such a one, as shall make your signiorship know
I have not been your butler for nothing, but
Have crotchets in my head. We'll trip it lightly,
And make my sad young mistress merry again,
Or I'll forswear the cellar.
*Bern.* If we had
Our fellow Calandrino here, to dance
His part, we were perfect.
*Pet.* O! he was a rare fellow;
But I fear the court hath spoil'd him.
*Cap.* When I was young,
I could have cut a caper upon a pinnacle;
But now I am old and wise.—keep your figure fair
And follow but the sample I shall set you,
The duke himself will send for us, and laugh at us;
And that were credit.

*Enter* Calandrino.

*Lid.* Who have we here?
*Cal.* I find
What was brawn in the country, in the court grows tender.
The bots on these jolting jades! I am bruised to jelly.
A coach for my money! and that the courtezans know well;
Their riding so, makes them last three years longer
Than such as are hacknied.
*Char.* Calandrino! 'tis he.
*Cal.* Now to my postures.—Let my hand have the honour
To convey a kiss from my lips to the cover of
Your foot, dear signior.
*Char.* Fie! you stoop too low, sir.
*Cal.* The hem of your vestment, lady: your glove is for princes;
Nay, I have conn'd my distances.
*Lid.* 'Tis most courtly.
*Cap.* Fellow Calandrino!
*Cal.* Signior de Caponi,
Grand botelier of the mansion.
*Bern.* How is't, man? [*Claps him on the shoulder.*
*Cal.* Be not so rustic in your salutations,
Signior Bernardo, master of the accounts.
Signior Petruchio, may you long continue
Your function in the chamber!
*Cap.* When shall we learn
Such gambols in our villa?
*Lid.* Sure he's mad.
*Char.* 'Tis not unlike, for most of such mushrooms are so.
What news at court?
*Cal. Basto!* they are mysteries,
And not to be reveal'd. With your favour, signior;
I am, in private, to confer awhile
With this signiora: but I'll pawn my honour,
That neither my terse language, nor my habit,
Howe'er it may convince, nor my new shrugs,
Shall render her enamour'd.
*Char.* Take your pleasure;
A little of these apish tricks may pass,
Too much is tedious. [*Exit.*
*Cal.* The prince, in this paper,
Presents his service. Nay, it is not courtly
To see the seal broke open; so I leave you.
Signiors of the villa, I'll descend to be
Familiar with you.
*Cap.* Have you forgot to dance?
*Cal.* No, I am better'd.
*Pet.* Will you join with us?
*Cal.* As I like the project.
Let me warm my brains first with the richest grape,
And then I'm for you.
*Cap.* We will want no wine. [*Exeunt all but Lidia.*
*Lid.* That this comes only from the best of princes
With a kind of adoration does command me
To entertain it; and the sweet contents
[*Kissing the letter.*
That are inscribed here by his hand must be
Much more than musical to me. All the service
Of my life at no part can deserve this favour.
O what a virgin longing I feel on me
To unrip the seal, and read it! yet, to break
What he hath fastened, rashly, may appear
A saucy rudeness in me.—I must do it
(Nor can I else learn his commands, or serve them),
But with such reverence as I would open
Some holy writ, whose grave instructions beat down
Rebellious sins, and teach my better part
How to mount upward.—So [*Opens the letter.*], 'tis done, and I
With eagle's eyes will curiously peruse it. [*Reads.*

*Chaste Lidia, the favours are so great*
*On me by you conferr'd, that to entreat*
*The least addition to them, in true sense*
*May argue me of blushless impudence.*
*But, such are my extremes, if you deny*
*A further grace, I must unpitied die.*
*Haste cuts off circumstance. As you're admired*
*For beauty, the report of it hath fired*
*The duke my uncle, and, I fear, you'll prove,*
*Not with a sacred, but unlawful love.*
*If he see you as you are, my hoped-for light*
*Is changed into an everlasting night;*
*How to prevent it, if your goodness find,*
*You save two lives, and me you ever bind,*
*The honourer of your virtues,* Giovanni.

Were I more deaf than adders, these sweet charms
Would through my ears find passage to my soul,
And soon enchant it. To save such a prince,
Who would not perish? virtue in him must suffer,
And piety be forgotten. The duke's lust,
Though it raged more than Tarquin's, shall not reach me—
All quaint inventions of chaste virgins aid me!
My prayers are heard; I have't. The duke ne'er saw me—
Or, if that fail, I am again provided—

But for the servants!—They will take what form
I please to put upon them. Giovanni,
Be safe; thy servant Lidia assures it.
Let mountains of afflictions fall on me,
Their weight is easy, so I set thee free. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter* Cozimo, Giovanni, Sanazarro, Charomonte *and Attendants.*

*Sanaz.* Are you not tired with travel, sir?
*Coz.* No, no;
I am fresh and lusty.
*Char.* This day shall be ever
A holiday to me, that brings my prince
Under my humble roof. [*Weeps.*
*Giov.* See, sir, my good tutor
Sheds tears for joy.
*Coz.* Dry them up, Charomonte;
And all forbear the room, while we exchange
Some private words together.
*Giov.* O, my lord,
How grossly have we overshot ourselves!
*Sanaz.* In what, sir?
*Giov.* In forgetting to acquaint
My guardian with our purpose · all that Lidia
Can do avails us nothing, if the duke
Find out the truth from him.
*Sanaz.* 'Tis now past help,
And we must stand the hazard:—hope the best, sir.

[*Exeunt Giovanni, Sanazarro, and Attendants.*

*Char.* My loyalty doubted, sir!
*Coz.* 'Tis more. Thou hast
Abused our trust, and in a high degree
Committed treason.
*Char.* Treason! 'tis a word
My innocence understands not. Were my breast
Transparent, and my thoughts to be discern'd,
Not one spot shall be found to taint the candour
Of my allegiance: and I must be bold
To tell you, sir, (for he that knows no guilt
Can know no fear), 'tis tyranny to o'ercharge
An honest man; and such, till now, I've lived,
And such, my lord, I'll die.
*Coz.* Sir, do not flatter
Yourself with hope; these great and glorious words,
Which every guilty wretch, as well as you,
That's arm'd with impudence, can with ease deliver,
And with as full a mouth, can work on us:
Nor shall gay flourishes of language clear
What is in fact apparent.
*Char.* Fact! what fact?
You, that know only what it is, instruct me,
For I am ignorant.
*Coz.* This, then, sir: We gave up,
On our assurance of your faith and care,
Our nephew Giovanni, nay, our heir
In expection, to be train'd up by you
As did become a prince.
*Char.* And I discharged it:
Is this the treason?
*Coz.* Take us with you, sir*.
And, in respect we knew his youth was prone
To women, and that, living in our court,
He might make some unworthy choice, before
His weaker judgment was confirm'd, we did
Remove him from it; constantly presuming,
You, with your best endeavours, rather would
Have quench'd those heats in him, than light a torch,
As you have done, to his looseness.
*Char.* I! My travail
Is ill-requited, sir; for, by my soul,
I was so curious that way, that I granted
Access to none could tempt him; nor did ever
One syllable, or abscene accent, touch
His ear, that might corrupt him.
*Coz.* No! Why, then,
With your allowance, did you give free way
To all familiar privacy between
My nephew and your daughter? Or why did you
(Had you no other ends in't but our service)
Read to them, and together, as they had been
Scholars of one form, grammar, rhetoric,
Philosophy,* story, and interpret to them
The close temptations of lascivious poets?
Or wherefore, for we still had spies upon you,
Was she still present, when, by your advice,
He was taught the use of his weapon, horsemanship,
Wrestling, nay, swimming, but to fan in her
A hot desire of him? and then, forsooth,
His exercises ended, cover'd with
A fair pretence of recreation for him
(When Lidia was instructed in those graces
That add to beauty), he, brought to admire her,
Must hear her sing, while to her voice her hand
Made ravishing music; and, this applauded, dance
A light lavolta with her?†
*Char.* Have you ended
All you can charge me with?
*Coz.* Nor stopt you there,
But they must unattended walk into
The silent groves, and hear the amorous birds
Warbling their wanton notes; here, a sure shade
Of barren sicamores, which the all-seeing sun
Could not pierce through; near that, an harbour hung
With spreading eglantine; there, a bubbling spring
Watering a bank of hyacinths and lilies;
With all allurements that could move to lust;
And could this, Charomonte (should I grant

* *Take us with you, sir.*] i. e. hear us out, understand our meaning fully, before you form your conclusions: this expression is common to all our old writers; and, indeed, will be frequently found in the succeeding pages of this work.

* *Philosophy*, story,] For *story*, the modern editors unnecessarily read *history*. The two words were anciently synonymous.

† *A light* lavolta *with her.*] What the dance here alluded to is, I cannot tell, nor can I find an explanation of the word in any dictionary. Coxeter and M. Mason.

That's a pity! Dictionaries, generally speaking, are not the places to look for terms of this kind, which should be sought in the kindred writings of contemporary authors. *Lavolta* (literally, *the turn*) was a dance originally imported, with many others, from Italy. It is frequently mentioned by our old writers, with whom it was a favourite; and is so graphically described by Sir John Davies, in his *Orchestra*, that all further attempts to explain it must be superfluous:

"Yet is there one, the most delightful kind,
A lofty jumping, or a leaping round,
Where, arm in arm, two dancers are entwin'd,
And whirl themselves in strict embracements bound."

Our countrymen, who seem to be lineally descended from Sisyphus, and who, at the end of every century, usually have their work to do over again, after proudly importing from Germany the long-exploded trash of their own nurseries, have just brought back from the same country, and with an equal degree of exultation, the well-known *lavolta* of their grand-fathers, under the mellifluous name of the *waltz!*

They had been equals both in birth and fortune),
Become your gravity? nay, 'tis clear as air,
That your ambitious hopes to match your daughter
Into our family, gave connivance to it:
And this, though not in act, in the intent
I call high treason.
*Char.* Hear my just defence, sir;
And, though you are my prince, it will not take from
Your greatness, to acknowledge with a blush,
In this my accusation you have been
More sway'd by spleen, and jealous suppositions,
Than certain grounds of reason. You had a father,
(Blest be his memory), that made frequent proofs
Of my loyalty and faith, and, would I boast
The dangers I have broke through in his service,
I could say more. Nay, you yourself, dread sir,
Whenever I was put unto the test,
Found me true gold, and not adulterate metal;
And am I doubted now?
*Coz.* This is from the purpose.
*Char.* I will come to it, sir: Your grace well knew,
Before the prince's happy presence made
My poor house rich, the chiefest blessing which
I gloried in, though now it prove a curse,
Was an only daughter. Nor did you command me,
As a security to your future fears,
To cast her off: which had you done, howe'er
She was the light of my eyes, and comfort of
My feeble age, so far I prized my duty
Above affection, she now had been
A stranger to my care. But she is fair!
Is that her fault or mine? Did ever father
Hold beauty in his issue for a blemish?
Her education and her manners tempt too!
If these offend, they are easily removed:
You may, if you think fit, before my face,
In recompense of all my watchings for you,
With burning corrosives transform her to
An ugly leper; and, this done, to taint
Her sweetness, prostitute her to a brothel*.
This I will rather suffer, sir, and more,
Than live suspected by you.
*Coz.* Let not passion
Carry you beyond your reason.
*Char.* I am calm, sir;
Yet you must give me leave to grieve I find
My actions misinterpreted. Alas! sir,
Was Lidia's desire to serve the prince
Call'd an offence? or did she practise to
Seduce his youth, because with her best zeal
And fervour she endeavoured to attend him?
'Tis a hard construction. Though she be my daughter,
I may thus far speak her: from her infancy
She was ever civil, her behaviour nearer
Simplicity than craft; and malice dares not
Affirm, in one loose gesture, or light language,
She gave a sign she was in thought unchaste.
I'll fetch her to you, sir; and but look on her
With equal eyes, you must in justice grant
That your suspicion wrongs her.
*Coz.* It may be;
But I must have stronger assurance of it
Than passionate words: and, not to trifle time,
As we came unexpected to your house,
We will prevent all means that may prepare her
How to answer that, with which we come to charge her
And howsoever it may be received
As a foul breach to hospitable rites,
On thy allegiance and boasted faith,
Nay, forfeit of thy head, we do confine thee
Close prisoner to thy chamber, till all doubts
Are clear'd, that do concern us.
*Char.* I obey, sir,
And wish your grace had followed my herse
To my sepulchre, my loyalty unsuspected,
Rather than now—but I am silent, sir,
And let that speak my duty*. [*Exit.*
*Coz.* If this man
Be false, disguised treachery ne'er put on
A shape so near to truth. Within, there!

*Re-enter* Giovanni *and* Sanazarro, *ushering in* Petronella. Calandrino *and others setting forth a Banquet.*

*Sanaz* Sir.
*Coz.* Bring Lidia forth.
*Giov.* She comes, sir, of herself,
To present her service to you.
*Coz.* Ha! This personage
Cannot invite affection.
*Sanaz.* See you keep state.
*Petron.* I warrant you.
*Coz.* The manners of her mind
Must be transcendent, if they can defend
Her rougher outside. May we with your liking
Salute you, lady?
*Petron.* Let me wipe my mouth, sir,
With my cambric handkerchief, and then have at you.
*Coz.* Can this be possible?
*Sanaz.* Yes, sir; you will find her
Such as I gave her to you.
*Petron.* Will your dukeship
Sit down and eat some sugar-plums? Here's a castle
Of march-pane too; and this quince-marmalade
Was of my own making: all summ'd up together,
Did cost the setting on; and here is wine too
As good as e'er was tapp'd. I'll be your taster,
For I know the fashion [*Drinks all off.*];—now you must do me right, sir;
You shall nor will nor choose.
*Giov.* She's very simple. [lady?
*Coz.* Simple! 'tis worse. Do you drink thus often,
*Petron.* Still when I am thirsty, and eat when I am hungry: [you,
Such junkets come not every day. Once more to
With a heart and a half, i'faith.
*Coz.* Pray you, pause a little;
If I hold your cards†, I shall pull down the side:
I am not good at the game.
*Petron.* Then I'll drink for you. [pledge
*Coz.* Nay, pray you stay: I'll find you out a
That shall supply my place; what think you of
This complete signior? You are a Juno,
And in such state must feast this Jupiter:
What think you of him?

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* ——— *prostitute her to a brothel.*] The quarto reads, to a *loathsome* brothel. The epithet is altogether idle, and utterly destroys the metre; I have therefore omitted it without scruple, as an interpolation.

* This scene is exquisitely written. It must, however, be confessed, that Charomonte's justification of himself is less complete than might be expected from one who had so good a cause to defend.

† Coz. *Pray you pause a little;*
*If I hold your cards,* &c.] See *The Unnatural Combat,* Act II. Sc. 2.

*Petron.* I desire no better.
*Coz.* And you will undertake this service for me?
You are good at the sport.
*Cal.* Who, I? a pidler, sir. [drink
*Coz.* Nay, you shall sit enthroned, and eat and
As you were a duke.
*Cal.* If your grace will have me,
I'll eat and drink like an emperor.
*Coz.* Take your place then:
We are amazed.
*Giov.* This is gross: nor can the imposture
But be discover'd.
*Sanaz.* The duke is too sharp-sighted
To be deluded thus.
*Cal.* Nay, pray you eat fair,
Or divide, and I will choose. Cannot you use
Your fork, as I do? Gape, and I will feed you,
[*Feeds her.*
Gape wider yet; this is court-like.
*Petron.* To choke daws with:——
I like it not.
*Cal.* But you like this?
*Petron.* Let it come, boy. [*They drink.*
*Coz.* What a sight is this! We could be angry
with you.
How much you did belie her when you told us
She was only simple! this is barbarous rudeness,
Beyond belief.
*Giov.* I would not speak her, sir,
Worse than she was.
*Sanaz.* And I, my lord, chose rather
To deliver her better parted* than she is,
Than to take from her.

*Enter* CAPONI, *with his fellow Servants for the dance.*

*Cap.* Ere I'll lose my dance,
I'll speak to the purpose. I am, sir, no prologue;
But in plain terms must tell you, we are provided
Of a lusty hornpipe.
*Coz.* Prithee, let us have it,
For we grow dull.
*Cap.* But to make up the medley,
For it is of several colours, we must borrow
Your grace's ghost here.
*Cal.* Pray you, sir, depose me;
It will not do else. I am, sir, the engine
[*Rises, and resigns his chair.*
By which it moves.
*Petron.* I will dance with my duke too;
I will not out. [in this
*Coz.* Begin then.—[*They dance.*]—There's more
Than yet I have discover'd. Some Œdipus
Resolve this riddle.
*Petron.* Did I not foot it roundly? [*Falls.*

* SANAZ. *And I, my lord, chose rather*
*To deliver her better* parted *than she is*] i. e. gifted or endowed with better *parts*, &c. See *Virgin Martyr*, Act II., Sc. 3.
It seems to have been the opinion of Massinger and his fellow dramatists, that no play could succeed without the admission of some kind of farcical interlude among the graver scenes. If the dramas of our author be intimately considered, few will be found without some extraneous mummery of this description; and, indeed, nothing but a persuasion of the nature which I have just mentioned could give birth to the poor mockery before us. As a trick, it is so gross and palpable, that the duke could not have been deceived by it for a moment (to do him justice, he frequently hints his suspicions); and as a piece of humour, it is so low, and even disagreeable, that I cannot avoid regretting a proper regard for his characters had not prevented the author from adopting it on the present occasion.

*Coz.* As I live, stark drunk! away with her.
We'll reward you,
[*Exeunt Servants with Petronella*
When you have cool'd yourselves in the cellar.
*Cap.* Heaven preserve you!
*Coz.* We pity Charomonte's wretched fortune
In a daughter, nay, a monster. Good old man!
The place grows tedious; our remove shall be
With speed: we'll only in a word or two
Take leave, and comfort him.
*Sanaz.* 'Twill rather, sir,
Increase his sorrow, that you know his shame;
Your grace may do it by letter.
*Coz.* Who sign'd you
A patent to direct us? Wait our coming,
In the garden.
*Giov.* All will out.
*Sanaz.* I more than fear it.
[*Exeunt Giovanni and Sanazarro.*
*Coz.* These are strange chimeras to us: what to
judge of't
Is past our apprehension. One command
Charomonte to attend us. [*Exit an Attendant.*]
Can it be
That Contarino could be so besotted
As to admire this prodigy! or her father
To dote upon it! Or does she personate*,
For some ends unknown to us, in this rude beha
viour,
Which in the scene presented, would appear
Ridiculous and impossible. O, you are welcome.

*Enter* CHAROMONTE.

We now acknowledge the much wrong we did you
In our unjust suspicion. We have seen
The wonder, sir, your daughter.
*Char.* And have found her
Such as I did report her. What she wanted
In courtship†, was, I hope, supplied in civil
And modest entertainment.
*Coz.* Pray you, tell us,
And truly, we command you, did you never
Observe she was given to drink?
*Char.* To drink, sir!
*Coz.* Yes: nay more, to be drunk?
*Char.* I had rather see her buried.
*Coz.* Dare you trust your own eyes, if you find
her now
More than distemper'd?
*Char.* I will pull them out, sir, [please
If your grace can make this good. And if you
To grant me liberty, as she is I'll fetch her,
And in a moment.
*Coz.* Look you do, and fail not,
On the peril of your head.
*Char.* Drunk!—She disdains it. [*Exit.*

* ——*or does she* personate,
*For some ends unknown to us?—This rude behaviour*
*Within the scene presented, would appear*
*Ridiculous and impossible.*] So the old copy. Mr. M. Mason reads,
——*Or does she personate,*
*For some ends unknown to us, this rude behaviour,*
Which, in *the scene presented, would*, &c.]
And I have continued it, although the old reading makes very good sense. To *personate* is used here with great propriety, for—to play a fictitious character.
† ——*What she wanted*
*In* courtship,] *Courtship* is used here for that grace and elegance of behaviour which a retired gentleman might suppose to be taught and practised at court.

*Cos.* Such contrarieties were never read of.
Chamoronte is no fool; nor can I think
His confidence built on sand. We are abused,
'Tis too apparent.

*Re-enter* Charomontz *with* Lidia.

*Lid.* I am indisposed sir;
And that life you once tender'd much endanger'd
In forcing me from my chamber.
*Char.* Here she is, sir;
Suddenly sick, I grant; but, sure, not drunk;
Speak to my lord the duke.
*Lid.* All is discover'd. [*Kneels.*
*Cos.* Is this your only daughter?
*Char.* And my heir, sir;
Nor keep I any woman in my * house
(Unless for sordid offices) but one
I do maintain, trimm'd up in her cast habits,
To make her sport: and she, indeed, loves wine,
And will take too much of it: and, perhaps, for mirth,
She was presented to you.
*Cos.* It shall yield
No sport to the contrivers. 'Tis too plain now.
Her presence does confirm what Contarino
Deliver'd of her; nor can sickness dim
The splendour of her beauties; being herself, then,
She must exceed his praise.
*Lid.* Will your grace hear me?
I'm faint, and can say little.
*Cos* Here are accents
Whose every syllable is musical!
Pray you, let me raise you, and awhile rest here.
False Sanazarro, treacherous Giovanni!
But stand we talking!——
*Char.* Here's a storm soon raised. [swear
*Cos.* As thou art our subject, Charomonte,
To act what we command.
*Char.* That is an oath
I long since took.
*Cos.* Then, by that oath we charge thee,
Without excuse, denial, or delay,
To apprehend, and suddenly, Sanazarro,
And our ungrateful nephew. We have said it.
Do it without reply, or we pronounce thee,
Like them, a traitor to us. See them guarded
In several lodgings, and forbid access
To all, but when we warrant. Is our will
Heard sooner than obey'd?
*Char.* These are strange turns;
But I must not dispute them. [*Exit.*
*Cos.* Be severe in't.
O my abused lenity! from what height
Is my power fall'n!
*Lid.* O me most miserable!
That, being innocent, make others guilty.
Most gracious prince——
*Cos.* Pray you rise, and then speak to me.

* *Nor keep I any woman in* my *house.* Coxeter had dropt a word at the press, and Mr. M. Mason was reduced to guess what it might be. He failed as usual: luckily the mistake was of no further consequence than to show with what pertinacity he persisted in *not* consulting the old copies.

*Lid.* My knees shall first be rooted in this earth
And, Myrrha-like, I'll grow up to a tree,
Dropping perpetual tears of sorrow, which
Harden'd by the rough wind, and turn'd to amber,
Unfortunate virgins like myself shall wear;
Before I'll make petition to your greatness,
But with such reverence, my hands held up thus,
As I would do to heaven. You princes are
As gods on earth to us, and to be sued to
With such humility, as his deputies
May challenge from their vassals.
*Cos.* Here's that form
Of language I expected; pray you, speak
What is your suit?
*Lid.* That you would look upon me
As an humble thing, that millions of degrees
Is placed beneath you: for what am I, dread sir,
Or what can fall in the whole course of my life,
That may be worth your care, much less your trouble?
As the lowly shrub is to the lofty cedar,
Or a molehill to Olympus, if compared,
I am to you, sir. Or, suppose the prince,
(Which cannot find belief in me), forgetting
The greatness of his birth and hopes, hath thrown
An eye of favour on me, in me punish,
That am the cause, the rashness of his youth.
Shall the queen of the inhabitants of the air,
The eagle, that bears thunder on her wings,
In her angry mood destroy her hopeful young,
For suffering a wren to perch too near them?
Such is our disproportion.
*Cos.* With what fervour
She pleads against herself!
*Lid.* For me, poor maid,
I know the prince to be so far above me,
That my wishes cannot reach him. Yet I am
So much his creature, that, to fix him in
Your wonted grace and favour, I'll abjure
His sight for ever, and betake myself
To a religious life (where in my prayers
I may remember him), and ne'er see man more,
But my ghostly father. Will you trust me, sir?
In truth I'll keep my word; or, if this fail,
A little more of fear what may befal him
Will stop my breath for ever.
*Cos.* Had you thus argued [*Raises her.*
As you were yourself, and brought as advocates
Your health and beauty, to make way for you,
No crime of his could put on such a shape
But I should look with the eyes of mercy on it.
What would I give to see this diamond
In her perfect lustre, as she was before [fort;
The clouds of sickness dimm'd it! Yet take com-
And, as you would obtain remission for
His treachery to me, cheer your drooping spirits,
And call the blood again into your cheeks,
And then plead for him; and in such a habit
As in your highest hopes you would put on,
If we were to receive you for our bride.
*Lid.* I'll do my best, sir.
*Cos.* And that best will be
A crown of all felicity to me. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V

SCENE I.—*The same. An upper Chamber in* Charomonte's *House.*

*Enter* Sanazarro.

*Sanaz.* 'Tis proved in me; the curse of human frailty,
Adding to our afflictions, makes us know
What's good; and yet our violent passions force us
To follow what is ill. Reason assured me
It was not safe to shave a lion's skin;
And that to trifle with a sovereign was
To play with lightning: yet imperious beauty,
Treading upon the neck of understanding,
Compell'd me to put off my natural shape
Of loyal duty, to disguise myself
In the adulterate and cobweb mask
Of disobedient treachery. Where is now
My borrow'd greatness, or the promised lives
Of following courtiers echoing my will?
In a moment vanish'd! Power that stands not on
Its proper base, which is peculiar only
To absolute princes, falls or rises with
Their frown or favour. The great duke, my master
(Who almost changed me to his other self,)
No sooner takes his beams of comfort from me,
But I, as one unknown, or unregarded,
Unpitied suffer. Who makes intercession
To his mercy for me, now? who does remember
The service I have done him? not a man:
And such as spake no language but, My lord
The favourite of Tuscany's grand duke,
Deride my madness.—Ha! what noise of horses?
[*He looks back.*
A goodly troop! This back part of my prison
Allows me liberty to see and know them.
Contarino? yes, 'tis he, and Lodovico*;
And the duchess Fiorinda, Urbin's heir,
A princess I have slighted: yet I wear
Her favours; and, to teach me what I am,
She whom I scorn'd can only mediate for me.
This way she makes, yet speak to her I dare not;
And how to make suit to her is a task
Of as much difficulty.—Yes, thou blessed pledge
[*Takes off the ring.*
Of her affection, aid me! This supplies
The want of pen and ink; and this, of paper.
[*Takes a pane of glass.*
It must be so; and I in my petition
Concise and pithy.

SCENE II.—*The Court before* Charomonte's *House.*

*Enter* Contarino *leading in* Fiorinda, Alphonso, Hippolito, Hieronimo, *and* Calaminta.

*Fior.* 'Tis a goodly pile, this.
*Hier.* But better† by the owner.

*Alph.* But most rich
In the great states it covers.
*Fior.* The duke's pleasure
Commands us hither.
*Cont.* Which was laid on us
To attend you to it.
*Hip.* Signior Charomonte,
To see your excellence his guest, will think
Himself most happy.
*Fior.* Tie my shoe.—[*The pane falls down.*]—What's that?
A pane thrown from the window, no wind stirring!
*Calam.* And at your feet too fall'n:—there's something writ on't.
*Cont.* Some courtier, belike, would have it known
He wore a diamond.
*Calam.* Ha! it is directed
To the princess Fiorinda.
*Fior.* We will read it. [*Reads.*

*He whom you pleased to favour, is cast down*
*Past hope of rising, by the great duke's frown*
*If, by your gracious means, he cannot have*
*A pardon;—and that got, he lives your slave.*
*Of men the most distressed.*
Sanazarro.

Of me the most beloved; and I will save thee,
Or perish with thee. Sure, thy fault must be
Of some prodigious shape, if that my prayers
And humble intercession to the duke,
*Enter* Cozimo *and* Charomonte.
Prevail not with him. Here he comes; delay
Shall not make less my benefit.
*Coz.* What we purpose
Shall know no change, and therefore move me not.
We were made as properties, and what we shall
Determine of them cannot be call'd rigour,
But noble justice. When they proved disloyal,
They were cruel to themselves. The prince that pardons
The first affront offer'd to majesty,
Invites a second, rendering that power
Subjects should tremble at, contemptible
Ingratitude is a monster, Carolo,
To be strangled in the birth, not to be cherish'd.
Madam, you're happily met with.
*Fior.* Sir, I am
An humble suitor to you; and the rather
Am confident of a grant, in that your grace,
When I made choice to be at your devotion,
Vow'd to deny me nothing.
*Coz.* To this minute
We have confirm'd it. What's your boon?
*Fior.* It is, sir,
That you, in being gracious to your servant,
The ne'er sufficiently praised Sanazarro,
That now under your heavy displeasure suffers,
Would be good unto yourself. His services,
So many, and so great (your storm of fury
Calm'd by your better judgment), must inform you,
Some little slip, for sure it is no more,
From his loyal duty, with your justice cannot
Make foul his fair deservings. Great sir, therefore,
Look backward on his former worth, and turning

* ——— *Lodovico*;] i. e. Lodovico Hippolito.

† *But* better *by the owner.*] Mr. M. Mason reads *bettered,* which spoils the climax intended by the author: to complete his emendation, he should have read, in the next line,—*But most* enriched, &c. *States,* in the following line, are statesmen, men of power, &c., a sense in which it was commonly used.

Your eye from his offence, what 'tis I know not,
And, I am confident, you will receive him
Once more into your favour.
*Coz.* You say well,
You are ignorant in the nature of his fault;
Which when you understand, as we'll instruct you,
Your pity will appear a charity,
It being conferr'd on an unthankful man,
To be repented. He's a traitor, madam,
To you, to us, to gratitude; and in that
All crimes are comprehended.
*Fior.* If his offence
Aim'd at me only, whatsoe'er it is,
'Tis freely pardon'd.
*Coz.* This compassion in you
Must make the colour of his guilt more ugly.
The honours we have hourly heap'd upon him,
The titles, the rewards, to the envy of
The old nobility, as the common people,
We now forbear to touch at, and will only
Insist on his gross wrongs to you. You were pleased,
Forgetting both yourself and proper greatness,
To favour him, nay, to court him to embrace
A happiness, which, on his knees, with joy
He should have sued for. Who repined not at
The grace you did him? yet, in recompense
Of your large bounties, the disloyal wretch
Makes you a stale; and, what he might be by you
Scorn'd and derided, gives himself up wholly
To the service of another. If you can
Bear this with patience, we must say you have not
The bitterness of spleen, or ireful passions
Familiar to women. Pause upon it,
And when you have seriously weigh'd his carriage,
Move us again, if your reason will allow it,
His treachery known: and then, if you continue
An advocate for him, we, perhaps, because
We would deny you nothing, may awake
Our sleeping mercy. Carolo!
*Char.* My lord. [*They talk aside.*
*Fior.* To endure a rival that were equal to me
Cannot but speak my poverty of spirit;
But an inferior, more; yet true love must not
Know or degrees, or distances: Lidia may be
As far above me in her form, as she
Is in her birth beneath me; and what I
In Sanazarro liked, he loves in her.
But, if I free him now, the benefit
Being done so timely, and confirming too
My strength and power, my soul's best faculties being
Bent wholly to preserve him, must supply me
With all I am defective in, and bind him
My creature ever. It must needs be so,
Nor will I give it o'er thus.
*Coz.* Does our nephew
Bear his restraint so constantly*, as you
Deliver it to us?
*Char.* In my judgment, sir,
He suffers more for his offence to you,
Than in his fear of what can follow it.
For he is so collected, and prepared
To welcome that you shall determine of him,
As if his doubts and fears were equal to him.

* Coz. *Does our nephew*
*Bear his restraint so* constantly,] i. e. with such unshaken patience, such immoveable resolution, &c.

And sure he's not acquainted with much guilt,
That more laments the telling one untruth,
Under your pardon still, for 'twas a fault, sir,
Than others, that pretend to conscience, do
Their crying secret sins.
*Coz.* No more; this gloss
Defends not the corruption of the text;
Urge it no more.
[*Charomonte and the others talk aside.*
*Fior.* I once more must make bold, sir,
To trench upon your patience. I have
Consider'd my wrongs duly: yet that cannot
Divert my intercession for a man
Your grace, like me, once favour'd. I am still
A suppliant to you, that you would vouchsafe
The hearing his defence, and that I may,
With your allowance, see and comfort him.
Then, having heard all that he can allege
In his excuse, for being false to you,
Censure him as you please.
*Coz.* You will o'ercome;
There's no contending with you. Pray you, enjoy
What you desire, and tell him, he shall have
A speedy trial; in which we'll forbear
To sit a judge, because our purpose is
To rise up his accuser.
*Fior.* All increase
Of happiness wait on Cozimo!
[*Exeunt Fiorinda and Calaminta*
*Alph.* Was it no more?
*Char.* My honour's pawn'd for it.
*Cont.* I'll second you.
*Hip.* Since it is for the service and the safety
Of the hopeful prince, fall what can fall, I'll run
The desperate hazard.
*Hier.* He's no friend to virtue
That does decline it.
[*They all come forward and kneel.*
*Coz.* Ha! what sue you for?
Shall we be ever troubled? Do not tempt
That anger may consume you.
*Char.* Let it, sir:
The loss is less, though innocents we perish,
Than that your sister's son should fall, unheard,
Under your fury. Shall we fear to entreat
That grace for him, that are your faithful servants
Which you vouchsafe the count, like us a subject?
*Coz.* Did not we vow, till sickness had forsook
Thy daughter Lidia, and she appear'd
In her perfect health and beauty to plead for him,
We were deaf to all persuasion?
*Char.* And that hope, sir,
Hath wrought a miracle. She is recover'd,
And, if you please to warrant her, will bring
The penitent prince before you.
*Coz.* To enjoy
Such happiness, what would we not dispense with
*Alph. Hip. Hier.* We all kneel for the prince.
*Cont.* Nor can it stand
With your mercy, that are gracious to strangers,
To be cruel to your own.
*Coz.* But art thou certain
I shall behold her at the best?
*Char.* If ever
She was handsome, as it fits not me to say so,
She is now much better'd.
*Coz.* Rise; thou art but dead
If this prove otherwise. Lidia, appear,
And feast an appetite almost pined to death

With longing expectation to behold
Thy excellencies: thou as beauty's queen,
Shalt censure the detractors*. Let my nephew
Be led in triumph under her command;
We'll have it so; and Sanazarro tremble
To think whom he hath slander'd. We'll retire
Ourselves a little, and prepare to meet
A blessing, which imagination tells us
We are not worthy of: and then come forth,
But with such reverence, as if I were
Myself the priest, the sacrifice my heart,
To offer at the altar of that goodness
That must or kill or save me.
*Char.* Are not these
Strange gambols in the duke?
*Alph.* Great princes have,
Like meaner men, their weakness.
*Hip.* And may use it
Without control or check.
*Cont.* 'Tis fit they should;
Their privilege were less else, than their subjects'.
*Hier.* Let them have their humours; there's no crossing them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A state-room in the same.*

*Enter* Fiorinda, Sanazarro, *and* Calaminta.

*Sanaz.* And can it be, your bounties should fall down
In showers on my ingratitude, or the wrongs
Your greatness should revenge, teach you to pity?
What retribution can I make, what service
Pay to your goodness, that, in some proportion,
May to the world express I would be thankful?
Since my engagements are so great, that all
My best endeavours to appear your creature
Can but proclaim my wants, and what I owe
To your magnificence.
*Fior.* All debts are discharged
In this acknowledgment: yet since you please
I shall impose some terms of satisfaction
For that which you profess yourself obliged for,
They shall be gentle ones, and such as will not,
I hope, afflict you.
*Sanaz.* Make me understand,
Great princess, what they are, and my obedience
Shall, with all cheerful willingness, subscribe
To what you shall command,
*Fior.* I will bind you to
Make good your promise. First, I then enjoin you
To love a lady, that, a noble way,
Truly affects you, and that you would take
To your protection and care the dukedom
Of Urbin, which no more is mine, but your's.
And that, when you have full possession of
My person as my fortune, you would use me
Not as a princess, but instruct me in
The duties of an humble wife, for such,
The privilege of my birth no more remember'd,
I will be to you. This consented to,
All injuries forgotten, on your lips
I thus sign your *quietus*.

*Sanaz.* I am wretched,
In having but one life to be employ'd
As you please to dispose it. And, believe it,
If it be not already forfeited
To the fury of my prince, as 'tis your gift,
With all the faculties of my soul I'll study,
In what I may, to serve you.
*Fior.* I am happy

*Enter* Giovanni *and* Lidia.

In this assurance. What
Sweet lady's this?
*Sanaz.* 'Tis Lidia, madam, she——
*Fior.* I understand you.
Nay, blush not; by my life, she is a rare one;
And, if I were your judge, I would not blame you
To like and love her. But, sir, you are mine now;
And I presume so on your constancy,
That I dare not be jealous.
*Sanaz.* All thoughts of her
Are in your goodness buried.
*Lid.* Pray you, sir,
Be comforted; your innocence should not know
What 'tis to fear; and if that you but look on
The guards that you have in yourself, you cannot.
The duke's your uncle, sir, and though a little
Incensed against you, when he sees your sorrow,
He must be reconciled. What rugged Tartar,
Or cannibal, though bathed in human gore,
But, looking on your sweetness, would forget
His cruel nature, and let fall his weapon,
Though then aim'd at your throat;
*Giov.* O Lidia,
Of maids the honour, and your sex's glory!
It is not fear to die, but to lose you,
That brings this fever on me. I will now
Discover to you, that which, till this minute,
I durst not trust the air with. Ere you knew
What power the magic of your beauty had,
I was enchanted by it, liked, and loved it,
My fondness still increasing with my years;
And, flatter'd by false hopes, I did attend
Some blessed opportunity to move
The duke with his consent to make you mine:
But now, such is my star-cross'd destiny,
When he beholds you as you are, he cannot
Deny himself the happiness to enjoy you.
And I as well in reason may entreat him
To give away his crown, as to part from
A jewel of more value, such you are.
Yet, howsoever, when you are his duchess,
And I am turn'd into forgotten dust,
Pray you, love my memory:—I should say more,
But I'm cut off.

*Enter* Cozimo, Charomonte, Contarino, Hieronimo, Hippolito, *and* Alphonso.

*Sanaz.* The duke! That countenance, once,
When it was clothed in smiles, show'd like an angel's,
But, now 'tis folded up in clouds of fury,
'Tis terrible to look on.
*Lid.* Sir.
*Coz.* A while
Silence your musical tongue, and let me feast
My eyes with the most ravishing object that
They ever gazed on. There's no miniature
In her fair face, but is a copious theme
Which would, discoursed at large of, make a volume.
What clear arch'd brows! what sparkling eyes! the lilies

* ——————*thou, as beauty's queen,*
*Shalt* censure *the detractors.*] *Censure*, as I have already observed, is used by our old writers where we should now use *judge*, and with the same latitude of meaning through its various acceptations.

Contending with the roses in her cheeks,
Who shall most set them off. What ruby lips!—
Or unto what can I compare her neck,
But to a rock of crystal? every limb
Proportion'd to love's wish, and in their neatness
Add lustre, to the riches of her habit,
Not borrow from it.
*Lid.* You are pleased to show, sir,
The fluency of your language, in advancing
A subject much unworthy.
*Cos.* How! unworthy!
By all the vows which lovers offer at
The Cyprian goddess' altars, eloquence
Itself presuming, as you are, to speak you,
Would be struck dumb!—And what have you deserved then [*Giovanni and Sanazarro kneel.*
(Wretches, you kneel too late), that have endeavour'd
To spout the poison of your black detraction
On this immaculate whiteness? was it malice
To her perfections? or——
*Fior.* Your highness promised
A gracious hearing to the count.
*Lid.* And prince too;
Do not make void so just a grant.
*Cos.* We will not:
Yet, since their accusation must be urged,
And strongly, ere their weak defence have hearing,
We seat you here, as judges, to determine
Of your gross wrongs, and ours. [*Seats the Ladies in the chairs of state.*] And now, remembering
Whose deputies you are, be neither sway'd
Or with particular spleen, or foolish pity,
For neither can become you.
*Char.* There's some hope yet,
Since they have such gentle judges.
*Cos.* Rise, and stand forth, then,
And hear, with horror to your guilty souls, [cess,
What we will prove against you. Could this prin-
Thou enemy to thyself! [*To Sanazarro.*] stoop her high flight
Of towering greatness to invite thy lowness
To look up to it, and with nimble wings
Of gratitude couldst thou forbear to meet it?
Were her favours boundless in a noble way,
And warranted by our allowance, yet,
In thy acceptation, there appear'd no sign
Of a modest thankfulness?
*Fior.* Pray you forbear
To press that further; 'tis a fault we have
Already heard, and pardon'd.
*Cos.* We will then
Pass over it, and briefly touch at that
Which does concern ourself; in which both being
Equal offenders, what we shall speak points
Indifferently at either. How we raised thee,
Forgetful Sanazarro! of our grace,
To a full possession of power and honours,
It being too well known, we'll not remember.
And what thou wert, rash youth, in expectation, [*To Giovanni.*
And from which headlong thou hast thrown thyself,
Not Florence, but all Tuscany can witness
With admiration. To assure thy hopes,
We did keep constant to a widowed bed,
And did deny ourself those lawful pleasures
Our absolute power and height of blood allow'd us;
Made both, the keys that open'd our heart's secrets,
And what you spake, believed as oracles:
But you, in recompense of this, to him
That gave you all, to whom you owed your being,
With treacherous lies endeavour'd to conceal
This jewel from our knowledge, which ourself
Could only lay just claim to.
*Giov.* 'Tis most true, sir.
*Sanaz.* We both confess a guilty cause.
*Cos.* Look on her.
Is this a beauty fit to be embraced
By any subject's arms? can any tire
Become that forehead, but a diadem?
Or, should we grant your being false to us
Could be excused, your treachery to her,
In seeking to deprive her of that greatness
(Her matchless form consider'd) she was born to,
Must ne'er find pardon. We have spoken, ladies,
Like a rough orator, that brings more truth
Than rhetoric to make good his accusation;
And now expect your sentence.
[*The Ladies descend from the state* *.
*Lid.* In your birth, sir,
You were mark'd out the judge of life and death,
And we, that are your subjects, to attend,
With trembling fear, your doom.
*Fior.* We do resign
This chair, as only proper to yourself.
*Giov.* And since in justice we are lost, we fly
Unto your saving mercy. [*All kneeling.*
*Sanaz.* Which sets off
A prince, much more than rigour.
*Char.* And becomes him,
When 'tis express'd to such as fell by weakness,
That being a twin-born brother to affection,
Better than wreaths of conquest.
*Hier. Hip. Cont. Alph.* We all speak
Their language, mighty sir.
*Cos.* You know our temper,
And therefore with more boldness venture on it:
And, would not our consent to your demands
Deprive us of a happiness hereafter
Ever to be despaired of, we, perhaps,
Might hearken nearer to you; and could wish
With some qualification or excuse
You might make less the mountains of your crimes,
And so invite our clemency to feast with you.
But you, that knew with what impatiency
Of grief we parted from the fair Clarinda,
Our duchess (let her memory still be sacred!),
And with what imprecations on ourself.
We vow'd, not hoping e'er to see her equal,
Ne'er to make trial of a second choice,
If nature framed not one that did excel her,
As this maid's beauty prompts us that she does:
And yet, with oaths then mix'd with tears, upon
Her monument we swore our eye should never
Again be tempted;—'tis true, and those vows
Are registered above, something here tells me.
Carolo, thou heardst us swear.
*Char.* And swear so deeply,
That if all women's beauties were in this,
(As she's not to be named with the dead duchess,)
Nay all their virtues bound up in one story
(Of which mine is scarce an epitome),
If you should take her as a wife, the weight
Of your perjuries would sink you. If I durst,
I had told you this before.
*Cos.* 'Tis strong truth, Carolo:

* *The ladies descend from the state.*] i. e. from the raised platform on which the chairs were placed. See *The Bondman*, Act I., sc. iii.

And yet, what was necessity in us
Cannot free them from treason.
*Char.* There's your error;
The prince, in care to have you keep your vows
Made unto heaven, vouchsafed to love my daughter*.
*Lid.* He told me so, indeed, sir.
*Fior.* And the count
Averr'd as much to me.
*Coz.* You all conspire
To force our mercy from us.
*Char.* Which given up,
To aftertimes preserves you unforsworn:
An honour, which will live upon your tomb,
When your greatness is forgotten.
*Coz.* Though we know†
All this is practice, and that both are false;
Such reverence we will pay to dead Clarinda,
And to our serious oaths, that we are pleased
With our own hand to blind our eyes, and not
Know what we understand. Here, Giovanni,
We pardon thee; and take from us, in this,
More than our dukedom: love her. As I part
With her, all thoughts of women fly fast from us!
Sanazarro, we forgive you: in your service
To this princess merit it. Yet, let not others
That are in trust and grace, as you have been,
By the example of our lenity
Presume upon their sovereign's clemency.

*Enter* CALANDRINO *and* PETRONELLA.

*All.* Long live great Cozimo!
*Cal.* Sure the duke is
In the giving vein, they are so loud. Come on, spouse.—
We have heard all, and we will have our boon too.
*Coz.* What is it?
*Cal.* That your grace, in remembrance of
My share in a dance, and that I play'd your part,
When you should have drunk hard, would get this signior's grant
To give this damsel to me in the church,
For we are contracted. In it you shall do
Your dukedom pleasure.
*Coz.* How?
*Cal.* Why, the whole race
Of such as can act naturally fools' parts,
Are quite worn out; and they that do survive,
Do only zany us: and we will bring you,
If we die not without issue, of both sexes,
Such chopping mirth-makers, as shall preserve
Perpetual cause of sport, both to your grace
And your posterity, that sad melancholy
Shall ne'er approach you.
*Coz.* We are pleased in it,
And will pay her portion. [*Comes forward.*
May the passage prove,
*Of what's presented, worthy of your love*
*And favour, as was aim'd; and we have all*
*That can in compass of our wishes fall.* [*Exeunt*.

* *The prince, in care to have you keep your vows*
*Made unto heaven, vouchsafed to love my daughter.*] This attempt to impose upon the great duke is more deplorable than the former. It has falsehood and improbability written on its face: the duke indeed is not deceived by it; but surely the author showed a strange want of judgment in this gratuitous degradation of three of his most estimable characters.

† Coz. *Though we know*
*All this is* practice,] i. e. artifice, or insidious design. So in Shakspeare:

"——This act persuades me
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is *practice* only." *King Lear.*

* It is impossible not to be charmed with the manner in which this play is written. The style is worthy of the most polished stage. It neither descends to meanness, nor affects a blustering magnificence, but preserves an easy elevation, and a mild dignity; and affords an excellent model for the transaction of dramatic business between persons of high rank and refined education. As to the subject, it is, in itself, of no great importance: but this is somewhat compensated by the interest which the principal characters take in it, and the connection of love with the views of state.—The scenes between Giovanni and Lidia present a most beautiful picture of artless attachment, and of that unreserved innocence and tender simplicity which Massinger describes in a manner so eminently happy.

It is to be wished that this were all; for the impression on the mind of the reader makes him more than usually fearful of any disturbance of his feelings. But in the drama, as in life itself, something will ever be amiss. The very attractive manner in which the characters and their concerns are announced is made to change as the plot advances to its conclusion; and in the fourth act we are grieved to see them

*In pejus ruere, ac retro sublapsa referri.*

The charm of Lidia is dissolved by the substitution of Petronella,—a contrivance which is at once mean and clumsy, and is conceived in utter defiance of the general character of Cozimo. The only way of removing this objection was to alter Cozimo himself, together with the delicacy of the subject. This is done for the sake of maintaining an unhappy consistency. The duke is compelled to forego his usual dignity and sagacity. He loses the very remembrance of his own motives of action, and is played upon by those who are themselves sunk in our esteem.

The connection of the plot with an event in the life of Edgar has been mentioned by the Editor. As to Cozimo, some circumstances seem to point him out as the first grand duke. Pisa and Sienna are alluded to as recent acquisitions; though Contarino is too complaisant in attributing the conquest to the arms of his master. There are some personal points which may assist this conjecture. Cozimo is addressed in a submissive manner, and seems to be conscious that his resentment is feared by those around him: and this reminds us of the man who coveted the title of King, and executed summary justice on a son with his own hand. However, other circumstances rather allude to a period not much earlier than the date of this very play; *viz.* some attempt at independence by the Pisans, which Sanazarro might have checked; and some benefit derived to Florence (though not of the kind here mentioned) from the duchy of Urbino. But why a nephew was called in, when a son was not wanting to either of the Cosmos, or why the state of a childless widower was invented for the great duke, is not so easy to guess: nor is it worth our while.—The dramatist rejects or invents as he pleases; and what he chooses to adopt may be divided between distant ages or countries. The incidents of his arbitrary story are widely dispersed, like the limbs wantonly scattered by Medea; and, if ever to be found, must be searched for in places remote and unexpected:

*Dissipat in multis invenienda locis.*

DR. IRELAND.

# THE MAID OF HONOUR.

THE MAID OF HONOUR.]—This "Tragi-comedy" does not appear, under the present title, in the Office-book of Sir H. Herbert: but a play called *The Honour of Women* was entered there May 6th, 1628, which Mr. Malone conjectures to be the piece before us. He speaks, however, with some hesitation on the subject, as a play of Massinger's, called *The Spanish Viceroy, or The Honour of Women*, was entered at Stationers' Hall, for Humphrey Mosely, in 1653. If this double title be correct, of which we may reasonably entertain a doubt, the plays cannot be the same; for among the dramatis personæ of the present, no such character as a Spanish viceroy is to be found. Sicily, indeed, was long governed by viceroys from Spain; but Roberto is here styled King, and constantly acts from himself.

Mr. Malone says, that *The Maid of Honour* was printed in 1631. All the copies which I have seen (for there is but one edition) are dated 1632, which was probably the earliest period of its appearance; as we learn from the commendatory verses prefixed to it by Sir Aston Cockayne, that it was printed after *The Emperor of the East*, which was not given to the press till this year.

This play was always a favourite, and, indeed, with strict justice; for it has a thousand claims to admiration and applause. It was frequently acted, the old title-page tells us, "at the Phœnix in Drurie-lane, with good allowance, by the Queen's Majesties servants." An attempt was made some years since to revive it, by Mr. Kemble, but, as I have been informed, without success.

TO MY MOST HONOURED FRIENDS,

## SIR FRANCIS FOLJAMBE, KNT. & BART.,

AND

## SIR THOMAS BLAND, KNT.

THAT you have been, and continued so for many years, since you vouchsafed to own me, patrons to me and my despised studies, I cannot but with all humble thankfulness acknowledge; and living as you have done, inseparable in your friendship (notwithstanding all differences, and suits in law arising between you*), I held it as impertinent as absurd, in the presentment of my service in this kind, to divide you. A free confession of a debt in a meaner man, is the amplest satisfaction to his superiors; and I heartily wish that the world may take notice, and from myself, that I had not to this time subsisted. but that I was supported by your frequent courtesiês and favours. When your more serious occasions will give you leave, you may please to peruse this trifle, and peradventure find something in it that may appear worthy of your protection Receive it, I beseech you, as a testimony of his duty who, while he lives resolves to be

Truly and sincerely devoted to your service.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

* *Notwithstanding all differences, and suits in law arising between you.*] The suits in law—between these true friends of Massinger, originated in a question as to the right of working some coal mines.—*Gilchrist.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Roberto, *king of* Sicily.
Ferdinand, *duke of* Urbin.
Bertoldo, *the king's natural brother, a knight of* Malta.
Gonzaga, *a knight of* Malta, *general to the duchess of* Sienna.
Astutio, *a counsellor of state.*
Fulgentio, *the minion of* Roberto.
Adorni, *a follower of* Camiola's *father.*
Signior Sylli, *a foolish self-lover.*
Antonio, Gasparo, } *two rich heirs, city-bred*
Pierio, *a colonel to* Gonzaga.
Roderigo, Jacomo, } *captains to* Gonzaga.
Druso, Livio, } *captains to duke* Ferdinand.
*Father* Paulo, *a priest,* Camiola's *confessor.*
*Ambassador from the duke of* Urbin.
*A bishop.*
*A page.*
Aurelia, *duchess of* Sienna.
Camiola, *the* Maid of Honour,
Clarinda, *her woman.*
*Scout, Soldiers, Gaoler, Attendants, Servants, &c.*

SCENE, *partly in* Sicily, *and partly in the* Siennese.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Palermo. *A State-room in the palace.*

*Enter* Astutio *and* Adorni.

*Ador.* Good day to your lordship.
*Ast.* Thanks, Adorni.
*Ador.* May I presume to ask if the ambassador
Employ'd by Ferdinand, the duke of Urbin,
Hath audience this morning?

*Enter* Fulgentio.

*Ast.* 'Tis uncertain;
For, though a counsellor of state, I am not
Of the cabinet council: but here's one, if he please,
That may resolve you.
*Ador.* I will move him.—Sir!
*Ful.* If you've a suit, shew water*, I am blind else.
*Ador.* A suit; yet of a nature not to prove
The quarry that you hawk for: if your words
Are not like Indian wares, and every scruple
To be weigh'd and rated, one poor syllable,
Vouchsafed in answer of a fair demand,
Cannot deserve a fee.
*Ful.* It seems you are ignorant,
I neither speak nor hold my peace for nothing;
And yet, for once, I care not if I answer
One single question, gratis.
*Ador.* I much thank you.
Hath the ambassador audience, sir, to-day?
*Ful.* Yes.
*Ador.* At what hour?
*Ful.* I promised not so much.
A syllable you begg'd, my charity gave it;
Move me no further. [*Exit.*
*Ast.* This you wonder at:
With me, 'tis usual.
*Ador.* Pray you, sir, what is he?
*Ast.* A gentleman, yet no lord*. He hath some drops
Of the king's blood running in his veins, derived
Some ten degrees off. His revenue lies
In a narrow compass, the king's ear; and yields him
Every hour a fruitful harvest. Men may talk
Of three crops in a year in the Fortunate Islands,
Or profit made by wool; but, while there are suitors,
His sheepshearing, nay, shaving to the quick,
Is in every quarter of the moon, and constant.
In the time of trussing a point, he can undo
Or make a man: his play or recreation
Is to raise this up, or pull down that; and, though
He never yet took orders, makes more bishops
In Sicily, than the pope himself.

*Enter* Bertoldo, Gasparo, Antonio, *and a Servant.*

*Ador.* Most strange!
*Ast.* The presence fills. He in the Malta habit
Is the natural brother of the king—a by-blow.
*Ador.* I understand you.
*Gasp.* Morrow to my uncle.
*Ant.* And my late guardian:—but at length I have
The reins in my own hands.
*Ast.* Pray you, use them well,
Or you'll too late repent it.
*Bert.* With this jewel
Presented to Camiola, prepare, [have
This night, a visit for me. [*Exit Servant.*] I shall
Your company, gallants, I perceive, if that
The king will hear of war.
*Ant.* Sir, I have horses
Of the best breed in Naples, fitter far
To break a rank than crack a lance; and are,
In their career, of such incredible swiftness,
They outstrip swallows.

---

* *Shew water.*] i. e. to clear his sight.—This was a proverbial periphrasis for *bribe*, which in Massinger's days (though happily not since?) was found to be the only collyrium for the eyes of a courtier.

* Ast. *A* gentleman, *yet no* lord.] Would not the satire be more apparent, if the sentence were reversed? As it stands now, it is scarcely intelligible.

*Bert.* And such may be useful
To run away with, should we be defeated ·
You are well provided, signior.
*Ant.* Sir, excuse me;
All of their race, by instinct, know a coward,
And scorn the burthen: they come on like lightning;
Founder'd in a retreat.
*Bert.* By no means back them;
Unless you know your courage sympathize
With the daring of your horse.
*Ant.* My lord, this is bitter.
*Gasp.* I will raise me a company of foot;
And, when at push of pike I am to enter
A breach, to show my valour I have bought* me
An armour cannon-proof.
*Bert.* You will not leap, then,
O'er an outwork, in your shirt?
*Gasp.* I do not like
Activity that way.
*Bert.* You had rather stand
A mark to try their muskets on?
*Gasp.* If I do
No good, I'll do no hurt.
*Bert.* 'Tis in you, signior,
A Christian resolution, and becomes you!
But I will not discourage you.
*Ant.* You are, sir,
A knight of Malta, and, as I have heard,
Have served against the Turk.
*Bert.* 'Tis true.
*Ant.* Pray you, show us
The difference between the city valour,
And service in the field.
*Bert.* 'Tis somewhat more
Than roaring in a tavern or a brothel,
Or to steal a constable† from a sleeping watch,
Then burn their halberds; or, safe guarded by
Your tenants' sons, to carry away a may-pole
From a neighbour village. You will not find there,
Your masters of dependencies‡ to take up
A drunken brawl, or, to get you the names
Of valiant chevaliers, fellows that will be,
For a cloak with thrice-died velvet, and a cast suit,
Kick'd down the stairs. A knave with half a breech there,
And no shirt (being a thing superfluous,
And worn out of his memory), if you bear not
Yourselves both in, and upright, with a provant sword*
Will slash your scarlets and your plush a new way;
Or with the hilts thunder about your ears
Such music as will make your worships dance
To the doleful tune of *Lachrymæ*†.
*Gasp.* I must tell you
In private, as you are my princely friend,
I do not like such fiddlers.
*Bert.* No! they are useful
For your imitation‡; I remember you,
When you came first to the court, and talk'd of nothing
But your rents and your entradas, ever chiming
The golden bells in your pockets; you believed
The taking of the wall as a tribute due to
Your gaudy clothes; and could not walk at midnight
Without a causeless quarrel, as if men
Of coarser outsides were in duty bound
To suffer your affronts: but when you had been
Cudgell'd well twice or thrice, and from the doctrine§
Made profitable uses, you concluded
The sovereign means to teach irregular heirs
Civility, with conformity of manners,
Were two or three sound beatings.
*Ant.* I confess
They did much good upon me.
*Gasp.* And on me:
The principles that they read were sound.
*Bert.* You'll find
The like instructions in the camp.
*Ast.* The king!

---

* ——— *to show my valour, I have* bought *me*] Coxeter and M. Mason read, I have *brought* me: the old copy is surely right.

† *Or to steal a* constable *from a sleeping watch,*] For this expression, so exquisitely humorous, the modern editors give us,

*Or to steal a* lanthorn *from a sleeping watch!*

It is scarcely possible to mark these wanton deviations from the original, without some degree of warmth. By no process in blundering could *lanthorn* be written for *constable:* the editors, therefore, must have gratuitously taken upon themselves the reformation of the language. Pity for the author must be mixed with our indignation at their perverse temerity, when we thus find them banishing his most witty expressions from the text, under the bold idea of improving it!

It is the more singular that they should do this in the present case, as the same thought, in nearly the same words, is to be found in *The Renegado.*

‡ ——— *you will not find there*
*Your* masters of dependencies, &c.] *Masters of dependencies* were a set of needy bravoes, who undertook to ascertain the authentic grounds of a quarrel, and, in some cases, to settle it for the timorous or unskilful. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher:—

——— "Your high offer,
"Taught by the *masters of dependencies,*
That, by compounding differences 'tween others,
Supply their own necessities, with me
Will never carry it." *The Elder Brother.*

In this punctilious age, all matters relative to duelling were arranged, in set treatises, with a gravity that, in a business less serious, would be infinitely ridiculous. Troops of disbanded soldiers, or rather of such as pretended to be so, took up the "noble science of arms," and, with the use of the small sword (then a novelty), taught a jargon respecting the various modes of "honourable quarrelling," which, though seemingly calculated to baffle alike the patience and the understanding, was a fashionable object of study. The dramatic poets, faithful to the moral end of their high art, combated this contagious folly with the united powers of wit and humour; and, after a long and well conducted struggle, succeeded in rendering it as contemptible as it was odious, and finally supressed it.

* ——— *with a* provant sword, &c.] A *provant sword* is a plain, unornamented sword, such as soldiers are supplied with by the state. Thus, in *Every Man in his Humour,* when Master Stephen produces his "pure Toledo," Bobadil exclaims,

"This a Toledo? pish!
"*Steph.* Why do you pish?
"*Bob.* A Fleming, by heaven! I'll buy them for a guilder a-piece, an I would have a thousand of them:——a poor *provant rapier;* no better."

Properly speaking, *provant* means provisions: thus Petillius, in the tragedy of *Bonduca;*

"All my company
Are now in love; ne'er think of meat, nor talk
Of what *provant* is."

But our old writers extend it to all the articles which make up the magazines of an army.

It appears, from the pointing of the former editors, that they had not the slightest notion of what their author was saying.

† *To the doleful tune of* Lachrymæ.] See *the Picture.*

‡ *For your* imitation;] Thus the quarto: Mr. M. Mason reads, For your *initiation;* an alteration as void of meaning as of harmony.

§ ——— *and from the* doctrine
*Made profitable* uses, &c.]. See *The Emperor of the East.*

*A flourish. Enter* Roberto, Fulgentio, Ambassador, *and Attendants.*

*Rob.* (*Ascends the throne.*) We sit prepared to hear.
*Amb.* Your majesty
Hath been long since familiar, I doubt not,
With the desperate fortunes of my lord; and pity
Of the much that your confederate hath suffer'd,
You being his last refuge, may persuade you
Not alone to compassionate, but to lend
Your royal aids to stay him in his fall
To certain ruin. He, too late, is conscious
That his ambition to encroach upon
His neighbour's territories, with the danger of
His liberty, nay, his life, hath brought in question
His own inheritance: but youth, and heat
Of blood, in your interpretation, may
Both plead and mediate for him. I must grant it
An error in him, being denied the favours
Of the fair princess of Sienna (though
He sought her in a noble way), to endeavour
To force affection by surprisal of
Her principal seat, Sienna.
*Rob.* Which now proves
The seat of his captivity, not triumph:
Heaven is still just.
*Amb.* And yet that justice is
To be with mercy temper'd, which heaven's deputies
Stand bound to minister. The injured duchess,
By reason taught, as nature, could not, with
The reparation of her wrongs, but aim at
A brave revenge; and my lord feels, too late,
That innocence will find friends. The great Gonzaga,
The honour of his order (I must praise
Virtue, though in an enemy), he whose fights
And conquests hold one number, rallying up
Her scatter'd troops, before we could get time
To victual or to man the conquer'd city,
Sat down before it; and, presuming that
'Tis not to be relieved, admits no parley,
Our flags of truce hung out in vain: nor will he
Lend an ear to composition, but exacts,
With the rendering up the town, the goods and lives
Of all within the walls, and of all sexes,
To be at his discretion.
*Rob.* Since injustice
In your duke meets this correction, can you press us,
With any seeming argument of reason,
In foolish pity to decline* his dangers,
To draw them on ourself? Shall we not be
Warn'd by his harms? The league proclaim'd between us
Bound neither of us further than to aid
Each other, if by foreign force invaded;
And so far in my honour I was tied.
But since, without our counsel, or allowance,
He hath ta'en arms; with his good leave, he must
Excuse us if we steer not on a rock
We see, and may avoid. Let other monarchs
Contend to be made glorious by proud war,
And, with the blood of their poor subjects, purchase
Increase of empire, and augment their cares
In keeping that which was by wrongs extorted,
Gilding unjust invasions with the trim
Of glorious conquests; we, that would be known
The father of our people, in our study
And vigilance for their safety, must not change
Their ploughshares into swords, and force them from
The secure shade of their own vines, to be
Scorched with the flames of war; or, for our sport,
Expose their lives to ruin.
*Amb.* Will you, then,
In his extremity, forsake your friend?
*Rob.* No; but preserve ourself.
*Bert.* Cannot the beams
Of honour thaw your icy fears?
*Rob.* Who's that?
*Bert.* A kind of brother, sir, howe'er your subject;
Your father's son, and one who blushes that
You are not heir to his brave spirit and vigour,
As to his kingdom.
*Rob.* How's this!
*Bert.* Sir, to be
His living chronicle, and to speak his praise,
Cannot deserve your anger.
*Rob.* Where's your warrant
For this presumption?
*Bert.* Here, sir, in my heart:
Let sycophants, that feed upon your favours,
Style coldness in you caution, and prefer
Your ease before your honour; and conclude,
To eat and sleep supinely is the end
Of human blessings: I must tell you, sir,
Virtue, if not in action, is a vice;
And, when we move not forward, we go backward*:
Nor is this peace, the nurse of drones and cowards,
Our health, but a disease.
*Gasp.* Well urged, my lord.
*Ant.* Perfect what is so well begun.
*Amb.* And bind
My lord your servant.
*Rob.* Hair-brain'd fool! what reason
Canst thou infer, to make this good?
*Bert.* A thousand,
Not to be contradicted. But consider
Where your command lies†: 'tis not, in France,

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* *In foolish pity to* decline *his dangers,*
*To draw them on ourself?*] To *decline*, here means to divert from their course; in which sense it is frequently met with in our old poets. Thus Jonson:
" ——who *declining*
Their way, not able, for the throng, to follow,
Slipt down the Gemonies." *Sejanus.*
Again, in his *Forest*:
" This makes, that wisely you *decline* your life
Far from the maze of custom, errour, strife."

* ——*I must tell you, sir,*
*Virtue, if not in action, is a vice;*
*And when we move not forward, we go backward.*] This is a beautiful improvement on Horace:
*Paulum sepultæ distat inertiæ*
*Celata virtus.*
It is, however, surpassed by the spirited apostrophe of Jonson to himself:
" Where dost thou careless lie
Buried in ease and sloth?
Knowledge, that sleeps, doth die;
And this security,
It is the common moth
That eats on wit and arts, and so destroys them both."
*Underwoods.*
The last line of the text alludes to the Latin adage: *Non progredi est regredi.*

† ——*But consider*
*Where your command lies*: &c.] Davies, I think, says, that here is an allusion to the affairs of this country under James.
However that may be, it is, at least, certain that the author, in this animated description, was thinking of England only. He could scarcely be so ignorant of the natural history of Sicily as not to know how little of his description applied to that island; while every word of it was perfectly applicable to this.

Spain, Germany, Portugal, but in Sicily;
An island, sir. Here are no mines of gold
Or silver to enrich you; no worm spins
Silk in her womb, to make distinction
Between you and a peasant in your habits;
No fish lives near our shores, whose blood can die
Scarlet or purple; all that we possess,
With beasts we have in common: nature did
Design us to be warriors, and to break through
Our ring, the sea, by which we are environed;
And we by force must fetch in what is wanting
Or precious to us. Add to this, we are
A populous nation, and increase so fast,
That, if we by our providence are not sent
Abroad in colonies, or fall by the sword,
Not Sicily, though now it were more fruitful
That when 'twas styled the granary of great Rome,
Can yield our numerous fry bread: we must starve,
Or eat up one another.

*Ador.* The king hears
With much attention.

*Ast.* And seems moved with what
Bertoldo hath deliver'd.

*Bert.* May you live long, sir,
The king of peace, so you deny not us
The glory of the war; let not our nerves
Shrink up with sloth, nor, for want of employment,
Make younger brothers thieves: it is their swords, sir,
Must sow and reap their harvest. If examples
May move you more than arguments, look on England,
The empress of the European isles,
And unto whom alone ours yields precedence:
When did she flourish so, as when she was
The mistress of the ocean, her navies
Putting a girdle round about the world;
When the Iberian quaked, her worthies named;
And the fair flower-de-luce grew pale, set by
The red rose and the white? Let not our armour
Hung up, or our unrigg'd armada, make us
Ridiculous to the late poor snakes our neighbours,
Warm'd in our bosoms, and to whom again
We may be terrible; while we spend our hours
Without variety, confined to drink,
Dice, cards, or whores. Rouse us, sir, from the sleep
Of idleness, and redeem our mortgaged honours.
Your birth, and justly, claims my father's kingdom;
But his heroic mind descends to me:
I will confirm so much.

*Ador.* In his looks he seems
To break ope Janus' temple.

*Ast.* How these younglings
Take fire from him!

*Ador.* It works an alteration
Upon the king.

*Ant.* I can forbear no longer:
War, war, my sovereign!

*Ful.* The king appears
Resolved, and does prepare to speak.

*Rob.* Think not
Our counsel's built upon so weak a base,
As to be overturn'd, or shaken, with
Tempestuous winds of words. As I, my lord,
Before resolved you, I will not engage
My person in this quarrel; neither press
My subjects to maintain it: yet, to show
My rule is gentle, and that I have feeling [weary
O' your master's sufferings, since these gallants,
Of the happiness of peace, desire to taste
The bitter sweets of war, we do consent
That, as adventurers and volunteers,
No way compell'd by us, they may make trial
Of their boasted valours.

*Bert.* We desire no more.

*Rob.* 'Tis well; and, but my grant in this, expect not
Assistance from me. Govern as you please
The province you make choice of; for I vow
By all things sacred, if that thou miscarry
In this rash undertaking, I will hear it
No otherwise than as a sad disaster,
Fallen on a stranger; nor will I esteem
That man my subject, who, in thy extremes,
In purse or person aids thee. Take your fortune;
You know me; I have said it. So, my lord,
You have my absolute* answer.

*Amb.* My prince pays
In me his duty.

*Rob.* Follow me, Fulgentio.
And you, Astutio.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Roberto, Fulgentio, Astutio, and Attendants.*

*Gasp.* What a frown he threw,
At his departure, on you!

*Bert.* Let him keep
His smiles for his state catamite, I care not.

*Ant.* Shall we aboard to-night?

*Amb.* Your speed, my lord,
Doubles the benefit.

*Bert.* I have a business
Requires dispatch; some two hours hence I'll meet you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in* Camiola's *House.*

*Enter Signior* Sylli, *walking fantastically, followed by* Camiola *and* Clarinda.

*Cam.* Nay, signior, this is too much ceremony
In my own house.

*Syl.* What's gracious abroad,
Must be in private practised.

*Clar.* For your mirth's sake
Let him alone; he has been all this morning
In practice with a peruked gentleman-usher,
To teach him his true amble and his postures,

[*Sylli walking by, and practising his postures.*

When he walks before a lady.

*Syl.* You may, madam,
Perhaps, believe that I in this use art,
To make you dote upon me, by exposing
My more than most rare features to your view;
But I, as I have ever done, deal simply;
A mark of sweet simplicity, ever noted
In the family of the Syllis. Therefore, lady,
Look not with too much contemplation on me;
If you do, you are in the suds.

*Cam.* You are no barber? [drawn

*Syl.* Fie, no! not I; but my good parts have
More loving hearts out of fair ladies' bellies,
Than the whole trade have done teeth.

*Cam.* Is't possible?

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* ——————*So, my lord,*
*You have my* absolute *answer.*] Thus the quarto: Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, very correctly as well as metrically, read, *You have my* whole *answer!* How little has hitherto been seen of Massinger!

*Syl.* Yes, and they live too; marry, much condoling
The scorn of their Narcissus, as they call me
Because I love myself——
*Cam.* Without a rival.
What philters or love powders do you use,
To force affection? I see nothing in
Your person but I dare look on, yet keep
My own poor heart still.
*Syl.* You are warn'd—be arm'd;
And do not lose the hope of such a husband,
In being too soon enamour'd.
*Clar.* Hold in your head,
Or you must have a martingal.
*Syl.* I have sworn
Never to take a wife, but such a one,
O may your ladyship prove so strong? as can
Hold out a month against me.
*Cam.* Never fear it;
Though your best taking part, your wealth, were trebled,
I would not woo you. But since in your pity
You please to give me caution, tell me what
Temptations I must fly from.
*Syl.* The first is,
That you never hear me sing, for I'm a syren:
If you observe, when I warble, the dogs howl,
As ravish'd with my ditties; and you will
Run mad to hear me.
*Cam.* I will stop my ears,
And keep my little wits.
*Syl.* Next, when I dance,
And come aloft thus, cast not a sheep's eye
Upon the quivering of my calf.
*Cam.* Proceed, sir. [not
*Syl.* But on no terms, for 'tis a main point, dream
O' th' strength of my back, though it will bear a burthen
With any porter.
*Cam.* I mean not to ride you.
*Syl.* Nor I your little ladyship, till you have
Perform'd the covenants. Be not taken with
My pretty spider-fingers, nor my eyes,
That twinkle on both sides.
*Cam.* Was there ever such
A piece of motley heard of! [*A knocking within.*
Who's that? [*Exit Clarinda.*] You may spare
The catalogue of my dangers.
*Syl.* No, good madam;
I have not told you half.
*Cam.* Enough, good signior;
If I eat more of such sweetmeats, I shall surfeit.

*Re-enter* Clarinda.

Who is't?
*Clar.* The brother of the king.
*Syl.* Nay start not.
The brother of the king! is he no more?
Were it the king himself, I'd give him leave
To speak his mind to you, for I am not jealous;
And, to assure your ladyship of so much,
I'll usher him in, and that done—hide myself.
[*Exit.*
*Cam.* Camiola, if ever, now be constant:
This is, indeed, a suitor, whose sweet presence
Courtship, and loving language, would have stagger'd
The chaste Penelope; and to increase
The wonder, did not modesty forbid it,
I should ask that from him he sues to me for:
And yet my reason, like a tyrant, tells me
I must nor give nor take it*.

*Re-enter* Sylli *with* Bertoldo.

*Syl.* I must tell you,
You lose your labour. 'Tis enough to prove it,
Signior Sylli came before you; and you know,
First come first served: yet you shall have my countenance,
To parley with her, and I'll take special care
That none shall interrupt you.
*Bert.* Your are courteous.
*Syl.* Come, wench, wilt thou hear wisdom?
*Clar.* Yes, from you, sir. [*They converse aside.*
*Bert.* If forcing this sweet favour from your lips, [*Kisses her.*
Fair madam, argue me of too much boldness,
When you are pleased to understand I take
A parting kiss, if not excuse, at least
'Twill qualify the offence.
*Cam.* A parting kiss, sir!
What nation, envious of the happiness
Which Sicily enjoys in your sweet presence,
Can buy you from her? or what climate yield
Pleasures transcending those which you enjoy here,
Being both beloved and honour'd; the north-star
And guider of all hearts; and, to sum up
Your full account of happiness in a word,
The brother of the king?
*Bert.* Do you, alone,
And with an unexampled cruelty,
Enforce my absence, and deprive me of
Those blessings which you, with a polish'd phrase,
Seem to insinuate that I do possess,
And yet tax me as being guilty of
My wilful exile? What are titles to me,
Or popular suffrage, or my nearness to
The king in blood, or fruitful Sicily,
Though it confess'd no sovereign but myself,
When you, that are the essence of my being,
The anchor of my hopes, the real substance
Of my felicity, in your disdain
Turn all to fading and deceiving shadows?
*Cam.* You tax me without cause.
*Bert.* You must confess it.
But answer love with love, and seal the contract
In the uniting of our souls, how gladly
(Though now I were in action, and assured,
Following my fortune, that plumed Victory
Would make her glorious stand upon my tent)
Would I put off my armour, in my heat
Of conquest, and, like Antony, pursue
My Cleopatra! Will you yet look on me
With an eye of favour?
*Cam.* Truth bear witness for me,
That, in the judgment of my soul, you are
A man so absolute, and circular
In all those wish'd-for rarities that may take
A virgin captive, that, though at this instant
All sceptr'd monarchs of our western world
Were rivals with you, and Camiola worthy
Of such a competition, you alone
Should wear the garland.

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* *I must* nor *give* nor *take it.*] This mode of expression which is very frequent in Massinger, is almost as frequently changed by Mr. M. Mason into *I must* not *give*, &c.

*Bert.* If so, what diverts
Your favour from me?
*Cam.* No mulct in yourself,
Or in your person, mind, or fortune.
*Bert.* What then? [sir,
*Cam.* The consciousness of mine own wants: alas!
We are not parallels; but, like lines divided *,
Can ne'er meet in one centre. Your birth, sir,
Without addition, were an ample dowry
For one of fairer fortunes; and this shape,
Were you ignoble, far above all value:
To this so clear a mind, so furnish'd with
Harmonious faculties moulded from heaven,
That though you were Thersites in your features,
Of no descent, and Irus in your fortunes,
Ulysses-like you'd force all eyes and ears
To love, but seen; and, when heard, wonder at
Your matchless story: but all these bound up
Together in one volume!—give me leave,
With admiration to look upon them;
But not presume, in my own flattering hopes,
I may or can enjoy them.
*Bert.* How you ruin
What you would seem to build up! I know no
Disparity between us; you're an heir
Sprung from a noble family; fair, rich, young,
And every way my equal.
*Cam.* Sir, excuse me;
One aerie with proportion ne'er discloses
The eagle and the wren†:—tissue and frieze
In the same garment, monstrous! But suppose
That what's in you excessive were diminish'd,
And my desert supplied, the stronger bar,
Religion, stops our entrance: you are, sir,
A knight of Malta, by your order bound
To a single life; you cannot marry me;
And, I assure myself, you are too noble
To seek me, though my frailty should consent,
In a base path.
*Bert.* A dispensation, lady,
Will easily absolve me.
*Cam.* O take heed, sir!
When what is vow'd to heaven is dispensed with,
To serve our ends on earth, a curse must follow,
And not a blessing.
*Bert.* Is there no hope left me?
*Cam.* Nor to myself, but is a neighbour to
Impossibility. True love should walk
On equal feet; in us it does not, sir;
But rest assured, excepting this, I shall be
Devoted to your service.
*Bert.* And this is your
Determinate sentence?
*Cam.* Not to be revoked.
*Bert.* Farewell then, fairest cruel! all thoughts in me
Of women perish. Let the glorious light
Of noble war extinguish Love's dim taper*,
That only lends me light to see my folly:
Honour, be thou my ever-living mistress,
And fond affection, as thy bond-slave, serve thee!
[*Exit.*
*Cam.* How soon my sun is set, he being absent,
Never to rise again! What a fierce battle
Is fought between my passions!—methinks
We should have kiss'd at parting.
*Syl.* I perceive
He has his answer: now must I step in
To comfort her. You have found, I hope, sweet lady,
Some difference between a youth of my pitch,
And this bugbear Bertoldo; men are men,

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* ——————— *alas, sir!*
*We* are not parallels; *but*, like lines divided,
*Can ne'er meet in one centre.*] This seems badly expressed. Parallels are the only lines that cannot meet in a centre; for all lines divided with any angle towards each other, must meet somewhere, if continued both ways. Coxeter.

By lines divided, Massinger does not mean, as the editor supposes, lines inclined to each other in any angle; but the divided parts of the same right line, which never can meet in one centre. M. Mason.

If Mr. M. Mason understands his own meaning, it is well; that of his author, I apprehend, he has not altogether made out. Our old writers were not, generally speaking, very expert mathematicians, and therefore frequently confounded the properties of lines and figures. Not only Massinger, but many others who had good means of information, use *parallels* (as it seems to me) for *radii*. Dr. Sacheverell was accused by the wits, or rather whigs, of his day, for speaking, in his famous *University Sermon*, of *parallel lines that met in a* centre. The charge appears to be just, for, though he changed the expression when the sermon was committed to the press, he retained his conviction of its propriety: "They" (temptations), he says, "are the *centre* in which all our passions terminate and join, though never *so much repugnant* to each other."

In the Proeme to Herbert's *Travels*, which were printed not long after *The Maid of Honour*, a similar expression is found: "Great Britaine—contains the summe and abridged of all sorts of excellencies, *met here like parallels in their proper centre.*"

In the life of Dr. H. More (1710) there is a letter to a correspondent who had sent him a pious treatise, in which the same expression occurs, and is thus noticed by the doctor: "There is but one passage that I remember, which will afford them (the profane and atheistical rout of the age) a disingenuous satisfaction; which is in p. 480, where you say that *straight lines drawn from the centre run parallel together*. To a candid reader your intended sense can be no other than that they run παρ' αλλήλας that is, by one another; which they may do, though they do not run all along equidistantly one by another, which is the mathematical sense of the word parallel." See *Gent. Mag.* May, 1782. The good doctor is, I think, the best critic on the subject that has yet appeared, and sufficiently explains Massinger.

† Cam. *Sir, excuse me;*
*One* aerie *with proportion ne'er* discloses
*The eagle and the wren*:—] The modern editors read *One* airy *with proportion*, &c. Upon which Coxeter observes, that "the passage is somewhat difficult." It means, however, he adds, "that one who is puffed up with an high opinion of his birth (i. e. airy *with proportion*), will never stoop so low as Bertoldo must, to marry Camiola!" To this Mr. M. Mason subjoins, that for *discloses* we should read *encloses*, and that the meaning is, "the airy that is fit for an eagle cannot be equally fit for a wren!" Poor Coxeter's blunder is sufficiently ridiculous: but did not Mr. M. Mason, who tells us, in a note, of the absolute necessity of consulting and comparing contemporary authors, recollect those beautiful lines of Shakspeare?

"Anon, as patient as the female dove,
Ere that her golden couplets are *disclosed*,
His silence will sit drooping." *Hamlet.*

*Disclose*, in short, is constantly used by our old writers for *hatch*, as *aerie* is, for the nest of any bird of prey: and the meaning of this "somewhat difficult passage" nothing more, than that eagles and wrens are too disproportionate in bulk to be *hatched* in the same *nest*.

* ——————— *Let the glorious light*
*Of noble war extinguish Love's* dim *taper*,] So the quarto: for which fine line the modern editors give us,
——————— *Let the glorious light*
*Of noble war extinguish Love's* divine *taper!*
It seems strange that no want of harmony in the metre, no defect of sense in the expression, could ever rouse them into a suspicion of their inaccuracy. I have not, however, pointed out every error to the reader: in what has already past of this act, the old reading has been silently restored in numerous instances.

The king's brother is no more; good parts will do it,
When titles fail. Despair not; I may be
In time entreated.
*Cam.* Be so now, to leave me.
Lights for my chamber. O my heart!
[*Exeunt Camiola and Clarinda.*

*Syl.* She now,
I know, is going to bed to ruminate
Which way to glut herself upon my person;
But, for my oath's sake, I will keep her hungry.
And, to grow full myself, I'll straight—to supper.
[*Exit.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* ROBERTO, FULGENTIO, *and* ASTUTIO.

*Rob.* Embark'd to night, do you say?
*Ful.* I saw him aboard, sir.
*Rob.* And without taking of his leave?
*Ast.* 'Twas strange!
*Rob.* Are we grown so contemptible?
*Ful.* 'Tis far
From me, sir, to add fuel to your anger,
That in your ill opinion of him, burns
Too hot already: else I should affirm
It was a gross neglect.
*Rob.* A wilful scorn
Of duty and allegiance; you give it
Too fair a name. But we shall think on't: can you
Guess what the numbers were that follow'd him
In his desperate action?
*Ful.* More than you think, sir.
All ill-affected spirits in Palermo,
Or to your government or person, with
The turbulent swordsmen, such whose poverty forced them
To wish a change, are gone along with him;
Creatures devoted to his undertakings,
In right or wrong: and to express their zeal
And readiness to serve him, ere they went,
Profanely took the sacrament on their knees,
To live and die with him.
*Rob.* O most impious!
Their loyalty to us forgot?
*Ful.* I fear so.
*Ast.* Unthankful as they are!
*Ful.* Yet this deserves not
One troubled thought in you, sir; with your pardon,
I hold that their remove from hence makes more
For your security than danger.
*Rob.* True;
And, as I'll fashion it, they shall feel it too.
Astutio, you shall presently be dispatch'd
With letters writ and sign'd with our own hand,
To the duchess of Sienna, in excuse
Of these forces sent against her. If you spare
An oath, to give it credit*, that we never
Consented to it; swearing for the king,
Though false, it is no perjury.

* ——*If you spare*
*An oath, to give it credit*, &c.] This detestable doctrine is unworthy of the king, who has hitherto conducted himself with propriety, and preserved some degree of interest with the reader. Massinger, however, has taken sufficient care to disclose his own ideas of such pernicious tenets, which, I hope, were never fashionable, by the ridicule which he dexterously flings over them in the subsequent speeches.

*Ast.* I know it.
They are not fit to be state agents, sir,
That, without scruple of their conscience, cannot
Be prodigal in such trifles.
*Ful.* Right, Astutio.
*Rob.* You must, beside, from us take some instructions,
To be imparted, as you judge them useful,
To the general Gonzaga. Instantly
Prepare you for your journey.
*Ast.* With the wings
Of loyalty and duty. [*Exit.*
*Ful.* I am bold
To put your majesty in mind——
*Rob.* Of my promise,
And aids, to further you in your amorous project
To the fair and rich Camiola: there's my ring;
Whatever you shall say that I entreat,
Or can command by power, I will make good.
*Ful.* Ever your majesty's creature.
*Rob.* Venus prove
Propitious to you! [*Exit.*
*Ful.* All sorts to my wishes;
Bertoldo was my hindrance: he removed,
I now will court her in the conqueror's style;
Come, see, and overcome. Boy!

*Enter* Page.

*Page.* Sir; your pleasure?
*Ful.* Haste to Camiola; bid her prepare
An entertainment suitable to a fortune
She could not hope for. Tell her, I vouchsafe
To honour her with a visit.
*Page.* 'Tis a favour
Will make her proud.
*Ful.* I know it.
*Page.* I am gone, sir, [*Exit.*
*Ful.* Entreaties fit not me; a man in grace
May challenge awe and privilege, by his place.
[*Exit.*

### SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in* Camiola's *House.*

*Enter* ADORNI, SYLLI, *and* CLARINDA.

*Ador.* So melancholy, say you!
*Clar.* Never given
To such retirement.
*Ador.* Can you guess the cause?
*Clar.* If it hath not its birth and being from
The brave Bertoldo's absence, I confess
'Tis past my apprehension.
*Syl.* You are wide,

The whole field wide*. I, in my understanding,
Pity your ignorance;—yet, if you will
Swear to conceal it, I will let you know
Where her shoe wrings her.
*Clar.* I vow, signior,
By my virginity.
*Syl.* A perilous oath,
In a waitingwoman of fifteen! and is, indeed,
A kind of nothing.
*Ador.* I'll take one of something,
If you please to minister it.
*Syl.* Nay, you shall not swear:
I had rather take your word; for, should you vow,
D—n me, I'll do this!—you are sure to break.
*Ador.* I thank you, signior; but resolve us.
*Syl.* Know, then,
Here walks the cause. She dares not look upon me;
My beauties are so terrible and enchanting,
She cannot endure my sight.
*Ador.* There I believe you.
*Syl.* But the time will come, be comforted, when I will
Put off this vizor of unkindness to her,
And show an amorous and yielding face:
And, until then, though Hercules himself
Desire to see her, he had better eat
His club, than pass her threshold; for I will be
Her Cerberus to guard her.
*Ador.* A good dog!
*Clar.* Worth twenty porters.

*Enter* Page.

*Page.* Keep you open house here?
No groom to attend a gentleman! O, I spy one.
*Syl.* He means not me, I am sure.
*Page.* You, sirrah sheep's-head,
With a face cut on a cat-stick, do you hear?
You yeoman fewterer†, conduct me to
The lady of the mansion, or my poniard
Shall disembogue thy soul.
*Syl.* O terrible!
*Disembogue!* I talk'd of Hercules, and here is one
Bound up in *decimo sexto*‡.
*Page.* Answer, wretch.
*Syl.* Pray you, little gentleman, be not so furious;
The lady keeps her chamber.
*Page.* And we present!
Sent in an embassy to her! but here is
Her gentlewoman: sirrah! hold my cloak,
While I take a leap at her lips; do it, and neatly;
Or, having first tripp'd up thy heels, I'll make
Thy back my footstool. [*Kisses Clarinda.*
*Syl.* Tamberlane in little!
Am I turn'd Turk§! What an office am I put to!
*Clar.* My lady, gentle youth, is indisposed.
*Page.* Though she were dead and buried, only tell her,
The great man in the court, the brave Fulgentio,
Descends to visit her, and it will raise her
Out of the grave for joy.

*Enter* Fulgentio.

*Syl.* Here comes another!
The devil, I fear, in his holiday clothes.
*Page.* So soon!
My part is at an end then. Cover my shoulders;
When I grow great, thou shalt serve me.
*Ful.* Are you, sirrah, [*To Sylli.*
An implement of the house?
*Syl.* Sure he will make
A joint stool of me!
*Ful.* Or, if you belong [*To Adorni.*
To the lady of the place, command her hither.
*Ador.* I do not wear her livery, yet acknowledge
A duty to her; and as little bound
To serve your peremptory will, as she is
To obey your summons. 'Twill become you, sir,
To wait her leisure; then, her pleasure known,
You may present your duty.
*Ful.* Duty! Slave,
I'll teach you manners.
*Ador.* I'm past learning; make not
A tumult in the house.
*Ful.* Shall I be brav'd thus? [*They draw.*
*Syl.* O, I am dead! and now I swoon.
[*Falls on his face.*
*Clar.* Help! murder!
*Page.* Recover, sirrah; the lady's here.

*Enter* Camiola.

*Syl.* Nay, then
I am alive again, and I'll be valiant. [*Rises.*
*Cam.* What insolence is this? Adorni, hold,
Hold, I command you.
*Ful.* Saucy groom!
*Cam.* Not so, sir;
However, in his life, he had dependence
Upon my father, he's a gentleman
As well born as yourself*. Put on your hat.
*Ful.* In my presence without leave!
*Syl.* He has mine, madam. [guage,
*Cam.* And I must tell you, sir, and in plain lan-
Howe'er your glittering outside promise gentry,
The rudeness of your carriage and behaviour
Speaks you a coarser thing.
*Syl.* She means a clown, sir;
I am her interpreter, for want of a better. [you
*Cam.* I am a queen in mine own house; nor must
Expect an empire here.
*Syl.* Sure I must love her
Before the day, the pretty soul's so valiant. [me?
*Cam.* What are you? and what would you with
*Ful.* Proud one,
When you know what I am, and what I came for,
And may on your submission, proceed to,
You in your reason must repent the coarseness
Of my entertainment.

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* *The whole field wide.*] This hemistich is dropt by Mr. M. Mason: it signifies little that the measure of two lines is spoiled by his negligence, *for*, as he modestly says of his edition, "correctness is the only merit it pretends to." The expression, however Signior Sylli picked it up, is a Latinism: *Erras, tota via aberras.*

† *You* yeoman fewterer,] See *The Picture.*

‡ ——*I talk'd of Hercules, and here is one Bound up in* decimo sexto.] We have already had this expression applied to a page in The Unnatural Combat, Act III., sc. ii. Indeed, no author, with whom I am acquainted, repeats himself so frequently, and with so little ceremony, as Massinger.

§ *Am I* turn'd Turk!] Alluding to the story of Tamberlane, who is said to have mounted his horse from the back of Bajaset, the Turkish Emperor. *To turn Turk* is an expression frequently used to imply a change of situation, occupation, mode of thought or action. See *The Renegado*, Act V., sc. iii.

* ——*He's a gentleman As well born as yourself.*] This is the second passage, in the compass of little more than a page, which is wholly omitted by Mr. M. Mason!

*Cam.* Why, fine man? what are you?
*Ful.* A kinsman of the king's.
*Cam.* I cry you mercy,
For his sake, not your own. But, grant you are so,
'Tis not impossible but a king may have
A fool to his kinsman,—no way meaning you, sir.
*Ful.* You have heard of Fulgentio?
*Cam.* Long since, sir;
A suit-broker in court. He has the worst
Report among good men, I ever heard of,
For bribery and extortion: in their prayers,
Widows and orphans curse him for a canker
And caterpillar in the state. I hope, sir,
You are not the man; much less employ'd by him,
As a smock agent to me.
*Ful.* I reply not
As you deserve, being assured you know me;
Pretending ignorance of my person, only [courtly;
To give me a taste of your wit: 'tis well, and
I like a sharp wit well.
*Syl.* I cannot endure it;
Nor any of the Syllis.
*Ful.* More; I know too,
This harsh induction must serve as a foil
To the well-tuned observance and respect
You will hereafter pay me, being made
Familiar with my credit with the king,
And that (contain your joy) I deign to love you
*Cam.* Love me! I am not rapt with it.
*Ful.* Hear't again:
I love you honestly: now you admire me.
*Cam.* I do, indeed: it being a word so seldom
Heard from a courtier's mouth. But, pray you, deal plainly,
Since you find me simple; what might be the motives
Inducing you to leave the freedom of
A bachelor's life, on your soft neck to wear
The stubborn yoke of marriage; and, of all
The beauties in Palermo, to choose me,
Poor me? that is the main point you must treat of.
*Ful.* Why, I will tell you. Of a little thing,
You are a pretty peat*, indifferent fair, too;
And, like a new-rigg'd ship, both tight and yare,
Well truss'd to bear: virgins of giant size
Are sluggards at the sport; but for my pleasure,
Give me a neat well-timber'd gamester like you;
Such need no spurs,—the quickness of your eye
Assures an active spirit.
*Cam.* You are pleasant, sir;
Yet I presume that there was one thing in me
Unmention'd yet, that took you more than all
Those parts you have remember'd.
*Ful.* What?
*Cam.* My wealth, sir,
*Ful.* You are in the right; without that, beauty is
A flower worn in the morning, at night trod on:
But beauty, youth, and fortune, meeting in you,
I will vouchsafe to marry you.
*Cam.* You speak well;
And, in return, excuse me, sir, if I
Deliver reasons why, upon no terms,
I'll marry you; I fable not.
*Syl.* I am glad
To hear this; I began to have an ague
*Ful.* Come, your wise reasons.

* *You are a pretty* peat,] For *peat* the modern editors are pleased to give us *piece;* a colloquial barbarism of our own times.

*Cam.* Such as they are, pray you take them:
First, I am doubtful whether you are a man,
Since, for your shape, trimm'd up in a lady's dressing,
You might pass for a woman; now I love
To deal on certainties: and, for the fairness
Of your complexion, which you think will take me,
The colour, I must tell you, in a man
Is weak and faint, and never will hold out,
If put to labour: give me the lovely brown,
A thick curl'd hair of the same die, broad shoulders,
A brawny arm full of veins, a leg without
An artificial calf;—I suspect yours;
But let that pass.
*Syl.* She means me all this while,
For I have every one of those good parts,
O Sylli! fortunate Sylli!
*Cam.* You are moved, sir.
*Ful.* Fie! no; go on.
*Cam.* Then, as you are a courtier,
A graced one too, I fear you have been too forward;
And so much for your person. Rich you are,
Devilish rich, as 'tis reported, and sure have
The aids of Satan's little fiends to get it;
And what is got upon his back, must be
Spent you know where;—the proverb's stale.
One word more,
And I have done.
*Ful.* I'll ease you of the trouble,
Coy and disdainful!
*Cam.* Save me, or else he'll beat me. [put me
*Ful.* No, your own folly shall; and, since you
To my last charm, look upon this, and tremble.
[*Shows the king's ring.*
*Cam.* At the sight of a fair ring! The king's, I take it?
I have seen him wear the like: if he hath sent it
As a favour to me——
*Ful.* Yes, 'tis very likely;
His dying mother's gift, prized at his crown:
By this he does command you to be mine;
By his gift you are so:—you may yet redeem all.
*Cam.* You are in a wrong account still. Though the king may
Dispose of my life and goods, my mind's mine own,
And never shall be your's. The king, heaven bless
Is good and gracious, and, being in himself [him
Abstemious from base and goatish looseness,
Will not compel, against their wills, chaste maidens
To dance in his minion's circles. I believe,
Forgetting it when he wash'd his hands, you stole it,
With an intent to awe me. But you are cozen'd;
I am still myself, and will be.
*Ful.* A proud haggard,
And not to be reclaim'd! which of your grooms,
Your coachman, fool, or footman, ministers
Night-physic to you?
*Cam.* You are foul-mouth'd.
*Ful.* Much fairer
Than thy black soul; and so I will proclaim thee.
*Cam.* Were I a man, thou durst not speak this.
*Ful.* Heaven
So prosper me, as I resolve to do it
To all men, and in every place;—scorn'd by
A tit of ten-pence! [*Exeunt Fulgentio and Page.*
*Syl.* Now I begin to be valiant:
Nay, I will draw my sword. O for a brother*!

* ——— *O for a* butcher!
*Do a friend's part,* &c.] This is a true picture of a fop.

Do a friend's part; pray you, carry him the length, of't.
I give him three years and a day to match my Toledo,
And then we'll fight like dragons.
*Ador.* Pray, have patience.
*Cam.* I may live to have vengeance: my Bertoldo
Would not have heard this.
*Ador.* Madam,——
*Cam.* Pray you, spare
Your language. Prithee fool, and make me merry*.
*Syl.* That is my office ever.
*Ador.* I must do,
Not talk; this glorious gallant shall hear from me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The* Siennese†. *A Camp before the Walls of* Sienna.

*Chambers shot off: a Flourish as to an Assault: after which, enter* Gonzaga, Pierio, Roderigo, Jacomo, *and Soldiers.*

*Gonz.* Is the breach made assaultable?
*Pier.* Yes, and the moat
Fill'd up; the cannoneer hath done his parts;
We may enter six abreast.
*Rod.* There's not a man
Dares show himself upon the wall.
*Jac.* Defeat not
The soldiers' hoped-for spoil.
*Pier.* If you, sir,
Delay the assault, and the city be given up
To your discretion, you in honour cannot
Use the extremity of war,—but, in
Compassion to them, you to us prove cruel.
*Jac.* And an enemy to yourself.
*Rod.* A hindrance to
The brave revenge you have vow'd.
*Gonz.* Temper your heat,
And lose not, by too sudden rashness, that
Which, be but patient, will be offer'd to you.
Security ushers ruin; proud contempt
Of an enemy three parts vanquish'd, with desire
And greediness of spoil, have often wrested
A certain victory from the conqueror's gripe.
Discretion is the tutor of the war,
Valour the pupil; and, when we command
With lenity, and our direction's follow'd
With cheerfulness, a prosperous end must crown
Our works well undertaken.
*Rod.* Ours are finish'd——
*Pier.* If we make use of fortune.
*Gonz.* Her false smiles
Deprive you of your judgments. The condition
Of our affairs exacts a double care,
And, like bifronted Janus, we must look
Backward, as forward: though a flattering calm
Bids us urge on, a sudden tempest raised,
Not feared, much less expected, in our rear
May foully fall upon us, and distract us
To our confusion.

*Enter a* Scout.

Our scout! what brings
Thy ghastly looks, and sudden speed?
*Scout.* The assurance
Of a new enemy.
*Gonz.* This I foresaw and fear'd.
What are they, know'st thou?
*Scout.* They are, by their colours,
Sicilians, bravely mounted, and the brightness
Of their rich armours doubly gilded with
Reflection of the sun.
*Gonz.* From Sicily?——
The king in league! no war proclaim'd! 'tis foul:
But this must be prevented, not disputed.
Ha! how is this? your estridge* plumes, that but
Even now, like quills of porcupines, seem'd to threaten
The stars, drop at the rumour of a shower,
And, like to captive colours, sweep the earth!
Bear up; but in great dangers, greater minds
Are never proud. Shall a few loose troops, un-
But in a customary ostentation, [trained
Presented as a sacrifice to your valours,
Cause a dejection in you?
*Pier.* No dejection. [low.
*Rod.* However startled, where you lead we'll fol-
*Gonz.* 'Tis bravely said. We will not stay their charge,
But meet them man to man, and horse to horse.
Pierio, in our absence hold our place,
And with our foot men, and those sickly troops,
Prevent a sally. I in mine own person,
With part of the cavallery†, will bid

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Nothing could be more abjectly fearful than this our bravado, when in danger: but, now his enemy is gone, he swaggers about most courageously. *Now I begin to be valiant: nay, I will draw my sword. O for a* butcher! The bloody cruel temper of one.—Coxeter.

*O for a* butcher!] It is impossible that the words should convey the sense that the editor attributes to them. It is a difficult passage, and my conjecture may possibly be erroneous, but I should read it thus:—

*Nay, I will draw my sword: O for a* bout! *Here, Do a friend's part,* &c.—M. Mason.

Sylli is no fop, but a fool: one of those characters which the audiences of Massinger's time looked for in every piece that came before them. By fool, I do not mean such as are found in Shakspeare, compounds of archness, knavery, petulance, and licentiousness, infinitely diversified (for to the production of such our poet was not equal), but a harmless simpleton, whose vanity is too puerile and cowardice too abject, to excite in our times either interest or mirth:—for the rest, nothing can be more contemptible than the jargon of Coxeter on his own erroneous reading. I have consulted all the copies to which I had access, and they concur in reading, O for a *brother*! (with the single exception, indeed, of Mr. Malone's, which reads *butcher*), i. e. a *brother in arms* (I suppose to do what he immediately after requests Adorni to do for him), a common expression at the time, and well understood by Massinger's audience. The grave remark of Mr. M. Mason on the spurious reading of Coxeter is truly ridiculous. Why did he not examine the old copies?

* Cam. *Pray you, spare*
*Your language. Prithee, fool, and make me merry.*] i. e. play the fool. An explanation that would have been wholly unnecessary, if the modern editors had not mistaken the sense, and therefore altered the passage. They read, in despite of the metre,
*Pray you spare*
*Your language. Prithee fool, and make me merry.*

† *The* Siennese, &c.] Here, as in *The Duke of Milan*, Coxeter attempted to particularize the place of action, but with as little success as before. He reads, *The Castle at* Sienna: this, however, was in the hands of the duke of Urbin; while Gonzaga and his army are described as lying encamped before the walls of the town; which they are now preparing to assault. The castle of Sienna, if castle it must be, should be placed at the head of the next scene. Mr. M. Mason copies all these absurdities, as usual.

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* ——— *your* estridge *plumes*, &c.] For *estridge* the modern editions read *ostrich*:—but this is not the only capricious alteration which they have introduced into this beautiful speech.

† *With part of the* cavallery,] So it must be spelt, and so the quarto spells it: the modern editions have *cavalry*,

These hunters welcome to a bloody breakfast:
But I lose time.
*Pier.* I'll to my charge. [*Exit.*
*Gonz.* And we
To ours: I'll bring you on.
*Jac.* If we come off,
It's not amiss; if not, my state is settled.
[*Exeunt. Alarum within.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. The Citadel of* Sienna.

*Enter* FERDINAND, DRUSO, *and* LIVIO, *on the Walls.*

*Fer.* No aids from Sicily! Hath hope forsook us;
And that vain comfort to affliction, pity,
By our vow'd friend denied us? we can nor live
Nor die with honour: like beasts in a toil,
We wait the leisure of the bloody hunter,
Who is not so far reconcil'd unto us,
As in one death to give a period
To our calamities; but in delaying
The fate we cannot fly from, starved with wants,
We die this night, to live again to-morrow,
And suffer greater torments.
*Dru.* There is not
Three days' provision for every soldier,
At an ounce of bread a day, left in the city.
*Liv.* To die the beggar's death, with hunger made
Anatomies while we live, cannot but crack
Our heart-strings with vexation.
*Fer.* Would they would break,
Break altogether! How willingly, like Cato,
Could I tear out my bowels, rather than
Look on the conqueror's insulting face;
But that religion *, and the horrid dream
To be suffer'd in the other world, denies it!

*Enter a* Soldier.

What news with thee?
*Sol.* From the turret of the fort,
By the rising clouds of dust, through which, like lightning,
The splendour of bright arms sometimes brake † through,
I did descry some forces making towards us;
And, from the camp, as emulous of their glory,
The general (for I know him by his horse),
And bravely seconded, encounter'd them.
Their greetings were too rough for friends; their swords,
And not their tongues, exchanging courtesies.
By this the main battalias are join'd;
And, if you please to be spectators of
The horrid issue, I will bring you where,
As in a theatre, you may see their fates
In purple gore presented.
*Fer.* Heaven, if yet
Thou art appeased for my wrong done to Aurelia,
Take pity of my miseries! Lead the way, friend.
[*Exeunt.*

which is not metre, nor any thing like metre. The old expression is neither incorrect, nor uncommon, as I could easily show, if it were at all necessary.

* *But that religion.*] Here Massinger had Hamlet in view—but has improved his sentiments.

† *The splendour of bright arms sometimes* brake *through,*] Both Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason corrupt *brake* into *break,* though it be arrant nonsense!

SCENE V. *The same. A Plain near the Camp.*

*A long Charge: after which, a Flourish for victory; then enter* GONZAGA, JACOMO, *and* RODERIGO, *wounded;* BERTOLDO, GASPARO, *and* ANTONIO, *Prisoners.*

*Gonz.* We have them yet, though they cost us dear. This was [selves
Charged home, and bravely follow'd. Be to your-
[*To Jacomo and Roderigo.*
True mirrors to each other's worth; and looking
With noble emulation on his wounds,
The glorious livery of triumphant war,
Imagine these with equal grace appear
Upon yourselves. The bloody sweat you have suffer'd
In this laborious, nay, toilsome harvest,
Yields a rich crop of conquest; and the spoil,
Most precious balsam to a soldier's hurts,
Will ease and cure them. Let me look upon
[*Gasparo and Antonio brought forward.*
The prisoners' faces. Oh, how much transform'd
From what they were! O Mars! were these toys fashion'd
To undergo the burthen of thy service?
The weight of their defensive armour bruised
Their weak effeminate limbs, and would have forced them,
In a hot day, without a blow to yield.
*Ant.* This insultation shows not manly in you.
*Gonz.* To men I had forborne it; you are women,
Or, at the best, loose carpet-knights*. What fury
Seduced you to exchange your ease in court
For labour in the field? perhaps, you thought
To charge, through dust and blood, an armed foe,
Was but like graceful running at the ring
For a wanton mistress' glove, and the encounter,
A soft impression on her lips: but you
Are gaudy butterflies, and I wrong myself
In parling with you.
*Gasp. Væ victis!* now we prove it.
*Rod.* But here's one fashion'd in another mould,
And made of tougher metal.

* ——— *you are women,*
*Or, at the best, loose* carpet-knights.] *Carpet-knights,* a term of contempt very frequently used by our old writers were such as were made on occasion of public festivities, marriages, births, &c.in contradistinction to those that were created on the field of battle after a victory. They were naturally little regarded by the latter; and, indeed, their title had long been given, in scorn, to effeminate courtiers, favourites, &c. To confine, as some do, the expression to the knights made by James I. is evidently erroneous; since it was in use, and in the opprobrious sense of the text, before he was born. I hope it will not be thought that I have loaded the page with superfluous quotations, which it has been my chief study to avoid:—there is, however, so beautiful a passage in Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn,* that, as it is not altogether irrelevant to the subject, I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing it:

"Oh the brave dames
Of warlike Genoa! they had eyes to see
The inward man; and only from his worth,
*Courage* and *conquests,* the blind archer knew
To head his shafts, or light his quenched torch;
They were proof against him else! No *carpet-knight,*
That spent his youth in groves or pleasant bowers,
Or stretching on a couch his lazy limbs,
Sung to his lute such soft and pleasing notes
As Ovid nor Anacreon ever knew,
Could work on them, nor once bewitch'd their sense,
Though he came so perfumed, as he had robb'd
Sabea or Arabia of their wealth,
And stored it in one suit."

*Gonz.* True; I owe him
For this wound bravely given.
*Bert.* O that mountains
Were heap'd upon me, that I might expire
A wretch no more remember'd!
*Gonz.* Look up, sir;
To be o'ercome deserves no shame. If you
Had fallen ingloriously, or could accuse
Your want of courage in resistance, 'twere
To be lamented: but, since you perform'd
As much as could be hoped for from a man
(Fortune his enemy), you wrong yourself
In this dejection. I am honour'd in
My victory over you; but to have these
My prisoners, is, in my true judgment, rather
Captivity than a triumph: you shall find
Fair quarter from me, and your many wounds,
Which I hope are not mortal, with such care
Look'd to and cured, as if your nearest friend
Attended on you.
*Bert.* When you know me better,
You will make void this promise: can you call me
Into your memory?
*Gonz.* The brave Bertoldo!
A brother of our order! By St. John,
Our holy patron, I am more amazed,
Nay, thunderstruck with thy apostacy,
And precipice from the most solemn vows
Made unto heaven, when this, the glorious badge
Of our Redeemer, was conferr'd upon thee
By the great master, than if I had seen
A reprobate Jew, an atheist, Turk, or Tartar,
Baptized in our religion!
*Bert.* This I look'd for;
And am resolved to suffer.
*Gonz.* Fellow-soldiers,
Behold this man, and, taught by his example,
Know that 'tis safer far to play with lightning,
Than trifle in things sacred. In my rage [*Weeps.*
I shed these at the funeral of his virtue,
Faith, and religion:—Why, I will tell you;
He was a gentleman so train'd up and fashion'd
For noble uses, and his youth did promise
Such certainties, more than hopes, of great achievements,
As—if the Christian world had stood opposed
Against the Othoman race, to try the fortune
Of one encounter, this Bertoldo had been,
For his knowledge to direct, and matchless courage
To execute, without a rival, by
The votes of good men, chosen general,
As the prime soldier, and most deserving
Of all that wear the cross; which now, in justice,
I thus tear from him.
*Bert.* Let me die with it
Upon my breast.
*Gonz.* No; by this thou wert sworn,
On all occasions, as a knight, to guard
Weak ladies from oppression, and never
To draw thy sword against them; whereas thou,
In hope of gain or glory, when a princess,
And such a princess as Aurelia is,
Was dispossess'd by violence, of what was
Her true inheritance; against thine oath
Hast, to thy uppermost, labour'd to uphold
Her falling enemy. But thou shalt pay
A heavy forfeiture, and learn too late,
Valour employ'd in an ill quarrel, turns
To cowardice, and Virtue then puts on
Foul Vice's visor. This is that which cancels
All friendship's bands between us.—Bear them off;
I will hear no reply: and let the ransome
Of these, for they are yours, be highly rated.
In this I do but right, and let it be
Styled justice, and not wilful cruelty. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

Scene I.—*The same. A Camp before the Walls of* Sienna.

*Enter* Gonzaga, Astutio, Roderigo, *and* Jacomo.

*Gonz.* What I have done, sir, by the law of arms
I can and will make good.
*Ast.* I have no commission
To expostulate the act. These letters speak
The king my master's love to you, and his
Vow'd service to the duchess, on whose person
I am to give attendance.
*Gonz.* At this instant,
She's at Fienza*: you may spare the trouble
Of riding thither; I have advertised her
Of our success, and on what humble terms
Sienna stands: though presently I can
Possess it, I defer it, that she may
Enter her own, and, as she please, dispose of
The prisoners and the spoil.
*Ast.* I thank you, sir.
In the mean time, if I may have your license,
I have a nephew, and one once my ward,
For whose liberties and ransoms I would gladly
Make composition.
*Gonz.* They are, as I take it,
Call'd Gasparo and Antonio.
*Ast.* The same, sir.
*Gonz.* For them, you must treat with these: but, for Bertoldo,
He is mine own: if the king will ransome him,
He pays down fifty thousand crowns; if not
He lives and dies my slave.
*Ast.* Pray you, a word:
The king will rather thank you to detain him,
Than give one crown to free him.
*Gonz.* At his pleasure.
I'll send the prisoners under guard: my business
Calls me another way. [*Exit.*

* *She's at* Fienza:] So the old copies. The modern editors read *Pienza.*

*Ast.* My service waits you.
Now, gentlemen, do not deal like merchants with me,
But noble captains; you know, in great minds
*Posse et nolle, nobile.*
*Rod.* Pray you, speak
Our language.
*Jac.* I find not, in my commission,
An officer's bound to speak or understand
More than his mother-tongue.
*Rod.* If he speak that
After midnight, 'tis remarkable.
*Ast.* In plain terms, then,
Antonio is your prisoner; Gasparo, yours.
*Jac.* You are in the right.
*Ast.* At what sum do you rate
Their several ransomes?
*Rod.* I must make my market
As the commodity cost me.
*Ast.* As it cost you!
You did not buy your captainship? your desert,
I hope, advanced you.
*Rod.* How! It well appears
You are no soldier. Desert in these days!
Desert may make a serjeant to a colonel,
And it may hinder him from rising higher;
But, if it ever get a company,
A company, pray you mark me, without money,
Or private service done for the general's mistress,
With a commendatory epistle from her,
I will turn lanceprezado*?
*Jac.* Pray you observe, sir:
I served two prenticeships, just fourteen years,
Trailing the puissant pike, and half so long
Had the right-hand file; and I fought well, 'twas said, too: [till doomsday,
But I might have served, and fought, and served
And ne'er have carried a flag, but for the legacy
A bucksome widow of threescore bequeath'd me;
And that too, my back knows, I labour'd hard for,
But was better paid.
*Ast.* You are merry with yourselves;
But this is from the purpose.
*Rod.* To the point then,
Prisoners are not ta'en every day; and, when
We have them, we must make the best use of them.
Our pay is little to the part we should bear,
And that so long a coming, that 'tis spent
Before we have it, and hardly wipes off scores
At the tavern and the ordinary.
*Jac.* You may add, too,
Our sport ta'en up on trust.
*Rod.* Peace, thou smock-vermin!
Discover commanders' secrets!—In a word, sir,
We have enquired, and find our prisoners rich:
Two thousand crowns a-piece our companies cost us;
And so much each of us will have, and that
In present pay.
*Jac.* It is too little: yet,
Since you have said the word, I am content,
But will not go a gazet less†.

*Ast.* Since you are not
To be brought lower, there is no evading;
I'll be your paymaster.
*Rod.* We desire no better.
*Ast.* But not a word of what's agreed between us,
Till I have school'd my gallants.
*Jac.* I am dumb, sir.

*Enter a Guard with* BERTOLDO, ANTONIO, *and* GASPERO, *in irons.*

*Bert.* And where removed now? hath the tyrant [found out
Worse usage for us?
*Ant.* Worse it cannot be. [kennel;
My greyhound has fresh straw, and scraps, in his
But we have neither.
*Gas.* Did I ever think
To wear such garters on silk stockings: or
That my too curious appetite, that turn'd
At the sight of godwits, pheasant, partridge, quails,
Larks, woodcocks, calver'd salmon*, as coarse diet,
Would leap at a mouldy crust?
*Ant.* And go without it,
So oft as I do? Oh! how have I jeer'd
The city entertainment! A huge shoulder
Of glorious fat ram-mutton, seconded
With a pair of tame cats or conies, a crab-tart,
With a worthy loin of veal, and valiant capon
Mortified to grow tender!—these I scorn'd
From their plentiful horn of abundance, though invited:
But now I could carry my own stool to a tripe,
And call their chitterlings charity, and bless the founder.
*Bert.* O that I were no further sensible
Of my miseries than you are! you, like beasts,
Feel only stings of hunger, and complain not
But when you're empty: but your narrow souls
(If you have any) cannot comprehend
How insupportable the torments are,
Which a free and noble soul, made captive, suffers.
Most miserable men! and what am I, then,
That envy you? Fetters, though made of gold,
Express base thraldom; and all delicates
Prepared by Median cooks for epicures,
When not our own, are bitter; quilts fill'd high
With gossamere and roses cannot yield
The body soft repose, the mind kept waking
With anguish and affliction.
*Ast.* My good lord——
*Bert.* This is no time nor place for flattery, sir:
Pray you, style me I am, a wretch forsaken
Of the world as myself.

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* *I will turn* lanceprezado.] "The lowest range and meanest officer in an army is called the *lancepesado* or *prezado*, who is the leader or governor of half a file; and therefore is commonly called a middle man, or captain over four."
*The Soldier's Accidence*, p. 1.

† *But will not go a* gazet *less.*] A *gazet* (*gazetta*) is a Venetian coin, worth about three-farthings of our money. The petty Italian courant (*foglio d'avvisi*) was originally sold for this sum; hence it derived the name, which is now common to all the newspapers of Europe.

* ——— calver'd salmon.] For *calver'd salmon*, Mr. M. Mason, who had not yet discovered the necessity "of reading with attention the dramatic productions of the time; gives us *collar'd salmon!* The old expression, however, is not uncommon: indeed it occurs again in the following pages:

"great lords sometimes,
For change, leave *calver'd salmon*, and eat sprats."
*The Guardian.*

"My footboy shall eat pheasants, *calver'd salmon*,
Knot, godwits, &c." *The Alchemist.*

This dish was not out of request in Shadwell's time: Tope (in *the Scowrers*) says, "I came here to venture for a good stomach to my *calver'd salmon* and turbot." It appears to have differed but little from what is now called pickled salmon; as the directions for preparing it are—"to boil it in vinegar with oil and spices."

*Ast.* I would it were
In me to help you.
*Bert.* If that you want power, sir,
Lip-comfort cannot cure me. Pray you, leave me
To mine own private thoughts. [*Walks by.*
*Ast.* My valiant nephew! [you,
And my more than warlike ward! I am glad to see
After your glorious conquests. Are these chains
Rewards for your good service? if they are,
You should wear them on your necks, since they are
Like aldermen of the war. [massy,
*Ant.* You jeer us too!
*Gasp.* Good uncle, name not, as you are a man of honour,
That fatal word of war; the very sound of it
Is more dreadful than a cannon.
*Ant.* But redeem us
From this captivity, and I'll vow hereafter
Never to wear a sword, or cut my meat [first.
With a knife that has an edge or point; I'll starve
*Gasp.* I will cry brooms, or cat's-meat, in Palermo;
Turn porter, carry burthens, any thing,
Rather than live a soldier.
*Ast.* This should have [you,
Been thought upon before. At what price, think
Your two wise heads are rated?
*Ant.* A calf's head is [in't
More worth than mine; I'm sure it has more brains
Or I had ne'er come here.
*Rod.* And I will eat it
With bacon, if I have not speedy ransome. [sir:
*Ant.* And a little garlic too, for your own sake,
Twill boil in your stomach else.
*Gasp.* Beware of mine,
Or the horns may choak you; I am married, sir.
*Ant.* You shall have my row of houses near the palace.
*Gasp.* And my villa; all——
*Ant.* All that we have.
*Ast.* Well, have more wit hereafter: for this time,
You are ransomed.
*Jac* Off with their irons.
*Rod.* Do, do:
If you are ours again, you know your price.
*Ant.* Pray you dispatch us: I shall ne'er believe
I am a free man, till I set my foot
In Sicily again, and drink Palermo,
And in Palermo too.
*Ast.* The wind sits fair,
You shall aboard to night; with the rising sun,
You may touch upon the coast. But take your
Of the late general first. [leaves
*Gasp.* I will be brief.
*Ant.* And I. My lord, heaven keep you!
*Gasp.* Yours, to use
In the way of peace; but as your soldiers, never.
*Ant.* A pox of war! no more of war.
[*Exeunt Rod. Jac. Ant. and Gasp.*
*Bert.* Have you
Authority to loose their bonds, yet leave
The brother of your king, whose worth disdains
Comparison with such as these, in irons?
If ransome may redeem them, I have lands,
A patrimony of mine own, assign'd me
By my deceased sire, to satisfy
Whate'er can be demanded for my freedom.
*Ast.* I wish you had, sir; but the king, who yields
No reason for his will, in his displeasure
Hath seized on all you had; nor will Gonzaga,
Whose prisoner now you are, accept of less
Than fifty thousand crowns.
*Bert.* I find it now,
That misery never comes alone. But, grant
The king is yet inexorable, time
May work him to a feeling of my sufferings.
I have friends that swore their lives and fortunes were
At my devotion, and, among the rest,
Yourself, my lord, when forfeited to the law
For a foul murder, and in cold blood done,
I made your life my gift, and reconciled you
To this incensed king, and got your pardon.
—Beware ingratitude. I know you are rich,
And may pay down the sum.
*Ast.* I might, my lord.
But pardon me.
*Bert.* And will Astutio prove, then,
To please a passionate man (the king's no more),
False to his maker, and his reason, which
Commands more than I ask? O summer-friendship,
Whose flattering leaves, that shadow'd us in our
Prosperity, with the least gust drop off
In the autumn of adversity! How like
A prison is to a grave! when dead, we are
With solemn pomp brought thither, and our heirs,
Masking their joy in false, dissembled tears,
Weep o'er the hearse; but earth no sooner covers
The earth brought thither, but they turn away
With inward smiles, the dead no more remember'd;
So, enter'd in a prison——
*Ast.* My occasions
Command me hence, my lord.
*Bert.* Pray you, leave me, do;
And tell the cruel king, that I will wear
These fetters till my flesh and they are one
Incorporated substance. [*Exit Astutio.*] In myself,
As in a glass, I'll look on human frailty,
And curse the height of royal blood: since I,
In being born near to Jove, am near his thunder*.
Cedars once shaken with a storm, their own
Weight grubs their roots out.—Lead me where you please;
I am his, not fortune's martyr, and will die
The great example of his cruelty. [*Exit guarded.*

SCENE II.—Palermo. *A Grove near the Palace.*

*Enter* Adorni.

*Ador.* He undergoes my challenge, and contemns it,
And threatens me with the late edict made
'Gainst duellists, the altar cowards fly to.
But I, that am engaged, and nourish in me
A higher aim than fair Camiola dreams of,
Must not sit down thus. In the court I dare not
Attempt him; and in public he's so guarded
With a herd of parasites, clients, fools, and suitors,
That a musket cannon reach him:—my designs
Admit of no delay. This is her birthday,
Which, with a fit and due solemnity,
Camiola celebrates; and on it, all such
As love or serve her usually present

* *In being born near to Jove, am near his thunder.*] Πορρω Διος και τε πορρω κεραυνε. We have already had an allusion to this proverb, in The Virgin Martyr, Act. I. Sc. I.

A tributary duty. I'll have something
To give, if my intelligence prove true,
Shall find acceptance. I am told, near this grove
Fulgentio, every morning, makes his markets
With his petitioners; I may present him
With a sharp petition!——Ha! 'tis he: my fate
Be ever bless'd for't!

*Enter* Fulgentio *and* Page.

*Ful.* Command such as wait me
Not to presume, at the least for half an hour,
To press on my retirements.
*Page.* I will say, sir,
You are at your prayers.
*Ful* That will not find belief;
Courtiers have something else to do:—begone, sir.
[*Exit Page.*
Challenged! 'tis well; and by a groom! still better.
Was this shape made to fight? I have a tongue yet,
Howe'er no sword, to kill him; and what way,
This morning I'll resolve of. [*Exit.*
*Ador.* I shall cross
Your resolution, or suffer for you.
[*Exit, following him.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in* Camiola's *House.*

*Enter* Camiola, *followed by* Servants *with Presents;* Sylli *and* Clarinda.

*Syl.* What are all these?
*Clar.* Servants with several presents,
And rich ones too.
1 *Serv.* With her best wishes, madam,
Of many such days to you, the lady Petula
Presents you with this fan.
2 *Serv.* This diamond
From your aunt, Honoria.
3 *Serv.* This piece of plate
From your uncle, old Vicentio, with your arms
Graven upon it.
*Cam.* Good friends, they are too
Munificent in their love and favour to me.
Out of my cabinet return such jewels
As this directs you:—[*To Clarinda.*]—for your pains; and your's;
Nor must you be forgotten. [*Gives them money.*]
Honour me
With the drinking of a health.
1 *Serv.* Gold, on my life!
2 *Serv.* She scorns to give base silver.
3 *Serv.* Would she had been
Born every month in the year!
1 *Serv.* Month! every day.
2 *Serv.* Show such another maid.
3 *Serv.* All happiness wait you!
*Clar.* I'll see your will done.
[*Exeunt Sylli, Clarinda, and Servants.*

*Enter* Adorni *wounded.*

*Cam.* How, Adorni wounded!
*Ador.* A scratch got in your service, else not worth
Your observation: I bring not, madam,
In honour of your birthday, antique plate,
Or pearl, for which the savage Indian dives
Into the bottom of the sea; nor diamonds
Hewn from steep rocks with danger. Such as give
To those that have, what they themselves want, aim at
A glad return with profit: yet, despise not
My offering at the altar of your favour;
Nor let the lowness of the giver lessen
The height of what's presented: since it is
A precious jewel, almost forfeited,
And dimm'd with clouds of infamy, redeem'd,
And, in its natural splendour, with addition
Restored to the true owner.
*Cam.* How is this?
*Ador.* Not to hold you in suspense, I bring you, madam,
Your wounded reputation cured, the sting
Of virulent malice, festering your fair name,
Pluck'd out and trod on. That proud man, that was
Denied the honour of your bed, yet durst,
With his untrue reports, strumpet your fame,
Compell'd by me, hath given himself the lie,
And in his own blood wrote it:—you may read
Fulgentio subscribed. [*Offering a paper.*
*Cam.* I am amazed!
*Ador.* It does deserve it, madam. Common service
Is fit for hinds and the reward proportion'd
To their conditions: therefore, look not on me
As a follower of your father's fortunes, or
One that subsists on yours;—you frown! my service
Merits not this aspect.
*Cam.* Which of my favours,
I might say bounties, hath begot and nourish'd
This more than rude presumption? Since you had
An itch to try your desperate valour, wherefore
Went you not to the war? couldst thou suppose
My innocence could ever fall so low
As to have need of thy rash sword to guard it
Against malicious slander? O how much
Those ladies are deceived and cheated, when
The clearness and integrity of their actions
Do not defend themselves, and stand secure
On their own bases! Such as in a colour
Of seeming service give protection to them, [out
Betray their own strengths. Malice scorn'd, puts
Itself; but argued, gives a kind of credit
To a false accusation. In this, this your
Most memorable service, you believed
You did me right; but you have wrong'd me more
In your defence of my undoubted honour,
Than false Fulgentio could.
*Ador.* I am sorry what was
So well intended is so ill received;

*Re-enter* Clarinda.

Yet, under your correction, you wish'd
Bertoldo had been present.
*Cam.* True, I did:
But he and you, sir, are not parallels,
Nor must you think yourself so.
*Ador.* I am what
You'll please to have me.
*Cam.* If Bertoldo had
Punish'd Fulgentio's insolence, it had shown
His love to her whom, in his judgment, he
Vouchsafed to make his wife; a height, I hope,
Which you dare not aspire to. The same actions
Suit not all men alike;—but I perceive
Repentance in your looks. For this time, leave me.
I may forgive, perhaps forget, your folly:
Conceal yourself till this storm be blown over.

You will be sought for; yet, if my estate
[*Gives him her hand to kiss.*
Can hinder it, shall not suffer in my service.
*Ador.* This is something yet, though I miss'd the mark I shot at. [*Exit.*
*Cam.* This gentleman is of a noble temper;
And I too harsh, perhaps, in my reproof:
Was I not, Clarinda?
*Clar.* I am not to censure
Your actions, madam; but there are a thousand
Ladies, and of good fame, in such a cause
Would be proud of such a servant.
*Cam.* It may be;

*Enter a* Servant.

Let me offend in this kind. Why, uncall'd for?
*Serv.* The signiors, madam, Gasparo and Antonio,
Selected friends of the renown'd Bertoldo,
Put ashore this morning.
*Cam.* Without him?
*Serv.* I think so.
*Cam.* Never think more then.
*Serv.* They have been at court,
Kiss'd the king's hand; and, their first duties done
To him, appear ambitious to tender
To you their second service.
*Cam.* Wait them hither. [*Exit Servant.*
Fear, do not rack me! Reason, now, if ever,
Haste with thy aids, and tell me, such a wonder
As my Bertoldo is, with such care fashion'd,
Must not, nay, cannot, in heaven's providence,

*Enter* Antonio *and* Gaspero.

So soon miscarry!—pray you, forbear; ere you take
The privilege, as strangers, to salute me
(Excuse my manners), make me first understand
How it is with Bertoldo.
*Gasp.* The relation
Will not, I fear, deserve your thanks.
*Ant.* I wish
Some other should inform you.
*Cam.* Is he dead?
You see, though with some fear, I dare enquire it.
*Gasp.* Dead! Would that were the worst, a debt were paid then,
Kings in their birth owe nature.
*Cam.* Is there aught
More terrible than death?
*Ant.* Yes, to a spirit
Like his; cruel imprisonment, and that
Without the hope of freedom.
*Cam.* You abuse me*:
The royal king cannot, in love to virtue
(Though all springs of affection were dried up),
But pay his ransome.
*Gasp.* When you know what 'tis,
You will think otherwise: no less will do it
Than fifty thousand crowns.
*Cam.* A petty sum†, [sand!
The price weigh'd with the purchase; fifty thou-
To the king 'tis nothing. He that can spare more
To his minion for a mask, cannot but ransome
Such a brother at a million. You wrong
The king's magnificence.

* Cam. *You* abuse *me:*] i. e. practise on my credulity with a forged tale: the word often occurs in this sense.
† *A* petty *sum,*] The old copies read a *pretty* sum; and are probably right; *pretty* is often used in the sense of trifling, inconsiderable, &c., by our ancient writers.

*Ant.* In your opinion;
But 'tis most certain: he does not alone
In himself refuse to pay it, but forbids
All other men.
*Cam.* Are you sure of this?
*Gasp.* You may read
The edict to that purpose, publish'd by him;
That will resolve you.
*Cam.* Possible! pray you, stand off;
If I do not mutter treason to myself,
My heart will break; and yet I will not curse him;
He is my king. The news you have deliver'd
Makes me weary of your company; we'll salute
When we meet next. I'll bring you to the door.
Nay, pray you, no more compliments.
*Gasp.* One thing more,
And that's substantial: let your Adorni
Look to himself.
*Ant.* The king is much incensed
Against him for Fulgentio.
*Cam.* As I am,
For your slowness to depart.
*Both.* Farewell, sweet lady.
[*Exeunt Gaspero and Antonio.*
*Cam.* O more than impious times! when not alone
Subordinate ministers of justice are
Corrupted and seduced, but kings themselves,
The greater wheels by which the lesser move,
Are broken, or * disjointed! could it be, else,
A king, to soothe his politic ends, should so far
Forsake his honour, as at once to break
The adamant chains of nature and religion,
To bind up atheism†, as a defence
To his dark counsel? Will it ever be,
That to deserve too much is dangerous,
And virtue, when too eminent, a crime?
Must she serve fortune still, or, when stripp'd of
Her gay and glorious favours, lose the beauties
Of her own natural shape? O, my Bertoldo,
Thou only sun in honour's sphere, how soon
Art thou eclipsed and darken'd! not the nearness
Of blood prevailing on the king; nor all
The benefits to the general good dispensed,
Gaining a retribution! But that
To owe a courtesy to a simple virgin
Would take from the‡ deserving, I find in me
Some sparks of fire, which, fann'd with honour's breath,
Might rise into a flame, and in men darken
Their usurp'd splendour. Ha! my aim is high,
And, for the honour of my sex, to fall so,
Can never prove inglorious.—'Tis resolved:
Call in Adorni.
*Clar.* I am happy in
Such an employment, madam. [*Exit.*
*Cam.* He's a man,

* *Are broken,* or *disjointed!*] So all the editors till Mr. M. Mason, who chooses to read—Are broken *and* disjointed. If the wheels were once broken, the state of their joints was a matter of no great conquence.
† *To bind up* atheism,] Our old writers seem to have used such words as profaneness, blasphemy, *atheism,* &c. with a laxity which modern practice does not acknowledge. They applied them to any extraordinary violation of moral or natural decorum.
‡ *Would take from* the *deserving.*] The modern editors read, *thy* deserving. I have followed the quarto. The observation is general, not limited to her lover. I need not observe on the uncommon beauty of this spirited speech

I know, that at a reverent distance loves me;
And such are ever faithful. What a sea
Of melting ice I walk on! what strange censures
Am I to undergo! but good intents
Deride all future rumours.

*Re-enter* CLARINDA *with* ADORNI.

*Ador.* I obey
Your summons, madam.
*Cam.* Leave the place, Clarinda;
One woman, in a secret of such weight,
Wise men may think too much: [*Exit Clarinda.*]
nearer, Adorni,
I warrant it with a smile.
*Ador.* I cannot ask
Safer protection; what's your will?
*Cam.* To doubt
Your ready desire to serve me, or prepare you
With the repetition of former merits,
Would, in my diffidence, wrong you: but I will,
And without circumstance, in the trust that I
Impose upon you, free you from suspicion.
*Ador.* I foster none of you.
*Cam.* I know you do not.
You are, Adorni, by the love you owe me——
*Ador.* The surest conjuration.
*Cam.* Take me with you*,—
Love born of duty; but advance no further.
You are, sir, as I said, to do me service,
To undertake a task, in which your faith,
Judgment, discretion—in a word, your all
That's good, must be engaged; nor must you study,
In the execution, but what may make
For the ends I aim at.
*Ador.* They admit no rivals. [toldo's
*Cam.* You answer well. You have heard of Ber-
Captivity, and the king's neglect; the greatness
Of his ransome; fifty thousand crowns, Adorni;
Two parts of my estate!
*Ador.* To what tends this?
*Cam.* Yet I so love the gentleman, for to you
I will confess my weakness, that I purpose
Now, when he is forsaken by the king,
And his own hopes, to ransome him, and receive him
Into my bosom, as my lawful husband—
Why change you colour?
*Ador.* 'Tis in wonder of
Your virtue, madam.
*Cam.* You must, therefore, to
Sienna for me, and pay to Gonzaga
This ransome for his liberty; you shall
Have bills of exchange along with you. Let him
swear
A solemn contract to me, for you must be
My principal witness if he should——but why
Do I entertain these jealousies? You will do this?
*Ador.* Faithfully, madam—but not live long
after. [*Aside.*
*Cam.* One thing I had forgot: besides his
freedom,
He may want accommodations; furnish him
According to his birth: and from Camiola
Deliver this kiss, printed on your lips, [*Kisses him.*
Seal'd on his hand. You shall not see my blushes:
I'll instantly dispatch you. [*Exit.*
*Ador.* I am half
Hang'd out o' the way already.—Was there ever
Poor lover so employ'd against himself
To make way for his rival? I must do it,
Nay, more, I will. If loyalty can find
Recompense beyond hope or imagination,
Let it fall on me in the other world,
As a reward, for in this I dare not hope it. [*Exit.*

* *Take me with you.*] See The Great Duke of Florence. —*Act.* II. Sc. 2.

## ACT I V.

SCENE I.—*The* Siennese. *A Camp before the Walls of* Sienna.

*Enter* GONZAGA, PIERIO, RODERIGO, *and* JACOMO.

*Gonz.* You have seized upon the citadel, and dis-
arm'd
All that could make resistance?
*Pier.* Hunger had
Done that, before we came; nor was the soldier
Compell'd to seek for prey: the famish'd wretches,
In hope of mercy, as a sacrifice offer'd
All that was worth the taking.
*Gonz.* You proclaim'd,
On pain of death, no violence should be offer'd
To any woman?
*Rod.* But it needed not;
For famine had so humbled them, and ta'en off
The care of their sex's honour, that there was not
So coy a beauty in the town, but would,
For half a mouldy biscuit, sell herself
To a poor bisognion*, and without shrieking.
*Gonz.* Where is the duke of Urbin?
*Jac.* Under guard,
As you directed.
*Gonz.* See the soldiers set
In rank and file, and, as the duchess passes,
Bid them vail their ensigns†: and charge them, on
Not to cry Whores. [their lives,

* *To a poor* bisognion,] *Bisogni*, in Italian, signifies a recruit. M. MASON.
Mr. M. Mason's Italian is nearly as correct as his English. *Bisogno* is sometimes, indeed, used for a soldier in his first campaign (a *tyro*,) but for a recruit, in our sense of the word, I believe never. A *bisognion* (from *bisognoso*,) is a necessitous person, a beggar, &c. In our old writers it frequently occurs as a term of contempt.

† *Bid them* vail *their ensigns*;] i. e. lower them, in token of superior authority:

"Now the time is come
That France must *vail* her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap."
*"First Part of King Henry VI.*

*Jac.* The devil cannot fright them
From their military license. Though they know
They are her subjects, and will part with being
To do her service; yet, since she's a woman,
They will touch at her breech with their tongues; and that is all
That they can hope for.
[*A shout, and a general cry within,* Whores! whores!
*Gonz.* O the devil! they are at it.
Hell stop their brawling throats. Again! make up,
And cudgel them into jelly.
*Rod.* To no purpose,
Though their mothers were there, they would have the same name for them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Part of the Camp.*

*Loud Music. Enter* Roderigo, Jacomo, Pifrio, Gonzaga, *and* Aurelia *under a Canopy.* Astutio *presents her with letters.*

*Gonz.* I do beseech your highness not to ascribe
To the want of discipline the barbarous rudeness
Of the soldier, in his profanation of
Your sacred name and virtues.
*Aurel.* No, lord general;
I've heard my father say oft, 'twas a custom
Usual in the camp; nor are they to be punish'd
For words, that have, in fact, deserved so well:
Let the one excuse the other.
*All.* Excellent princess! [us,
*Aurel* But for these aids from Sicily sent against
To blast our spring of conquest in the bud;
I cannot find, my lord ambassador,
How we should entertain't but as a wrong,
With purpose to detain us from our own,
However the king endeavours, in his letters,
To mitigate the affront.
*Ast.* Your grace hereafter
May hear from me such strong assurances
Of his unlimited desires to serve you,
As will, I hope, drown in forgetfulness
The memory of what's past.
*Aurel.* We shall take time
To search the depth of't further, and proceed
As our council shall direct us.
*Gonz.* We present you
With the keys of the city, all lets are removed;
Your way is smooth and easy; at your feet
Your proudest enemy falls.
*Aurel.* We thank your valours:
A victory without blood is twice achieved,
And the disposure of it, to us tender'd,
The greatest honour. Worthy captains, thanks!
My love extends itself to all.
*Gonz.* Make way there.
[*A Guard drawn up; Aurelia passes through them. Loud music.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Sienna. *A Room in the Prison.*

Bertoldo *is discovered in fetters, reading.*

*Bert.* 'Tis here determined (great examples arm'd
With arguments, produced to make it good),
That neither tyrants, nor the wrested laws,
The people's frantic rage, sad exile, want,
Nor that which I endure, captivity,
Can do a wise man any injury.
Thus Seneca, when he wrote it, thought.—But then
Felicity courted him; his wealth exceeding
A private man's; happy in the embraces
Of his chaste wife Paulina; his house full
Of children, clients, servants, flattering friends,
Soothing his lip-positions; and created
Prince of the senate, by the general voice,
At his new pupil's suffrage: then, no doubt,
He held, and did believe, this. But no sooner
The prince's frowns and jealousies had thrown him
Out of security's lap, and a centurion
Had offer'd him what choice of death he pleased,
But told him, die he must; when straight the armour
Of his so boasted fortitude fell off,
[*Throws away the book.*
Complaining of his frailty. Can it then
Be censured womanish weakness in me, if,
Thus clogg'd with irons, and the period
To close up all calamities denied me,
Which was presented Seneca, I wish
I ne'er had being; at least, never knew [tice,
What happiness was: or argue with heaven's jus-
Tearing my locks, and, in defiance, throwing
Dust in the air: or, falling on the ground, thus
With my nails and teeth to dig a grave or rend
The bowels of the earth, my step-mother,
And not a natural parent? or thus practise
To die, and, as I were insensible,
Believe I had no motion? [*Falls on his face*

*Enter* Gonzaga, Adorni, *and* Gaoler.

*Gonz.* There he is:
I'll not enquire by whom his ransome's paid,
I'm satisfied that I have it; nor allege
One reason to excuse his cruel usage,
As you may interpret it: let it suffice
It was my will to have it so. He is yours now.
Dispose of him as you please. [*Exit.*
*Ador.* Howe'er I hate him,
As one preferr'd before me, being a man,
He does deserve my pity. Sir!—he sleeps:—
Or is he dead? would he were a saint in heaven!
'Tis all the hurt I wish him. But, I was not
Born to such happiness—[*Kneels by him.*]—no, he breathes—come near,
And, if't be possible, without his feeling,
Take off his irons.—[*His irons taken off.*]—So; now leave us private. [*Exit Gaoler.*
He does begin to stir; and, as transported
With a joyful dream, how he stares! and feels his legs,
As yet uncertain whether it can be
True or fantastical.
*Bert.* [*rising.*] Ministers of mercy,
Mock not calamity. Ha! 'tis no vision!
Or, if it be, the happiest that ever
Appear'd to sinful flesh! Who's here? his face
Speaks him Adorni;—but some glorious angel,
Concealing its divinity in his shape,
Hath done this miracle, it being not an act
For wolfish man. Resolve me, if thou look'st for
Bent knees in adoration?
*Ador.* O forbear, sir!
I am Adorni, and the instrument
Of your deliverance; but the benefit
You owe another.

*Bert.* If he has a name,
As soon as spoken, 'tis writ on my heart
I am his bondman.
*Ador.* To the shame of men,
This great act is a woman's.
*Bert.* The whole sex
For her sake must be deified. How I wander
In my imagination, yet cannot
Guess who this phœnix should be!
*Ador.* 'Tis Camiola.
*Bert.* Pray you, speak't again: there's music in her name.
Once more, I pray you, sir.
*Ador.* Camiola,
The MAID OF HONOUR.
*Bert.* Curs'd atheist that I was,
Only to doubt it could be any other;
Since she alone, in the abstract of herself,
That small, but ravishing substance, comprehends
Whatever is, or can be wish'd, in the
Idea of a woman! O what service,
Or sacrifice of duty, can I pay her,
If not to live and die her charity's slave,
Which is resolved already!
*Ador.* She expects not
Such a dominion o'er you: yet, ere I
Deliver her demands, give me your hand:
On this, as she enjoin'd me, with my lips
I print her love and service, by me sent you.
*Bert.* I am overwhelmed with wonder!
*Ador.* You must now,
Which is the sum of all that she desires,
By a solemn contract bind yourself, when she
Requires it, as a debt due for your freedom,
To marry her.
*Bert.* This does engage me further;
A payment! an increase of obligation.
To marry her!—'twas my *nil ultra* ever:
The end of my ambition. O that now
The holy man, she present, were prepared
To join our hands, but with that speed my heart
Wishes mine eyes might see her!
*Ador.* You must swear this. [tions,
*Bert.* Swear it! Collect all oaths and impreca-
Whose least breach is damnation, and those
Minister'd to me in a form more dreadful;
Set heaven and hell before me, I will take them:
False to Camiola! never.—Shall I now
Begin my vows to you?
*Ador.* I am no churchman;
Such a one must file it on record: you are free;
And, that you may appear like to yourself [may
(For so she wish'd), here's gold, with which you
Redeem your trunks and servants, and whatever
Of late you lost. I have found out the captain
Whose spoil they were; his name is Roderigo.
*Bert.* I know him.
*Ador.* I have done my parts*.
*Bert.* So much, sir,
As I am ever yours for't. Now, methinks,
I walk in air! Divine Camiola——
But words cannot express thee: I'll build to thee
An altar in my soul, on which I'll offer
A still-increasing sacrifice of duty. [*Exit.*
*Ador.* What will become of me now is apparent,
Whether a poniard or a halter be
The nearest way to hell (for I must thither,
After I've kill'd myself), is somewhat doubtful.
This Roman resolution of self-murder
Will not hold water at the high tribunal,
When it comes to be argued; my good genius
Prompts me to this consideration. He
That kills himself to avoid misery, fears it,
And, at the best, shews but a bastard valour.
This life's a fort committed to my trust,
Which I must not yield up till it be forced:
Nor will I. He's not valiant that dares die,
But he that boldly bears calamity. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A State-room in the Palace.*

*A Flourish. Enter* PIERIO, RODERIGO, JACOMO, GONZAGA, AURELIA, FERDINAND, ASTULIO, *and Attendants.*

*Aurel.* A seat here for the duke. It is our glory
To overcome with courtesies, not rigour;
The lordly Roman, who held it the height
Of human happiness to have kings and queens
To wait by his triumphant chariot-wheels,
In his insulting pride deprived himself
Of drawing near the nature of the gods,
Best known for such, in being merciful.
Yet, give me leave, but still with gentle language,
And with the freedom of a friend, to tell you,
To seek by force, what courtship could not win,
Was harsh, and never taught in Love's mild school.
Wise poets feign that Venus' coach is drawn
By doves and sparrows, not by bears and tigers.
I spare the application*.
*Fer.* In my fortune
Heaven's justice hath confirm'd it; yet, great lady,
Since my offence grew from excess of love,
And not to be resisted, having paid, too,
With loss of liberty, the forfeiture
Of my presumption, in your clemency
It may find pardon.
*Aurel.* You shall have just cause
To say it hath. The charge of the long siege
Defray'd, and the loss my subjects have sustain'd
Made good, since so far I must deal with caution,
You have your liberty.
*Fer.* I could not hope for
Gentler conditions.
*Aurel.* My lord Gonzaga,
Since my coming to Sienna, I've heard much of
Your prisoner, brave Bertoldo.
*Gonz.* Such an one,
Madam, I had.
*Ast.* And have still, sir, I hope.
*Gonz.* Your hopes deceive you. He is ransomed, madam.
*Ast.* By whom, I pray you, sir?
*Gonz.* You had best enquire
Of your intelligencer: I am no informer.
*Ast.* I like not this.
*Aurel.* He is, as 'tis reported,
A goodly gentleman, and of noble parts;
A brother of your order.

* Ador. *I have done my* parts.] There is no expression more familiar to our old writers than this: yet Massinger's editors, in their blind rage for reformation, perpetually corrupt it into—*I have done my* part.

* *I spare the application.*] Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason give this hemistich to Ferdinand, and so indeed does my quarto: all the others which I have examined make it conclude Aurelia's speech, to which it evidently belongs.

*Gonz.* He was, madam,
Till he, against his oath, wrong'd you, a princess,
Which his religion bound him from.
*Aurel.* Great minds,
For trial of their valours, oft maintain
Quarrels that are unjust, yet without malice;
And such a fair construction I make of him:
I would see that brave enemy.
*Gonz.* My duty
Commands me to seek for him.
*Aurel.* Pray you do;
And bring him to our presence. [*Exit Gonzaga.*
*Ast.* I must blast
His entertainment. May it please your excellency,
He is a man debauch'd, and for his riots,
Cast off by the king my master; and that, I hope, is
A crime sufficient.
*Fer.* To you, his subjects,
That like as your king likes.
*Aurel.* But not to us;
We must weigh with our own scale.

*Re-enter* Gonzaga, *with* Bertoldo *richly habited, and* Adorni.

This is he, sure.
How soon mine eye had found him! what a port
He bears! how well his bravery becomes him!
A prisoner! nay, a princely suitor, rather!
But I'm too sudden. [*Aside.*
*Gonz.* Madam, 'twas his suit,
Unsent for to present his service to you,
Ere his departure.
*Aurel.* With what majesty
He bears himself!
*Ast.* The devil, I think, supplies him.
Ransomed, and thus rich too!
*Aurel.* You ill deserve
[*Bertoldo kneeling, kisses her hand.*
The favour of our hand——we are not well,
Give us more air. [*Rises suddenly.*
*Gonz.* What sudden qualm is this?
*Aurel.* —That lifted yours against me.
*Bert.* Thus, once more,
I sue for pardon.
*Aurel.* Sure his lips are poison'd,
And through these veins force passage to my heart,
Which is already seized on. [*Aside.*
*Bert.* I wait, madam,
To know what your commands are; my designs
Exact me in another place.
*Aurel.* Before
You have our license to depart! If manners,
Civility of manners, cannot teach you
To attend our leisure, I must tell you, sir,
That you are still our prisoner; nor had you
Commission to free him.
*Gonz.* How's this, madam?
*Aurel.* You were my substitute, and wanted power
Without my warrant, to dispose of him:
I will pay back his ransome ten times over,
Rather than quit my interest.
*Bert.* This is
Against the law of arms.
*Aurel.* But not of love. [*Aside.*
Why, hath your entertainment, sir, been such,
In your restraint, that, with the wings of fear,
You would fly from it?
*Bert.* I know no man, madam,
Enamour'd of his fetters, or delighting
In cold or hunger, or that would in reason
Prefer straw in a dungeon, before
A down-bed in a palace.
*Aurel.* How!—Come nearer:
Was his usage such?
*Gonz.* Yes; and it had been worse,
Had I foreseen this.
*Aurel.* O thou mis-shaped monster!
In thee it is confirm'd, that such as have
No share in nature's bounties, know no pity
To such as have them. Look on him with my eyes,
And answer, then, whether this were a man
Whose cheeks of lovely fulness should be made
A prey to meagre famine? or these eyes,
Whose every glance store Cupid's emptied quiver,
To be dimm'd with tedious watching? or these lips,
These ruddy lips, of whose fresh colour cherries
And roses were but copies, should grow pale
For want of nectar? or these legs, that bear
A burthen of more worth than is supported
By Atlas' wearied shoulders, should be cramp'd
With the weight of iron? O, I could dwell ever
On this description!
*Bert.* Is this in derision,
Or pity of me?
*Aurel.* In your charity
Believe me innocent. Now you are my prisoner,
You shall have fairer quarter; you will shame
The place where you have been, should you now leave it,
Before you are recover'd. I'll conduct you
To more convenient lodgings, and it shall be
My care to cherish you. Repine who dare;
It is our will. You'll follow me?
*Bert.* To the centre,
Such a Sybilla guiding me.
[*Exeunt Aurelia, Bertoldo, and Attendants.*
*Gonz.* Who speaks first?
*Fer.* We stand as we had seen Medusa's head.
*Pier.* I know not what to think, I am so amazed.
*Rod.* Amazed! I am thunderstruck.
*Jac.* We are enchanted
And this is some illusion.
*Ador.* Heaven forbid!
In dark despair it shows a beam of hope:
Contain thy joy, Adorni.
*Ast.* Such a princess,
And of so long-experienced reserv'dness,
Break forth, and on the sudden, into flashes
Of more than doubted looseness!
*Gonz.* They come again,
Smiling, as I live! his arm circling her waist.
I shall run mad:—Some fury hath possess'd her.
If I speak, I may be blasted. Ha! I'll mumble
A prayer or two, and cross myself, and then,
Though the devil f— fire, have at him.

*Re-enter* Bertoldo *and* Aurelia.

*Aurel.* Let not, sir,
The violence of my passion nourish in you
An ill-opinion; or, grant my carriage
Out of the road and garb of private women,
'Tis still done with decorum. As I am
A princess, what I do is above censure,
And to be imitated.
*Bert.* Gracious madam,
Vouchsafe a little pause; for I am so rapt
Beyond myself, that, till I have collected
My scatter'd faculties, I cannot tender
My resolution.

*Aurel.* Consider of it,
I will not be long from you.
[*Bertoldo walks by, musing.*
*Gonz.* Pray I cannot,
This cursed object strangles my devotion:
I must speak, or I burst. Pray you, fair lady,
If you can, in courtesy direct me to
The chaste Aurelia.
*Aurel.* Are you blind? who are we?
*Gonz.* Another kind of thing. Her blood was govern'd
By her discretion, and not ruled her reason:
The reverence and majesty of Juno
Shined in her looks, and, coming to the camp,
Appear'd a second Pallas. I can see
No such divinities in you: if I,
Without offence, may speak my thoughts, you are,
As 'twere, a wanton Helen.
*Aurel.* Good; ere long
You shall know me better.
*Gonz.* Why, if you are Aurelia,
How shall I dispose of the soldier?
*Ast.* May it please you
To hasten my dispatch?
*Aurel.* Prefer your suits
Unto Bertoldo; we will give him hearing,
And you'll find him your best advocate. [*Exit.*
*Ast.* This is rare!
*Gonz.* What are we come to?
*Rod.* Grown up in a moment
A favourite!
*Ferd.* He does take state already.
*Bert.* No, no; it cannot be:—yet, but Camiola,
There is no stop between me and a crown.
Then my ingratitude! a sin in which
All sins are comprehended! Aid me, virtue,
Or I am lost.
*Gonz.* May it please your excellence—
Second me, sir.
*Bert.* Then my so horrid oaths,
And hell-deep imprecations made against it!
*Ast.* The king, your brother, will thank you for the advancement
Of his affairs.
*Bert.* And yet who can hold out
Against such batteries as her power and greatness
Raise up against my weak defences!
*Gonz.* Sir,
*Re-enter* AURELIA.
Do you dream waking? 'Slight, she's here again!
Walks she on woollen feet*?
*Aurel.* You dwell too long
In your deliberation, and come
With a cripple's pace to that which you should fly to.
*Bert.* It is confess'd: yet why should I, to win
From you, that hazard all to my poor nothing,
By false play send you off a loser from me?
I am already too, too much engaged
To the king my brother's anger; and who knows
But that his doubts and politic fears, should you
Make me his equal, may draw war upon
Your territories? Were that breach made up,
I should with joy embrace what now I fear
To touch but with due reverence.

* *Walks she on woollen feet?*] These words are certainly part of Gonzaga's speech, who is surprised at the sudden return of Aurelia; they would come strangely from Bertoldo, in the midst of his meditations. M. MASON.
I have adopted Mr. M. Mason's amendment. The old copy gives this hemistich to Bertoldo.

*Aurel.* That hinderance
Is easily removed. I owe the king
For a royal visit, which I straight will pay him;
And having first reconciled you to his favour,
A dispensation shall meet with us.
*Bert.* I am wholly yours.
*Aurel.* On this book seal it. [gain's sure.
*Gonz.* What, hand and lip too! then the bar-
You have no employment for me?
*Aurel.* Yes, Gonzaga;
Provide a royal ship.
*Gonz.* A ship! St. John;
Whither are we bound now?
*Aurel.* You shall know hereafter.
My lord, your pardon, for my too much trenching
Upon your patience.
*Ador.* Camiola. [*Aside to Bertoldo.*
*Aurel.* How do you do?
*Bert.* Indisposed; but I attend you.
[*Exeunt all but Adorni.*
*Ador.* The heavy curse that waits on perjury,
And foul ingratitude, pursue thee ever!
Yet why from me this? in his breach of faith
My loyalty finds reward: what poisons him,
Proves mithridate to me. I have perform'd
All she commanded, punctually: and now,
In the clear mirror of my truth, she may
Behold his falsehood. O that I had wings
To bear me to Palermo! This once known,
Must change her love into a just disdain,
And work her to compassion of my pain. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—PALERMO. *A Room in* CAMIOLA'S *House.* *Enter* SYLLI, CAMIOLA, *and* CLARINDA, *at several doors.*

*Syl.* Undone! undone! poor I, that whilome was
The top and ridge of my house, am, in the sudden,
Turn'd to the pitifullest animal
O' the lineage of the Syllis!
*Cam.* What's the matter?
*Syl.* The king—break girdle, break!
*Cam.* Why, what of him?
*Syl.* Hearing how far you doated on my person,
Growing envious of my happiness, and knowing
His brother, nor his favourite, Fulgentio,
Could get a sheep's eye from you, I being present,
Is come himself a suitor, with the awl
Of his authority to bore my nose,
And take you from me—Oh, oh, oh!
*Cam.* Do not roar so:
The king!
*Syl.* The king. Yet loving Sylli is not
So sorry for his own, as your misfortune;
If the king should carry you, or you bear him,
What a loser should you be! He can but make you
A queen, and what a simple thing is that,
To the being my lawful spouse! the world can never
Afford you such a husband.
*Cam.* I believe you.
But how are you sure the king is so inclined?
Did not you dream this?
*Syl.* With these eyes I saw him
Dismiss his train, and lighting from his coach,
Whispering Fulgentio in the ear.
*Cam.* If so,
I guess the business.
*Syl.* It can be no other,
But to give me the bob, that being a matter
Of main importance. Yonder they are, I dare not

*Enter* Roberto *and* Fulgentio.

Be seen, I am so desperate: if you forsake me,
Send me word, that I may provide a willow garland,
To wear when I drown myself. O Sylli, Sylli!
[*Exit crying.*
*Ful.* It will be worth your pains, sir, to observe
The constancy and bravery of her spirit.
Though great men tremble at your frowns, I dare
Hazard my head, your majesty, set off
With terror cannot fright her.
*Rob.* May she answer
My expectation!
*Ful.* There she is!
*Cam.* My knees thus
Bent to the earth, while my vows are sent upward
For the safety of my sovereign, pay the duty
Due for so great an honour, in this favour
Done to your humblest handmaid.
*Rob.* You mistake me;
I come not, lady, that you may report
The king, to do you honour, made your house
(He being there) his court; but to correct
Your stubborn disobedience. A pardon
For that, could you obtain it, were well purchased
With this humility.
*Cam.* A pardon, sir!
Till I am conscious of an offence,
I will not wrong my innocence to beg one.
What is my crime, sir?
*Rob.* Look on him I favour,
By you scorn'd and neglected*.
*Cam.* Is that all, sir?
*Rob.* No, minion; though that were too much.
How can you
Answer the setting on your desperate bravo
To murder him?
*Cam.* With your leave, I must not kneel, sir,
While I reply to this: but thus rise up
In my defence, and tell you, as a man
(Since, when you are unjust, the deity
Which you may challenge as a king parts from you),
'Twas never read in holy writ, or moral,
That subjects on their loyalty were obliged
To love their sovereign's vices; your grace, sir,
To such an undeserver is no virtue.
*Ful.* What think you now, sir?
*Cam.* Say, you should love wine,
You being the king, and, 'cause I am your subject,
Must I be ever drunk? Tyrants, not kings,
By violence, from humble vassals force
The liberty of their souls. I could not love him;
And to compel affection, as I take it,
Is not found in your prerogative.
*Rob.* Excellent virgin!
How I admire her confidence! [*Aside.*
*Cam.* He complains
Of wrong done him: but, be no more a king,
Unless you do me right. Burn your decrees,
And of your laws and statutes make a fire
To thaw the frozen numbness of delinquents,
If he escape unpunish'd. Do your edicts
Call it death in any man that breaks into
Another's house, to rob him, though of trifles;
And shall Fulgentio, your Fulgentio, live,
Who hath committed more than sacrilege,
In the pollution of my clear fame,
By his malicious slanders?
*Rob.* Have you done this?
Answer truly, on your life.
*Ful.* In the heat of blood,
Some such thing I reported.
*Rob.* Out of my sight!
For I vow, if by true penitence thou win not
This injured virgin* to sue out thy pardon,
Thy grave is digg'd already.
*Ful.* By my own folly
I have made a fair hand of't. [*Exit.*
*Rob.* You shall know, lady,
While I wear a crown, justice shall use her sword
To cut offenders off, though nearest to us
*Cam.* Ay, now you show whose deputy you are:
If now I bathe your feet with tears it cannot
Be censured superstition.
*Rob.* You must rise;
Rise in our favour and protection ever. [*Kisses her.*
*Cam.* Happy are subjects when the prince is still
Guided by justice, not his passionate will.
[*Exeunt.*

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## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in* Camiola's *House.*

*Enter* Camiola *and* Sylli.

*Cam.* You see how tender I am of the quiet
And peace of your affection, and what great ones
I put off in your favour.
*Syl.* You do wisely,
Exceeding wisely; and when I have said,
I thank you for't, be happy.
*Cam.* And good reason,
In having such a blessing.
*Syl.* When you have it;
But the bait is not yet ready. Stay the time,
While I triumph by myself. King, by your leave,
I have wiped your royal nose without a napkin;
You may cry, willow, willow! for your brother,
I'll only say, go by†! for my fine favourite,

---

* Rob. *Look on him I favour,*
By you *scorn'd and neglected.*] Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, in defiance of metre and sense:
Rob. *Look on him I favour,*
You *scorn'd, &c.*

* *This injured* virgin *to sue out thy pardon,*] I have already observed that there is but one edition of this play; the copies, however, vary considerably. In this line, for example, some of them read *virgin*, some *lady*, and some omit the word altogether. In these cases nothing remains for an editor, but to make use of his judgment, and select that which appears the least objectionable.

† ——— *for your brother,*
*I'll only say,* Go by!] This is an allusion to *The Spanish Tragedy*; the constant butt of all writers of those times, who seem to be a little uneasy, notwithstanding their scoffs, at its popularity. Old Jeronimo, however, kept his ground

He may graze where he please; his lips may water
Like a puppy's o'er a furmenty pot, while Sylli,
Out of his two-leaved cherry-stone dish, drinks nectar!
I cannot hold out any longer; heaven forgive me!
'Tis not the first oath I have broke; I must take
A little for a preparative.
[*Offers to kiss and embrace her.*
*Cam.* By no means.
If you forswear yourself, we shall not prosper:
I'll rather lose my longing.
*Syl.* Pretty soul!
How careful it is of me! let me buss yet
Thy little dainty foot for't: that, I'm sure is
Out of my oath.
*Cam.* Why, if thou canst dispense with't
So far, I'll not be scrupulous; such a favour
My amorous shoemaker steals.
*Syl.* O most rare leather! [*Kisses her shoe often.*
I do begin at the lowest, but in time
I may grow higher.
*Cam.* Fie! you dwell too long there;
Rise, prithee rise.
*Syl.* O, I am up already.

*Enter* Clarinda *hastily.*

*Cam.* How I abuse my hours!—What news with thee, now? [promise:
*Clar.* Off with that gown, 'tis mine; mine by your
Signor Adorni is return'd! now upon entrance!
Off with it, off with it, madam!
*Cam.* Be not so hasty:
When I go to bed, 'tis thine.
*Syl.* You have my grant too;
But, do you hear, lady, though I give way to this,
You must hereafter ask my leave, before
You part with things of moment.
*Cam.* Very good;
When I'm yours, I'll be govern'd.
*Syl.* Sweet obedience!

*Enter* Adorni.

*Cam.* You are well return'd.
*Ador.* I wish that the success
Of my service had deserved it.
*Cam.* Lives Bertoldo?
*Ador.* Yes; and return'd with safety.
*Cam.* 'Tis not then
In the power of fate to add to, or take from
My perfect happiness; and yet—he should
Have made me his first visit.
*Ador.* So I think too.
But he——
*Syl.* Durst not appear, I being present;
That's his excuse, I warrant you.
*Cam.* Speak, where is he?
With whom? who hath deserved more from him? or
Can be of equal merit? I in this
Do not except the king.
*Ador.* He's at the palace,
With the duchess of Sienna. One coach brought them hither,
Without a third: he's very gracious with her;
You may conceive the rest.
*Cam.* My jealous fears
Make me to apprehend.
*Ador.* Pray you, dismiss
Signior wisdom, and I'll make relation to you
Of the particulars.
*Cam.* Servant, I would have you
To haste unto the court.
*Syl.* I will outrun
A footman, for your pleasure.
*Cam.* There observe
The duchess' train and entertainment.
*Syl.* Fear not;
I will discover all that is of weight,
To the liveries of her pages and her footmen.
This is fit employment for me. [*Exit.*
*Cam.* Gracious with
The duchess! sure, you said so?
*Ador.* I will use
All possible brevity to inform you, madam,
Of what was trusted to me, and discharged
With faith and loyal duty.
*Cam.* I believe it;
You ransomed him, and supplied his wants—ima-
That is already spoken; and what vows [gine
Of service he made to me, is apparent;
His joy of me, and wonder too, perspicuous;
Does not your story end so?
*Ador.* Would the end
Had answered the beginning!—In a word,
Ingratitude and perjury at the height
Cannot express him.
*Cam.* Take heed.
*Ador.* Truth is arm'd,
And can defend itself. It must out, madam.
I saw (the presence full) the amorous duchess
Kiss and embrace him; on his part accepted
With equal ardour, and their willing hands
No sooner join'd, but a remove was publish'd
And put in execution.
*Cam.* The proofs are
Too pregnant. O Bertoldo!
*Ador.* He's not worth
Your sorrow, madam.
*Cam.* Tell me, when you saw this,
Did not you grieve, as I do now to hear it?
*Ador.* His precipice from goodness raising mine,
And serving as a foil to set my faith off,
I had little reason.
*Cam.* In this you confess
The devilish malice of your disposition.
As you were a man, you stood bound to lament it;
And not, in flattery of your false hopes,
To glory in it. When good men pursue
The path mark'd out by virtue, the blest saints
With joy look on it, and seraphic angels
Clap their celestial wings in heavenly plaudits,
To see a scene of grace so well presented,
The fiends, and men made up of envy, mourning.
Whereas now, on the contrary, as far
As their divinity can partake of passion,
With me they weep, beholding a fair temple,
Built in Bertoldo's loyalty, turn'd to ashes
By the flames of his inconstancy, the damn'd
Rejoicing in the object.—'Tis not well
In you, Adorni.
*Ador.* What a temper dwells

---

till the general convulsion, when he sunk, with a thousand better things, to rise no more.

What hold he once had of the public mind may be collected from an anecdote in that strange medley by Prynne, which, by the way, contains more ribaldry in a few pages, than is to be found in half the plays he reprobates. He there tells us of a lady who, on her death-bed, instead of attending to the priest, "cried out nothing but Jeronimo! Jeronimo!"—and died in this reprobate state, "thinking of nothing but plays."

*Histriomastix.*

In this rare virgin! Can you pity him,
That hath shown none to you?
*Cam.* I must not be
Cruel by his example. You, perhaps,
Expect now I should seek recovery
Of what I have lost, by tears, and with bent knees
Beg his compassion. No; my towering virtue,
From the assurance of my merit, scorns
To stoop so low. I'll take a nobler course,
And, confident in the justice of my cause,
The king his brother, and new mistress, judges,
Ravish him from her arms. You have the contract,
In which he swore to marry me?
*Ador.* 'Tis here, madam. [band;
*Cam.* He shall be, then, against his will, my hus-
And when I have him, I'll so use him!—doubt not,
But that, your honesty being unquestion'd,
This writing, with your testimony, clears all.
*Ador.* And buries me in the dark mists of error.
*Cam.* I'll presently to court; pray you, give order
For my caroch*.
*Ador.* A cart for me were fitter,
To hurry me to the gallows. [*Exit.*
*Cam.* O false men!
Inconstant! perjured! My good angel help me
In these my extremities!

*Re-enter* Sylli.

*Syl.* If you e'er will see a brave sight,
Lose it not now. Bertoldo and the duchess
Are presently to be married: there's such pomp,
And preparation!
*Cam.* If I marry, 'tis
This day, or never.
*Syl.* Why, with all my heart;
Though I break this, I'll keep the next oath I make,
And then it is quit.
*Cam.* Follow me to my cabinet;
You know my confessor, father Paulo?
*Syl.* Yes: shall he
Do the feat for us?
*Cam.* I will give in writing
Directions to him, and attire myself
Like a virgin bride; and something I will do,
That shall deserve men's praise, and wonder too.
*Syl.* And I, to make all know I am not shallow,
Will have my points of cochineal and yellow.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A State-room in the Palace.*

*Loud Music. Enter* Roberto, Bertoldo, Aurelia, Ferdinand, Astutio, Gonzaga, Roderigo, Jacomo, Pierio, *a* Bishop, *and* Attendants.

*Rob.* Had our division been greater, madam,
Your clemency, the wrong being done to you,
In pardon of it, like the rod of concord,
Must make a perfect union. Once more,
With a brotherly affection, we receive you
Into our favour: let it be your study
Hereafter to deserve this blessing, far
Beyond your merit.
*Bert.* As the princess' grace
To me is without limit, my endeavours,
With all obsequiousness to serve her pleasures,
Shall know no bounds: nor will I, being made
Her husband, e'er forget the duty that
I owe her as a servant.
*Aurel.* I expect not
But fair equality, since I well know,
If that superiority be due,
'Ts not to me. When you are made my consort,
All the prerogatives of my high birth cancell'd,
I'll practise the obedience of a wife,
And freely pay it. Queens themselves, if they
Make choice of their inferiors, only aiming
To feed their sensual appetites, and to reign
Over their husbands, in some kind commit
Authorized whoredom; nor will I be guilty,
In my intent, of such a crime.
*Gonz.* This done,
As it is promised, madam, may well stand for
A precedent to great women: but, when once
The griping hunger of desire is cloy'd,
And the poor fool advanced, brought on his knees,
Most of your eagle breed, I'll not say all,
Ever excepting you, challenge again
What, in hot blood, they parted from.
*Aurel.* You are ever
An enemy of our sex; but you, I hope, sir,
Have better thoughts.
*Bert.* I dare not entertain
An ill one of your goodness.
*Rob.* To my power
I will enable him, to prevent all danger
Envy can raise against your choice. One word more
Touching the articles.

*Enter* Fulgentio, Camiola, Sylli, *and* Adorni.

*Ful.* In you alone
Lie all my hopes; you can or kill or save me;
But pity in you will become you better
(Though I confess in justice 'tis denied me)
Than too much rigour.
*Cam.* I will make your peace
As far as it lies in me; but must first
Labour to right myself.
*Aurel.* Or add or alter
What you think fit; in him I have my all.
Heaven make me thankful for him!
*Rob.* On to the temple.
*Cam.* Stay, royal sir; and as you are a king,
Erect one* here, in doing justice to
An injured maid.
*Aurel.* How's this?
*Bert.* O, I am blasted!
*Rob.* I have given some proof, sweet lady, of my promptness
To do you right, you need not, therefore, doubt me;
And rest assured, that, this great work dispatch'd,
You shall have audience, and satisfaction
To all you can demand.
*Cam.* To do me justice
Exacts your present care, and can admit
Of no delay. If, ere my cause be heard,
In favour of your brother you go on, sir,
Your sceptre cannot right me. He's the man,
The guilty man, whom I accuse; and you
Stand bound in duty, as you are supreme,
To be impartial. Since you are a judge,
As a delinquent look on him, and not
As on a brother: Justice, painted blind,

* *For my* caroch.] It seems as if Massinger's editors were ignorant of the existence or meaning of such a word as *caroch*; since they exchange it for *coach*, though it invariably destroys the metre.

* *Erect* one *here*,] i. e. a temple. M. Mason.

Infers her ministers are obliged to hear
The cause, and truth, the judge, determine of it;
And not sway'd or by favour or affection,
By a false gloss, or wrested comment, alter
The true intent and letter of the law.
*Rob.* Nor will I, madam.
*Aurel.* You seem troubled, sir,
*Gonz.* His colour changes too.
*Cam.* The alteration
Grows from his guilt. The goodness of my cause
Begets such confidence in me, that I bring
No hired tongue to plead for me, that with gay
Rhetorical flourishes may palliate
That which, stripp'd naked, will appear deform'd.
I stand here mine own advocate; and my truth,
Deliver'd in the plainest language, will
Make good itself; nor will I, if the king
Give suffrage to it, but admit of you,
My greatest enemy, and this stranger prince,
To sit assistants with him.
*Aurel.* I ne'er wrong'd you. [it.
*Cam.* In your knowledge of the injury, I believe
Nor will you, in your justice, when you are
Acquainted with my interest in this man,
Which I lay claim to.
*Rob.* Let us take our seats.
What is your title to him?
*Cam.* By this contract,
Seal'd solemnly before a reverend man,
[*Presents a paper to the king.*
I challenge him for my husband.
*Syl.* Ha! was I
Sent for the friar for this? O Sylli! Sylli!
Some cordial, or I faint*.
*Rob.* This writing is
Authentical.
*Aurel.* But done in heat of blood,
Charm'd by her flatteries, as, no doubt, he was,
To be dispensed with.
*Fer.* Add this, if you please,
The distance and disparity between
Their births and fortunes.
*Cam.* What can Innocence hope for,
When such as sit her judges are corrupted!
Disparity of birth or fortune, urge you?
Or syren charms? or, at his best, in me
Wants to deserve him? Call some few days back,
And, as he was, consider him, and you
Must grant him my inferior. Imagine
You saw him now in fetters, with his honour,
His liberty lost; with her black wings Despair
Circling his miseries, and this Gonzaga
Trampling on his afflictions; the great sum
Proposed for his redemption; the king
Forbidding payment of it; his near kinsmen,
With his protesting followers and friends,
Falling off from him; by the whole world forsaken;
Dead to all hope, and buried in the grave
Of his calamities; and then weigh duly
What she deserved, whose merits now are doubted,
That, as his better angel, in her bounties
Appear'd unto him, his great ransome paid,
His wants, and with a prodigal hand, supplied;
Whether, then, being my manumised slave,
He owed not himself to me?
*Aurel.* Is this true?
*Rob.* In his silence 'tis acknowledged.

* *Some cordial, or I faint.*] Wholly omitted in Mr. M. Mason's edition.

*Gonz.* If you want
A witness to this purpose, I'll depose it.
*Cam.* If I have dwelt too long on my deservings
To this unthankful man, pray you pardon me;
The cause required it. And though now I add
A little, in my painting to the life
His barbarous ingratitude, to deter
Others from imitation, let it meet with
A fair interpretation. This serpent,
Frozen to numbness, was no sooner warm'd
In the bosom of my pity and compassion,
But, in return, he ruin'd his preserver,
The prints the irons had made in his flesh
Still ulcerous; but all that I had done,
My benefits, in sand or water written,
As they had never been, no more remember'd!
And on what ground but his ambitious hopes
To gain this duchess' favour?
*Aurel.* Yes; the object,
Look on it better, lady, may excuse
The change of his affection.
*Cam.* The object!
In what? forgive me, modesty, if I say
You look upon your form in the false glass
Of flattery and self-love, and that deceives you.
That you were a duchess, as I take it, was not
Character'd on your face; and, that not seen,
For other feature, make all these, that are
Experienced in women, judges of them,
And, if they are not parasites, they must grant,
For beauty without art, though you storm at it,
I may take the right-hand file.
*Gonz.* Well said, i'faith!
I see fair women on no terms will yield
Priority in beauty.
*Cam.* Down, proud heart!
Why do I rise up in defence of that,
Which, in my cherishing of it, hath undone me!
No, madam, I recant,—you are all beauty,
Goodness, and virtue; and poor I not worthy
As a foil to set you off: enjoy your conquest;
But do not tyrannize. Yet, as I am [me,
In my lowness, from your height you may look on
And, in your suffrage to me, make him know
That, though to all men else I did appear
The shame and scorn of women, he stands bound
To hold me as the masterpiece.
*Rob.* By my life,
You have shewn yourself of such an abject temper,
So poor and low-condition'd, as I grieve for
Your nearness to me.
*Fer.* I am changed in my
Opinion of you, lady; and profess
The virtues of your mind an ample fortune
For an absolute monarch.
*Gonz.* Since you are resolved
To damn yourself, in your forsaking of
Your noble order for a woman, do it
For this. You may search through the world and
With such another phenix. [meet not
*Aurel.* On the sudden
I feel all fires of love quenched in the water
Of my compassion. Make your peace; you have
My free consent; for here I do disclaim
All interest in you: and, to further your
Desires, fair maid, composed of worth and honour,
The dispensation procured by me,
Freeing Bertoldo from his vow, makes way
To your embraces.
*Bert.* Oh, how have I stray'd,

And, wilfully, out of the noble track
Mark'd me by virtue! till now I was never
Truly a prisoner. To excuse my late
Captivity, I might allege the malice
Of Fortune; you, that conquer'd me, confessing
Courage in my defence was no way wanting.
But now I have surrender'd up my strengths
Into the power of Vice, and on my forehead
Branded, with mine own hand, in capital letters,
Disloyal and ingrateful. Though barr'd from
Human society, and hiss'd into
Some desert ne'er yet haunted with the curses
Of men and women, sitting as a judge
Upon my guilty self, I must confess
It justly falls upon me; and one tear,
Shed in compassion of my sufferings, more
Than I can hope for.

*Cam.* This compunction [should
For the wrong that you have done me, though you
Fix here, and your true sorrow move no further,
Will, in respect I loved once, make these eyes
Two springs of sorrow for you.

*Bert.* In your pity
My cruelty shows more monstrous; yet I am not,
Though most ingrateful, grown to such a height
Of impudence, as, in my wishes only,
To ask your pardon. If, as now, I fall
Prostrate before your feet, you will vouchsafe
To act your own revenge, treading upon me
As a viper eating through the bowels of
Your benefits, to whom, with liberty,
I owe my being, 'twill take from the burthen
That now is insupportable.

*Cam.* Pray you, rise;
As I wish peace and quiet to my soul,
I do forgive you heartily; yet excuse me,
Though I deny myself a blessing that,
By the favour of the duchess, seconded
With your submission, is offered to me;
Let not the reason I allege for't grieve you,
You have been false once. I have done: and if,
When I am married, as this day I will be,
As a perfect sign of your atonement with me,
You wish me joy, I will receive it for
Full satisfaction of all obligations
In which you stand bound to me.

*Bert.* I will do it,
And, what's more, in despite of sorrow, live
To see myself undone, beyond all hope
To be made up again.

*Syl.* My blood begins
To come to my heart again.

*Cam.* Pray you, signior Sylli,
Call in the holy friar; he's prepared
For finishing the work.

*Syl.* I knew I was
The man: heaven make me thankful!

*Rob.* Who is this?

*Ast.* His father was the banker* of Palermo,
And this the heir of his great wealth: his wisdom
Was not hereditary.

*Syl.* Though you know me not,
Your majesty owes me a round sum; I have
A seal or two to witness; yet, if you please
To wear my colours and dance at my wedding,
I'll never sue you.

*Rob.* And I'll grant your suit.

*Syl.* Gracious madonna, noble general,
Brave captains, and my quondam rivals, wear them,
Since I am confident you dare not harbour
A thought but that way current. [*Exit.*

*Aurel.* For my part,
I cannot guess the issue.

*Re-enter* Sylli *with Father* Paulo.

*Syl.* Do your duty;
And with all speed you can you may dispatch us

*Paul.* Thus, as a principal ornament to the church,
I seize her.

*All.* How!

*Rob.* So young, and so religious!

*Paul.* She has forsook the world.

*Syl.* And Sylli too!
I shall run mad.

*Rob.* Hence with the fool!—[*Sylli thrust off.*]—
Proceed, Sir.

*Paul.* Look on this Maid of Honour, now
Truly honour'd in her vow
She pays to heaven: vain delight
By day, or pleasure of the night
She no more thinks of. This fair hair
(Favours for great kings to wear)
Must now be shorn; her rich array
Changed into a homely gray.
The dainties with which she was fed,
And her proud flesh pampered,
Must not be tasted; from the spring,
For wine, cold water we will bring,
And with fasting mortify
The feasts of sensuality.
Her jewels, beads; and she must look
Not in a glass, but holy book;
To teach her the ne'er-erring way
To immortality. O may
She, as she purposes to be
A child new-born to piety,
Persever* in it, and good men,
With saints and angels, say, Amen!

*Cam.* This is the marriage! this the port to which
My vows must steer me! Fill my spreading sails
With the pure wind of your devotions for me,
That I may touch the secure haven, where
Eternal happiness keeps her residence,
Temptations to frailty never entering!
I am dead to the world, and thus dispose
Of what I leave behind me; and, dividing
My state into three parts, I thus bequeath it:
The first to the fair nunnery, to which
I dedicate the last and better part
Of my frail life; a second portion
To pious uses; and the third to thee,
Adorni, for thy true and faithful service.
And, ere I take my last farewell, with hope
To find a grant, my suit to you is, that
You would, for my sake, pardon this young man,
And to his merits love him, and no further.

*Rob.* I thus confirm it.
[*Gives his hand to Fulgentio.*

*Cam.* And, as e'er you hope, [*To Bertoldo.*
Like me, to be made happy, I conjure you
To reassume your order; and in fighting

* Ast. *His father was the banker of Palermo,*] Never was there such a copy of an author as that of Massinger by Mr. M. Mason. Just above, he dropt a monosyllable to spoil the metre; here he has inserted one for the same reason: at least I can find no other. He reads, *the* great *banker of Palermo.*

* Persever *in it,*] This is the second time the editors have modernised *persever* into *persevere*, to the destruction of the verse. See Virgin Martyr, Act I. Scene 1.

Bravely against the enemies of our faith,
Redeem your mortgaged honour.
*Gonz.* I restore this: [*Gives him the white cross.*
Once more, brothers in arms.
*Bert.* I'll live and die so.
*Cam.* To you my pious wishes! And, to end
All differences, great sir, I beseech you
To be an arbitrator, and compound
The quarrel long continuing between
The duke and duchess.
*Rob.* I will take it into
My special care.
*Cam.* I am then at rest. Now, father,
Conduct me where you please.
[*Exeunt Paulo and Camiola*
*Rob.* She well deserves
Her name, THE MAID OF HONOUR! May she stand,
To all posterity, a fair example
For noble maids to imitate! Since to live
In wealth and pleasure's common, but to part with
Such poison'd baits is rare; there being nothing
Upon this stage of life to be commended,
Though well begun, till it be fully ended.
[*Flourish. Exeunt**.

* This is of the higher order of Massinger's plays: nor will it be very easy to find in any writer a subject more animated, or characters more variously and pointedly drawn. There is no delay in introducing the business of the drama; and nothing is allowed to interfere with its progress. Indeed this is by far too rapid; and event is precipitated upon event without regard to time or place. But Massinger acts with a liberty which it would be absurd to criticise. Thebes and Athens, Palermo and Sienna, are alike to him; and he must be allowed to transport his agents and their concerns from one to another, as often as the exigencies of his ambulatory plan may require.

It is observable, that in this play Massinger has attempted the more difficult part of dramatic writing. He is not content with describing different qualities in his characters; but lays before the reader several differences of the same qualities. The courage of Gonzaga, though by no means inferior to it, is not that of Bertoldo. In the former, it is a fixed and habitual principle, the honourable business of his life. In the latter, it is an irresistible impulse, the instantaneous result of a fiery temper. Both characters are again distinguished from Roderigo and Jacomo. These too have courage: but we cannot separate it from a mere vulgar motive, the love of plunder; and in this respect Gonzaga's captains resemble those of Charles in *The Duke of Milan*. There is still another remove; and all these branches of real courage differ from the poor and forced approaches to valour in Gasparo and Antonio. These distinctions were strongly fixed in Massinger's mind: lest they should pass without due observation, he has made Gonzaga point out some of them, Act II. sc. 3.: and Bertoldo dwells upon others, Act III. sc. 1. And in this respect, again, he has copied his own caution, already noticed in the Observations on *The Renegado*. A broader distinction is used with his two courtiers; and the cold interest of Astutio is fully contrasted with the dazzling and imprudent assumption of Fulgentio. But Camiola herself is the great object that reigns throughout the piece. Every where she animates us with her spirit, and instructs us with her sense. Yet this superiority takes nothing from her softer feelings. Her tears flow with a mingled fondness and regret; and she is swayed by a passion which is only quelled by her greater resolution. The influence of her character is also heightened through the different manner of her lovers; through the mad impatience of the uncontrolled Bertoldo, the glittering pretensions of Fulgentio, and the humble and sincere attachment of Adorni, who nourishes secret desires of an happiness too exalted for him, faithfully performs commands prejudicial to his own views, through the force of an affection which ensures his obedience, and, amidst so much service, scarcely presumes to hint the passion which consumes him. I know not if even signior Sylli is wholly useless here; he serves at least to show her good-humoured toleration of a being hardly important enough for her contempt.

In the midst of this just praise of Camiola, there are a few things to be regretted. Reason and religion had forbidden her union with Bertoldo, and she had declared herself unalterable in her purpose. His captivity reverses her judgment, and she determines not only to liberate, but to marry him. Unfortunately, too, she demands a sealed contract as the condition of his freedom, though Bertoldo's ardour was already known to her, and the generosity of her nature ought to have abstained from so degrading a bargain. But Massinger wanted to hinder the marriage of Aurelia, and, with an infelicity which attends many of his contrivances, he provided a prior contract at the expense of the delicacy, as well as the principles, of his heroine. It is well, that the nobleness of the conclusion throws the veil over these blemishes. Her determination is at once natural and unexpected. It answers to the original independence of her character, and she retires with our highest admiration and esteem.

It may be observed here, that Massinger was not unknown to Milton. The date of some of Milton's early poems, indeed, is not exactly ascertained: but if the reader will compare the speech of Paulo, with the *Penseroso*, he cannot fail to remark a similarity in the cadences, as well as in the measure and the solemnity of the thoughts. On many other occasions he certainly remembers Massinger, and frequently in his representations of female purity, and the commanding dignity of virtue.

A noble lesson arises from the conduct of the principal character. A fixed sense of truth and rectitude gives genuine superiority; it corrects the proud, and abashes the vain, and marks the proper limits between humility and presumption. It also governs itself with the same ascendancy which it establishes over others. When the lawful objects of life cannot be possessed with clearness of honour, it provides a nobler pleasure in rising above their attraction, and creates a new happiness by controlling even innocent desires.—DR. IRELAND.

# THE PICTURE.

THE PICTURE.] This Tragi-comedy, or, as Massinger calls it, this "true Hungarian History," was licensed by Sir H. Herbert, June 8th, 1629. The plot, as *The Companion to the Playhouse* observes, is from the 28th novel of the second volume of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567. The magical circumstance, however, from which the play takes its name, is found in a variety of authors: it has all the appearance of an Arabian fiction, and was introduced into our romances at a very early period. The following stanza is from a poem of the fourteenth century, called *Horn Childe and Maiden Rimnild*, first given to the press by Mr. Ritson:

"To Rimneld he com withouten lesing
And sche bitaught him a ring
The vertu wele sche knew:
'Loke thou forsake it for no thing
It schal ben our tokening,
The ston it is wel trewe.
When the ston wexeth wan,
Than chaungeth the thought of thi leman,
Take then a newe;
When the ston wexeth rede
Than have y lorn mi maidenhed,
Oyaines the untrewe.'"

The immediate source of the story was the *Novelle* of Bandello, since exceedingly popular. Massinger, however, has made some slight variation—there is no temptation of Ulric (the Mathias of the play) and very little of his lady. The knights are secured as fast as they arrive at her castle; and the Picture consequently maintains its position. From the same source, G. Whitston derived the tale of Ulrico and Lady Barbara, in his *Rock of Regard*, which Massinger appears to have read. The story is also to be found among the *Novelles Gallantes*; but they had the same origin, and it is altogether unnecessary to enter into their respective variations. The French have modernized it into a pretty tale, under the name of *Comment filer parfait Amour*.

This Play was much approved at its first appearance, when it was acted, as the phrase is, by the whole strength of the house. Massinger himself speaks of it with complacency; and, indeed, its claims to admiration are of no common kind. It was printed in 1630; but did not reach a second edition. It is said, in the title-page, to have been "often presented at the Globe and Black Friar's playhouses, by the King's Majesty's servants."

An unsuccessful attempt was made to revive this Play, by the Rev. Henry Bate; *Magnis excidit ausis!* We tolerate no magic now but Shakspeare's; and without it *The Picture* can have no interest.

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TO MY HONOURED AND SELECTED FRIENDS OF THE

## NOBLE SOCIETY OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

IT may be objected, my not inscribing their names, or titles, to whom I dedicate this poem, proceedeth either from my diffidence of their affection to me, or their unwillingness to be published the patrons of a trifle. To such as shall make so strict an inquisition of me, I truly answer, The play, in the persentment, found such a general approbation, that it gave me assurance of their favour to whose protection it is now sacred; and they have professed they so sincerely allow of it, and the maker, that they would have freely granted that in the publication, which, for some reasons, I denied myself. One, and that is a main one; I had rather enjoy (as I have done) the real proofs of their friendship, than, mountebank-like, boast their numbers in a catalogue. Accept it, noble Gentlemen, as a confirmation of his service, who hath nothing else to assure you, and witness to the world, how much he stands engaged for your so frequent bounties, and in your charitable opinion of me believe, that you now may, and shall ever, command

Your servant

PHILIP MASSINGER.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | *Actors' Names.* |
|---|---|
| LADISLAUS, *king of* Hungary, | R. Benfield. |
| FERDINAND, *general of the army*, | R. Sharpe. |
| EUBULUS, *an old counsellor*, | J. Lowin. |
| MATHIAS, *a knight of* Bohemia, | J. Taylor. |
| UBALDO, RICARDO, } *wild courtiers*, | T. Pollard. E. Swanstone. |
| JULIO BAPTISTA, *a great scholar*, | W. Pen. |
| HILARIO, *servant to* Sophia. | J. Shancke. |
| *Two Boys, representing* Apollo *and* Pallas. | |
| *Two Couriers.* | |
| *A Guide.* | |
| *Servants to the queen.* | |
| *Servants to* Mathias. | |
| HONORIA, *the queen*, | J. Thomson. |
| SOPHIA, wife to Mathias, | J. Hunnieman |
| ACANTHE, SYLVIA, } *maids of honour*, | A. Goffe. |
| CORISCA, Sophia's *woman*. | W. Trigge. |
| *Maskers, Attendants, Officers, Captains, &c.* | |

SCENE, *partly in* Hungary, *and partly in* Bohemia.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*The Frontiers of* Bohemia.

*Enter* MATHIAS, SOPHIA, CORISCA, HILARIO, *with other Servants.*

*Math.* Since we must part, Sophia, to pass further
Is not alone impertinent, but dangerous.
We are not distant from the Turkish camp
Above five leagues, and who knows but some party
Of his Timariots*, that scour the country,
May fall upon us?—be now, as thy name,
Truly interpreted, hath ever spoke thee,
Wise and discreet; and to thy understanding
Marry thy constant patience.
*Soph.* You put me, sir,
To the utmost trial of it.
*Math.* Nay, no melting;
Since the necessity that now separates us,
We have long since disputed, and the reasons,
Forcing me to it, too oft wash'd in tears.
I grant that you, in birth, were far above me,
And great men, my superiors, rivals for you;
But mutual consent of heart, as hands,
Join'd by true love, hath made us one, and equal:
Nor is it in me mere desire of fame,
Or to be cried up by the public voice,
For a brave soldier, that puts on my armour:
Such airy tumours take not me. You know
How narrow our demeans are†, and, what's more,
Having as yet no charge of children on us,
We hardly can subsist.
*Soph.* In you alone, sir,
I have all abundance.
*Math.* For my mind's content,
In your own language I could answer you.
You have been an obedient wife, a right one;
And to my power, though short of your desert,
I have been ever an indulgent husband.
We have long enjoy'd the sweets of love, and though
Not to satiety, or loathing, yet
We must not live such dotards on our pleasures,
As still to hug them to the certain loss
Of profit and preferment. Competent means
Maintains a quiet bed; want breeds dissension,
Even in good women.
*Soph.* Have you found in me, sir,
Any distaste, or sign of discontent,
For want of what's superfluous?
*Math.* No, Sophia;
Nor shalt thou ever have cause to repent
Thy constant course in goodness, if heaven bless
My honest undertakings. 'Tis for thee
That I turn soldier, and put forth, dearest,
Upon this sea of action, as a factor,
To trade for rich materials to adorn
Thy noble parts, and show them in full lustre.
I blush that other ladies, less in beauty
And outward form, but in the harmony
Of the soul's ravishing music, the same age
Not to be named with thee, should so outshine thee
In jewels, and variety of wardrobes;
While you, to whose sweet innocence both Indies
Compared, are of no value, wanting these,
Pass unregarded.
*Soph.* If I am so rich, or
In your opinion, why should you borrow
Additions for me?
*Math.* Why! I should be censured
Of ignorance, possessing such a jewel
Above all price, if I forbear to give it
The best of ornaments: therefore, Sophia,
In few words know my pleasure, and obey me,
As you have ever done. To your discretion
I leave the government of my family,
And our poor fortunes; and from these command
Obedience to you, as to myself:
To the utmost of what's mine, live plentifully;
And, ere the remnant of our store be spent,
With my good sword I hope I shall reap for you
A harvest in such full abundance, as
Shall make a merry winter.
*Soph.* Since you are not

* Timariots are the Turkish Cavalry, a sort of feudal yeomanry, who hold their lands on condition of service.

† *How narrow our* demeans *are,*] *Demeans* is here used for *means*, as demerits for merits, &c.

To be diverted, sir, from what you purpose,
All arguments to stay you here are useless: [not
Go when you please, sir. Eyes, I charge you waste
One drop of sorrow; look you hoard all up
Till in my widow'd bed I call upon you,
But then be sure you fail not. You blest angels,
Guardians of human life, I at this instant
Forbear t'invoke you: at our parting, 'twere
To personate devotion*. My soul
Shall go along with you, and, when you are
Circled with death and horror, seek and find you:
And then I will not leave a saint unsued to
For your protection. To tell you what
I will do in your absence, would show poorly;
My actions shall speak for me; 'twere to doubt ou
To beg I may hear from you; where you are
You cannot live obscure, nor shall one post,
By night or day, pass unexamined by me.
If I dwell long upon your lips, consider,
After this feast, the griping fast that follows,
And it will be excusable; pray turn from me.
All that I can, is spoken. [*Exit.*

*Math.* Follow your mistress.
Forbear your wishes for me; let me find them
At my return, in your prompt will to serve her.

*Hil.* For my part, sir, I will grow lean with study
To make her merry.

*Coris.* Though you are my lord,
Yet being her gentlewoman, by my place
I may take my leave; your hand, or, if you please
To have me fight so high, I'll not be coy,
But stand a-tip-toe for't.

*Math.* O, farewell, girl! [*Kisses her.*

*Hil.* A kiss well begg'd, Corisca.

*Coris.* 'Twas my fee;
Love, how he melts†! I cannot blame my lady's
Unwillingness to part with such marmalade lips.
There will be scrambling for them in the camp;
And were it not for my honesty, I could wish now
I were his leaguer laundress‡; I would find
Soap of mine own, enough to wash his linen,
Or I would strain hard for't.

*Hil.* How the mammet twitters!
Come, come; my lady stays for us.

*Coris.* Would I had been
Her ladyship the last night!

*Hil.* No more of that, wench.

[*Exeunt Hilario, Corisca, and the rest.*

*Math.* I am strangely troubled: yet why I should nourish
A fury here, and with imagined food,
Having no real grounds on which to raise
A building of suspicion she was ever
Or can be false hereafter? I in this
But foolishly enquire the knowledge of
A future sorrow, which, if I find out,
My present ignorance were a cheap purchase,
Though with my loss of being. I have already
Dealt with a friend of mine, a general scholar,
One deeply read* in nature's hidden secrets,
And, though with much unwillingness, have won him
To do as much as art can, to resolve me
My fate that follows.—To my wish, he's come.

*Enter* Baptista.

Julio Baptista, now I may affirm
Your promise and performance walk together;
And therefore, without circumstance, to the point;
Instruct me what I am.

*Bapt.* I could wish you had
Made trial of my love some other way.

*Math.* Nay, this is from the purpose.

*Bapt.* If you can
Proportion your desire to any mean,
I do pronounce you happy; I have found,
By certain rules of art, your matchless wife
Is to this present hour from all pollution
Free and untainted.

*Math.* Good.

*Bapt.* In reason, therefore,
You should fix here, and make no further search
Of what may fall hereafter.

*Math.* O, Baptista,
'Tis not in me to master so my passions;
I must know further, or you have made good
But half your promise. While my love stood by,
Holding her upright, and my presence was
A watch upon her, her desires being met too
With equal ardour from me, what one proof
Could she give of her constancy, being untempted?
But when I am absent, and my coming back
Uncertain, and those wanton heats in women
Not to be quench'd by lawful means, and she
The absolute disposer of herself,

---

* *To* personate *devotion.*] i. e. to play it as an assumed part. See *Great Duke of Florence*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

† Love, *how he melts!*] So the quarto: the modern editions have, Jove, *how he melts.* Why Coxeter made the alteration I cannot even guess; surely, deity for deity, the former is the most natural for Corisca to swear by.

‡ ——— *I could wish now*
*I were his* leaguer *laundress:*] Mr. M. Mason reads *his* leiger *landress;* what he understood by it, I know not, but Corisca means his camp laundress.

" ——— While I lay
In the *leaguer* at Ardennes, he corrupts
Two mercenary slaves," &c. *Love's Victory.*

*Leaguer* is the Dutch, or rather Flemish, word for a camp; and was one of the newfangled terms introduced from the Low Countries. This innovation on the English language is excellently noticed by Sir John Smythe, in *Certain Discourses concerning the Formes and Effects of divers Sorts of Weapons*, &c., 4to. 1590. "These," (the officers mentioned before,) "utterlie ignorant of all our auncient discipline and proceedings in actions of armes, have so affected the Wallons, Flemings, and base Almanes discipline, that they have procured to innovate, or rather to subvert all our auncient proceedings in matters military:—as, for example, they will not vouchsafe in their speaches or writings to use our termes belonging to matters of warre, but doo call a *campe* by the Dutch name of *legar;* nor will not afford to say that such a towne or such a fort is besieged, but that it is *beslegard:*—as though our English nation, which hath been so famous in all actions militarie manie hundred yeares, were now but newly crept into the world; or as though our language were so barren, that it were not able of itself, or by derivation, to affoord convenient words to utter our minds in matters of that qualitie."

I cannot avoid adding my wishes that our officers would reflect a little on these sensible observations: there is now a greater affectation than ever, of introducing French military phrases into our army; the consequences of which may be more important than they seem to imagine.

* ——— *a general* scholar,
*One deeply read,* &c.] In the list of dramatis personæ, too, he is called a *great scholar.* The character of Baptista is founded upon a notion very generally received in the dark ages, that men of learning were conversant in the operations of magic: and, indeed, a *scholar* and a magician are frequently confounded by our old writers, or rather considered as one and the same. The notion is not yet obsolete among the vulgar.

Baptista Porta has given an elaborate account, in his treatise *De Magia Naturali,* of the powers once supposed to be possessed and exercised by magicians. Both the work and the author had long been familiar "in the mouths of men," and were probably not unknown to Massinger. It is an ingenious conjecture of Mr. Gilchrist, that he took the name of his "deep-read scholar," from *Baptista* Porta.

Without control or curb; nay, more, invited
By opportunity, and all strong temptations,
If then she hold out—
*Bapt.* As, no doubt, she will.
*Math.* Those doubts must be made certainties, Baptista,
By your assurance; or your boasted art
Deserves no admiration. How you trifle,
And play with my affliction! I am on
The rack, till you confirm me.
*Bapt.* Sure, Mathias,
I am no god, nor can I dive into
Her hidden thoughts, or know what her intents are;
That is denied to art, and kept conceal'd
E'en from the devils themselves: they can but guess,
Out of long observation, what is likely;
But positively to foretel that* shall be,
You may conclude impossible. All I can,
I will do for you; when you are distant from her
A thousand leagues, as if you then were with her,
You shall know truly when she is solicited,
And how far wrought on.
*Math.* I desire no more.
*Bapt.* Take, then, this little model of Sophia,
With more than human skill limn'd to the life;
[*Gives him a picture.*
Each line and lineament of it in the drawing
So punctually observed, that, had it motion,
In so much 'twere herself.
*Math.* It is indeed
An admirable piece; but if it have not
Some hidden virtue that I cannot guess at,
In what can it advantage me?
*Bapt.* I'll instruct you:
Carry it still about you, and as oft
As you desire to know how she's affected,
With curious eyes peruse it: while it keeps
The figure it now has, entire and perfect,
She is not only innocent in fact,
But unattempted; but if once it vary
From the true form, and what's now white and red,
Incline to yellow†, rest most confident
She's with all violence courted, but unconquer'd;
But if it turn all black, 'tis an assurance
The fort, by composition or surprise,
Is forced or with her free consent surrender'd.
*Math.* How much you have engaged me for this favour
The service of my whole life shall make good.
*Bapt.* We will not part so, I'll along with you,
And it is needful; with the rising sun
The armies meet; yet, ere the fight begin,
In spite of opposition, I will place you
In the head of the Hungarian general's troop,
And near his person.
*Math.* As my better angel,
You shall direct and guide me.
*Bapt.* As we ride
I'll tell you more.
*Math.* In all things I'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

* *But positively to foretel* that *shall be,*] All the copies read, *that this* shall be, which spoils the verse, and is not, indeed, the language of the age.

† ——— *but if once it vary*
*From the true form, and what's now* white *and* red
*Incline to* yellow,] It is not improbable but that these and similar fictions were originally derived from the rabbicinal notion, that distant events were signified to the high-priest by changes in the colour of the precious stones which formed the Urim and Thummim.

SCENE II.—Hungary. *A State-room in the Palace*

*Enter* UBALDO *and* RICARDO.

*Ric.* When came the post!
*Ubald.* The last night.
*Ric.* From the camp? [sign'd
*Ubald.* Yes, as 'tis said, and the letter writ and
By the general, Ferdinand.
*Ric.* Nay, then, sans question,
It is of moment.
*Ubald.* It concerns the lives
Of two great armies.
*Ric.* Was it cheerfully
Received by the king?
*Ubald.* Yes; for being assured
The armies were in view of one another,
Having proclaim'd a public fast and prayer
For the good success, he despatch'd a gentleman
Of his privy chamber to the general,
With absolute authority from him
To try the fortune of a day.
*Ric.* No doubt then
The general will come on, and fight it bravely.
Heaven prosper him! This military art
I grant to be the noblest of professions;
And yet, I thank my stars for't, I was never
Inclined to learn it; since this bubble honour
(Which is, indeed, the nothing soldiers fight for),
With the loss of limbs or life, is, in my judgment,
Too dear a purchase*.
*Ubald.* Give me our court warfare:
The danger is not great in the encounter
Of a fair mistress.
*Ric.* Fair and sound together
Do very well, Ubaldo; but such are
With difficulty to be found out; and when they know
Their value, prized too high. By thy own report,
Thou wast at twelve a gamester, and since that,
Studied all kinds of females, from the night-trader
I' the street, with certain danger to thy pocket,
To the great lady in her cabinet;
That spent upon thee more in cullises,
To strengthen thy weak back, than would maintain
Twelve Flanders mares, and as many running horses:
Besides apothecaries and surgeons' bills,
Paid upon all occasions, and those frequent.
*Ubald.* You talk, Ricardo, as if yet you were
A novice in those mysteries.
*Ric.* By no means;
My doctor can assure the contrary:
I lose no time. I have felt the pain and pleasure,
As he that is a gamester, and plays often,
Must sometimes be a loser.
*Ubald.* Wherefore, then,
Do you envy me?
*Ric.* It grows not from my want,
Nor thy abundance; but being, as I am,
The likelier man, and of much more experience,
My good parts are my curses: there's no beauty
But yields ere it be summon'd; and, as nature
Had sign'd me the monopoly of maidenheads,
There's none can buy it till I have made my market.
Satiety cloys me; as I live, I would part with

* ——— ——— *since this bubble honour*
(*Which is, indeed, the nothing soldiers fight for*),
*With the loss of limbs or life, is, in my judgment,*
*Too dear a purchase.*] In this passage, which has been hitherto most absurdly pointed, Massinger, as Coxeter observes, had Shakspeare in his thoughts, and principally Falstaff's humorous catechism.

Half my estate, nay, travel o'er the world,
To find that only phenix in my search,
That could hold out against me.
*Ubald.* Be not rapt so;
You may spare that labour. As she is a woman,
What think you of the queen?
*Ric.* I dare not aim at
The petticoat royal, that is still excepted:
Yet, were she not my king's, being the abstract
Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in woman,
To write her in my catalogue, having enjoy'd her,
I would venture my neck to a halter—but we talk of
Impossibilities: as she hath a beauty
Would make old Nestor young; such majesty
Draws forth a sword of terror to defend it,
As would fright Paris, though the queen of love
Vow'd her best furtherance to him.
*Ubald.* Have you observed
The gravity of her language mix'd with sweetness?
*Ric.* Then at what distance she reserves herself
When the king himself makes his approaches to her.
*Ubald.* As she were still a virgin, and his life
But one continued wooing.
*Ric.* She well knows
Her worth, and values it.
*Ubald.* And so far the king is
Indulgent to her humours, that he forbears
The duty of a husband, but when she calls for't.
*Ric.* All his imaginations and thoughts
Are buried in her; the loud noise of war
Cannot awake him.
*Ubald.* At this very instant,
When both his life and crown are at the stake,
He only studies her content, and when
She's pleased to shew herself, music and masks
Are with all care and cost provided for her.
*Ric.* This night she promised to appear.
*Ubald.* You may
Believe it by the diligence of the king,
As if he were her harbinger.

*Enter* Ladislaus, Eubulus, *and Attendants, with perfumes.*

*Ladis.* These rooms
Are not perfumed, as we directed.
*Eubu.* Not, sir!
[smoke
I know not what you would have; I am sure the
Cost treble the price of the whole week's provision
Spent in your majesty's kitchens.
*Ladis.* How I scorn
Thy gross comparison! When my* Honoria,
The amazement of the present time, and envy
Of all succeeding ages, does descend
To sanctify a place, and in her presence
Makes it a temple to me, can I be
Too curious, much less prodigal, to receive her?
But that the splendour of her beams of beauty
Hath struck thee blind—
*Eubu.* As dotage hath done you.
*Ladis.* Dotage! O blasphemy! is it in me
To serve her to her merit? Is she not
The daughter of a king?
*Eubu.* And you the son
Of ours I take it; by what privilege else
Do you reign over us; for my part I know not
Where the disparity lies.
*Ladis.* Her birth, old man
(Old in the kingdom's service, which protects thee),
Is the least grace in her: and though her beauties
Might make the Thunderer a rival for her,
They are but superficial ornaments,
And faintly speak her: from her heavenly mind,
Were all antiquity and fiction lost,
Our modern poets could not in their fancy,
But fashion a Minerva far transcending
The imagined one whom Homer only dreamt of.
But then add this, she's mine, mine, Eubulus*!
And though she knows one glance from her fair eyes
Must make all gazers her idolaters,
She is so sparing of their influence,
That, to shun superstition in others,
She shoots her powerful beams only at me.
And can I, then, whom she desires to hold
Her kingly captive above all the world,
Whose nations and empires, if she pleased,
She might command as slaves, but gladly pay
The humble tribute of my love and service,
Nay, if I said of adoration, to her,
I did not err?
*Eubu.* Well, since you hug your fetters,
In love's name wear them! You are a king, and that
Concludes you wise†, your will, a powerful reason:
Which we, that are foolish subjcts, must not argue.
And what in a mean man I should call folly,
Is in your majesty remarkable wisdom:
But for me, I subscribe.
*Ladis.* Do, and look up,
Upon this wonder.

*Loud music. Enter* Honoria *in state, under a Canopy; her train borne up by* Sylvia *and* Acanthe.

*Ric.* Wonder! It is more, sir,
*Ubald.* A rapture, an astonishment.
*Ric.* What think you, sir?
*Eubu.* As the king thinks, that is the surest guard
We courtiers ever lie at‡. Was prince ever
So drown'd in dotage? Without spectacles
I can see a handsome woman, and she is so:
But yet to admiration look not on her.
Heaven, how he fawns! and, as it were his duty,
With what assured gravity she receives it!
Her hand again! O she at length vouchsafes
Her lip, and as he had suck'd nectar from it,
How he's exalted! Women in their natures
Affect command; but this humility
In a husband and a king marks her the way
To absolute tyranny. [*The king seats her on his throne.*] So! Juno's placed
In Jove's tribunal; and, like Mercury
(Forgetting his own greatness), he attends

* *When* my *Honoria,*] Mr. M. Mason omits *my;* I know not whether by inadvertence or design; but it injures the metre.

* *But then add this, she's mine, mine,* Eubulus!] Our old writers were very lax in their use of foreign names, Massinger was a scholar, yet he pronounces Eubulus much as Shakspeare would have done it.

† ——— *You are a king, and that Concludes you wise:* &c.] Massinger appears to me to have several sly thrusts, in various parts of his works, at the slavish doctrines maintained by most of the celebrated writers of his time:—

——— "be it one poet's praise,
That if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways,
That flattery even to kings he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same."

‡ Eubu. *As the king thinks, that is the surest* guard *We courtiers* ever lie at.] i. e. the surest posture of defence. "Thou knowest," says Falstaff, "my old *ward*: *thus I lay.*" *Guard* and *ward* are the same word.

For her employments. She prepares to speak;
What oracles shall we hear now?
*Hon.* That you please, sir,
With such assurances of love and favour,
To grace your handmaid, but in being yours, sir,
A matchless queen, and one that knows herself so,
Binds me in retribution to deserve
The grace conferr'd upon me.
*Ladis.* You transcend
In all things excellent; and it is my glory,
Your worth weigh'd truly, to depose myself
From absolute command, surrendering up
My will and faculties to your disposure:
And here I vow, not for a day or year,
But my whole life, which I wish long to serve you,
That whatsoever I in justice may
Exact from these my subjects, you from me
May boldly challenge: and when you require it,
In sign of my subjection, as your vassal,
Thus I will pay my homage.
*Hon.* O forbear, sir!
Let not my lips envy my robe; on them
Print your allegiance often: I desire
No other fealty.
*Ladis.* Gracious sovereign!
Boundless in bounty!
*Eubu.* Is not here fine fooling!
He's, questionless, bewitch'd. Would I were gelt,
So that would disenchant him! though I forfeit
My life for't, I must speak. By your good leave, sir—
I have no suit to you, nor can you grant one,
Having no power: you are like me, a subject,
Her more than serene majesty being present.
And I must tell you, 'tis ill manners in you,
Having deposed yourself, to keep your hat on,
And not stand bare, as we do, being no king,
But a fellow-subject with us. Gentlemen ushers,
It does belong to your place, see it reform'd;
He has given away his crown, and cannot challenge
The privilege of his bonnet.
*Ladis.* Do not tempt me. [example?
*Eubu.* Tempt you! in what? in following your
If you are angry, question me hereafter,
As Ladislaus should do Eubulus,
On equal terms. You were of late my sovereign
But weary of it, I now bend my knee
To her divinity, and desire a boon
From her more than magnificence.
*Hon.* Take it freely. [him.
Nay, be not moved; for our mirth's sake let us hear
*Eubu.* 'Tis but to ask a question: Have you ne'er read
The story of Semiramis and Ninus?
*Hon.* Not as I remember.
*Eubu.* I will then instruct you,
And 'tis to the purpose: This Ninus was a king,
And such an impotent loving king as this was,
But now he's none; this Ninus (pray you observe me)
Doted on this Semiramis, a smith's wife
(I must confess, there the comparison holds not,
You are a king's daughter, yet, under your correction,
Like her a woman); this Assyrian monarch,
Of whom this is a pattern, to express
His love and service, seated her, as you are,
In his regal throne, and bound by oath his nobles,
Forgetting all allegiance to himself,
One day to be her subjects, and to put
In execution whatever she [him
Pleased to impose upon them:—pray you command
To minister the like to us, and then
You shall hear what follow'd.
*Ladis.* Well, sir, to your story, [know
*Eubu.* You have no warrant, stand by; let me
Your pleasure, goddess.
*Hon.* Let this nod assure you. [idol!
*Eubu.* Goddess-like, indeed! as I live, a pretty
She knowing her power, wisely made use of it;
And fearing his inconstancy, and repentance
Of what he had granted (as, in reason, madam,
You may do his), that he might never have
Power to recal his grant, or question her
For her short government, instantly gave order
To have his head struck off.
*Ladis.* Is't possible? [dom
*Eubu.* The story says so, and commends her wis-
For making use of her authority.
And it is worth your imitation, madam:
He loves subjection, and you are no queen,
Unless you make him feel the weight of it,
You are more than all the world to him, and that
He may be so* to you, and not seek change
When his delights are sated, mew him up
In some close prison (if you let him live,
Which is no policy), and there diet him
As you think fit, to feed your appetite;
Since there ends his ambition.
*Ubald.* Devilish counsel!
*Ric.* The king's amazed.
*Ubald.* The queen appears, too, full
Of deep imaginations; Eubulus
Hath put both to it.
*Ric.* Now she seems resolved:
I long to know the issue.
[*Honoria descends from the throne.*
*Hon.* Give me leave,
Dear sir, to reprehend you for appearing
Perplex'd with what this old man, out of envy
Of your unequall'd graces, shower'd upon me,
Hath, in his fabulous story, saucily
Applied to me. Sir, that you only nourish
One doubt Honoria dares abuse the power
With which she is invested by your favour;
Or that she ever can make use of it
To the injury of you, the great bestower,
Takes from your judgment. It was your delight
To seek to me with more obsequiousness
Than I desired: and stood it with my duty
Not to receive what you were pleased to offer?
I do but act the part you put upon me,
And though you make me personate a queen,
And you my subject, when the play, your pleasure,
Is at a period, I am what I was
Before I enter'd, still your humble wife,
And you my royal sovereign.

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* *You are more than all the world to him, and that He may be* foe *to you,*] This is the reading of all the old copies, but most certainly false. It ought to be
——————— *and that*
*He may* be so *to you.* COXETER.
When it is considered that the old way of spelling *so* was *foe*, and that the *ſ* is frequently mistaken for an *f*, we shall not be inclined to think extraordinarily highly of the editor's sagacity, notwithstanding it is set off by a capital letter, which is not to be found in the original. But now steps in Mr. M. Mason, and, having the scent of an amendment, pronounces *so* to be nonsense! and proposes to read (nay, actually prints), *true*, which, saith he, "is *evidently* the right word." All this thrashing for chaff!

*Ric.* Admirable! [dangers
*Hon.* I have heard of captains taken more with
Than the rewards; and if, in your approaches
To those delights which are your own, and freely,
To heighten your desire, you make the passage
Narrow and difficult, shall I prescribe you,
Or blame your fondness? or can that swell me
Beyond my just proportion?
*Ubald.* Above wonder! [ness.
*Ladis.* Heaven make me thankful for such good-
*Hon.* Now, sir,
The state I took to satisfy your pleasure,
I change to this humility; and the oath
You made to me of homage, I thus cancel,
And seat you in your own.
[*Leads the king to the throne.*
*Ladis.* I am transported
Beyond myself.
*Hon.* And now, to your wise lordship:
Am I proved a Semiramis? or hath
My Ninus, as maliciously you made him,
Cause to repent the excess of favour to me,
Which you call dotage?
*Ladis.* Answer, wretch.
*Eubu.* I dare, sir,
And say, however the event may plead
In your defence, you had a guilty cause;
Nor was it wisdom in you, I repeat it,
To teach a lady, humble in herself,
With the ridiculous dotage of a lover,
To be ambitious.
*Hon.* Eubulus, I am so;
'Tis rooted in me; you mistake my temper.
I do profess myself to be the most
Ambitious of my sex, but not to hold
Command over my lord; such a proud torrent
Would sink me in my wishes: not that I
Am ignorant how much I can deserve,
And may with justice challenge.
*Eubu.* This I look'd for;
After this seeming humble ebb, I knew
A gushing tide would follow.
*Hon.* By my birth,
And liberal gifts of nature, as of fortune,
From you, as things beneath me, I expect
What's due to majesty, in which I am
A sharer with your sovereign.
*Eubu.* Good again!
*Hon.* And as I am most eminent in place,
In all my actions I would appear so.
*Ladis.* You need not fear a rival.
*Hon.* I hope not;
And till I find one, I disdain to know
What envy is.
*Ladis.* You are above it, madam.
*Hon.* For beauty without art, discourse, and free*
From affectation, with what graces else
Can in the wife and daughter of a king
Be wish'd, I dare prefer myself, as——
*Eubu.* I
Blush for you, lady. Trumpet your own praises*!
This spoken by the people had been heard
With honour to you. Does the court afford
No oil-tongued parasite, that you are forced
To be your own gross flatterer?
*Ladis.* Be dumb,
Thou spirit of contradiction!
*Hon.* The wolf
But barks against the moon, and I contemn it.
The mask you promised? [*A horn sounded within.*
*Ladis.* Let them enter.

*Enter a* Courier.

How!
*Eubu.* Here's one, I fear, unlook'd for.
*Ladis.* From the camp?
*Cour.* The general, victorious in your fortune,
Kisses your hand in this, sir. [*Delivers a letter.*
*Ladis.* That great Power,
Who at his pleasure does dispose of battles,
Be ever praised for't! Read, sweet, and partake it:
The Turk is vanquish'd, and with little loss
Upon our part, in which our joy is doubled.
*Eubu.* But let it not exalt you; bear it, sir,
With moderation, and pay what you owe for't.
*Ladis.* I understand thee, Eubulus. I'll not now
Enquire particulars.—[*Exit* Courier.]—Our delights
deferred,
With reverence to the temples; there we'll tender
Our souls' devotions to His dread might,
Who edged our swords, and taught us how to fight.
[*Exeunt.*

---

* *For beauty without art, discourse, and free,* &c.] These last words are improperly arranged, we should read,
*For beauty without art, and discourse free from affectation.* M. Mason.
I know not how much Mr. M. Mason had read of his author when he wrote this note; but must take leave to think, that his acquaintance with him was exceedingly superficial. The mode of expression, which he would change into tame prose by his arrangement, is so frequent in Massinger, as to form one of the characteristics of his style. It is not, indeed, unknown to, or unused by, any of his contemporaries: but in none of them are the recurrences of it so frequent.

* Eubu. *I*
*Blush for you, lady. Trumpet your own praises!*] Dodsley reads,
*As I*
*Blush for you, lady, trumpet* not *your own praise.* Coxter and Mr. M. Mason:
*As I*
*Blush for you, lady, trumpet your own praises*—.
And explain it to mean that—" she herself having lost all sense of shame, he undertakes to blush for her; and therefore ironically bids her proceed."
I like neither of these readings. Dodsley's is very tame; and Coxeter's at variance with what follows. The old copy ps theepss aoatmi h tus:
Eub. *As I*
*Blush for you lady, trumpet your own prayses!*
Which leads me to suspect that the queen was interrupted by the impatience of Eubulus; upon that idea I have regulated the text. This is by far the greatest liberty I have yet taken with my author.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—Bohemia. *A Room in* Mathias' *House.*

*Enter* HILARIO *and* CORISCA.

*Hil.* You like my speech?
*Coris.* Yes, if you give it action
In the delivery.
*Hil.* If! I pity you. [time,
I have play'd the fool before; this is not the first
Nor shall be, I hope, the last.
*Coris.* Nay, I think so too. [laughter,
*Hil.* And if I put her not out of her dumps with
I'll make her howl for anger.
*Coris.* Not too much
Of that, good fellow Hilario: our sad lady
Hath drank too often of that bitter cup;
A pleasant one must restore her. With what patience
Would she endure to hear of the death of my lord;
That, merely out of doubt he may miscarry,
Afflicts herself thus?
*Hil.* Umph? 'tis a question
A widow only can resolve. There be some
That in their husbands' sicknesses* have wept
Their pottle of tears a day; but being once certain
At midnight he was dead, have in the morning
Dried up their handkerchiefs, and thought no more
on't. [row
*Coris.* Tush, she is none of that race; if her sor-
Be not true and perfect, I against my sex
Will take my oath woman ne'er wept in earnest.
She has made herself a prisoner to her chamber,
Dark as a dungeon, in which no beam
Of comfort enters. She admits no visits;
Eats little, and her nightly music is
Of sighs and groans, tuned to such harmony
Of feeling grief, that I, against my nature,
Am made one of the consort†. This hour only
She takes the air, a custom every day
She solemnly observes, with greedy hopes,
From some that pass by, to receive assurance
Of the success and safety of her lord.
Now, if that your device will take——
*Hil.* Ne'er fear it:
I am provided cap-à-pié, and have
My properties in readiness.
*Soph.* [*within.*] Bring my veil, there.
*Coris.* Be gone, I hear her coming.
*Hil.* If I do not
Appear, and, what's more, appear perfect, hiss me.
[*Exit.*

*Enter* SOPHIA.

*Soph.* I was flatter'd once, I was a star, but now
Turn'd a prodigious meteor, and, like one,
Hang in the air between my hopes and fears;
And every hour, the little stuff burnt out
That yields a waning light to dying comfort,
I do expect my fall, and certain ruin.
In wretched things more wretched is delay;
And Hope, a parasite to me, being unmask'd,
Appears more horrid than Despair, and my
Distraction worse than madness. Even my prayers,
When with most zeal sent upward, are pull'd down
With strong imaginary doubts and fears,
And in their sudden precipice o'erwhelm me.
Dreams and fantastic visions walk the round*
About my widow'd bed, and every slumber's
Broken with loud alarms: can these be then
But sad presages, girl?
*Coris.* You make them so,
And antedate a loss shall ne'er fall on you
Such pure affection, such mutual love,
A bed, and undefiled on either part,
A house without contention, in two bodies
One will and soul, like to the rod of concord,
Kissing each other, cannot be short-lived,
Or end in barrenness.—If all these, dear madam
(Sweet in your sadness), should produce no fruit,
Or leave the age no models of yourselves,
To witness to posterity what you were;
Succeeding times, frighted with the example,
But hearing of your story, would instruct
Their fairest issue to meet sensually,
Like other creatures, and forbear to raise
True Love, or Hymen, altars.
*Soph.* O Corisca,
I know thy reasons are like to thy wishes;
And they are built upon a weak foundation,
To raise me comfort. Ten long days are past,
Ten long days, my Corisca, since my lord
Embark'd himself upon a sea of danger,
In his dear care of me. And if his life
Had not been shipwreck'd on the rock of war,
His tenderness of me (knowing how much
I languish for his absence) had provided
Some trusty friend, from whom I might receive
Assurance of his safety.
*Coris.* Ill news, madam, [crutches:
Are swallow-wing'd, but what's good walks on
With patience expect it, and, ere long,
No doubt you shall hear from him.
[*Horn blown.*
*Soph.* Ha! What's that?
*Coris.* The fool has got a sowgelder's horn. A post,
As I take it, madam.
*Soph.* It makes this way still;
Nearer and nearer.
*Coris.* From the camp, I hope.

*Enter one disguised as a Courier, with a horn; followed by* HILARIO, *in antic armour, with long white hair and beard.*

[armour,
*Soph.* The messenger appears, and in strange
Heaven! if it be thy will—
*Hil.* It is no boot
To strive; our horses tired, let's walk on foot:

* *That in their husbands'* sicknesses *have wept*] So the quarto: the modern editors read,
*That in their* husband's sickness *have wept*
which utterly destroys the metre. In the next speech, for—woman *ne'er wept*, Mr. M. Mason gives us women *ne'er wept!* and thus he stumbles and blunders on through the whole work.

† *Am made one of the* consort,] Here, as every where else, Mr. M. Mason discharges the genuine word for *concert*. See *The Fatal Dowry*.

* *Dreams and fantastic visions* walk the round] For *the round*, Coxeter would read, *their round*; but he did not understand the phrase. To "walk *the* round" was technical, and meant to *watch*, in which sense it often occurs in Massinger, and other writers of his age.

And that the castle, which is very near us,
To give us entertainment, may soon hear us,
Blow lustily, my lad, and drawing nigh-a*,
Ask for a lady which is cleped Sophia.
*Coris.* He names you, madam.
*Hil.* For to her I bring,
Thus clad in arms, news of a pretty thing,
By name Mathias. [*Exit Courier.*
*Soph.* From my lord? O sir
I am Sophia, that Mathias' wife.
So may Mars favour you in all your battles,
As you with speed unload me of the burthen
I labour under, till I am confirm'd
Both where and how you left him!
*Hil.* If thou art,
As I believe, the pigsney of his heart,
Know he's in health, and what's more, full of glee;
And so much I was will'd to say to thee.
*Soph.* Have you no letters from him?
*Hil.* No more words†.
In the camp we use no pens, but write with swords;
Yet as I am enjoin'd, by word of mouth
I will proclaim his deeds from north to south;
But tremble not, while I relate the wonder
Though my eyes like lightning shine, and my voice thunder.
*Soph.* This is some counterfeit braggart.
*Coris.* Hear him, madam.
*Hil.* The rear march'd first, which follow'd by the van,
And wing'd with the battalia‡, no man
Durst stay to shift a shirt, or louse himself;
Yet, ere the armies join'd, that hopeful elf,
Thy dear, thy dainty duckling, bold Mathias,
Advanced, and stared like Hercules or Golias.
A hundred thousand Turks, it is no vaunt,
Assail'd him; every one a Termagaunt:
But what did he then, with his keen-edge spear
He cut and carbonated them: here and there
Lay legs and arms; and, as 'tis said to Julee
Of Bevis, some he quarter'd all in three.
*Soph.* This is ridiculous.
*Hil.* I must take breath;
Then like a nightingale, I'll sing his death.
*Soph.* His death!
*Hil.* I am out.
*Coris.* Recover, dunder-head. [died;
*Hil.* How he escaped, I should have sung, not
For, though a knight, when I said so, I lied.
Weary he was, and scarce could stand upright,
And looking round for some courageous knight
To rescue him, as one perplex'd in woe,
He call'd to me, help, help, Hilario!
My valiant servant, help!
*Coris.* He has spoil'd all. [bold
*Soph.* Are you the man of arms, then? I'll make
To take off your martial beard, you had fool's hair
Enough without it. Slave! how durst thou make
Thy sport of what concerns me more than life,
In such an antic fashion? Am I grown
Contemptible to those I feed? you, minion,
Had a hand in it too, as it appears,
Your petticoat serves for bases to this warrior*.
*Coris.* We did it for your mirth.
*Hil.* For myself, I hope,
I have spoke like a soldier.
*Soph.* Hence, you rascal!
I never but with reverence name my lord,
And can I hear it by thy tongue profaned,
And not correct thy folly? but you are [course,
Transform'd and turn'd knight-errant; take your
And wander where you please; for here I vow
By my lord's life (an oath I will not break),
Till his return, or certainty of his safety,
My doors are shut against thee. [*Exit*
*Coris.* You have made
A fine piece of work on't! How do you like the quality†?
You had a foolish itch to be an actor,
And may stroll where you please.
*Hil.* Will you buy my share?
*Coris.* No, certainly; I fear I have already
Too much of mine own. I'll only, as a damsel
(As the books say‡), thus far help to disarm you;
And so, dear Don Quixote, taking my leave,
I leave you to your fortune. [*Exit.*
*Hil.* Have I sweat
My brains out for this quaint and rare invention,
And am I thus rewarded? I could turn
Tragedian and roar now, but that I fear
'Twould get me too great a stomach, having no meat
To pacify colon§: What will become of me?
I cannot beg in armour, and steal I dare not:
My end must be to stand in a corn field,
And fright away the crows, for bread and cheese;
Or find some hollow tree in the highway,
And there, until my lord return, sell switches:
No more Hilario, but Dolorio now,
I'll weep my eyes out, and be blind of purpose
To move compassion; and so I vanish. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Hungary. *An Ante-room in the Palace.*

*Enter* Eubulus, Ubaldo, Ricardo, *and others.*

*Eubu.* Are the gentlemen sent before, as it was
By the king's direction, to entertain [order'd.
The general?
*Ric.* Long since; they by this have met him,
And given him the bienvenu.

* *Blow lustily my lad, and drawing* nigh-a,
*Ask for a lady which is cleped* Sophia.] Coxeter took the *a* from *nigh-a*, and Mr. M. Mason, not to behind hand in the business of improvement, reduced *Sophia* to *Sophy*. He then observes with great self-complacency, "this emendation" (emendation!) "is *evidently* right; as all the rest of this ridiculous speech is in rhyme, we should *without doubt* read *Sophy* instead of *Sophia!*" After all this confidence, the old copy reads precisely as I have given it.

† Hil. *No* more *words.*] Here is another "emendation!" The editors read; *No*, mere *words*. But Hilario alludes to what he had just said—"so much *I was will'd to say to thee—and therefore question me no further.*" The contradiction which follows, makes the humour, if it may be so styled, of this absurd interlude.

‡ *And wing'd with the* battalia,] Mr. M. Mason reads *battalion*; a needless increase of nonsense: by *battalia* our old writers meant what we now call the main body of the army.

* *Your petticoat serves for* bases *to this* warrior.] *Bases* seem to be some kind of quilted and ornamental covering for the thighs. It appears to have made a part of the military dress of the time:

"*Per.* Now by your furtherance I am clad in *steel*
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of *bases*.
*Fish.* We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my *best gown* to make thee a pair."—*Pericles*, Act II. sc. 1.

† *How do you like the* quality?] i. e. the profession of playing. See *The Roman Actor*. In the last line of this speech, the editors have unnecessarily inserted *now* before stroll.

‡ *As the* books *say.*] i. e. the books of knight-errantry, which were then much read. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason have—*As the* book says!

§ *To pacify* colon:] i. e. the cravings of hunger.—See *The Unnatural Combat*, Act I., Sc. 1.

*Eubu.* I hope I need not
Instruct you in your parts.
*Ubald.* How! us, my lord!
Fear not; we know our distances and degrees
To the very inch where we are to salute him.
*Ric.* The state were miserable if the court had
Of her own breed, familiar with all garbs [none
Gracious in England, Italy, Spain, or France;
With form and punctuality to receive
Stranger ambassadors: for the general
He's a mere native, and it matters not
Which way we do accost him.
*Ubald.* 'Tis great pity
That such as sit at the helm provide no better
For the training up of the gentry. In my judgment
An academy erected, with large pensions
To such as in a table could set down
The congees, cringes, postures, methods, phrase,
Proper to every nation——
*Ric.* O, it were
An admirable piece of work!
*Ubald.* And yet rich fools
Throw away their charity on hospitals
For beggars and lame soldiers, and ne'er study
The due regard to compliment and courtship,
Matters of more import, and are indeed
The glories of a monarchy.
*Eubu.* These, no doubt,
Are state points, gallants, I confess; but sure,
Our court needs no aids this way, since it is*
A school of nothing else. There are some of you
Whom I forbear to name, whose coining heads
Are the mints of all new fashions, that have done
More hurt to the kingdom by superfluous bravery†,
Which the foolish gentry imitate, than a war,
Or a long famine; all the treasure, by
This foul excess, is got into the merchant,
Embroiderer, silkman, jeweller, tailor's hand,
And the third part of the land too, the nobility
Engrossing titles only.
*Ric.* My lord, you are bitter. [*A trumpet.*

*Enter a* Servant.

*Serv.* The general is alighted, and now enter'd.
*Ric.* Were he ten generals, I am prepared,
And know what I will do.
*Eub.* Pray you what, Ricardo?
*Ric.* I'll fight at compliment with him.
*Ubald.* I'll charge home too. [off well.
*Eub.* And that's a desperate service; if you come

*Enter* Ferdinand, Mathias, Baptista, *and* Captains.

*Ferd.* Captain, command the officers to keep
The soldier, as he march'd in rank and file,
Till they hear further from me. [*Exeunt Captains.*
*Eubu.* Here's one speaks
In another key; this is no canting language
Taught in your academy.
*Ferd.* Nay, I will present you
To the king myself.
*Math.* A grace beyond my merit.
*Ferd.* You undervalue what I cannot set
Too high a price on.
*Eubu.* With a friend's true heart,
I gratulate your return.
*Ferd.* Next to the favour
Of the great king, I am happy in your friendship.
*Ubald.* By courtship, coarse on both sides!
*Ferd.* Pray you, receive
This stranger to your knowledge; on my credit,
At all parts he serves it.
*Eubu.* Your report
Is a strong assurance to me. Sir, most welcome.
*Math.* This said by you the reverence of your age
Commands me to believe it.
*Ric.* This was pretty;
But second me now.——I cannot stoop too low
To do your excellence that due observance
Your fortune claims.
*Eubu.* He ne'er thinks on his virtue!
*Ric.* For being, as you are, the soul of soldiers,
And bulwark of Bellona——
*Ubald.* The protection
Both of the court and king—
*Ric.* And the sole minion
Of mighty Mars—
*Ubald.* One that with justice may
Increase the number of the worthies—
*Eubu.* Heyday!
*Ric.* It being impossible in my arms to circle
Such giant worth—
*Ubald.* At distance we presume
To kiss your honour'd gauntlet.
*Eubu.* What reply now
Can he make to this foppery?
*Ferd.* You have said,
Gallants, so much, and hitherto done so little,
That, till I learn to speak, and you to do,
I must take time to thank you.
*Eubu.* As I live,
Answer'd as I could wish. How the fops gape now!
*Ric.* This was harsh and scurvy.
*Ubald.* We will be revenged
When he comes to court the ladies, and laugh at him.
*Eubu.* Nay, do your offices, gentlemen, and con-
The general to the presence. [duct
*Ric.* Keep your order.
*Ubald.* Make way for the general.

[*Exeunt all but Eubulus*

*Eubu.* What wise man,
That, with judicious eyes, looks on a soldier,
But must confess that fortune's swing is more
O'er that profession, than all kinds else
Of life pursued by man? They, in a state,
Are but as surgeons to wounded men,
E'en desperate in their hopes; while pain and anguish
Make them blaspheme, and call in vain for death:
Their wives and children kiss the surgeon's knees,
Promise him mountains, if his saving hand
Restore the tortured wretch to former strength.
But when grim death, by Æsculapius' art,
Is frighted from the house, and health appears
In sanguine colours on the sick man's face,
All is forgot; and, asking his reward,
He's paid with curses, often receives wounds
From him whose wounds he cured. I have observed,
When horrid Mars*, the touch of whose rough hand

* *Our* court needs *no aids this way, since it is* &c.] Mr. M. Mason, in defiance of authority and of grammar, reads: *Our* courts need *no aids this way since* it &c. indeed, he hath printed the whole of this speech very carelessly, and pointed it still more so.

† ——— *by superfluous* bravery] i. e. as I have already observed, finery, costliness of apparel, &c.

* *From him whose wounds he cured. I have observed, When horrid Mars,* &c.] There is both an imperfection and a redundancy in this speech, as it stands in the old edition, which reads,

*From him whose wounds he cured, so soldiers,*
*Though of more worth and use, meet the same fate*
*As it is too apparent. I have observed*

With palsies shakes a kingdom, hath put on
His dreadful helmet, and with terror fills
The place where he, like an unwelcome guest,
Resolves to revel, how the lords of her, like
The tradesman, merchant, and litigious pleader,
And such like scarabs, bred in the dung of peace,
In hope of their protection, humbly offer
Their daughters to their beds, heirs to their service,
And wash with tears their sweat, their dust, their scars:
But when those clouds of war, that menaced
A bloody deluge to the affrighted state,
Are, by their breath, dispersed, and overblown,
And famine, blood, and death, Bellona's pages,
Whipt from the quiet continent to Thrace *;
Soldiers, that, like the foolish hedge-sparrow,
To their own ruin hatch this cuckoo peace,
Are straight thought burthensome; since want of means,
Growing from† want of action, breeds contempt:
And that, the worst of ills, falls to their lot,
Their service, with the danger, soon forgot.

*Enter a* Servant.

*Serv.* The queen, my lord, hath made choice of this room,
To see the mask.

*Eubu.* I'll be a looker on;
My dancing days are past.

*Loud music.* *Enter* Ubaldo, Ricardo, Ladislaus, Ferdinand, Honoria, Mathias, Sylvia, Acanthe, Baptista, Captains, *and others. As they pass, a Song in praise of war.*

*Ladis.* This courtesy
To a stranger, my Honoria, keeps fair rank
With all your rarities. After your travail,
Look on our court delights; but first, from your
Relation, with erected ears I'll hear
The music of your war, which must be sweet,
Ending in victory.

*Ferd.* Not to trouble
Your majesties with description of a battle
Too full of horror for the place, and to
Avoid particulars, which should I deliver,
I must trench longer on your patience than
My manners will give way to;—in a word, sir,
It was well fought on both sides, and almost
With equal fortune, it continuing doubtful
Upon whose tents plumed Victory would take
Her glorious stand. Impatient of delay,
With the flower of our prime gentlemen, I charged
Their main battalia, and with their assistance
Brake in; but, when I was almost assured
That they were routed; by a stratagem
Of the subtile Turk, who opening his gross body
And rallying up his troops on either side,
I found myself so far engaged, for I
Must not conceal my errors, that I knew not
Which way with honour to come off.

*Eubu.* I like
A general that tells his faults, and is not
Ambitious to engross unto himself
All honour, as some have, in which, with justice,
They could not claim a share.

*Ferd.* Being thus hemm'd in,
Their scimitars raged among us; and, my horse
Kill'd under me, I every minute look'd for
An honourable end, and that was all
My hope could fashion to me: circled thus
With death and horror, as one sent from heaven,
This man of men, with some choice horse, that follow'd
His brave example, did pursue the track
His sword cut for them, and, but that I see him
Already blush to hear what he, being present,
I know would wish unspoken, I should say, sir,
By what he did, we boldly may believe
All that is writ of Hector.

*Math.* General,
Pray spare these strange hyperboles.

*Eubu.* Do not blush
To hear a truth; here are a pair of monsieurs,
Had they been in your place, would have run away,
And ne'er changed countenance.

*Ubald.* We have your good word still.

*Eubu.* And shall, while you deserve it.

*Ladis.* Silence; on.

*Ferd.* He, as I said, like dreadful lightning thrown
From Jupiter's shield, dispersed the armed gire
With which I was environed; horse and man
Shrunk under his strong arm: more, with his looks†
Frighted, the valiant fled, with which encouraged,
My soldiers (like young eaglets preying under
The wings of their fiece dam), as if from him
They took both spirit and fire, bravely came on.
By him I was remounted, and inspired
With treble courage; and such as fled before
Boldly made head again; and, to confirm them,
It suddenly was apparent, that the fortune
Of the day was ours; each soldier and commander
Perform'd his part; but this was the great wheel†

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*In one hue.*
*When horrid Mars, &c.*

From the repetitions, I am inclined to think that this soliloquy (which is sufficiently long) was abridged in the prompter's book, and that the abridgment and the original were confounded, and unskilfully copied at the press. This is not a circumstance so improbable as it may appear to some readers, for I could give many instances of it. It should be remembered that there is but one edition of this play, so that the evil is without remedy. Coxeter altered the pointing, without improving the sense: and Mr. M. Mason gave the passage unfaithfully.

* *Whipt from the quiet continent to Thrace;*] Massinger is here mistaken, for Thrace is upon the continent.—Coxeter.

Massinger probably knew as well as the editor, that part of Thrace was on the continent; but the Thracian archipelago, which was dedicated to Mars, is composed of islands. M. Mason.

It is difficult, in the words of Escalus, to say, "which is the wiser here, Justice or Iniquity." The contrast is not between a continent and an island, but between a state of tranquility and one of warfare. The ancients comprehended under the name of Thrace much of the north-eastern part of Europe, the fierce inhabitants of which were supposed to worship Mars and Bellona; who, in return, made the country the peculiar place of their residence. From thence they are frequently described with great magnificence by the poets, as setting forth to kindle war, "with their pages, famine, blood, and death;" and thither, when peace was restored, they were supposed to retire again. The same idea, and nearly in the same words, has already occurred in *The Roman Actor:*

*Now, the god of war*
*And famine, blood, and death, Bellona's pages,*
*Banish'd from Rome to Thrace, in our good fortune,*
*With justice he may taste the fruits of peace.*

* *Growing* from *want of action,*] This is sufficiently clear; yet Mr. M. Mason alters it to—Growing *for* want of action

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* ——————— more, *with his looks,* &c.] i. e. yet more, further, &c.

† ——————— *but this was the great wheel,* &c.] This is the third or fourth time we have had this expression. It is certainly no felony for a man to steal from himself, but it is nevertheless a very awkward way of relieving his

By which the lesser moved; and all rewards
And signs of honour, as the civic garland,
The mural wreath, the enemy's prime horse,
With the general's sword, and armour (the old honours
With which the Romans crown'd their several leaders),
To him alone are proper.
*Ladis.* And they shall
Deservedly fall on him. Sit; 'tis our pleasure.
*Ferd.* Which I must serve, not argue.
*Hon.* You are a stranger,
But, in your service for the king, a native,
And, though a free queen, I am bound in duty
To cherish virtue wheresoe'er I find it:
This place is yours.
*Math.* It were presumption in me
To sit so near you.
*Hon.* Not having our warrant.
*Ladis.* Let the maskers enter: by the preparation,
'Tis a French brawl, an apish imitation
Of what you really perform in battle:
And Pallas, bound up in a little volume,
Apollo, with his lute, attending on her,
Serve for the induction.

*Enter Maskers,* APOLLO *with his lute,* and PALLAS: *A Dance; after which a Song* in praise of the victorious soldier.*

Our thanks to all.
To the banquet that's prepared to entertain them.
[*Exeunt Maskers, Apollo, and Pallas.*
What would my best Honoria?
*Hon.* May it please
My king, that I, who, by his suffrage, ever
Have had power to command, may now entreat
An honour from him.
*Ladis.* Why should you desire
What is your own? whate'er it be, you are
The mistress of it.
*Hon.* I am happy in
Your grant: my suit, sir, is, that your commanders,
Especially this stranger, may, as I
In my discretion shall think good, receive
What's due to their deserts.
*Ladis.* What you determine
Shall know no alteration.
*Eubu.* The soldier
Is like to have good usage, when he depends
Upon her pleasure! Are all the men so bad,
That, to give satisfaction, we must have
A woman treasurer? Heaven help all!
*Hon.* With you, sir, [*To Mathias.*
I will begin, and, as in my esteem
You are most eminent, expect to have
What's fit for me to give, and you to take,
The favour in the quick dispatch being double,
Go fetch my casket, and with speed.
[*Exit Acanthe.*
*Eubu.* The kingdom
Is very bare of money, when rewards
Issue from the queen's jewel-house. Give him gold
And store*, no question the gentleman wants it.
Good madam, what shall he do with a hoop ring,
And a spark of diamond in it, though you take it,

*Re-enter* ACANTHE *with a Casket.*

For the greater honour, from your majesty's finger?
'Twill not increase the value. He must purchase
Rich suits, the gay caparison of courtship†,
Revel and feast, which, the war ended, is
A soldier's glory; and 'tis fit that way
Your bounty should provide for him.
*Hon.* You are rude,
And by your narrow thoughts proportion mine.
What I will do now shall be worth the envy
Of Cleopatra. Open it; see here
*Honoria descends from the state.*
The lapidary's idol! Gold is trash,
And a poor salary, fit for grooms; wear these
As studded stars in your armour, and make the sun
Look dim with jealousy of a greater light
Than his beams gild the day with: when it is
Exposed to view, call it Honoria's gift,
The queen Honoria's gift, that loves a soldier;
And, to give ornament and lustre to him,
Parts freely with her own! Yet, not to take
From the magnificence of the king, I will
Dispense his bounty too, but as a page
To wait on mine; for other tosses ‡, take
A hundred thousand crowns.—your hand, dear sir,— [*Takes off the king's signet.*
And this shall be thy warrant.
*Eubu.* I perceive
I was cheated in this woman: now she is
In the giving vein to soldiers, let her be proud,
And the king dote, so she go on, I care not.

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necessities. It is surprising how seldom these repetitions occur in Shakspeare. When we consider how much he wrote, the exuberance of his resources will appear truly wonderful.

Massinger seems to be indebted to Daniel for the original idea:

> For this great motion of a state, we see,
> Doth turne on many wheels; and some, though *small*,
> Do yet the *greater move*, who in degree
> Stirre those who likewise turne the great'st of all."
> *Philotas.*

* I don't think Massinger excels in writing songs; there are none to be found in these plays that have any degree of merit, and few that are even intelligible.—M. MASON.

This song, which is evidently incomplete, I have removed to the end of the play. From the stage direction, it would seem as if the care of these things had been left to the prompter. Just before we have "a song in praise of war;" and, in the following act, another, "on pleasure."

* ——— *Give him gold,*
*And store,*] This expression, which is taken from an old ballad, frequently occurs in these plays.

† ——— *He must purchase*
*Rich suits, the gay* comparison *of courtship,*] So it is printed in the old copy: the modern editors have reformed the spelling, and it may be they have done well; yet the word occurs so frequently in our old dramatists, that I have many doubts on the subject.

In *The Double Falsehood*, a play which Theobald attributed to Shakspeare, but which Pope, and his little knot of Critics, (without seeing the honour they did him), affected to believe his own, are these pretty lines:—

> ——— "I must stoop to gain her,
> Throw all my gay *comparisons* aside,
> And turn my proud additions out of service."

*Comparisons* they changed, with great exultation over poor Theobald, into *caparisons*, but had they known, or could he have informed them, that the word was so spelt by every author of that age, it might, perhaps, have moderated the excess of their triumph. *Courtship*, which is found in the same line, signifies the cost and magnificence of a court.

‡ ——— *for other* tosses, *take*, &c.] Meaning, perhaps, in the slight manner in which she notices this part of her bounty, *for trash to fling away*. Coxeter having negligently printed *losses*, observes on his own blunder, "this, I am apt to think should be, *for other* uses *take*," and nothing more was wanted to induce Mr. M. Mason to thrust it into the text!

*Hon.* This done, our pleasure is, that all arrear ages*
Be paid unto the captains, and their troops;
With a large donative, to increase their zeal
For the service of the kingdom.
*Eubu.* Better still:
Let men of arms be used thus, if they do not
Charge desperately upon the cannon's mouths,
Though the devil roar'd, and fight like dragons, hang me!
Now they may drink sack; but small beer with a passport
To beg with as they travel, and no money,
Turns their red blood to buttermilk.
*Hon.* Are you pleased, sir,
With what I have done
*Ladis.* Yes, and thus confirm it
With this addition of mine own: You have, sir,
From our loved queen received some recompense
For your life hazarded in the late action;
And, that we may follow her great example
In cherishing valour, without limit ask
What you from us can wish.
*Math.* If it be true,
Dread sir, as 'tis affirm'd, that every soil,
Where he is well, is to a valiant man
His natural country, reason may assure me
I should fix here, where blessings beyond hope,
From you, the spring, like rivers, flow unto me.
If wealth were my ambition, by the queen
I am made rich already, to the amazement
Of all that see, or shall hereafter read
The story of her bounty; if to spend
The remnant of my life in deeds of arms,
No region is more fertile of good knights,
From whom my knowledge that way may be better'd,
Than this your warlike Hungary; if favour,
Or grace in court could take me, by your grant,
Far, far beyond my merit, I may make
In yours a free election; but, alas! sir,
I am not mine own, but by my destiny
(Which I cannot resist) forced to prefer
My country's smoke, before the glorious fire
With which your bounties warm me. All I ask, sir,
Though I cannot be ignorant it must relish
Of foul ingratitude, is your gracious license
For my departure.
*Ladis.* Whither?
*Math.* To my own home, sir,
My own poor home; which will, at my return,
Grow rich by your magnificence. I am here
But a body without a soul; and, till I find it
In the embraces of my constant wife,
And, to set off that constancy, in her beauty
And matchless excellencies without a rival,
I am but half myself.
*Hon.* And is she then
So chaste and fair as you infer?
*Math.* O, madam,
Though it must argue weakness in a rich man,
To show his gold before an armed thief,
And I, in praising of my wife, but feed
The fire of lust in others to attempt her;
Such is my full-sail'd confidence in her virtue,
Though in my absence she were now besieged
By a strong army of lascivious wooers,
And every one more expert in his art,
Than those that tempted chaste Penelope;
Though they raised batteries by prodigal gifts,
By amorous letters, vows made for her service,
With all the engines wanton appetite
Could mount to shake the fortress of her honour,
Here, here is my assurance she holds out,
[*Kisses the picture.*
And is impregnable.
*Hon.* What's that?
*Math.* Her fair figure.
*Ladis.* As I live, an excellent face!
*Hon.* You have seen a better.
*Ladis.* I ever except yours*:—nay, frown not, sweetest,
The Cyprian queen, compared to you, in my
Opinion, is a negro. As you order'd,
I'll see the soldiers paid; and, in my absence,
Pray you use your powerful arguments, to stay
This gentleman in our service.
*Hon.* I will do
My parts.
*Ladis.* On to the camp.
[*Exeunt Ladislaus, Ferdinand, Eubulus, Baptista, Captains, and others.*
*Hon.* I am full of thoughts,
And something there is here I must give form to,
Though yet an embryon: you, signiors,
Have no business with the soldier, as I take it,
You are for other warfare; quit the place,
But be within call.
*Ric.* Employment, on my life, boy!
*Ubald.* If it lie in our road, we are made for ever
[*Exeunt Ubaldo and Ricardo.*
*Hon.* You may perceive the king is no way tainted
With the disease of jealousy, since he leaves me
Thus private with you.
*Math.* It were in him, madam,
A sin unpardonable to distrust such pureness,
Though I were an Adonis.
*Hon.* I presume
He neither does nor dares: and yet the story
Delivered of you by the general,
With your heroic courage, which sinks deeply
Into a knowing woman's heart, besides
Your promising presence, might beget some scruple
In a meaner man; but more of this hereafter.
I'll take another theme now, and conjure you
By the honours you have won, and by the love
Sacred to your dear wife, to answer truly
To what I shall demand.
*Math.* You need not use
Charms to this purpose, madam.
*Hon.* Tell me, then,
Being yourself assured 'tis not in man
To sully with one spot th' immaculate whiteness
Of your wife's honour, if you have not, since
The Gordian of your love was tied by marriage,
Play'd false with her?
*Math.* By the hopes of mercy, never.
*Hon.* It may be, not frequenting the converse
Of handsome ladies, you were never tempted,
And so your faith's untried yet.

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* ——— *that all* arrearages] This word, I know not why, the modern editors discard for *arrears*.

* *Ladis.* I ever except yours:—*nay, frown not, sweetest,*] This line stands thus in the modern editions:
Ladis. *I* ne'er, *except yours; nay, frown not, sweetest;* which is the perfection of taste and harmony: the old copy reads as I have given it.

*Math.* Surely, madam,
I am no woman-hater; I have been
Received to the society of the best
And fairest of our climate, and have met with
No common entertainment, yet ne'er felt
The least heat that way.
*Hon.* Strange! and do you think still,
The earth can show no beauty that can drench
In Lethe all remembrance of the favour
You now bear to your own?
*Math.* Nature must find out
Some other mould to fashion a new creature
Fairer than her Pandora, ere I prove
Guilty, or in my wishes or my thoughts,
To my Sophia.
*Hon.* Sir, consider better;
Not one in our whole sex?
*Math.* I am constant to
My resolution.
*Hon.* But dare you stand
The opposition, and bind yourself
By oath for the performance?
*Math.* My faith else
Had but a weak foundation.
*Hon.* I take hold
Upon your promise, and enjoin your stay
For one month here.
*Math.* I am caught.
*Hon.* And if I do not
Produce a lady, in that time, that shall
Make you confess your error, I submit
Myself to any penalty you shall please
To impose upon me: in the mean space, write
To your chaste wife, acquaint her with your fortune:
The jewels that were mine you may send to her,
For better confirmation: I'll provide you
Of trusty messengers; but how far distant is she?
*Math.* A day's hard riding.
*Hon.* There is no retiring;
I'll bind you to your word.
*Math.* Well, since there is
No way to shun it, I will stand the hazard,
And instantly make ready my dispatch:
Till then, I'll leave your majesty. [*Exit.*
*Hon.* How I burst
With envy, that there lives, besides myself,
One fair and loyal woman! 'twas the end
Of my ambition to be recorded
The only wonder of the age, and shall I
Give way to a competitor? Nay, more,
To add to my affliction, the assurances
That I placed in my beauty have deceived me:
I thought one amorous glance of mine could bring
All hearts to my subjection; but this stranger
Unmoved as rocks, contemns me. But I cannot
Sit down so with mine honour: I will gain
A double victory, by working him
To my desire, and taint her in her honour,
Or lose myself: I have read, that sometime poison
Is useful.—To supplant her, I'll employ
With any cost, Ubaldo and Ricardo,
Two noted courtiers, of approvèd cunning
In all the windings of lust's labyrinth;
And in corrupting him, I will outgo
Nero's Poppæa; if he shut his ears
Against my syren notes, I'll boldly swear
Ulysses lives again; or that I have found
A frozen cynic*, cold in spite of all
Allurements; one whom beauty cannot move,
Nor softest blandishments entice to love. [*Exit.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bohemia. *A Space near the Entrance of* Mathias' *House.*

*Enter* Hilario, *with a pitcher of water and a wallet.*

*Hil.* Thin, thin provision! I am dieted
Like one set to watch hawks; and, to keep me
waking.
My croaking guts make a perpetual larum.
Here I stand centinel; and, though I fright
Beggars from my lady's gate, in hope to have
A greater share, I find my commons mend not.
I look'd this morning in my glass, the river,
And there appear'd a fish call'd a poor John*,
Cut with a lenten face, in my own likeness;
And it seem'd to speak, and say, Good-morrow,
cousin!
No man comes this way but has a fling at me:
A surgeon passing by, ask'd at what rate
I would sell myself; I answer'd, For what use?
To make, said he, a living anatomy,
And set thee up in our hall, for thou art transparent
Without dissection; and, indeed, he had reason
For I am scour'd with this poor purge† to nothing.
They say that hunger dwells in the camp; but till
My lord returns, or certain tidings of him,
He will not part with me:—but sorrow's dry,
And I must drink howsoever.

*Enter* Ubaldo, Ricardo, *and a* Guide.

*Guide.* That's her castle,
Upon my certain knowledge.
*Ubald* Our horses held out
To my desire. I am afire to be at it.
*Ric.* Take the jades for thy reward: before I
part hence,

* ——————*a fish call'd a* poor John,] i. e. dried hake. It occurs in *The Guardian*:
"Or live, like a Carthusian, on *poor John*."

* ——————*or that I have found*
*A frozen* cynic, &c.] I doubt whether the queen was well read in the characteristics of the different sects. The cynics wanted little allurement; the modestest of them would have met her advances more than half way: but perhaps her majesty meant to say *stoic*. This lady is of a most unamiable character. Her vanity, which she mistakes for ambition, is excessive; and her eagerness to gratify it, detestable in the extreme. She is chaste from temperament, but licentious from indulgence.

† *For I am scour'd with this poor* purge *to nothing.*] So the old copies; the modern editors read, *with this poor* porridge: but whether out of delicacy, or to improve the metre, I cannot say.

I hope to be better carried. Give me the cabinet:
So; leave us now.
*Guide.* Good fortune to you, gallants! [*Exit.*
*Ubald.* Being joint agents, in a design of trust too,
For the service of the queen, and our own pleasure,
Let us proceed with judgment.
*Ric.* If I take not
This fort at the first assault, make me an eunuch,
So I may have precedence.
*Ubald.* On no terms.
We are both to play one prize; he that works best
In the searching of this mine, shall carry it
Without contention.
*Ric.* Make you your approaches
As I directed.
*Ubald.* I need no instruction;
I work not on your anvil. I'll give fire
With mine own linstock; if the powder be dank,
The devil rend the touch-hole! Who have we here?
What skeleton's this?
*Ric.* A ghost! or the image of famine!
Where dost thou dwell?
*Hil.* Dwell, sir! my dwelling is
In the highway: that goodly house was once
My habitation, but I am banish'd,
And cannot be call'd home till news arrive
Of the good knight Mathias.
*Ric.* If that will
Restore thee, thou art safe.
*Ubald.* We come from him,
With presents to his lady.
*Hil.* But, are you sure
He is in health?
*Ric.* Never so well: conduct us
To the lady.
*Hil.* Though a poor snake, I will leap
Out of my skin for joy. Break, pitcher, break!
And wallet, late my cupboard, I bequeath thee
To the next beggar; thou, red herring, swim
To the Red Sea again: methinks I am already
Knuckle deep in the fleshpots; and, though waking, dream
Of wine and plenty!
*Ric.* What's the mystery
Of this strange passion?
*Hil* My belly, gentlemen,
Will not give me leave to tell you; when I have brought you
To my lady's presence, I am disenchanted:
There you shall know all. Follow; if I outstrip you,
Know I run for my belly.
*Ubald.* A mad fellow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Mathias' *House.*

*Enter* Sophia *and* Corisca.

*Soph.* Do not again delude me.
*Coris.* If I do,
Send me a grazing with my fellow Hilario*.
I stood, as you commanded, in the turret,
Observing all that pass'd by; and even now
I did discern a pair of cavaliers,
For such their outside spoke them, with their guide,
Dismounting from their horses; they said something
To our hungry centinel, that made him caper
And frisk in the air for joy: and, to confirm this,
See, madam, they're in view.

*Enter* Hilario, Ubaldo, *and* Ricardo.

*Hil.* News from my lord!
Tidings of joy! these are no counterfeits,
But knights indeed. Dear madam, sign my pardon,
That I may feed again, and pick up my crumbs;
I have had a long fast of it.
*Soph.* Eat, I forgive thee.
*Hil.* O comfortable words! *Eat, I forgive thee!*
And if in this I do not soon obey you,
And ram in to the purpose, billet me again
In the highway. Butler and cook, be ready,
For I enter like a tyrant. [*Exit.*
*Ubald.* Since mine eyes
Were never happy in so sweet an object,
Without inquiry, I presume you are
The lady of the house, and so salute you*.
*Ric.* This letter, with these jewels, from your lord,
Warrant my boldness, madam.
[*Delivers a letter and a casket.*
*Ubald.* In being a servant
To such rare beauty, you must needs deserve
This courtesy from a stranger. [*Salutes Corisca.*
*Ric.* You are still
Beforehand with me. Pretty one, I descend
To take the height of your lip; and, if I miss
In the altitude, hereafter, if you please,
I will make use of my Jacob's staff. [*Salutes Corisca.*
*Coris.* These gentlemen
Have certainly had good breeding, as it appears
By their neat kissing, they hit me so pat on the lips
At the first sight.

[*In the interim, Sophia reads the letter, and opens the casket.*

*Soph.* Heaven, in thy mercy, make me
Thy thankful handmaid for this boundless blessing,
In thy goodness shower'd upon me!
*Ubald.* I do not like
This simple devotion in her; it is seldom
Practised among my mistresses.
*Ric.* Or mine.
Would they kneel to I know not who, for the possession
Of such inestimable wealth, before
They thank'd the bringers of it? the poor lady
Does want instruction, but I'll be her tutor,
And read her another lesson.
*Soph.* If I have
Shown want of manners, gentlemen, in my slowness
To pay the thanks I owe you for your travail,
To do my lord and me, howe'er unworthy
Of such a benefit, this noble favour,
Impute it, in your clemency, to the excess
Of joy that overwhelm'd me.
*Ric.* She speaks well.
*Ubald.* Polite and courtly.

* *Send me a grazing with my* fellow *Hilario,*] i. e. my fellow-servant. Even this simple expression cannot escape the ever-meddling delicacy of Mr. M. Mason: he alters it to—*my* friend *Hilario!*

* *The lady of the house, and* so *salute you.*] i. e. as such: Mr. M. Mason, not satisfied with this, reforms the text, and prints—*and* do *salute you.* The reader cannot be more weary of these eternal corrections, than myself. I lament that it is necessary, for both our sakes, to notice a certain portion of them in this way (all, is impossible), lest I should be suspected of capriciously deviating from the text of my predecessors.

*Soph.* And howe'er it may
Increase the offence, to trouble you with more
Demands touching my lord, before I have
Invited you to taste such as the coarseness
Of my poor house can offer; pray you connive
On my weak tenderness, though I entreat
To learn from you something he hath, it may be,
In his letter left unmention'd.
*Ric.* I can only
Give you assurance that he is in health,
Graced by the king and queen.
*Ubald.* And in the court
With admiration look'd on.
*Ric.* You must therefore
Put off these widow's garments, and appear
Like to yourself.
*Ubald.* And entertain all pleasures
Your fortune marks out for you.
*Ric.* There are other
Particular privacies, which on occasion
I will deliver to you.
*Soph.* You oblige me
To your service ever.
*Ric.* Good! *your service;* mark that.
*Soph.* In the mean time, by your good acceptance make
My rustic entertainment relish of
The curiousness of the court.
*Ubald.* Your looks, sweet madam,
Cannot but make each dish a feast.
*Soph.* It shall be
Such, in the freedom of my will to please you.
I'll shew you the way; this is too great an honour,
From such brave guests, to me so mean an hostess.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Hungary. *An Outer Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* ACANTHE, *and four or five* Servants *in visors*.*

*Acan.* You know your charge; give it action, and expect
Rewards beyond your hopes.
1 *Serv.* If we but eye them,
They are ours I warrant you.
2 *Serv.* May we not ask why
We are put upon this?
*Acan.* Let that stop your mouth;
[*Gives them money.*
And learn more manners, groom. 'Tis upon the hour
In which they use to walk here: when you have them
In your power, with violence carry them to the place
Where I appointed; there I will expect you:
Be bold and careful. [*Exit.*

*Enter* MATHIAS *and* BAPTISTA.

1 *Serv.* These are they.
2 *Serv.* Are you sure?
1 *Serv.* Am I sure I am myself?
2 *Serv.* Seize on him strongly; if he have but means
To draw his sword, 'tis ten to one we smart for't:
Take all advantages.

*Math.* I cannot guess
What her intents are; but her carriage was
As I but now related.
*Bapt.* Your assurance
In the constancy of your lady is the armour
That must defend you. Where's the picture?
*Math.* Here,
And no way alter'd.
*Bapt.* If she be not perfect,
There is no truth in art.
*Math.* By this, I hope,
She hath received my letters.
*Bapt.* Without question:
These courtiers are rank riders, when they are
To visit a handsome lady.
*Math.* Lend me your ear.
One piece of her entertainment will require
Your dearest privacy.
1 *Serv.* Now they stand fair;
Upon them. [*They rush forward.*
*Math.* Villains!
1 *Serv.* Stop their mouths. We come not
To try your valours; kill him if he offer
To ope his mouth. We have you: 'tis in vain
To make resistance. Mount them and away.
[*Exeunt with Mathias and Baptista.*

SCENE IV.—*A Gallery in the same.*

*Enter* Servants *with lights,* LADISLAUS, FERDINAND, *and* EUBULUS.

*Ladis.* 'Tis late. Go to your rest; but do not envy
The happiness I draw near to.
*Eubu.* If you enjoy it
The moderate way, the sport yields, I confess,
A pretty titillation; but too much of't
Will bring you on your knees. In my younger days
I was myself a gamester; and I found
By sad experience, there is no such soaker
As a young spongy wife: she keeps a thousand
Horse-leeches in her box, and the thieves will suck out
Both blood and marrow! I feel a kind of cramp
In my joints when I think on't: but it may be queens,
And such a queen as yours is, has the art——
*Ferd.* You take leave
To talk, my lord.
*Ladis.* He may, since he can do nothing.
*Eubu.* If you spend this way too much of your royal stock,
Ere long we may be puefellows.
*Ladis.* The door shut!
Knock gently; harder. So here comes her woman.
Take off my gown.

*Enter* ACANTHE.

*Acan.* My lord, the queen by me
This night desires your pardon.
*Ladis.* How, Acanthe!
I come by her appointment; 'twas her grant;
The motion was her own.
*Acan.* It may be, sir;
But by her doctors she is since advised.
For her health's sake, to forbear.
*Eubu.* I do not like
This physical letchery, the old downright way
Is worth a thousand on't.
*Ladis.* Prithee, Acanthe,
Mediate for me.

**Enter* ACANTHE, *and four or five* Servants *in visors.*] The old stage direction is, *Enter Acanthe,* two, *four or five with vizards;* i. e. such a number as the stage could conveniently supply. The editors not seeing this, have printed, *Enter* Acanthe to *four or five,* &c. but this is wrong, for they all appear together.

*Eubu.* O the fiends of hell!
Would any man bribe his servant, to make way
To his own wife? if this be the court state,
Shame fall on such as use it!
*Acan.* By this jewel,
This night I dare not move her, but to-morrow
I will watch all occasions.
*Ladis.* Take this,
To be mindful of me. [*Exit Acanthe.*
*Eubu.* 'Slight, I thought a king
Might have ta'en up any woman at the king's price.
And must he buy his own, at a dearer rate
Than a stranger in a brothel?
*Ladis.* What is that
You mutter, sir?
*Eubu.* No treason to your honour:
I'll speak it out, though it anger you; if you pay for
Your lawful pleasure in some kind, great sir,
What do you make the queen? cannot you clicket
Without a fee, or when she has a suit
For you to grant?
*Ferd.* O hold, sir!
*Ladis.* Off with his head
*Eubu.* Do, when you please; you but blow out a taper [of't
That would light your understanding, and, in care
Is burnt down to the socket. Be as you are, sir,
An absolute monarch: it did show more king-like
In those libidinous Cæsars, that compell'd
Matrons and virgins of all ranks to bow
Unto their ravenous lusts; and did admit
Of more excuse than I can urge for you,
That slave yourself to the imperious humour
Of a proud beauty.
*Ladis.* Out of my sight!
*Eubu.* I will, sir,
Give way to your furious passion; but when reason
Hath got the better of it, I much hope
The counsel that offends now will deserve
Your royal thanks. Tranquillity of mind
Stay with you, sir!——I do begin to doubt [than
There's something more in the queen's strangeness
Is yet disclosed; and I will find it out,
Or lose myself in the search. [*Exit.*
*Ferd.* Sure he is honest,
And from your infancy hath truly served you:
Let that plead for him; and impute this harshness
To the frowardness of his age.
*Ladis.* I am much troubled,
And do begin to stagger. Ferdinand, good night!
To-morrow visit us. Back to our own lodgings.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter* Acanthe *and the visored* Servants, *with* Mathias *and* Baptista *blindfolded.*

*Acan.* You have done bravely. Lock this in that room,
There let him ruminate; I'll anon unhood him:
[*They carry off Baptista.*
The other must stay here. As soon as I
Have quit the place, give him the liberty
And use of his eyes; that done, disperse yourselves
As privately as you can: but, on your lives,
No word of what hath pass'd. [*Exit.*
1 *Serv.* If I do, sell
My tongue to a tripe-wife. Come, unbind his arms:
You are now at your own disposure; and however
We used you roughly, I hope you will find here
Such entertainment as will give you cause
To thank us for the service: and so I leave you*.
[*Exeunt.*
*Math.* If I am in prison, 'tis a neat one.
What Œdipus can resolve this riddle? Ha!
I never gave just cause to any man
Basely to plot against my life:—but what is
Become of my true friend? for him I suffer
More than myself.
*Acan.* [*within.*] Remove that idle fear;
He's safe as you are.
*Math.* Whosoe'er thou art,
For him I thank thee. I cannot imagine
Where I should be: though I have read the tales
Of errant-knighthood, stuff'd with the relations
Of magical enchantments; yet I am not
So sottishly credulous to believe the devil
Hath that way power. [*Music above.*] Ha! music!

The blushing rose, and purple flower,
Let grow too long, are soonest blasted;
Dainty fruits, though sweet, will sour,
And rot in ripeness, left untasted.
Yet here is one more sweet than these:
The more you taste the more she'll please.

Beauty that's enclosed with ice,
Is a shadow chaste as rare;
Then how much those sweets entice,
That have issue full as fair!
Earth cannot yield from all her powers
One equal for dame Venus' bowers†.

A song too! certainly, be it he or she
That owes this voice, it hath not been acquainted
With much affliction. Whosoe'er you are
That do inhabit here, if you have bodies,
And are not mere aërial forms, appear,

*Enter* Honoria, *masked.*

And make me know your end with me. Most strange!
What have I conjured up? sure, if this be
A spirit, it is no damn'd one. What a shape's here!
Then, with what majesty it moves! If Juno
Were now to keep her state among the gods,
And Hercules to be made again her guest,
She could not put on a more glorious habit,
Though her handmaid, Iris, lent her various colours,
Or old Oceanus ravish'd from the deep
All jewels shipwreck'd in it. As you have
Thus far made known yourself, if that your face
Have not too much divinity about it
For mortal eyes to gaze on, perfect what
You have begun, with wonder and amazement

* ——— *and so I leave you.*] Thus the quarto: the modern editors, but less properly, *and so* we *leave you.*

† This song puts me in mind of Swift's love-song,
"Cupid, spread thy purple pinions,
Sweetly waving o'er my head," —&c.
and seems to have as little meaning in it.—M. Mason.
Truly there is "no great matter in the song," as the Clown says: yet it is not altogether so devoid of meaning as that which Mr. M. Mason has quoted with such laudable correctness; nor absolutely foreign to the design in agitation. In the first line of the second stanza, the editors read *though* for *that's*; the word is misprinted in the quarto, and I have been reduced to guess at it. The stage direction here is, *Music above, a song of pleasure:* from which it seems that no song was originally provided by the author. Indeed, it is a doubt with me, whether most of these things were not supplied by the poet in waiting.

To my astonish'd senses. [*Honoria unmasks.*] How! the queen! [*Kneels.*

*Hon.* Rise, sir, and hear my reasons, in defence
Of the rape (for so you may conceive) which I,
By my instruments, made upon you. You, perhaps,
May think what you have suffer'd for my lust
Is a common practice with me; but I call
Those ever-shining lamps, and their great Maker,
As witnesses of my innocence: I ne'er look'd on
A man but your best self, on whom I ever
(Except the king) vouchsafed an eye of favour.

*Math.* The king, indeed, and only such a king,
Deserves your rarities, madam; and, but he,
'Twere giant-like ambition in any
In his wishes only, to presume to taste
The nectar of your kisses; or to feed
His appetite with that ambrosia, due
And proper to a prince; and, what binds more,
A lawful husband. For myself, great queen,
I am a thing obscure, disfurnish'd of
All merit, that can raise me higher than,
In my most humble thankfulness for your bounty,
To hazard my life for you; and that way
I am most ambitious.

*Hon.* I desire no more
Than what you promise. If you dare expose
Your life, as you profess, to do me service,
How can it better be employ'd than in
Preserving mine? which only you can do,
And must do, with the danger of your own;
A desperate danger too! If private men
Can brook no rivals in what they affect,
But to the death pursue such as invade
What law makes their inheritance; the king,
To whom you know I am dearer than his crown,
His health, his eyes, his after hopes, with all
His present blessings, must fall on that man,
Like dreadful lightning, that is won by prayers,
Threats, or rewards, to stain his bed, or make
His hoped-for issue doubtful.

*Math.* If you aim
At what I more than fear you do, the reasons
Which you deliver should, in judgment, rather
Deter me, than invite a grant, with my
Assured ruin.

*Hon.* True; if that you were
Of a cold temper, one whom doubt, or fear,
In the most horrid forms they could put on,
Might teach to be ingrateful. Your denial
To me, that have deserved so much, is more,
If it can have addition.

*Math.* I know not
What your commands are.

*Hon.* Have you fought so well
Among arm'd men, yet cannot guess what lists
You are to enter, when you are in private
With a willing lady: one, that, to enjoy
Your company this night, denied the king
Access to what's his own? If you will press me
To speak in plainer language——

*Math.* Pray you, forbear;
I would I did not understand too much!
Already, by your words, I am instructed
To credit that, which, not confirm'd by you,
Had bred suspicion in me of untruth,
Though an angel had affirm'd it. But suppose
That, cloy'd with happiness, which is ever built
On virtuous chastity, in the wantonness
Of appetite, you desire to make trial
Of the false delights proposed by vicious lust;
Among ten thousand, every way more able
And apter to be wrought on, such as owe you
Obedience, being your subjects, why should you
Make choice of me a stranger?

*Hon.* Though yet reason
Was ne'er admitted in the court of love,
I'll yield you one unanswerable. As I urged,
In our last private* conference, you have
A pretty promising presence; but there are
Many, in limbs and feature, who may take,
That way, the right-hand file of you: besides,
Your May of youth is past, and the blood spent†
By wounds, though bravely taken, renders you
Disabled for love's service: and that valour
Set off with better fortune, which, it may be,
Swells you above your bounds, is not the hook
That hath caught me, good sir. I need no champion
With his sword, to guard my honour or my beauty;
In both I can defend myself, and live
My own protection.

*Math.* If these advocates,
The best that can plead for me, have no power,
What can you find in me else, that may tempt you,
With irrecoverable loss unto yourself,
To be a gainer from me!

*Hon.* You have, sir,
A jewel of such matchless worth and lustre,
As does disdain comparison, and darkens
All that is rare in other men; and that
I must or win or lessen.

*Math.* You heap more
Amazement on me: What am I possess'd of
That you can covet? make me understand it,
If it have a name.

*Hon.* Yes, an imagined one;
But is, in substance, nothing; being a garment
Worn out of fashion, and long since given o'er
By the court and country: 'tis your loyalty
And constancy to your wife; 'tis that I dote on,
And does deserve my envy: and that jewel,
Or by fair play or foul, I must win from you.

*Math.* These are mere contraries. If you love me, madam,
For my constancy, why seek you to destroy it?
In my keeping it preserve me worth your favour‡.
Or, if it be a jewel of that value,
As you with labour'd rhetoric would persuade me,
What can you stake against it?

*Hon.* A queen's fame,
And equal honour.

*Math.* So, whoever wins,
Both shall be losers.

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* *In our last* private *conference, you have.*] Mr M. Mason omits *private,* though absolutely necessary to the measure.

† ——————— *and the* blood spent
*By* wounds, &c.] We have already had this conceit in *The Parliament of Love:*

"Though honour'd in our manly *wounds,* well taken,
You say they do deform us, and the loss
Of much *blood* that way, renders us unfit
To please you in your chambers." Act I. sc. 5.

‡ *In my keeping it* preserve *me worth your favour.*] So the old copy, and surely rightly: "If you love me for my constancy, why do you seek to destroy it? Why not rather, in allowing me to keep it, suffer me to remain a proper, object of your kindness?" This seems to be the drift of the argument. Coxeter not adverting to this, reads,

*In my keeping it* preserves *me worth your favour!*

And Mr. M. Mason, improving upon him, alters *In* to *If,* removes the point, and runs the line into the next sentence:

If *my keeping, it preserves me worth your favour*
*Or, if it be,* &c.

But where is Massinger all this while?

*Hon.* That is that* I aim at.
Yet on the die I lay my youth, my beauty,
This moist palm, this soft lip, and those delights
Darkness should only judge of. Do you find them
Infectious in the trial, that you start,
As frighted with their touch?
*Math.* Is it in man
To resist such strong temptations?
*Hon.* He begins
To waver.
*Math.* Madam, as you are gracious,
Grant this short night's deliberation to me;
And, with the rising sun, from me you shall
Receive full satisfaction.
*Hon.* Though extremes
Hate all delay, I will deny you nothing;
This key will bring you to your friend; you are safe both;
And all things useful that could be prepared
For one I love and honour, wait upon you.
Take counsel of your pillow, such a fortune
As with affection's swiftest wings flies to you,
Will not be often tender'd. [*Exit.*
*Math.* How my blood
Rebels! I now could call her back—and yet
There's something stays me: if the king had tender'd
Such favours to my wife, tis to be doubted
They had not been refused: but, being a man,
I should not yield first, or prove an example
For her defence of frailty. By this, sans question,
She's tempted too; and here I may examine
[*Looks on the picture.*
How she holds out. She's still the same, the same
Pure crystal rock of chastity. Perish all
Allurements that may alter me! The snow
Of her sweet coldness hath extinguish'd quite
The fire that but even now began to flame:
And I by her confirm'd,—rewards nor titles,
Nor certain death from the refused queen,
Shall shake my faith; since I resolve to be
Loyal to her, as she is true to me. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI†.—Bohemia. *A Room in* Mathias' *House.*

*Enter* Ubaldo *and* Ricardo.

*Ubald.* What we speak on the voley‡ begins to work;
We have laid a good foundation.
*Ric.* Build it up,
Or else 'tis nothing: you have by lot the honour
Of the first assault, but, as it is condition'd,
Observe the time proportion'd: I'll not part with
My share in the achievement: when I whistle,
Or hem, fall off.

*Enter* Sophia.

*Ubald.* She comes. Stand by, I'll watch
My opportunity. [*They walk aside.*
*Soph.* I find myself
Strangely distracted with the various stories,
Now well, now ill, then doubtfully, by my guests
Deliver'd of my lord; and, like poor beggars
That in their dreams find treasure, by reflection
Of a wounded fancy, make it questionable
Whether they sleep or not; yet, tickled with
Such a fantastic hope of happiness,
Wish they may never wake. In some such measure
Incredulous of what I see and touch,
As 'twere a fading apparition, I
Am still perplex'd, and troubled; and when most
Confirm'd tis true, a curious jealousy
To be assured, by what means, and from whom
Such a mass of wealth was first deserved, then gotten,
Cunningly steals into me. I have practised,
For my certain resolution, with these courtiers,
Promising private conference to either,
And, at this hour: if in search of the truth,
I hear, or say, more than becomes my virtue,
Forgive me, my Mathias.
*Ubald.* Now I make in.— [*Comes forward.*
Madam, as you command, I attend
Your pleasure.
*Soph.* I must thank you for the favour.
*Ubald.* I am no ghostly father; yet if you have
Some scruples touching your lord, you would be resolved of,
I am prepared.
*Soph.* But will you take your oath,
To answer truly?
*Ubald.* On the hem of your smock, if you please,
A vow I dare not break, it being a book
I would gladly swear on.
*Soph.* To spare, sir, that trouble,
I'll take your word, which, in a gentleman,
Should be of equal value. Is my lord, then,
In such grace with the queen?
*Ubald.* You should best know
By what you have found from him, whether he can
Deserve* a grace or no.
*Soph.* What grace do you mean?
*Ubald.* That special grace, if you will have it, he
Labour'd so hard for between a pair of sheets,
Upon your wedding night, when your ladyship
Lost you know what.
*Soph.* Fie! be more modest,
Or I must leave you.
*Ubald.* I would tell a truth
As cleanly as I could, and yet the subject
Makes me run out a little.
*Soph.* You would put, now,
A foolish jealousy in my head, my lord
Hath gotten a new mistress.
*Ubald.* One! a hundred;
But under seal I speak it: I presume
Upon your silence, it being for your profit.
They talk of Hercules' fifty in a night†,
'Twas well; but yet to yours he was a piddler;
Such a soldier and a courtier never came

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* Hon. *That is* that *I aim at.*] Every where the modern editors labour to destroy all traces of the phraseology of Massinger's age. They read, *That is* what *I aim at.*

† Scene VI.] Mr. M. Mason, deserting his old guide, does not make this a new scene; though the change of place is from the palace of Ladislaus to the distant residence of Sophia!

‡ Ubald. *What we speak on the* voley.] A literal translation of the French phrase *à-la-volee*, which signifies *at random*, or *inconsiderately*.—M. Mason.
Thus in *The New Inn.*
"———— you must not give credit
To all that ladies publicly profess,
Or talk o' the *voley* unto their servants.

* *Deserve* a *grace or no.*] The article is omitted by both the editors, though the metre is imperfect without it.

† *They talk*, &c.] I have omitted two words, which appear evidently interpolated, as they destroy at once the construction and the measure.

To Alba* regalis; the ladies run mad for him,
And there is such contention among them,
Who shall engross him wholly, that the like
Was never heard of
*Soph.* Are they handsome women?
*Ubald.* Fie! no; coarse mammets, and what's worse, they are old too,
Some fifty, some threescore, and they pay dear for't,
Believing that he carries a powder in his breeches
Will make them young again; and these suck shwredly,
*Ric.* [*whistles.*] Sir, I must fetch you off.
*Ubald.* I could tell you wonders
Of the cures he has done, but a business of import
Calls me away; but, that dispatch'd, I will
Be with you presently. [*Walks aside*
*Soph.* There is something more
In this than bare suspicion.
*Ric.* [*comes forward*] save you, lady;
Now you look like yourself! I have not look'd on
A lady more complete, yet have seen a madam
Wear a garment of this fashion, of the same stuff too,
One just of your dimensions: sat the wind there, boy!
*Soph.* What lady, sir?
*Ric.* Nay, nothing; and methinks
I should know this ruby: very good! 'tis the same.
This chain of orient pearl, and this diamond too,
Have been worn before; but much good may they do you!
Strength to the gentleman's back! he toil'd hard for them
Before he got them.
*Soph.* Why, how were they gotten?
*Ric.* Not in the field with his sword, upon my life,
He may thank his close stiletto†.—[*Ubaldo hems.*]—Plague upon it!
Run the minutes so fast?—Pray you excuse my manners;
I left a letter in my chamber window,
Which I would not have seen on any terms; fie on it,
Forgetful as I am! but I'll straight attend you.
[*Walks aside.*
*Soph.* This is strange. His letters said these jewels were
Presented him by the queen, as a reward
For his good service, and the trunks of clothes
That followed them this last night, with haste made up
By his direction.
*Ubald.* [*comes forward.*] I was telling you
Of wonders, madam.
*Soph.* If you are so skilful,
Without premeditation answer me;
Know you this gown, and these rich jewels?
*Ubald.* Heaven,
How things will come out! But that I should offend you,
And wrong my more than noble friend your husband,
(For we are sworn brothers), in the discovery
Of his nearest secrets, I could——
*Soph.* By the hope of favour
That you have from me, out with it.
*Ubald.* 'Tis a potent spell
I cannot resist; why I will tell you, madam,
And to how many several women you are
Beholding for your bravery. This was
The wedding gown of Paulina, a rich strumpet,
Worn but a day, when she married old Gonzaga,
And left off trading.
*Soph.* O my heart!
*Ubald.* This chain
Of pearl was a great widow's, that invited
Your lord to a mask, and the weather proving foul,
He lodged in her house all night, and merry they were;
But how he came by it, I know not.
*Soph.* Perjured man!
*Ubald.* This ring was Julietta's, a fine piece,
But very good at the sport: this diamond
Was madam Acanthe's, given him for a song
Prick'd in a private arbour, as she said,
When the queen ask'd for't; and she heard him sing too,
And danced to his hornpipe, or there are liars abroad.
There are other toys about you the same way purchased;
But, parallel'd with these, not worth the relation.
You are happy in a husband, never man
Made better use of his strength: would you have him waste
His body away for nothing? if he holds out,
There's not an embroidered petticoat in the court
But shall be at your service.
*Soph.* I commend him,
It is a thriving trade; but pray you leave me
A little to myself.
*Ubald.* You may command
Your servant, madam.—[*Walks aside*]—She's stung unto the quick, lad.
*Ric.* I did my part; if this potion* work not, hang me!
Let her sleep as well as she can to-night, to-morrow
We'll mount new batteries.
*Ubald.* And till then leave her.
[*Exeunt Ubaldo and Ricardo.*
*Soph.* You Powers, that take into your care the guard
Of innocence, aid me! for I am a creature
So forfeited to despair, hope cannot fancy
A ransome to redeem me. I begin
To waver in my faith, and make it doubtful,
Whether the saints, that were canonized for
Their holiness of life, sinn'd not in secret;
Since my Mathias is fallen from his virtue
In such an open fashion. Could it be, else,
That such a husband, so devoted to me,
So vow'd to temperance, for lascivious hire
Should prostitute himself to common harlots!
Old and deform'd too! Was't for this he left me,
And on a feign'd pretence for want of means
To give me ornament?—or to bring home
Diseases to me? Suppose these are false
And lustful goats, if he were true and right,
Why stays he so long from me, being made rich,
And that the only reason why he left me?
No, he is lost; and shall I wear the spoils

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* *To* Alba regalis;] Mr. M. Mason reads *Aula regalis.* Why this change should be thought necessary, I cannot tell; Alba regalis was no uncommon expression at the time; and, indeed, it is used, by more than one writer, for the English court.

† *He may thank his close* stiletto.] So the old copy. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read, *his close* stillet too!

* ——— *if this* potion *work not,*] Both the editors omit *potion*: but, indeed, nothing can be more shamefully printed than the whole of this scene, if I said the whole of this play, I should not wrong the truth.

And salaries of lust! they cleave unto me
Like Nessus' poison'd shirt: no, in my rage
I'll tear them off, and from my body wash
The venom with my tears. Have I no spleen,
Nor anger of a woman? shall he build
Upon my ruins, and I, unrevenged,
Deplore his falsehood? no; with the same trash
For which he had dishonour'd me, I'll purchase
A just revenge: I am not yet so much
In debt to years, nor so mis-shaped, that all
Should fly from my embraces: Chastity,
Thou only art a name, and I renounce thee!
I am now a servant to voluptuousness.
Wantons of all degrees and fashions, welcome!
You shall be entertain'd; and, if I stray,
Let him condemn himself, that led the way. [*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Hungary. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* Mathias *and* Baptista.

*Bapt.* We are in a desperate strait; there's no evasion,
Nor hope left to come off, but by your yielding
To the necessity, you must feign a grant
To her violent passion, or ——
*Math.* What, my Baptista?
*Bapt.* We are but dead else.
*Math.* Were the sword now heaved up,
And my neck upon the block, I would not buy
An hour's reprieve with the loss of faith and virtue,
To be made immortal here. Art thou a scholar,
Nay, almost without parallel, and yet fear
To die, which is inevitable! You may urge
The many years that, by the course of nature,
We may travel in this tedious pilgrimage,
And hold it as a blessing; as it is,
When innocence is our guide: yet know, Baptista,
Our virtues are preferr'd before our years,
By the great Judge: to die untainted in
Our fame and reputation is the greatest;
And to lose that, can we desire to live*?
Or shall I, for a momentary pleasure,
Which soon comes to a period, to all times
Have breach of faith and perjury remembered
In a still-living epitaph? no, Baptista,
Since my Sophia will go to her grave
Unspotted in her faith, I'll follow her
With equal loyalty:—But look on this,
Your own great work, your masterpiece, and then,
She being still the same, teach me to alter!——
Ha! sure I do not sleep! or, if I dream,
This is a terrible vision! I will clear
My eyesight; perhaps melancholy makes me
See that which is not.
*Bapt.* It is too apparent.
I grieve to look upon't; besides the yellow,
That does assure she's tempted. there are lines
Of a dark colour, that disperse themselves
O'er every miniature of her face, and those
Confirm——
*Math.* She is turn'd whore!
*Bapt.* I must not say so.
Yet, as a friend to truth, if you will have me
Interpret it, in her consent and wishes
She's false, but not in fact yet.
*Math.* Fact, Baptista!
Make not yourself a pander to her looseness,
In labouring to palliate what a visor
Of impudence cannot cover. Did e'er woman
In her will decline from chastity, but found means
To give her hot lust fuel?* It is more
Impossible in nature for gross bodies,
Descending of themselves, to hang in the air;
Or with my single arm to underprop
A falling tower; nay, in its violent course
To stop the lightning, than to stay a woman
Hurried by two furies, lust and falsehood,
In her full career to wickedness!
*Bapt.* Pray you, temper
The violence of your passion.
*Math.* In extremes
Of this condition, can it be in man
To use a moderation? I am thrown
From a steep rock headlong into a gulph
Of misery, and find myself past hope,
In the same moment that I apprehend
That I am falling: and this, the figure of
My idol, few hours since, while she continued
In her perfection, that was late a mirror,
In which I saw miraculous shapes of duty,
Staid manners with all excellency a husband
Could wish in a chaste wife, is on the sudden
Turn'd to a magical glass, and does present
Nothing but horns and horror.
*Bapt.* You may yet,
And 'tis the best foundation, build up comfort
On your own goodness.
*Math.* No, that hath undone me;
For now I hold my temperance a sin
Worse than excess, and what was vice, a virtue.
Have I refused a queen, and such a queen,
Whose ravishing beauties at the first sight had tempted
A hermit from his beads, and changed his prayers
To amorous sonnets, to preserve my faith
Inviolate to thee, with the hazard of
My death with torture, since she could inflict
No less for my contempt; and have I met
Such a return from thee! I will not curse thee,
Nor, for thy falsehood, rail against the sex;
'Tis poor, and common: I'll only, with wise men,
Whisper unto myself, howe'er they seem,
Nor present, nor past times, nor the age to come,
Hath heretofore, can now, or ever shall,
Produce one constant woman.

* *And to lose that, can we desire to live?* This is from Juvenal:
*Et propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas.* Sat. VIII.

* *To give her hot lust* fuel?] Wantonly corrupted by the modern editors into—*give her hot lust* full scope? Metre and sense destroyed at a stroke!

*Bapt.* This is more
Than the satirists wrote against them.
*Math.* There's no language
That can express the poison of these aspics,
These weeping crocodiles, and all too little
That hath been said against them. But I'll mould
My thoughts into another form; and, if
She can outlive the report of what I have done,
This hand, when next she comes within my reach,
Shall be her executioner.

*Enter* HONORIA *and* ACANTHE.

*Bapt.* The queen, sir.
*Hon.* Wait our command at distance:—[*Exit. Acanthe.*]—Sir, you too have
Free liberty to depart.
*Bapt.* I know my manners,
And thank you for the favour. [*Exit.*
*Hon.* Have you taken
Good rest in your new lodgings? I expect now
Your resolute answer; but advise maturely,
Before I hear it.
*Math.* Let my actions, madam,
For no words can dilate my joy, in all
You can command, with cheerfulness to serve you,
Assure your highness; and, in sign of my
Submission and contrition for my error,
My lips, that but the last night shunn'd the touch
Of yours as poison, taught humility now,
Thus on your foot, and that too great an honour
For such an undeserver, seal my duty.
A cloudy mist of ignorance, equal to
Cimmerian darkness, would not let me see, then,
What now, with adoration and wonder,
With reverence I look up to: but those fogs
Dispersed and scatter'd by the powerful beams
With which yourself, the sun of all perfection,
Vouchsafe to cure my blindness; like a suppliant,
As low as I can kneel, I humbly beg
What you once pleased to tender.
*Hon.* This is more
Than I could hope!—What find you so attractive
Upon my face, in so short time to make
This sudden metamorphosis? pray you, rise;
I, for your late neglect, thus sign your pardon.
Ay, now you kiss like a lover, and not as brothers
Coldly salute their sister.
*Math.* I am turn'd
All spirit and fire.
*Hon.* Yet, to give some allay
To this hot fervour, 'twere good to remember
The king, whose eyes and ears are every where;
With the danger too that follows, this discover'd.
*Math.* Danger! a bugbear, madam; let me ride once
Like Phaeton in the chariot of your favour,
And I contemn Jove's thunder: though the king,
In our embraces stood a looker on,
His hangman, and with studied cruelty, ready*
To drag me from your arms, it should not fright me
From the enjoying that a single life is
Too poor a price for. O, that now all vigour
Of my youth were re-collected for an hour,
That my desire might meet with yours, and draw
The envy of all men, in the encounter,
Upon my head! I should—but we lose time;
Be gracious, mighty queen.
*Hon.* Pause yet a little:
The bounties of the king, and, what weighs more,
Your boasted constancy to your matchless wife,
Should not so soon be shaken.
*Math.* The whole fabric,
When I but look on you, is in a moment
O'erturned and ruin'd; and, as rivers lose
Their names when they are swallow'd by the ocean,
In you alone all faculties of my soul
Are wholly taken up; my wife and king,
At the best, as things forgotten.
*Hon.* Can this be?
I have gain'd my end now. [*Aside.*
*Math.* Wherefore stay you, madam?
*Hon.* In my consideration what a nothing
Man's constancy is.
*Math.* Your beauties make it so
In me, sweet lady.
*Hon.* And it is my glory:
I could be coy now, as you were, but I
Am of a gentler temper; howsoever,
And in a just return of what I have suffer'd
In your disdain, with the same measure grant me
Equal deliberation: I ere long
Will visit you again; and when I next
Appear, as conquer'd by it, slave-like wait
On my triumphant beauty. [*Exit.*
*Math.* What a change
Is here beyond my fear! but by thy falsehood,
Sophia, not her beauty, is't denied me
To sin but in my wishes? what a frown,
In scorn, at her departure, she threw on me!
I am both ways lost; storms of contempt and scorn
Are ready to break on me, and all hope
Of shelter doubtful: I can neither be
Disloyal, nor yet honest; I stand guilty
On either part; at the worst, death will end all;
And he must be my judge to right my wrong,
Since I have loved too much, and lived too long.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Bohemia. *A Room in* Mathias' *House.*

*Enter* SOPHIA, *with a book and a paper.*

*Soph.* Nor custom, nor example, nor vast numbers
Of such as do offend, make less the sin.
For each particular crime a strict account
Will be exacted; and that comfort which
The damn'd pretend, fellows in misery,
Takes nothing from their torments: every one
Must suffer in himself the measure of
His wickedness. If so, as I must grant,
It being unrefutable in reason,
Howe'er my lord offend, it is no warrant
For me to walk in his forbidden paths:
What penance then can expiate my guilt,
For my consent (transported then with passion)
To wantonness? the wounds I give my fame
Cannot recover his; and, though I have fed
These courtiers with promises and hopes,
I am yet in fact untainted, and I trust
My sorrow for it, with my purity,
And love to goodness for itself, made powerful,
Though all they have alleged prove true or false,
Will be such exorcisms, as shall command
This fury, jealousy, from me. What I have

* *His hangman, and with studied cruelty, ready.*] Here again these eternal enemies of the author's idiomatic style read, *His hangman* too, *with studied cruelty*, &c.

Determined touching them, I am resolved
To put in execution. Within, there!

*Enter* Hilario, Corisca, *with other* Servants.

Where are my noble guests?
*Hil.* The elder, madam,
Is drinking by himself to your ladyship's health,
In muskadine and eggs; and, for a rasher
To draw his liquor down, he hath got a pie
Of marrowbones, potatoes, and eringos,
With many such ingredients; and 'tis said
He hath sent his man in post to the next town,
For a pound of ambergris, and half a peck
Of fishes call'd cantharides.
*Coris.* The younger
Prunes up himself, as if this night he were
To act a bridegroom's part! but to what purpose,
I am ignorance itself.
*Soph.* Continue so. [*Gives the paper.*
Let those lodgings be prepared as this directs you.
And fail not in a circumstance, as you
Respect my favour.
1 *Serv.* We have our instructions.
2 *Serv.* And punctually will follow them.
[*Exeunt Servants.*

*Enter* Ubaldo.

*Hil.* Here comes, madam,
The lord Ubaldo.
*Ubald.* Pretty one, there's gold
To buy thee a new gown, and there's for thee:
Grow fat, and fit for service. I am now,
As I should be, at the height, and able to
Beget a giant. O my better angel!
In this you show your wisdom, when you pay
The letcher in his own coin; shall you sit puling,
Like a patient Grizzle, and be laugh'd at? no:
This is a fair revenge. Shall we to't?
*Soph.* To what, sir?
*Ubald.* The sport you promised.
*Soph.* Could it be done with safety?
*Ubald.* I warrant you; I am sound as a bell, a tough
Old blade, and steel to the back, as you shall find me
In the trial on your anvil.
*Soph.* So; but how, sir,
Shall I satisfy your friend, to whom, by promise,
I am equally engaged?
*Ubald.* I must confess,
The more the merrier; but, of all men living,
Take heed of him; you may safer run upon
The mouth of a cannon when it is unlading,
And come off colder.
*Soph.* How! is he not wholesome?
*Ubald.* Wholesome! I'll tell you, for your good: he is
A spittle of diseases*, and, indeed,
More loathsome and infectious; the tub is
His weekly bath: he hath not drank this seven years,
Before he came to your house, but compositions
Of sassafras and guiacum; and dry mutton
His daily portion; name what scratch soever
Can be got by women, and the surgeons will resolve you,
At this time or at that Ricardo had it.

* ——— *he is*
*A* spittle *of diseases,*] So the old copy: Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read, *A* spital *of diseases,* which is scarcely ense. See *The City Madam.*

*Soph.* Bless me from him!
*Ubald.* 'Tis a good prayer, lady.
It being a degree unto the pox
Only to mention him; if my tongue burn not, hang me,
When I but name Ricardo.
*Soph.* Sir, this caution
Must be rewarded.
*Ubald.* I hope I have mar'd his market.——
But when?
*Soph.* Why, presently; follow my woman,
She knows where to conduct you, and will serve
To-night for a page. Let the waistcoat I appointed,
With the cambric shirt perfumed, and the rich cap,
Be brought into his chamber.
*Ubald.* Excellent lady!
And a caudle too in the morning.
*Coris.* I will fit you. [*Exeunt Ubaldo and Corisca.*

*Enter* Ricardo.

*Soph.* So hot on the scent! Here comes the other beagle.
*Ric.* Take purse and all.
*Hil.* If this company would come often,
I should make a pretty term on't.
*Soph.* For your sake
I have put him off; he only begg'd a kiss,
I gave it, and so parted.
*Ric.* I hope better;
He did not touch your lips?
*Soph.* Yes, I assure;
There was no danger in it?
*Ric.* No! eat presently
These lozenges of forty crowns an ounce,
Or you are undone.
*Soph.* What is the virtue of them?
*Ric.* They are preservatives against stinking breath,
Rising from rotten lungs.
*Soph.* If so, your carriage
Of such dear antidotes, in my opinion,
May render yours suspected.
*Ric.* Fie! no; I use them
When I talk with him, I should be poison'd else.
But I'll be free with you: he was once a creature,
It may be, of God's making, but long since
He is turn'd to a druggist's shop; the spring and fall
Hold all the year with him; that he lives, he owes
To art, not nature; she has given him o'er.
He moves like the fairy king, on screws and wheels
Made by his doctor's recipes, and yet still
They are out of joint, and every day repairing.
He has a regiment of whores he keeps
At his own charge in a lazar-house, but the best is,
There's not a nose among them. He's acquainted
With the green water, and the spitting pill's
Familiar to him. In a frosty morning
You may thrust him in a pottle-pot; his bones
Rattle in his skin, like beans toss'd in a bladder.
If he but hear a coach, the fomentation,
The friction with fumigation, cannot save him
From the chine-evil.* In a word, he is

* *From the* chine-evil.] So the old copy: Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read, *from the* chin-evil. Whether they understood it or not, I cannot say, nor is it indeed of much consequence. It would not be a matter of regret if every reader of this strong but indelicate humour could say with Sophia.

" The best is,

Not one disease, but all; yet, being my friend,
I will forbear his character, for I would not
Wrong him in your opinion.
*Soph.* The best is,
The virtues you bestow on him, to me
Are mysteries I know not; but, however,
I am at your service. Sirrah, let it be your care
To unclothe the gentleman, and with speed; delay
Takes from delight.
*Ric.* Good! there's my hat, sword, cloak:
A vengeance on these buttons! off with my doublet,
I dare show my skin; in the touch you will like it better.
Prithee cut my codpiece-points, and, for this service,
When I leave them off they are thine.
*Hil.* I'll take your word, sir.
*Ric.* Dear lady, stay not long.
*Soph.* I may come too soon, sir.
*Ric.* No, no, I am ready now.
*Hil.* This is the way, sir.
[*Exeunt Hilario and Ricardo.*
*Soph.* I was much to blame to credit their reports
Touching my lord, that so traduce each other,
And with such virulent malice, though I presume
They are bad enough: but I have studied for them
A way for their recovery.
[*A noise of clapping a door; Ubaldo appears above, in his shirt.*
*Ubald.* What dost thou mean, wench?
Why dost thou shut the door upon me? Ha!
My clothes are ta'en away too! shall I starve here?
Is this my lodging? I am sure the lady talk'd of
A rich cap, a perfumed shirt, and a waistcoat;
But here is nothing but a little fresh straw,
A petticoat for a coverlet, and that torn too,
And an old woman's biggin for a nightcap.

*Re-enter* CORISCA *below.*

'Slight, 'tis a prison, or a pigsty. Ha!
The windows grated with iron! I cannot force them,
And if I leap down here, I break my neck:
I am betray'd. Rogues! villains! let me out;
I am a lord, and that's no common title,
And shall I be used thus?
*Soph.* Let him rave, he's fast;
I'll parley with him at leisure.
RICARDO *entering with a great noise above, as fallen*.*
*Ric.* Zounds! have you trapdoors?
*Soph.* The other bird's i' the cage too, let him flutter.
*Ric.* Whither am I fallen? into hell!
*Ubald.* Who makes that noise, there?
Help me, if thou art a friend.
*Ric.* A friend! I am where
I cannot help myself; let me see thy face.
*Ubald.* How, Ricardo! Prithee, throw me
Thy cloak, if thou canst, to cover me; I am almost
Frozen to death.
*Ric.* My cloak! I have no breeches;
I am in my shirt, as thou art; and here's nothing
For myself but a clown's cast* suit.
*Ubald.* We are both undone.
Prithee, roar a little—Madam!
*Re-enter* HILARIO *below, in* RICARDO'S *clothes.*
*Ric.* Lady of the house!
*Ubald.* Grooms of the chamber!
*Ric.* Gentlewomen! Milkmaids!
*Ubald.* Shall we be murder'd?
*Soph.* No, but soundly punish'd,
To your deserts.
*Ric.* You are not in earnest, madam?
*Soph.* Judge as you find, and feel it; and now hear
What I irrevocably purpose to you.
Being received as guests into my house,
And with all it afforded entertain'd,
You have forgot all hospitable duties;
And, with the defamation of my lord,
Wrought on my woman weakness, in revenge
Of his injuries, as you fashioned them to me,
To yield my honour to your lawless lust.
*Hil.* Mark that, poor fellows.
*Soph.* And so far you have
Transgress'd against the dignity of men,
Who should, bound to it by virtue, still defend
Chaste ladies' honours, that it was your trade
To make them infamous: but you are caught
In your own toils, like lustful beasts, and therefore
Hope not to find the usage of men from me:
Such mercy you have forfeited, and shall suffer
Like the most slavish women.
*Ubald.* How will you use us?
*Soph.* Ease, and excess in feeding, made you wanton,
A pleurisy of ill blood you must let out,
By labour, and spare diet that way got too,
Or perish for hunger. Reach him up that distaff
With the flax upon it; though no Omphale,
Nor you a second Hercules, as I take it,
As you spin well at my command, and please me,
Your wages, in the coarsest bread and water,
Shall be proportionable.
*Ubald.* I will starve first.
*Soph.* That's as you please.
*Ric.* What will become of me now?
*Soph.* You shall have gentler work; I have oft observed
You were proud to show the fineness of your hands,
And softness of your fingers; you should reel well
What he spins, if you give your mind to it, as I'll force you.
Deliver him his materials. Now you know
Your penance, fall to work; hunger will teach you:
And so, as slaves to your lust, not me, I leave you.
[*Exeunt Sophia and Corisca.*
*Ubald.* I shall spin a fine thread out now.
*Ric.* I cannot look
On these devices, but they put me in mind
Of rope-makers.
*Hil.* Fellow, think of thy task.
Forget such vanities, my livery there
Will serve thee to work in.

---

The virtues you bestow on him, to me
Are mysteries I know not;"

The reciprocal criminations of the two courtiers is imitated with some humour by Cartwright in *Love's Convert*, Act IV. sc. 1., and by Cowley, but less successfully, in *The Guardian*.

* *Ricardo entering with a great noise* above, *as fallen.*] So the old copy. The modern editors read, *with a great noise* below. It is evident, however, that the prisoners were near each other, and so they are represented in the old story, which places them in two contiguous chambers of the tower or keep of the castle.

* ——— *and here's nothing*
*For myself, but a clown's* cast *suit.*] The caution of the modern editors is admirable: lest *cast suit* should not be intelligible, they alter it into *cast* off *suit*, at little more than the expense of the metre!

*Ric.* Let me have my clothes yet;
I was bountiful to thee.
*Hil.* They are past your wearing,
And mine by promise, as all these can witness.
You have no holidays coming, nor will I work
While these and this lasts; and so when you please
You may shut up your shop windows. [*Exit.*
*Ubald.* I am faint,
And must lie down.
*Ric.* I am hungry too, and cold.
O cursed women!
*Ubald.* This comes of our whoring.
But let us rest as well as we can to-night,
But not o'ersleep ourselves lest we fast to-morrow.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Hungary. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* Ladislaus, Honoria, Eubulus, Ferdinand, Acanthe, *and attendants.*

*Hon.* Now, you know all, sir, with the motives why
I forced him to my lodging.
*Ladis.* I desire
No more such trials, lady.
*Hon.* I presume, sir,
You do not doubt my chastity.
*Ladis.* I would not;
But these are strange inducements.
*Eubu.* By no means, sir,
Why, though he were with violence seized upon
And still detain'd; the man, sir, being no soldier,
Nor used to charge his pike when the breach is open,
There was no danger in't! You must conceive, sir,
Being religious, she chose him for a chaplain,
To read old homilies to her in the dark;
She's bound to it by her canons.
*Ladis.* Still tormented
With thy impertinence!
*Hon.* By yourself, dear sir,
I was ambitious only to o'erthrow
His boasted constancy in his consent;
But for fact I contemn him: I was never
Unchaste in thought, I laboured to give proof
What power dwells in this beauty you admire so;
And when you see how soon it hath transform'd him,
And with what superstition he adores it,
Determine as you please.
*Ladis.* I will look on
This pageant, but——
*Hon.* When you have seen and heard, sir,
The passages which I myself discover'd,
And could have kept conceal'd, had I meant basely,
Judge as you please.
*Ladis.* Well, I'll observe the issue.
*Eubu.* How had you ta'en this, general, in your wife?
*Ferd.* As a strange curiosity; but queens
Are privileged above subjects, and 'tis fit, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter* Mathias *and* Baptista.

*Bapt.* You are much alter'd, sir, since the last night,
When the queen left you, and look cheerfully,
Your dulness quite blown over.
*Math.* I have seen a vision
This morning makes it good*, and never was
In such security as at this instant,
Fall what can fall: and when the queen appears,
Whose shortest absence now is tedious to me,
Observe the encounter.

*Enter* Honoria: Ladislaus, Eubulus, Ferdinand, *and* Acanthe, *with others, appear above.*

*Bapt.* She already is
Enter'd the lists.
*Math.* And I prepared to meet her.
*Bapt.* I know my duty.
*Hon.* Not so, you may stay now,
As a witness of our contract.
*Bapt.* I obey
In all things, madam.
*Hon.* Where's that reverence,
Or rather superstitious adoration,
Which, captive-like to my triumphant beauty
You paid last night? No humble knee nor sign
Of vassal duty! Sure this is the foot
To whose proud cover, and then happy in it,
Your lips were glued; and that the neck then offer'd,
To witness your subjection, to be trod on:
Your certain loss of life in the king's anger
Was then too mean a price to buy my favour;
And that false glow-worm fire of constancy
To your wife, extinguished by a greater light
Shot from our eyes—and that, it may be (being
Too glorious to be look'd on), hath deprived you
Of speech and motion: but I will take off
A little from the splendour, and descend
From my own height, and in your lowness hear you
Plead as a suppliant.
*Math.* I do remember
I once saw such a woman.
*Hon.* How!
*Math.* And then
She did appear a most magnificent queen,
And what's more, virtuous, though somewhat darken'd
With pride, and self-opinion.
*Eubu.* Call you this courtship?
*Math.* And she was happy in a royal husband,
Whom envy could not tax unless it were
For his too much indulgence to her humours.
*Eubu.* Pray you, sir, observe that touch, 'tis to the purpose;
I like the play the better for't.
*Math.* And she lived
Worthy her birth and fortune: you retain yet
Some part of her angelical form; but when
Envy to the beauty of another woman,
Inferior to hers, one that she never
Had seen, but in her picture, had dispersed
Infection through her veins, and loyalty,
Which a great queen, as she was, should have nourish'd,
Grew odious to her——
*Hon.* I am thunderstruck.

* Math. *I have seen a vision*
*This morning makes it good.*] Meaning that the picture had recovered its natural colour. This short scene is inimitably beautiful.

*Math.* And lust in all the bravery it could borrow
From majesty, howe'er disguised, had ta'en
Sure footing in the kingdom of her heart,
The throne of chastity once, how, in a moment,
All that was gracious, great, and glorious in her,
And won upon all hearts, like seeming shadows
Wanting true substance, vanish'd!
*Hon.* How his reasons
Work on my soul!
*Math.* Retire into yourself;
Your own strengths, madam, strongly mann'd with virtue,
And be but as you were, and there's no office
So base, beneath the slavery that men
Impose on beasts, but I will gladly bow to.
But as you play and juggle with a stranger,
Varying your shapes like Thetis, though the beauties
Of all that are by poets' raptures sainted *
Were now in you united, you should pass
Pitied by me, perhaps, but not regarded.
*Eubu.* If this take not, I am cheated.
*Math.* To slip once,
Is incident, and excused by human frailty;
But to fall ever, damnable. We were both
Guilty, I grant, in tendering our affection;
But, as I hope you will do, I repented.
When we are grown up to ripeness, our life is
Like to this - - - - picture†. While we run
A constant race in goodness, it retains
The just proportion; but the journey being
Tedious, and sweet temptation in the way,
That may in some degree divert us from
The road that we put forth in, ere we end
Our pilgrimage, it may, like this, turn yellow,
Or be with blackness clouded: but when we
Find we have gone astray, and labour to
Return unto our never-failing guide,
Virtue, contrition, with unfeigned tears,
The spots of vice wash'd off, will soon restore it
To the first pureness.
*Hon.* I am disenchanted:
Mercy, O mercy, heavens! [*Kneels.*
*Ladis.* I am ravish'd
With what I have seen and heard.
*Ferd.* Let us descend,
And hear the rest below.
*Eubu.* This hath fallen out
Beyond my expectation. [*They retire.*
*Hon.* How have I wander'd
Out of the track of piety! and misled
By overweening pride, and flattery
Of fawning sycophants (the bane of greatness),
Could never meet till now a passenger,
That in his charity would set me right,
Or stay me in my precipice to ruin.
How ill have I return'd your goodness to me!
The horror, in my thought of't, turns me marble:
But if it may be yet prevented——

*Re-enter* LADISLAUS, EUBULUS, FERDINAND, ACANTHE, *and others, below.*

O sir,
What can I do to show my sorrow, or
With what brow ask your pardon?
*Ladis.* Pray you, rise.
*Hon.* Never, till you forgive me, and receive
Unto your love and favour a changed woman:
My state and pride turn'd to humility, henceforth
Shall wait on your commands, and my obedience
Steer'd only by your will.
*Ladis.* And that will prove
A second and a better marriage to me.
All is forgotten.
*Hon.* Sir, I must not rise yet,
Till, with a free confession of a crime
Unknown to you yet, and a following suit,
Which thus I beg, be granted.
*Ladis.* I melt with you:
'Tis pardon'd, and confirm'd thus. [*Raises her.*
*Hon.* Know then, sir,
In malice to this good knight's wife, I practised
Ubaldo and Ricardo to corrupt her.
*Bapt.* Thence grew the change of the picture.
*Hon.* And how far
They have prevail'd, I am ignorant: now, if you, sir
For the honour of this good man, may be entreated
To travel thither, it being but a day's journey,
To fetch them off——
*Ladis.* We will put on to-night.
*Bapt.* I, if you please, your harbinger.
*Ladis.* I thank you.
Let me embrace you in my arms; your service
Done on the Turk, compared with this, weighs nothing.
*Math.* I am still your humble creature.
*Ladis.* My true friend.
*Ferd.* And so you are bound to hold him.
*Eubu.* Such a plant
Imported to your kingdom, and here grafted,
Would yield more fruit than all the idle weeds
That suck up your rain of favour.
*Ladis.* In my will
I'll not be wanting. Prepare for our journey.
In act be my Honoria now, not name,
And to all aftertimes preserve thy fame. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Bohemia. *A Hall in* MATHIAS' *House.*

*Enter* SOPHIA, CORISCA, *and* HILARIO.

*Soph.* Are they then so humble?
*Hil.* Hunger and hard labour
Have tamed them, madam; at the* first they bellow'd
Like stags ta'en in a toil, and would not work

* *Of all that are by poets' raptures* sainted.] The modern editors, trembling for the daring flights of Massinger, have kindly brought him down to the ordinary level: they read, *Of all that are by poet's raptures* painted! The change is the more to be admired, as the old copy, to show the expression was a strong one, gave it with a capital letter.

† ——— *our life is*
*Like to this - - - - picture.*] A word has dropt out at the press, or been omitted by the transcriber. I could wish to insert *magic*, but leave it to the reader's consideration.

* ——— *at* the *first they bellow'd.*] I have restored the article, which completes the verse, from the old copy.

For sullenness; but when they found, without it
There was no eating, and that to starve to death
Was much against their stomachs; by degrees,
Against their wills, they fell to it.
*Coris.* And now feed on
The little pittance you allow, with gladness.
*Hil.* I do remember that they stopp'd their noses
At the sight of beef and mutton, as coarse feeding
For their fine palates; but now, their work being ended,
They leap at a barley crust, and hold cheese-parings,
With a spoonful of pall'd wine pour'd in their water,
For festival-exceedings*.‡
*Coris.* When I examine
My spinster's work, he trembles like a prentice,
And takes a box on the ear, when I spy faults
And botches in his labour, as a favour
From a curst mistress.
*Hil.* The other, too, reels well
For his time; and if your ladyship would please
To see them for your sport, since they want airing,
It would do well, in my judgment; you shall hear
Such a hungry dialogue from them!
*Soph.* But suppose,
When they are out of prison, they should grow
Rebellious?
*Hil.* Never fear't; I'll undertake
To lead them out by the nose with a coarse thread
Of the one's spinning, and make the other reel after,
And without grumbling; and when you are weary of
Their company, as easily return them.
*Coris.* Dear madam, it will help to drive away
Your melancholy.
*Soph.* Well, on this assurance,
I am content; bring them hither.
*Hil.* I will do it
In stately equipage. [*Exit.*
*Soph.* They have confess'd, then,
They were set on by the queen, to taint me in
My loyalty to my lord?
*Coris.* 'Twas the main cause
That brought them hither.
*Soph.* I am glad I know it;
And as I have begun, before I end
I'll at the height revenge it; let us step aside,
They come: the object's so ridiculous,
In spite of my sad thoughts I cannot but
Lend a forced smile to grace it.

*Re-enter* Hilario, *with* Ubaldo *spinning, and* Ricardo *reeling.*

*Hil.* Come away:
Work as you go, and lose no time; 'tis precious;
You'll find it in your commons.
*Ric.* Commons, call you it?
The word is proper; I have grazed so long
Upon your commons, I am almost starved here.
*Hil.* Work harder, and they shall be better'd.
*Ubald.* Better'd!
Worser they cannot be: would I might lie
Like a dog under her table, and serve for a foot-stool,
So I might have my belly full of that
Her Iceland cur refuses!
*Hil.* How do you like
Your airing? is it not a favour?
*Ric.* Yes; [hounds,
Just such a one as you use to a brace of grey-
When they are led out of their kennels to scumber;
But our case is ten times harder, we have nothing
In our bellies to be vented: if you will be
An honest yeoman-fewterer*, feed us first,
And walk us after.
*Hil.* Yeoman-fewterer!
Such another word to your governor, and you go
Supperless to bed for't.
*Ubald.* Nay, even as you please;
The comfortable names of breakfasts, dinners,
Collations, supper, beverage, are words
Worn out of our remembrance.
*Ric.* O for the steam
Of meat in a cook's shop!
*Ubald.* I am so dry,
I have not spittle enough to wet my fingers
When I draw my flax from my distaff.
*Ric.* Nor I strength
To raise my hand to the top of my reeler. Oh!
I have the cramp all over me.
*Hil.* What do you think [it,
Were best to apply to it? A cramp-stone, as I take
Were very useful.
*Ric.* Oh! no more of stones†,
We have been used too long like hawks already.
*Ubald.* We are not so high in our flesh now to need casting,
We will come to an empty fist.
*Hil.* Nay, that you shall not.
So ho, birds‡!—[*holds up a piece of bread.*]—How the eyasses scratch and scramble!
Take heed of a surfeit, do not cast your gorges;
This is more than I have commission for; be thankful.

* *For* festival-exceedings.] "At the Middle Temple an additional dish to the regular dinner is still called 'exceedings;' to which appellation Massinger allludes in *The Picture*, by the expression *of festival-exceedings*: but his editor, Coxeter, not knowing the origin of the phrase, thinks '*exceeding festivals*' had been better." Hocclive's *Poems*, by Mason, 4to. 1795, p. 67. For this extract I am indebted to Mr. Waldron.

* *An honest* yeoman-fewterer,] In this and the preceding speech the terms are borrowed from the kennel; *fewterer*, a name which frequently occurs in our old treatises on hunting, was the person who took charge of the dogs immediately under the huntsman. We now call him, I believe, the whipper-in.
Blount derives this word from the French *vaultre*, which, as Cotgrave says, means a mongrel hound; whence *veltu-rius*, and *vaultarius*, a huntsman.
† Ric. *Oh! no more of* stones,
*We have been used too long like* hawks *already.*
Ubald. *We are not so* high in our flesh *now to need* casting,
*We will come to an empty fist.*] To understand this, it will be necessary to have recourse to the treatises on the "noble science of hawking."—"When the hawk will come to the lure, then give her every night *stones*, till you find her stomach good: after that, profer her *casting*, to make her cleanse and purge her gorge."—*The Gentleman's Recreation* p. 135.
Humanity has seldom obtained a greater triumph than in the abolition of this most execrable pursuit, compared to which, cockfighting and bull-baiting are innocent amusements: and this not so much on account of the game killed in the open field, as of the immense number of domestic animals sacrificed to the instruction of the hawk. The blood runs cold while we peruse the calm directions of the brutal falconer, to impale, tie down, fasten by the beak, break the legs and wings of living pigeons, hens, and sometimes herons, for the hourly exercise of the hawk, who was thus enabled to pull them to pieces without resistance.
‡ So ho, birds! *How the* eyasses *scratch and scramble!*] *So ho, birds!* was the falconer's call to feed. An *eyass*, as I learn from the respectable authority quoted above, is a young hawk newly taken out of the nest, and not able to prey for himself.

*Soph.* Were all that study the abuse of women
Used thus, the city would not swarm with cuckolds,
Nor so many tradesmen break.
*Coris.* Pray you, appear now,
And mark the alteration.
*Hil.* To your work,
My lady is in presence; show your duties
Exceeding well.
*Soph.* How do your scholars profit?
*Hil.* Hold up your heads demurely. Prettily,
For young beginners.
*Coris.* And will do well in time,
If they be kept in awe.
*Ric.* In awe! I am sure
I quake like an aspen leaf.
*Ubald.* No mercy, lady?
*Ric.* Nor intermission?
*Soph.* Let me see your work:
Fie upon't, what a thread's here! a poor cobler's wife
Would make a finer to sew a clown's rent startup*;
And here you reel as you were drunk.
*Ric.* I am sure
It is not with wine.
*Soph.* O, take heed of wine;
Cold water is far better for your healths,
Of which I am very tender: you had foul bodies,
And must continue in this physical diet,
Till the cause of your disease be ta'en away,
For fear of a relapse; and that is dangerous:
Yet I hope already that you are in some
Degree recovered, and that way to resolve me,
Answer me truly; nay, what I propound
Concerns both; nearer: what would you now give,
If your means were in your hands, to lie all night
With a fresh and handsome lady?
*Ubald.* How! a lady?
O, I am past it; hunger with her razor
Hath made me an eunuch.
*Ric.* For a mess of porridge,
Well sopp'd with a bunch of radish and a carrot,
I would sell my barony; but for women, oh!
No more of women: not a doit for a doxy,
After this hungry voyage.
*Soph.* These are truly
Good symptoms; let them not venture too much in the air,
Till they are weaker†.
*Ric.* This is tyranny.
*Ubald.* Scorn upon scorn.
*Soph.* You were so
In your malicious intents to me.

*Enter* a Servant.

And therefore 'tis but justice——What's the business?
*Serv.* My lord's great friend, signior Baptista, madam,
Is newly lighted from his horse, with certain
Assurance of my lord's arrival.
*Soph.* How!
And stand I trifling here? Hence with the mongrels
To their several kennels; there let them howl in private;
I'll be no further troubled.
[*Exeunt Sophia and Servant.*
*Ubald.* O that ever
I saw this fury!
*Ric.* Or look'd on a woman
But as a prodigy in nature.
*Hil.* Silence;
No more of this.
*Coris.* Methinks you have no cause
To repent your being here.
*Hil.* Have you not learnt,
When your states are spent, your several trades to live by,
And never charge the hospital?
*Coris.* Work but tightly,
And we will not use a dish-clout in the house,
But of your spinning.
*Ubald.* O, I would this hemp
Were turned to a halter!
*Hil.* Will you march?
*Ric.* A soft one,
Good general, I beseech you.
*Ubald.* I can hardly
Draw my legs after me.
*Hil.* For a crutch you may use
Your distaff; a good wit makes use of all things.
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter* SOPHIA *and* BAPTISTA.

*Soph.* Was he jealous of me?
*Bapt.* There's no perfect love
Without some touch of't, madam.
*Soph.* And my picture,
Made by your devilish art, a spy upon
My actions? I ne'er sat to be drawn,
Nor had you, sir, commission for't.
*Bapt.* Excuse me;
At his earnest suit I did it.
*Soph.* Very good:—
Was I grown so cheap in his opinion of me?
*Bapt.* The prosperous events that crown his fortunes
May qualify the offence.
*Soph.* Good, the events:—
The sanctuary fools and madmen fly to,
When their rash and desperate undertakings thrive well:
But good and wise men are directed by
Grave counsels, and with such deliberation
Proceed in their affairs, that chance has nothing
To do with them: howsoe'er take the pains, sir,
To meet the honour (in the king and queen's
Approaches to my house) that breaks upon me;
I will expect them with my best of care.
*Bapt.* To entertain such royal guests——
*Soph.* I know it;
Leave that to me, sir. [*Exit Baptista.*] What should move the queen,
So given to ease and pleasure, as fame speaks her,
To such a journey? or work on my lord
To doubt my loyalty, nay, more, to take,
For the resolution of his fears, a course
That is by holy writ denied a Christian?

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* ——————*a clown's rent* startup;] A *startup*, Mr. M. Mason says, is part of a man's dress—so, indeed, is a bag-wig and sword. It appears, from many passages in our old writers, that a startup was a coarse kind of half-boot with thick soles; the *pero* of the ancients;

"Draw close into the covert, lest the wet,
Which falls like lazy mists upon the ground,
Soke through your *startups*."
*The Faithful Shepherdess.*

† *Till they are* weaker.] Sophia still affects to consider them as too strong to be trusted abroad, consistently with her safety: there is much good humour and pleasantry in this scene.

Twas impious in him, and perhaps the welcome
He hopes in my embraces may deceive
[*Trumpets sounded.*
His expectation. The trumpets speak
The king's arrival: help a woman's wit now,
To make him know his fault, and my just anger!
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*—*A Flourish. Enter* Ladislaus, Ferdinand, Eubulus, Mathias, Baptista, Honoria, *and* Acanthe, *with Attendants.*

*Eubu.* Your majesty must be weary.
*Hon.* No, my lord,
A willing mind makes a hard journey easy.
*Math.* Not Jove, attended on by Hermes, was
More welcome to the cottage of Philemon
And his poor Baucis, than your gracious self,
Your matchless queen, and all your royal train,
Are to your servant and his wife.
*Ladis.* Where is she?
*Hon.* I long to see her as my now-loved rival.
*Eubu.* And I to have a smack at her: 'tis a cordial
To an old man, better than sack and a toast
Before he goes to supper.
*Math.* Ha! is my house turn'd
To a wilderness? nor wife nor servants ready,
With all rites due to majesty, to receive
Such unexpected blessings! You assured me
Of better preparation; hath not
The excess of joy transported her beyond
Her understanding?
*Bapt.* I now parted from her,
And gave her your directions.
*Math.* How shall I beg
Your majesties' patience? sure my family's drunk,
Or by some witch, in envy of my glory,
A dead sleep thrown upon them.

*Enter* Hilario *and* Servants.

*Serv.* Sir.
*Math.* But that
The sacred presence of the king forbids it,
My sword should make a massacre among you.
Where is your mistress?
*Hil.* First, you are welcome home, sir:
Then know, she says she's sick, sir.—There's no notice
Taken of my bravery!
*Math.* Sick at such a time!
It cannot be: though she were on her death-bed,
And her spirit e'en now departed, here stand they
Could call it back again, and in this honour
Give her a second being. Bring me to her;
I know not what to urge, or how to redeem
This mortgage of her manners.
[*Exeunt Mathias, Hilario, and Servants.*
*Eubu.* There's no climate
On the world, I think, where one jade's trick or other
Reigns not in women.
*Ferd.* You were ever bitter
Against the sex.
*Ladis.* This is very strange.
*Hon.* Mean women
Have their faults, as well as queens.
*Lad is.* O, she appears now.

*Re-enter* Mathias *with* Sophia; Hilario *following.*

*Math.* The injury that you conceive I have done you
Dispute hereafter, and in your perverseness
Wrong not yourself and me.
*Soph.* I am past my childhood*,
And need no tutor.
*Math.* This is the great king,
To whom I am engaged till death for all
I stand possess'd of.
*Soph.* My humble roof is proud, sir,
To be the canopy of so much greatness
Set off with goodness.
*Ladis.* My own praises flying
In such pure air as your sweet breath, fair lady,
Cannot but please me.
*Math.* This is the queen of queens,
In her magnificence to me.
*Soph.* In my duty
I kiss her highness' robe.
*Hon.* You stoop too low
To her whose lips would meet with yours.
*Soph.* Howe'er [*Kisses her.*
It may appear preposterous in women
So to encounter, 'tis your pleasure, madam,
And not my proud ambition.—Do you hear, sir?
Without a magical picture, in the touch
I find your print of close and wanton kisses
On the queen's lips. [*Aside to Matthias.*
*Math.* Upon your life be silent:
And now salute these lords.
*Soph.* Since you will have me,
You shall see I am experienced at the game,
And can play it tightly. You are a brave man, sir,
[*To Ferdinand.*
And do deserve a free and hearty welcome:
Be this the prologue to it. [*Kisses him.*
*Eubu.* An old man's turn
Is ever last in kissing. I have lips too,
However cold ones, madam.
*Soph.* I will warm them
With the fire of mine. [*Kisses him.*
*Eubu.* And so she has! I thank you,
I shall sleep the better all night for't.
*Math.* You express
The boldness of a wanton courtezan,
And not a matron's modesty; take up†,
Or you are disgraced for ever.
*Soph.* How? with kissing
Feelingly, as you taught me? would you have me
Turn my cheek to them, as proud ladies use
To their inferiors, as if they intended
Some business should be whisper'd in their ear,
And not a salutation? what I do,
I will do freely; now I am in the humour,
I'll fly at all: are there any more?
*Math.* Forbear,
Or you will raise my anger to a height
That will descend in fury.
*Soph.* Why? you know
How to resolve yourself what my intents are,
By the help of Mephostophilus‡, and your picture:

* Soph. *I am past my childhood,*
*And need no tutor.*] The pretty perverseness of Sophia is excellently managed in this short conference, and her breaking out at length, highly natural and amusing.

† ——— *take up,*] i. e. check yourself.

‡ *By the help of* Mephostophilus,] i. e. Baptista. *Mephostophilus* is the name of a fiend or familiar spirit in the

Pray you, look upon't again. I humbly thank
The queen's great care of me while you were absent.
She knew how tedious 'twas for a young wife,
And being for that time a kind of widow,
To pass away her melancholy hours
Without good company, and in charity, therefore,
Provided for me: Out of her own store
She cull'd the lords Ubaldo and Ricardo,
Two principal courtiers for ladies' service,
To do me all good offices; and as such
Employ'd by her, I hope I have received
And entertain'd them; nor shall they depart
Without the effect arising from the cause
That brought them hither.
*Math.* Thou dost belie thyself:
I know that in my absence thou wert honest,
However now turn'd monster.
*Soph.* The truth is,
We did not deal, like you, in speculations
On cheating pictures; we knew shadows were
No substances, and actual performance
The best assurance. I will bring them hither,
To make good in this presence so much for me.
Some minutes space I beg your majesties' pardon.—
You are moved now:—champ upon this bit a little,
Anon you shall have another. Wait me, Hilario.
[*Exeunt Sophia and Hilario.*
*Ladis.* How now? turn'd statue, sir!
*Math.* Fly, and fly quickly,
From this cursed habitation, or this Gorgon
Will make you all as I am. In her tongue
Millions of adders hiss, and every hair
Upon her wicked head a snake more dreadful
Than that Tisiphone threw on Athamas,
Which in his madness forced him to dismember
His proper issue. O that ever I
Reposed my trust in magic, or believed
Impossibilities! or that charms had power
To sink and search into the bottomless hell
Of a false woman's heart!
*Eubu.* These are the fruits
Of marriage! an old bachelor as I am,
And, what's more, will continue so, is not troubled
With these fine vagaries.
*Ferd.* Till you are resolved, sir,
Forsake not hope*.
*Bap.* Upon my life, this is
Dissimulation.
*Ladis.* And it suits not with
Your fortitude and wisdom to be thus
Transported with your passion.
*Hon.* You were once
Deceived in me, sir, as I was in you;
Yet the deceit pleased both.
*Math.* She hath confess'd all;
What further proof should I ask?
*Hon.* Yet remember
The distance that is interposed between
A woman's tongue and her heart; and you must grant
You build upon no certainties.

*Re-enter* SOPHIA, CORISCA, *and* HILARIO, *with* UBALDO *and* RICARDO, *spinning and reeling, as before.*

*Eubu.* What have we here?
*Soph.* You must come on, and show yourselves.
*Ubald.* The king!
*Ric.* And queen too! would I were as far under the earth
As I am above it!
*Ubald.* Some poet will*,
From this relation, or in verse or prose,
Or both together blended, render us
Ridiculous to all ages.
*Ladis.* I remember
This face, when it was in a better plight:
Are not you Ricardo?
*Hon.* And this thing, I take it,
Was once Ubaldo.
*Ubald.* I am now I know not what.
*Ric.* We thank your majesty for employing us
To this subtile Circe.
*Eubu.* How, my lord! turn'd spinster!
Do you work by the day, or by the great?
*Ferd.* Is your theorbo
Turn'd to a distaff, signior, and your voice,
With which you chanted, *Room for a lusty gallant!*
Tuned to the note of *Lachrymæ*†?
*Eubu.* Prithee tell me,
For I know thou'rt free, how oft, and to the purpose,
You've been merry with this lady.
*Ric.* Never, never.
*Ladis.* Howsoever, you should say so for your credit,
Being the only court bull.
*Ubald.* O that ever
I saw this kicking heifer!
*Soph.* You see, madam,
How I have cured your servants, and what favours
They with their rampant valour have won from me.
You may, as they are physic'd, I presume,
Trust a fair virgin with them; they have learn'd
Their several trades to live by, and paid nothing
But cold and hunger for them: and may now
Set up for themselves, for here I give them over.
And now to you, sir; why do you not again
Peruse your picture, and take the advice
Of your learned consort? these are the men, or none,

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*History of Dr. Faustus*, as well as in the play of that name by Christopher Marlow. He is also mentioned by Shakspeare, Jonson, Fletcher, and, indeed, by most of our old dramatists.

* *Till you are* resolved, *sir,*
*Forsake not hope.* | *Resolved* is convinced. Thus Shakspeare:
"By heavens! I am *resolved*
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue."

* *Some poet will*, &c.] There is something delightful in these anticipations of future fame by great minds. They are the flowery spots in the poet's thorny way, which beguile the wearisomeness of his pilgrimage, and in despite of coldness and neglect, reconcile him to his fate.

† *Tuned to the note of* Lachrymæ?] *Lachrymæ* (as Sir John Hawkins informs us, in his *History of Music*) was the title of a musical work composed by John Douland, a celebrated lutanist in the time of king James I. "The title of it at length is: *Lachrymæ, or seven Teares figured in seaven passionate Pavans, with divers other Pavans, Galiards, and Almans, set forth to the Lute, Viol, or Violin, in five Parts.*" To this performance, which was once exceedingly popular, allusions are found in most of our old dramatists. I do not know what the "seaven passionate" (i. e. affecting) compositions were, which made up the bulk of this collection, but it seems, from the following extract, that one of them was the beautiful and pathetic *Lamentation of Lady Ann Bothwell*:

"Balow, my babe, lie still and sleepe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weepe;" &c.

"*Cit.* You musicians, play Baloo.
*Wife.* No, good George; let's have *Lachrymæ.*
*Cit.* Why this is it."
*The Knight of the Burning Pestle.*

That made you, as the Italian says*, a *becco*,
*Math.* I know not which way to entreat your pardon,
Nor am I worthy of it. My Spohia,
My best Sophia; here before the king,
The queen, these lords, and all the lookers on,
I do renounce my error, and embrace you,
As the great example to all aftertimes,
For such as would die chaste and noble wives,
With reverence to imitate.
*Soph.* Not so, sir,
I yet hold off. However I have purged
My doubted innocence, the foul aspersions,
In your unmanly doubts, cast on my honour,
Cannot so soon be wash'd off.
*Eubu.* Shall we have
More jiggobobs yet?
*Soph.* When you went to the wars,
I set no spy upon you to observe
Which way you wander'd, though our sex by nature
Is subject to suspicions and fears;
My confidence in your loyalty freed me from them.
But, to deal as you did, against your religion,
With this enchanter, to survey my actions,
Was more than woman's weakness; therefore know,
And 'tis my boon unto the king, I do
Desire a separation from your bed;
For I will spend the remnant of my life
In prayer and meditation.
*Math.* O, take pity
Upon my weak condition, or I am
More wretched in your innocence, than if
I had found you guilty. Have you shown a jewel
Out of the cabinet of your rich mind,
To lock it up again? She turns away.
Will none speak for me? shame and sin have robb'd me
Of the use of my tongue.
*Ladis.* Since you have conquer'd, madam,
You wrong the glory of your victory
If you use it not with mercy.
*Ferd.* Any penance
You please to impose upon him, I dare warrant
He will gladly suffer.
*Eubu.* Have I lived to see
But one good woman, and shall we for a trifle
Have her turn nun? I will first pull down the cloister.
To the old sport again, with a good luck to you!
'Tis not alone enough that you are good,
We must have some of the breed of you: will you destroy
The kind and race of goodness? I am converted,
And ask your pardon, madam, for my ill opinion
Against the sex; and show me but two such more,
I'll marry yet, and love them.
*Hon.* She that yet
Ne'er knew what 'twas to bend but to the king,
Thus begs remission for him.
*Soph.* O, dear madam,
Wrong not your greatness so.
*Omnes.* We all are suitors.

* *That made you, as the* Italian says, *a* becco.] So the old copy, which is far more humorous than the sophistication of Mr. M. Mason—as the *Italians say*, &c.

*Becco* is rendered, by the commentators on our old plays, a cuckold; the Italians, however, give a more defamatory sense: with them it generally means what we call a wittol, i. e. one accessary to his own disgrace. This too is the meaning it bears in Massinger and his contemporaries, who were, generally speaking, no indifferent Italian scholars.

*Ubald.* I do deserve to be heard among the rest.
*Ric.* And we have suffer'd for it.
*Soph.* I perceive
There's no resistance: but suppose I pardon
What's past, who can secure me he'll be free
From jealousy hereafter?
*Math.* I will be
My own security: go, ride, where you please;
Feast, revel, banquet, and make choice with whom,
I'll set no watch upon you; and, for proof of it,
This cursed picture I surrender up
To a consuming fire.
*Bapt.* As I abjure
The practice of my art.
*Soph.* Upon these terms
I am reconciled; and for these that have paid
The price of their folly, I desire your mercy.
*Ladis.* At your request they have it.
*Ubald.* Hang all trades now. [honest.
*Ric.* I will find a new one, and that is, to live
*Hil.* These are my fees*.
*Ubald.* Pray you, take them, with a mischief!
*Ladis.* So, all ends in peace now.
And, to all married men, be this a caution,
Which they should duly tender as their life,
Neither to dote too much, nor doubt a wife.
[*Exeunt*†.

Song, *by* Pallas, *in praise of the victorious Soldier.*
See Act II., Sc. 2.

Though we contemplate to express
The glory of our happiness,
That, by your powerful arm, have been
So true a victor, that no sin
Could ever taint you with a blame
To lessen your deserved fame.

Or, though we contend to set
Your worth in the full height, or get
Celestial singers, crown'd with bays,
With flourishes to dress your praise:
You know your conquest; but your story
Lives in your triumphant glory.

* Hil. *These are my fees.*] Meaning the clothes of the two courtiers: they, it should be recollected, are at this time dressed in the cast rags of Hilario.

† The fondness which Massinger seems to have felt for this play was not misplaced. The circumstance on which it is founded is, indeed, sufficiently fantastical, and was disallowed by the philosophy of his own age: but this is no serious hindrance to the effect of the piece. It is distinguished by a peculiar liveliness of fancy, and an intimate knowledge of the heart. It is sportive and tender: it amuses and affects us; and a vein of humour, more brisk than usual, relieves the impression of the serious events.

The comic part is too attractive in itself to need any recommendation, and its effect is too powerful to be missed by any reader. But it may not be useless to point out the substantial, though less obtrusive, merit of the serious scenes.

If it is more than usually difficult to ascertain the influence of sudden passions in bosoms generally virtuous, and well regulated, to balance the struggle between habitual principle and accidental temptation, to measure their impression and resistance, and to determine the side to which the victory is due; it is the praise of Massinger to have surmounted this difficulty, in the characters of Mathias and Sophia; in the exquisite description of their tender attachment, the casual interruption of their peace, its happy restoration, and the proper triumph of virtue. His address is further displayed in the difference of the causes which bring them back to their duty and to each other. The fortitude, contentedness, and simplicity of Sophia are the surer guardians of her conduct; while the ardent spirit of Mathias, bold in seeking advantages abroad, but impatient concerning his happiness at home, exposes him more to the influence of dangerous impressions. Accordingly, after a temporary

illusion, she rescues herself from mischief by the force of her own mind. He is preserved by other causes, the unexpected refusal of Honoria, and the renewed certainty of the constancy of his wife.

As to the queen herself, the cause of their unhappiness, she is described with much novelty, and truth of nature. Mr. Colman* has talked of her *passion;* if this is the proper term, it is a passion, not for a person, but a *principle.* She offers herself to Mathias from no genuine attachment: it is mere envy of the constancy between him and Sophia, and a malicious determination to show her own superiority, at whatever risk. Her constitutional vanity, dangerously nursed by the doting admiration of her husband, impels her to seduce a virtuous man whom she does not love. Her wantonness is whim; and she prepares to be faithless herself, because she cannot bear a rival in fidelity.

It is here to be remarked, that Massinger seems to have prepared this Play with all the resources which he could command.

In the Observations on *The Duke of Milan*, the reader has been already taught to expect a similarity between the conjugal dotage of Sforza and Ladislaus, &c. &c. Several other plays have been made to contribute sentiments and incidents to *The Picture.* It is impossible to read Honoria's temptation of Mathias, Act. III, sc. v. and not to remember the progress of Donusa's solicitations, and the amazement of Vitelli.—*Renegado*, Act II. sc. iv.—*The Roman Actor* furnishes other circumstances of the same kind, from the conversation of Paris both with Domitia and the emperor, Act IV. sc. ii; and it is remarkable, that he pleads with the latter, not only in the thought, but in the very manner of Honoria: their argument appears to contradict their own wishes, and this is equally noticed by Domitian and Mathias. The whimsical weakness to which Ubaldo and Ricardo are reduced, and the jokes to which it exposes them, have already amused us in the characteristic punishment of Perigot—*Parliament of Love.* And, to quote only one more instance, though several might be added, the noble freedom with which Mathias corrects the levity of the queen, Act IV, sc. iv, though greatly superior to it, is certainly suggested by Gonzaga's austere but spirited rebuke of Aurelia—*Maid of Honour.* Act IV. sc. iv.

In short, Massinger has not scrupled to adorn this Play with whatever was afforded by the story itself, or could be added from his own writings; and, like the artist of old, he has composed an exquisite Picture from a collection of many scattered beauties.

There are two morals combined in this play; one arising from the doting love of Ladislaus; the other, from the suspicions of Mathias. Vanity is always unfeeling: and, through indiscreet admiration, may be carried far beyond the supposed frivolousness of its nature, and become a raging passion, destructive of our own virtue and of the happiness of others. Again, unreasonable doubt destroys the very happiness which it labours to secure. Irritation is the natural consequence of unjust suspicion; and the desire of revenge hurries us into actions from which our better principles would otherwise have preserved us. What is worse, we excuse ourselves in mischief on account of the very motive on which we act; and are content to be outrageous on the flattering principle of justice itself.

Dr. Ireland.

* See his *Critical Reflections on the old English Dramatic Writers.*

Of such as heard it, that I found not one
In all the states and kingdoms that I pass'd through,
Worthy to be her second.
*Paul.* She, indeed, is
A perfect phenix, and disdains a rival.
Her infant years, as you know, promised much,
But grown to ripeness, she transcends and makes
Credulity her debtor. I will tell you,
In my blunt way, to entertain the time,
Until you have the happiness to see her,
How in your absence she hath borne herself,
And with all possible brevity; though the subject
Is such a spacious field, as would require
An abstract of the purest eloquence
(Derived from the most famous orators
The nurse of learning, Athens, show'd the world)
In that man that should undertake to be
Her true historian.
*Cle.* In this you shall do me
A special favour.
*Paul.* Since Arcadius' death,
Our late great master, the protection of
The prince, his son, the second Theodosius,
By a general vote and suffrage of the people,
Was to her charge assign'd, with the disposure
Of his so many kingdoms. For his person,
She hath so train'd him up in all those arts
That are both great and good, and to be wish'd
In an imperial monarch, that the mother
Of the Gracchi, grave Cornelia, Rome still boasts of,
The wise Pulcheria but named, must be
No more remember'd. She, by her example,
Hath made the court a kind of academy,
In which true honour is both learn'd and practised:
Her private lodgings a chaste nunnery,
In which her sisters, as probationers, hear
From her, their sovereign abbess, all the precepts
Read in the school of virtue.
*Cle.* You amaze me.
*Paul.* I shall, ere I conclude; for here the wonder
Begins, not ends. Her soul is so immense,
And her strong faculties so apprehensive,
To search into the depth of deep designs,
And of all natures, that the burthen, which
To many men were insupportable,
To her is but a gentle exercise,
Made, by the frequent use, familiar to her.
*Cle.* With your good favour let me interrupt you.
Being, as she is, in every part so perfect,
Methinks that all kings of our eastern world
Should become rivals for her.
*Paul.* So they have;
But to no purpose. She that knows her strength
To rule and govern monarchs, scorns to wear
On her free neck the servile yoke of marriage;
And for one loose desire, envy itself
Dares not presume to taint her; Venus' son
Is blind indeed when he but gazes on her;
Her chastity being a rock of diamonds,
With which encounter'd, his shafts fly in splinters;
His flaming torches in the living spring
Of her perfections quench'd; and, to crown all,
She's so impartial when she sits upon
The high tribunal, neither sway'd with pity
Nor awed by fear, beyond her equal scale,
That 'tis not superstition to believe
Astrea once more lives upon the earth,
Pulcheria's breast her temple.
*Cle.* You have given her
An admirable character.
*Paul.* She deserves it:
And such is the commanding power of virtue,
That from her vicious enemies it compels
Pæans of praise, as a due tribute to her.
[*Loud music.*
*Cle.* What means this solemn music?
*Paul.* Sir*, it ushers
The emperor's morning meditation,
In which Pulcheria is more than assistant.
'Tis worth your observation, and you may
Collect from her expense of time this day,
How her hours, for many years, have been disposed of.
*Cle.* I am all eyes and ears.

*Enter, after a strain of solemn music,* Philanax, Timantus, Patriarch, Theodosius, Pulcheria, Flaccilla, *and* Arcadia; *followed by* Chrysapius *and* Gratianus; Servants *and* Officers.

*Pul.* Your patience, Sir.
Let those corrupted ministers of the court,
Which you complain of, our devotions ended,
Be cited to appear: for the ambassadors
Who are importunate to have audience,
From me you may assure them that to-morrow
They shall in public kiss the emperor's robe,
And we in private with our soonest leisure,
Will give them hearing. Have you especial care too,
That free access be granted unto all
Petitioners. The morning wears.—Pray you on, sir;
Time lost is ne'er recover'd.
[*Exeunt all but Paulinus and Cleon.*
*Paul.* Did you note
The majesty she appears in?
*Cle.* Yes, my good lord;
I was ravish'd with it.
*Paul.* And then, with what speed
She orders her dispatches, not one daring
To interpose; the emperor himself,
Without reply, putting in act whatever
She pleased to impose† upon him.
*Cle.* Yet there were some,
That in their sullen looks, rather confess'd
A forced constraint to serve her, than a will
To be at her devotion: what are they?
*Paul.* Eunuchs of the emperor's chamber, that repine
The globe and awful sceptre should give place
Unto the distaff, for as such they whisper
A woman's government, but dare not yet
Express themselves.
*Cle.* From whence are the ambassadors
To whom she promised audience?
*Paul.* They are
Employ'd by divers princes, who desire
Alliance with our emperor, whose years now,
As you see, write him man. One would advance
A daughter to the honour of his bed;

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* *Paul.* Sir, *it ushers*, &c.] A monosyllable has dropt out here. I have inserted *Sir*, the most innocent one that occurred to me.

† *She pleased to impose*] *To*, which the modern editors insert before *pleased*, was admitted without authority, and indeed without necessity.

A second, his fair sister: to instruct you
In the particulars would ask longer time
Than my own designs give way to. I have letters
From special friends of mine, that to my care
Commend a stranger virgin, whom this morning
I purpose to present before the princess:
If you please, you may accompany me.

*Cle.* I'll wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter the* Informer, *with Officers bringing in the* Projector, *the* Minion of the Suburbs, *and the* Master of the Habit and Manners.

*Infor.* Why should you droop, or hang your working heads?
No danger is meant to you; pray bear up:
For aught I know, you are cited to receive
Preferment due to your merits.

*Proj.* Very likely:
In all the projects I have read and practised,
I never found one man compell'd to come
Before the seat of justice under guard,
To receive honour.

*Infor.* No! it may be, you are
The first example. Men of qualities,
As I have deliver'd you to the protectress,
Who knows how to advance them, cannot conceive
A fitter place to have their virtues publish'd,
Than in open court. Could you hope that the princess,
Knowing your precious merits, will reward them
In a private corner? No; you know not yet
How you may be exalted.

*Min.* To the gallows.

*Infor.* Fie!
Nor yet depress'd to the gallies; in your names
You carry no such crimes: your specious titles
Cannot but take her:—President of the Projectors!
What a noise it makes! The Master of the Habit*!
How proud would some one country be that I know,
To be your first pupil*! Minion of the Suburbs,
And now and then admitted to the court,
And honour'd with the style of Squire of Dames†!
What hurt is in it? One thing I must tell you,
As I am the state-scout, you may think me an informer.

*Mast.* They are synonyma‡.

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* ——————*The Master of the Habit!*
*How proud would some one country be that I know,*
*To be your first pupil!*] "Still harping upon England," which, at the time these scenes are supposed to have taken place, was struggling with a few "naked Picts" for wolves' skins!

† *And honoured with the style of* Squire of Dames!] This seems to have been a cant term, with our old dramatists, for a pander, in allusion probably to his designation. The *Squire o' Dames* is a personage of great respectability in *the Faerie Queene*, from whence, as Mr. Gilchrist observes to me, Massinger derived the appellation. In Book III. Canto vii. Stanza 53, "he is dispatched by his mistress, to relieve distressed damsels during the space of a twelvemonth. This injunction he happily performs, and returns with three hundred proofs of his prowess and success; his capricious fair one then forbids him her prescence until he can find as many other ladies,

"The which, for all the suit he could propound,
Would him refuse their pledges to afford,
But did abide for ever *chaste* and *sound*."

"After straying three years, and endeavouring with all his might to effect the purpose of his mission, he acknowledges to Satyrane *(miserabile dictu!)* that he had found but three!" The story, as Warton has observed, is copied from Ariosto's *Host's Tale*, c. 28.

‡ Min. *They are* synonyma.] The modern editors have ignorantly corrupted this into *synonymous;* but *synonyma* was the word in use in Massinger's time.
Thus Jonson:

"Where lately harbour'd many a famous whore,
A purging bill, now fix'd upon the door,
Tells you it is a hot-house: so it may,
And still be a whore-house;—they're *synonyma*."
*Epig.* vii.

*Infor.* Conceal nothing from her
Of your good parts, 'twill be the better for you;
Or if you should, it matters not; she can conjure,
And I am her ubiquitary spirit,
Bound to obey her:—you have my instructions;
Stand by, here's better company.

*Enter* PAULINUS, CLEON, *and* ATHENAIS *with a petition.*

*Athen.* Can I hope, sir,
Oppressed innocence shall find protection
And justice among strangers, when my brothers,
Brothers of one womb, by one sire begotten,
Trample on my afflictions?

*Paul.* Forget them,
Remembering those may help you.

*Athen.* They have robb'd me
Of all means to prefer my just complaint,
With any promising hope to gain a hearing,
Much less redress: petitions not sweetened
With gold, are but unsavory, oft refused;
Or, if received, are pocketed, not read.
A suitor's swelling tears by the glowing beams
Of choleric authority are dried up
Before they fall, or, if seen, never pitied.
What will become of a forsaken maid!
My flattering hopes are too weak to encounter
With my strong enemy, despair, and 'tis
In vain to oppose her.

*Cle.* Cheer her up; she faints, sir.

*Paul.* This argues weakness; though your brothers were
Cruel beyond expression, and the judges
That sentenced you, corrupt; you shall find here
One of you own fair sex to do you right,
Whose beams of justice, like the sun, extend
Their light and heat to strangers, and are not
Municipal or confined.

*Athen.* Pray you, do not feed me
With airy hopes; unless you can assure me
The great Pulcheria will descend to hear
My miserable story, it were better
I died without the trouble.

*Paul.* She is bound to it
By the surest chain, her natural inclination
To help the afflicted; nor shall long delays
More terrible to miserable suitors
Than quick denials, grieve you. Dry your fair eyes;
This room will instantly be sanctified
With her bless'd presence; to her ready hand
Present your grievances, and rest assured
You shall depart contented.

*Athen.* You breathe in me
A second life.

*Infor.* Will your lordship please to hear
Your servant a few words?

*Paul.* Away, you rascal!
Did I ever keep such servants?

*Infor.* If your honesty
Would give you leave, it would be for your profit.

*Paul.* To make use of an informer! tell me, in what
Can you advantage me?

*Infor.* In the first tender
Of a fresh suit never begg'd yet.
*Paul.* What's your suit, sir?
*Infor* 'Tis feasible:—here are three arrant knaves
Discovered by my art.
*Paul.* And thou the archknave:
The great devour the less.
*Infor.* And with good reason;
I must eat one a month, I cannot live else.
*Paul.* A notable cannibal! but should I hear thee,
In what do your knaves concern me?
*Infor.* In the begging
Of their estates.
*Paul.* Before they are condemn'd?
*Infor.* Yes, or arraing'd; your lordship may speak too late else*.
They are your own, and I will be content
With the fifth part of a share.
*Paul.* Hence, rogue!
*Infor.* Such rogues
In this kind will be heard and cherish'd too.
Fool that I was, to offer such a bargain
To a spiced-conscience chapman!—but I care not;
What he disdains to taste, others will swallow.

*Loud music. Enter* Theodosius, Pulcheria, Arcadia, Flaccilla, Patriarch, Philanax, Timantus, Chrysapius, Gratianus, *and* Attendants.

*Cle.* They are returned from the temple.
*Paul.* See she appears;
What think you now?
*Athen.* A cunning painter thus,
Her veil ta'en off, and awful sword and balance
Laid by, would picture Justice.
*Pul.* When you please,
You may intend those royal exercises
Suiting your birth and greatness: I will bear
The burthen of your cares, and, having purged
The body of your empire of ill humours,
Upon my knees surrender it.
*Chry.* Will you ever
Be awed thus like a boy?
*Grat.* And kiss the rod
Of a proud mistress?
*Tim.* Be what you were born, sir.
*Phil.* Obedience and majesty never lodged
In the same inn.
*Theod.* No more; he never learn'd
The right way to command, that stopp'd his ears
To wise directions.
*Pul.* Read o'er the papers
I left upon my cabinet, two hours hence
I will examine you.
*Flac.* We spend our time well!
Nothing but praying and poring on a book.
It ill agrees with my constitution, sister.
*Arcad.* Would I had been born some masking-lady's woman,
Only to see strange sights, rather than live thus!

*Flac.* We are gone, forsooth; there is no remedy, sister. [*Exeunt Arcadia and Flaccilla.*
*Grat.* What hath his eye found out?
*Tim.* 'Tis fix'd upon
That stranger lady.
*Chry.* I am glad yet, that
He dares look on a woman.

[*All this time the Informer is kneeling to Pulcheria, and delivering papers.*

*Theo.* Philanax,
What is that comely stranger?
*Phil.* A petitioner.
*Chry.* Will you hear her case, and dispatch her in your chamber?
I'll undertake to bring her.
*Theo.* Bring me to
Some place where I may look on her demeanour:
'Tis a lovely creature!
*Chry.* There's some hope in this yet.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Theodosius, Patriarch, Philanax, Timantus, Chrysapius, and Gratianus.*

*Pul.* No: you have done your parts.
*Paul.* Now opportunity courts you,
Prefer your suit.
*Athen.* As low as misery
Can fall, for proof of my humility,
A poor distressed virgin bows her head,
And lays hold on your goodness, the last altar
Calamity can fly to for protection,
Great minds erect their never-falling trophies*
On the firm base of mercy; but to triumph
Over a suppliant, by proud fortune captived,
Argues a bastard conquest:—'tis to you
I speak, to you, the fair and just Pulcheria,
The wonder of the age, your sex's honour;
And as such, deign to hear me. As you have
A soul moulded from heaven, and do desire
To have it made a star there, make the means
Of your ascent to that celestial height
Virtue, wing'd with brave action: they draw near
The nature and the essence of the gods,
Who imitate their goodness.
*Pul.* If you were
A subject of the empire, which your habit
In every part denies——
*Athen.* O, fly not to
Such an evasion! whate'er I am,
Being a woman, in humanity
You are bound to right me. Though the difference
Of my religion may seem to exclude me [fined;
From your defence, which you would have con-
The moral virtue, which is general,
Must know no limits. By these blessed feet,
That pace the paths of equity, and tread boldly
On the stiff neck of tyrannous oppression,
By these tears by which I bathe them, I conjure you
With pity to took on me!
*Pul.* Pray you, rise;
And, as you rise, receive this comfort from me.
Beauty, set off with such sweet language, never
Can want an advocate, and you must bring
More than a guilty cause if you prevail not.
Some business long since thought upon dispatch'd,

* *Yes, or arraign'd; your lordship may speak too late else.*] This is a severe sarcasm on the avidity of the courtiers in Massinger's time; unfortunately too, it is just. The estates of many condemned persons were *begged* with scandalous precipitation by the favourites of the day, and, what so worse, were justly suspected, in more than one instance, it have constituted the principal part of the crime for which the possessors suffered:

"Sir, you are rich; besides, you know what you
Have got by your ward's death: I fear you will
Be *begg'd at court.*" *The Wits.*

* *Great minds erect their* never falling *trophies*] *Never-falling* is the reading of the old copies, and should not be changed. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason exhibit *never-failing.*

You shall have hearing, and, as far as justice
Will warrant me, my best aids.
*Athen.* I do desire
No stronger guard; my equity needs no favour.
[*Walks aside.*
*Pul.* Are these the men?
*Proj.* We were, an't like your highness,
The men, the men of eminence, the mark,
And may continue so, if it please your grace.
*Mast.* This speech was well projected.
*Pul.* Does your conscience,
I will begin with you, whisper unto you
What here you stand accused of! Are you named
The President of Projectors?
*Infor.* Justify it, man,
And tell her in what thou'rt useful.
*Proj.* That is apparent;
And if you please, ask some about the court,
And they will tell you, to my rare inventions
They owe their bravery, perhaps means to purchase,
And cannot live without me. I, alas!
Lend out my labouring brains to use, and sometimes
For a drachma in the pound,—the more the pity.
I am all patience, and endure the curses
Of many, for the profit of one patron.
*Pul.* I do conceive the rest. What is the second?
*Infor.* The Minion of the Suburbs.
*Pul.* What hath he
To do in Constantinople?
*Min.* I steal in now and then,
As I am thought useful, marry, there I am call'd
The Squire of Dames, or Servant of the Sex,
And by the allowance of some sportful ladies,
Honour'd with that title.
*Pul.* Spare your character, [peer.
You are here decipher'd: stand by with your com-
What is the third? a creature I ne'er heard of:
The Master of the Manners and the Habit!
You have a double office.
*Mast.* In my actions
I make both good; for by my theorems,
Which your polite and terser gallants practise,
I re-refine the court*, and civilize
Their barbarous natures. I have in a table,
With curious punctuality, set down,
To a hair's breadth, how low a new-stamp'd courtier
May vail† to a country gentleman, and by
Gradation, to his merchant, mercer, draper,
His linen-man, and tailor.
*Pul.* Pray you, discover
This hidden mystery.
*Mast.* If the foresaid courtier
(As it may chance sometimes) find not his name
Writ in the citizens' books, with a state hum
He may salute them after three days' waiting;
But, if he owe them money, that he may
Preserve his credit, let him in policy never
Appoint a day of payment, so they may hope still:
But, if he be to take up more, his page
May attend them at the gate, and usher them
Into his cellar, and when they are warm'd with wine,
Conduct them to his bedchamber; and though then
He be under his barber's hands, as soon as seen,
He must start up to embrace them, vail thus low;
Nay, though he call them cousins, 'tis the better,
His dignity no way wrong'd in't.
*Paul.* Here's a fine knave!
*Pul.* Does this rule hold without exception, sirrah,
For courtiers in general?
*Mast.* No, dear madam,
For one of the last edition; and for him
I have composed a dictionary, in which
He is instructed, how, when, and to whom,
To be proud or humble; at what times of the year
He may do a good deed for itself, and that is
Writ in dominical letters; all days else
Are his own, and of those days the several hours
Mark'd out, and to what use.
*Pul.* Show us your method;
I am strangely taken with it.
*Mast.* 'Twill deserve
A pension, I hope. First, a strong cullis
In his bed, to heighten appetite; shuttle-cock,
To keep him in breath when he rises: tennis courts
Are chargeable, and the riding of great horses [ones
Too boisterous for my young courtier; let the old
I think not of, use it: next, his meditation
How to court his mistress, and that he may seem
witty,
Let him be furnish'd with confederate jests
Between him and his friend, that, on occasion, [garb
They may vent them mutually: what his pace and
Must be in the presence; then the length of his sword,
The fashion of the hilt—what the blade is
It matters not; 'twere barbarism to use it,
Unless to show his strength upon an andiron;
So, the sooner broke the better.
*Pul.* How I abuse
This precious time! Projector, I treat first
Of you and your disciples; you roar out,
All is the king's, his will above his laws;
And that fit tributes are too gentle yokes
For his poor subjects: whispering in his ear,
If he would have their fear, no man should dare
To bring a salad from his country garden,
Without the paying gabel*; kill a hen,
Without excise: and that if he desire
To have his children or his servants wear
Their heads upon their shoulders, you affirm
In policy 'tis fit the owner should
Pay for them by the poll; or, if the prince want
A present sum, he may command a city
Impossibilities, and for non-performance,
Compel it to submit to any fine
His officers shall impose. Is this the way
To make our emperor happy? can the groans
Of his subjects yield him music? must his thresholds
Be wash'd with widows' and wrong'd orphans' tears,
Or his power grow contemptible?
*Proj.* I begin
To feel myself a rogue again.
*Pul.* But you are
The squire of dames, devoted to the service
Of gamesome ladies, the hidden mystery
Discover'd, their close bawd, thy slavish breath
Fanning the fire of lust; the go-between
This female and that wanton sir; your art

* *I* re-refine *the court,*] So the old copy: the modern editors read, *I* refine *the court*, which destroys at once the humour and the metre.

† ——————*how low a new-stamp'd courtier*
*May* vail *to a country gentleman,*] i. e. bow; the word occurs again, in the same sense, a few lines below.

* ——————*no man should dare*
*To bring a salad from his country garden,*
*Without the paying* gabel; &c.] This spirit of imposition is well touched on by Donne:
"——————— shortly, boys shall not play
At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay
*Toll* to some courtier." Sat. IV.

Can blind a jealous husband, and, disguised
Like a milliner or shoemaker, convey
A letter in a pantofle or glove,
Without suspicion, nay, at his table,
In a case of picktooths; you instruct them how
To parley with their eyes, and make the temple
A mart of looseness:—to discover all
Your subtile brokages, were to teach in public
Those private practices which are, in justice,
Severely to be punished.
*Min.* I am cast:
A jury of my patronesses cannot quit me.
*Pul.* You are master of the manners and the habit;
Rather the scorn of such as would live men,
And not, like apes, with servile imitation
Study prodigious fashions. You keep
Intelligence abroad, that may instruct
Our giddy youth at home what new-found fashion
Is now in use, swearing he's most complete
That first turns monster. Know, villains, I can thrust
This arm into your hearts, strip off the flesh
That covers your deformities, and show you
In your own nakedness. Now, though the law
Call not your follies death, you are for ever
Banish'd my brother's court.—Away with them;
I will hear no reply.

[*Exeunt Informer, and Officers with the Projector, Minion of the Suburbs, and Master of the Habit and Manners.*

*Enter above* Theodosius, Philanax, Timantus, Chrysapius, *and* Gratianus.

*Paul.* What think you now?
*Cle.* That I am in a dream; or that I see
A second Pallas.
*Pul.* These removed, to you
I clear my brow. Speak without fear, sweet maid,
Since, with a mild aspect, and ready ear,
I sit prepared to hear you.
*Athen.* Know, great princess,
My father, though a pagan, was admired
For his deep search into those hidden studies,
Whose knowledge is denied to common men:
The motion, with the divers operations
Of the superior bodies, by his long
And careful observation were made
Familiar to him; all the secret virtues
Of plants and simples, and in what degree
They were useful to mankind, he could discourse of:
In a word, conceive him as a prophet honour'd
In his own country. But being born a man,
It lay not in him to defer the hour
Of his approaching death, though long foretold:
In this so fatal hour he call'd before him
His two sons and myself, the dearest pledges
Lent him by nature, and with his right hand
Blessing our several heads, he thus began——
*Chry.* Mark his attention.
*Phil.* Give me leave to mark too.
Athen. *If I could leave my understanding to you,*
*It were superfluous to make division*
*Of whatsoever else I can bequeath you;*
*But, to avoid contention, I allot*
*An equal portion of my possessions*
*To you, my sons; but unto thee, my daughter,*
*My joy, my darling* (pardon me, though I
Repeat his words), *if my prophetic soul,*
*Ready to take her flight, can truly guess at*
*Thy future fate, I leave the* strange assurance*
*Of the greatness thou art born to, unto which*
*Thy brothers shall be proud to pay their service.*——
*Paul.* And all men else, that honour beauty.
*Theo.* Umph!
Athen. *Yet, to prepare thee for that certain fortune,*
*And that I may from present wants defend thee,*
*I leave ten thousand crowns:*—which said, being call'd
To the fellowship of our deities, he expired,
And with him all remembrance of the charge
Concerning me, left by him to my brothers.
*Paul.* Did they detain your legacy?
*Athen.* And still do.
His ashes were scarce quiet in his urn,
When, in derision of my future greatness,
They thrust me out of doors, denying me
One short night's harbour.
*Pul.* Weep not.
*Athen.* I desire,
By your persuasion, or commanding power,
The restitution of mine own; or that,
To keep my frailty from temptation,
In your compassion of me, you would please,
I, as a handmaid, may be entertain'd
To do the meanest offices to all such
As are honour'd in your service.
*Pul.* Thou art welcome.
What is thy name?
*Athen.* The forlorn Athenais.
*Pul.* The sweetness of thy innocence strangely takes me. [*Takes her up, and kisses her.*
Forget thy brothers' wrongs; for I will be
In my care a mother, in my love a sister to thee;
And, were it possible thou couldst be won
To be of our belief——
*Paul.* May it please your excellence,
That is an easy task; I, though no scholar,
Dare undertake it; clear truth cannot want
Rhetorical persuasions.
*Pul.* 'Tis a work,
My lord, will well become you.—Break up the court:
May your endeavours prosper!
*Paul.* Come, my fair one;
I hope, my convert.
*Athen.* Never: I will die
As I was born.
*Paul.* Better you ne'er had been. [*Exeunt.*
*Phil.* What does your majesty think of? —— The maid's gone.
*Theo.* She's wondrous fair, and in her speech appear'd
Pieces of scholarship.
*Chry.* Make use of her learning
And beauty together; on my life she will be proud
To be so converted.
*Theo.* From foul lust heaven guard me!
[*Exeunt.*

* ——— ——— *I leave* the *strange assurance,*] So the old copy. The modern editors read—*I leave* thee *strange assurance*: but the whole of this beautiful scene is vilely disgraced by numerous errors and omissions in both the last editions.

# ACT II.

## SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* PHILANAX, TIMANTUS, CHRYSAPIUS, *and* GRATIANUS.

*Phil.* We only talk, when we should do
*Tim.* I'll second you;
Begin, and when you please.
*Grat.* Be constant in it.
*Chry.* That resolution which grows cold to-day,
Will freeze to-morrow.
*Grat.* 'Slight, I think she'll keep him
Her ward for ever, to herself engrossing
The disposition of all the favours
And bounties of the empire.
*Chry.* We, that, by
The nearness of our service to his person,
Should raise this man, or pull down that, without
Her license hardly dare prefer a suit,
Or if we do, 'tis cross'd,
*Phil.* You are troubled for
Your proper ends; my aims are high and honest.
The wrong that's done to majesty I repine at
I love the emperor, and 'tis my ambition
To have him know himself, and to that purpose
I'll run the hazard of a check.
*Grat.* And I
The loss of my place.
*Tim.* I will not come behind,
Fall what can fall.
*Chry.* Let us put on sad aspects,
To draw him on; charge home, we'll fetch you off,
Or lie dead by you.

*Enter* THEODOSIUS.

*Theo.* How's this? clouds in the chamber,
And the air clear abroad!
*Phil.* When you, our sun,
Obscure your glorious beams, poor we, that borrow
Our little light from you, cannot but suffer
A general eclipse.
*Tim.* Great sir, 'tis true;
For, till you please to know and be yourself,
And freely dare dispose of what's your own,
Without a warrant, we are falling meteors,
And not fix'd stars.
*Chry.* The pale-faced moon, that should
Govern the night, usurps the rule of day,
And still is at the full in spite of nature,
And will not know a change.
*Theo.* Speak you in riddles?
I am no Œdipus, but your emperor,
And as such would be instructed.
*Phil.* Your command
Shall be obey'd: till now, I never heard you
Speak like yourself; and may that Power by which
You are so, strike me dead, if what I shall
Deliver as a faithful subject to you,
Hath root or growth from malice, or base envy
Of your sister's greatness! I could honour in her
A power subordinate to yours; but not,
As 'tis, predominant.
*Tim.* Is it fit that she,
In her birth your vassal, should command the knees
Of such as should not bow but to yourself?
*Grat.* She with security walks upon the heads
Of the nobility; the multitude,
As to a deity, offering sacrifice
For her grace and favour.
*Chry.* Her proud feet even wearied
With the kisses of petitioners.
*Grat.* While you,
To whom alone such reverence is proper,
Pass unregarded by her.
*Tim.* You have not yet
Been master of one hour of your whole life.
*Chry.* Your will and faculties kept in more awe
Than she can do her own.
*Phil.* And as a bondman
(O let my zeal find grace, and pardon from you,
That I descend so low), you are design'd
To this or that employment, suiting well
A private man, I grant, but not a prince.
To be a perfect horseman, or to know
The words of the chase, or a fair man of arms,
Or to be able to pierce to the depth,
Or write a comment on the obscurest poets,
I grant are ornaments; but your main scope
Should be to govern men, to guard your own,
If not enlarge your empire.
*Chry.* You are built up
By the curious hand of nature, to revive
The memory of Alexander, or by
A prosperous success in your brave actions,
To rival Cæsar.
*Tim.* Rouse yourself, and let not
Your pleasures be a copy of her will.
*Phil.* Your pupilage is past, and manly actions
Are now expected from you.
*Grat.* Do not lose
Your subjects' hearts.
*Tim.* What is't to have the means
To be magnificent, and not exercise
The boundless virtue?
*Grat.* You confine yourself
To that which strict philosophy allows of,
As if you were a private man.
*Tim.* No pomp
Or glorious shows of royalty rendering it
Both loved and terrible.
*Grat.* 'Slight! you live, as it
Begets some doubt, whether you have, or not,
The abilities of a man.
*Chry.* The firmament
Hath not more stars than there are several beauties
Ambitious at the height to impart their dear
And sweetest favours to you.
*Grat.* Yet you have not
Made choice of one, of all the sex, to serve you,
In a physical way of courtship.
*Theo.* But that I would not
Begin the expression of my being a man,
In blood, or stain the first white robe I wear
Of absolute power, with a servile imitation
Of any tyrannous habit, my just anger
Prompts me to make you, in your sufferings, feel,
And not in words to instruct you, that the license
Of the loose and saucy language you now practised
Hath forfeited your heads.

*Grat.* How's this!
*Phil.* I know not
What the play may prove, but I assure you that
I do not like the prologue.
*Theo.* O the miserable
Condition of a prince; who, though he vary
More shapes than Proteus, in his mind and manners,
He cannot win an universal suffrage
From the many-headed monster, multitude!
Like Æsop's foolish frogs, they trample on him
As a senseless block, if his government be easy;
And, if he prove a stork, they croak and rail
Against him as a tyrant. I will put off
That majesty, of which you think I have
Nor use nor feeling; and in arguing with you,
Convince you with strong proofs of common reason,
And not with absolute power, against which, wretches,
You are not to dispute. Dare you, that are
My creatures, by my prodigal favours fashion'd,
Presuming on the nearness of your service,
Set off with my familiar acceptance,
Condemn my obsequiousness to the wise directions
Of an incomparable sister, whom all parts
Of our world, that are made happy in the knowledge
Of her perfections, with wonder gaze on?
And yet you, that were only born to eat
The blessings of our mother earth, that are
Distant but one degree from beasts (since slaves
Can claim no larger privilege), that know
No further than your sensual appetites,
Or wanton lusts, have taught you, undertake
To give your sovereign laws to follow that
Your ignorance marks out to him! [*Walks by.*
*Grat.* How were we
Abused in our opinion of his temper!
*Phil.* We had forgot 'tis found in holy writ,
That kings' hearts are inscrutable.
*Tim.* I ne'er read it;
My study lies not that way.
*Phil.* By his looks,
The tempest still increases.
*Theo.* Am I grown
So stupid in your judgments, that you dare,
With such security offer violence
To sacred majesty? will you not know
The lion is a lion though he show not
His rending paws, or fill the affrighted air
With the thunder of his roarings?——You bless'd saints,
How am I trenched on! Is that temperance
So famous in your cited Alexander,
Or Roman Scipio, a crime in me?
Cannot I be an emperor, unless
Your wives and daughters bow to my proud lusts?
And, 'cause I ravish not their fairest buildings
And fruitful vineyards, or what is dearest,
From such as are my vassals, must you conclude
I do not know the awful power and strength
Of my prerogative? Am I close-handed,
Because I scatter not among you that
I must not call mine own? know, you court-leeches,
A prince is never so magnificent*
As when he's sparing to enrich a few
With the injuries of many. Could your hopes
So grossly flatter you, as to believe
I was born and train'd up as an emperor, only
In my indulgence to give sanctuary,
In their unjust proceedings, to the rapine
And avarice of my grooms?
*Phil.* In the true mirror
Of your perfections, at length we see
Our own deformities.
*Tim.* And not once daring
To look upon that majesty we now slighted——
*Chry.* With our faces thus glued to the earth, we beg
Your gracious pardon.
*Grat.* Offering our necks
To be trod on, as a punishment for our late
Presumption, and a willing testimony
Of our subjection.
*Theo.* Deserve our mercy
In your better life hereafter; you shall find,
Though, in my father's life*, I held it madness
To usurp his power, and in my youth disdain'd not
To learn from the instructions of my sister,
I'll make it good to all the world I am
An emperor; and even this instant grasp
The sceptre, my rich stock of majesty
Entire, no scruple wasted.
*Phil.* If these tears
I drop proceed not from my joy to hear this,
May my eyeballs follow them!
*Tim.* I will show myself,
By your sudden metamorphosis, transform'd
From what I was.
*Grat.* And ne'er presume to ask
What fits not you to give.
*Theo.* Move in that sphere,
And my light with full beams shall shine upon you.
Forbear this slavish courtship, 'tis to me
In a kind idolatrous.
*Phil.* Your gracious sister.

*Enter* Pulcheria, *and* Servant†.

*Pul.* Has he converted her?
*Serv.* And, as such, will
Present her, when you please.
*Pul.* I am glad of it.

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* ——————*know, you court-leeches,*
*A prince is never so* magnificent
*As when he's sparing to enrich*, &c.] There is a peculiarity in the use of this word, which cannot have escaped the reader's notice. In Massinger it constantly stands for *munificent*, of which several instances have already occurred: thus, in *The Duke of Milan:*

"Yet, not to take
From others to give only to myself,
I will not hinder your *magnificence*
To my commanders." Act III. Sc. 1.

Again, in *The Renegado:*

"How like a royal merchant, to return
You great *magnificence*." Act. II. Sc. 4.

Again, in *The Parliament of Love*, Dinant upon Novall's giving him his purse, exclaims,

"You are too *magnificent*." Act IV. Sc. 1.

And in several other places.

* *Though in my* father's life, *I held it madness*
*To usurp his power*,] We must not look for any very rigid adherence to dates in these historical dramas; a few prominent facts were generally seized on; and if these were distributed among the real actors, it was all the poet aimed at, and all his audience expected. At the death of Arcadius, Theodosius was a child of seven years old, and was more likely to have passed his time in youthful games with the women, than to have thought of dethroning his father. At the period of this scene, he was in his twentieth year. Pulcheria was two or three years older.

† *Enter* Pulcheria, *and* Servant.] To the speeches of the latter, *Mar.* is prefixed instead of *Serv.*; and the going out is *Exit Mart.* There is no name of this kind among the dramatis personæ: perhaps it was that of the performer.

Command my dresser to adorn her with
The robes that I gave order for.
*Serv.* I shall.
*Pul.* And let those precious jewels I took last
Out of my cabinet, if't be possible,
Give lustre to her beauties; and, that done,
Command her to be near us.
*Serv.* 'Tis a province
I willingly embrace. [*Exit.*
*Pul.* O my dear sir,
You have forgot your morning task, and therefore,
With a mother's love, I come to reprehend you,
But it shall be gently.
*Theo.* 'Twill become you, though
You said, with reverend duty. Know hereafter,
If my mother lived in you, howe'er her son,
Like you she were my subject.
*Pul.* How!
*Theo.* Put off
Amazement; you will find it. Yet I'll hear you
At distance, as a sister, but no longer
As a governess, I assure you.
*Grat.* This is put home.
*Tim.* Beyond our hopes.
*Phil.* She stands as if his words
Had powerful magic in them.
*Theo.* Will you have me
Your pupil ever? the down on my chin
Confirms I am a man, a man of men,
The emperor, that knows his strength.
*Pul.* Heaven grant
You know it not too soon!
*Theo.* Let it suffice
My wardship's out. If your design concerns us
As a man, and not a boy, with our allowance
You may deliver it.
*Pul.* A strange alteration!
But I will not contend. Be as you wish, sir,
Your own disposer; uncompell'd I cancel
All bonds of my authority. [*Kneels.*
*Theo.* You in this
Pay your due homage, which perform'd, I thus
Embrace you as a sister, [*Raises her.*] no way doubting
Your vigilance for my safety as my honour;
And what you now come to impart, I rest
Most confident, points at one of them.
*Pul.* At both;
And not alone the present, but the future
Tranquillity of your mind; since in the choice
Of her you are to heat with holy fires,
And make the consort of your royal bed,
The certain means of glorious succession,
With the true happiness of our human being,
Are wholly comprehended.
*Theo.* How! a wife?
Shall I become a votary to Hymen,
Before my youth hath sacrificed to Venus?
'Tis something with the soonest:—yet, to show,
In things indifferent, I am not averse
To your wise counsels, let me first survey
Those beauties, that, in being a prince, I know
Are rivals for me. You will not confine me
To your election; I must see, dear sister,
With mine own eyes.
*Pul.* 'Tis fit, sir. Yet in this,
You may please to consider, absolute princes
Have, or should have, in policy, less free will
Than such as are their vassals: for, you must,
As you are an emperor, in this high business
Weigh with due providence, with whom alliance
May be most useful for the preservation
Or increase of your empire.
*Theo.* I approve not
Such compositions for our moral ends,
In what is in itself divine, nay, more,
Decreed in heaven. Yet, if our neighbour princes,
Ambitious of such nearness, shall present
Their dearest pledges to me (ever reserving
The caution of mine own content), I will not
Contemn their courteous offers.
*Pul.* Bring in the pictures.
[*Two pictures brought in.*
*Theo.* Must I then judge the substances by the shadows?
The painters are most envious, if they want
Good colours for preferment: virtuous ladies
Love this way to be flattered, and accuse
The workman of detraction, if he had not
Some grace they cannot truly call their own.
Is't not so, Gratianus? you may challenge
Some interest in the science.
*Grat.* A pretender
To the art, I truly honour and subscribe
To your majesty's opinion,
*Theo.* Let me see—— [*Reads.*
*Cleanthe, daughter to the king of Epire,*
*Ætatis suæ, the fourteenth:* ripe enough,
And forward too, I assure you. Let me examine
The symmetries. If statuaries could
By the foot of Hercules set down punctually
His whole dimensions, and the countenance be
The index of the mind, this may instruct me,
With the aids of that I've read touching this subject,
What she is inward. The colour of her hair,
If it be, as this does promise, pale and faint,
And not a glistering white: her brow, so so;
The circles of her sight, too much contracted;—
Juno's fair cow-eyes by old Homer are
Commended to their merit*: here's a sharp frost,
In the tip of her nose, which, by the length, assures me
Of storms at midnight, if I fail to pay her
The tribute she expects. I like her not:
What is the other!
*Chry.* How hath he commenced
Doctor in this so sweet and secret art,
Without our knowledge†?
*Tim.* Some of his forward pages
Have robbed us of the honour.

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* *Juno's fair* cow-eyes *by old Homer are Commended to their merit:*] Massinger seems pleased with this version of βοωπις, for he has it in other places. It is however so uncouth a translation, that, to use the language of the author's time, the ladies, I suspect, "conned him little thanks for it." Homer's peace is easily made: we may venture to affirm that in applying the epithet to his goddess, he thought as little of likening her eyes to a cow's, as to those of any other animal: he merely meant *large* or rather *full eyes*. 'Ομηρος ενδειξασθαι βουλομενος ως ειηςαν οφθαλμοι τη Ηρα καλοι τε μεγαλοι τε, ΒΟΩΠΙΝ αυτην εκαλεσε. LIBAN. So the word should be translated, and so, indeed, it is translated by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

† Chry. *How hath he* commenced
Doctor *in this so sweet and secret art;*
*Without our knowledge?*] Thus Fletcher:
"Come, *doctor* Andrew, without *disputation*
Thou shalt *commence* in the cellar." *The Elder Brother.*
This fondness for the introduction of college language has been already noticed.

*Phil.* No such matter
He has the theory only, not the practick*.
Theo. [*reads.*] *Amasia, sister to the Duke of Athens; Her age eighteen, descended lineally From Theseus, as by her pedigree Will be made apparent.* Of his lusty kindred,
And lose so much time! 'tis strange!—as I live,
A philosophical aspect; there is [she hath
More wit than beauty in her face; and when
I court her, it must be in tropes, and figures,
Or she will cry, Absurd†! she will have her elenchs‡
To cut off any fallacy I can hope
To put upon her, and expect I should
Ever conclude in syllogisms, and those true ones *In parte et toto*; or she'll tire me with
Her tedious elocutions in the praise of
The increase of generation, for which
Alone, the sport, in her morality,
Is good and lawful, and to be often practised
For fear of missing. Fie on't! let the race
Of Theseus be match'd with Aristotle's:
I'll none of her.
*Pul.* You are curious in your choice, sir,
And hard to please; yet, if that your consent
May give authority to it, I'll present you
With one that, if her birth and fortunes answer
The rarities§ of her body and her mind,
Detraction durst not tax her.
*Theo.* Let me see her.
Though wanting those additions, which we can
Supply from our own store: it is in us
To make men rich and noble; but to give
Legitimate shapes and virtues does belong
To the great Creator of them, to whose bounties
Alone 'tis proper, and in this disdains
An emperor for his rival.
*Pul.* I applaud
This fit acknowledgment; since princes then
Grow less than common men, when they contend
With him, by whom they are so.

*Enter* Paulinus, Cleon, *and* Athenais *richly habited.*

*Theo.* I confess it.

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* *He has the theory only, not the* practick.] Mr. M. Mason reads *practice*. All the copies that I have consulted, and I have consulted several, concur in giving *practick*; and this was the language of Massinger's age.

† *Or she will cry,* Absurd!] Theodosius is here got into his logical phraseology. *Absurde facis*, or *absurde colligis*, is a term used in disputation, when false conclusions are drawn from the opponent's premises. The expression occurs in *The Elder Brother*: "Do they (i. e. "academics")
"Do they know any thing but a tired hackney?
And then they cry, *Absurd!* as the horse understood them." This Theobald calls nonsense: it is, however, the *absurde facis* of the schools; and is meant to ridicule that perverse and awkward pedantry which applies the language of art to the trifling occurrences of common life.

‡ *She will have her* elenchs] So the old copy: poor Coxeter, who seems to have forgotten his logick, as well as his Greek, not knowing what to make of this word, altered it to *clenches!* the most unfortunate term that he could have chosen. Mr. M. Mason, very much to the credit of his "accuracy," continued the blunder, of course; though how a *clench*, of which the property is to *fix* or *confirm* an argument, is to *destroy* it, he did not think proper to enquire. *Elench* (from ελεγχω) is a sophistical refutation of a position maintained by an opponent.

§ *With one that, if her birth and fortune* answer
*The rarities,* &c.] So read the old copies, and so reads Coxeter: for *answer* Mr. M. Mason, to spoil a pretty passage, chooses to print *answer'd!* but indeed he has corrupted all this scene; in the next speech, for *our own store*, he has *our store*, which utterly subverts the metre.

*Pul.* Not to hold you in suspence, behold the virgin,
Rich in her natural beauties, no way borrowing
The adulterate aids of art. Peruse her better;
She's worth your serious view.
*Phil.* I am amazed too:
I never saw her equal.
*Grat.* How his eye
Is fix'd upon her!
*Tim.* And, as she were a fort
He'd suddenly surprise, he measures her
From the bases to the battlements.
*Chry.* Ha! now I view her better,
I know her; 'tis the maid that not long since
Was a petitioner; her bravery
So alters her, I had forgot her face.
*Phil.* So has the emperor.
*Paul.* She holds out yet,
And yields not to the assault.
*Cle.* She's strongly guarded
In her virgin blushes.
*Paul.* When you know, fair creature,
It is the emperor that honours you
With such a strict survey of your sweet parts,
In thankfulness you cannot but return
Due reverence for the favour.
*Athen.* I was lost
In my astonishment at the glorious object,
And yet rest doubtful whether he expects,
Being more than man, my adoration,
Since sure there is divinity about him:
Or will rest satisfied, if my humble knees
In duty thus bow to him.
*Theo.* Ha! it speaks.
*Pul.* She is no statue, sir.
*Theo.* Suppose her one,
And that she had nor organs, voice, nor heat,
Most willingly I would resign my empire,
So it might be to aftertimes recorded
That I was her Pygmalion; though like him,
I doted on my workmanship, without hope too
Of having Cytherea so propitious
To my vows or sacrifice, in her compassion
To give it life or motion.
*Pul.* Pray you, be not rapt so,
Nor borrow from imaginary fiction
Impossible aids: she's flesh and blood, I assure you.
And if you please to honour her in the trial,
And be your own security, as you'll find
I fable not, she comes in a noble way
To be at your devotion.
*Chry.* 'Tis the maid
I offer'd to your highness; her changed shape
Conceal'd her from you.
*Theo.* At the first I knew her,
And a second firebrand Cupid brings, to kindle
My flames almost put out: I am too cold,
And play with opportunity.—May I taste then
The nectar of her lip?—[*Kisses her.*]—I do not give it
The praise it merits: antiquity is too poor
To help me with a simile to express her:
Let me drink often from this living spring,
To nourish new invention.
*Pul.* Do not surfeit
In over-greedily devouring that
Which may without satiety feast you often.
From the moderation in receiving them,
The choicest viands do continue pleasing
To the most curious palates. If you think her

Worth your embraces, and the sovereign title
Of the Grecian Empress——
*Theo.* If! how much you sin,
Only to doubt it; the possession of her
Makes all that was before most precious to me,
Common and cheap: in this you've shown yourself
A provident protectress. I already
Grow weary of the absolute command
Of my so numerous subjects, and desire
No sovereignty but here, and write down gladly
A period to my wishes.
*Pul.* Yet, before
It be too late, consider her condition;
Her father was a pagan, she herself
A new-converted Christian.
*Theo.* Let me know
The man to whose religious means I owe
So great a debt.
*Paul.* You are advanced too high, sir,
To acknowledge a beholdingness; 'tis discharged,
And I beyond my hopes rewarded, if
My service please your majesty.
*Theo.* Take this pledge
Of our assured love. Are there none here
Have suits to prefer? on such a day as this
My bounty's without limit. O my dearest!——
I will not hear thee speak; whatever in
Thy thoughts is apprehended, I grant freely.
Thou wouldst plead thy unworthiness. By thyself,
The magazine of felicity, in thy lowness
Our eastern queens, at their full height, bow to thee,
And are, in their best trim, thy foils and shadows!
Excuse the violence of my love, which cannot
Admit the least delay. Command the patriarch
With speed to do his holy office for us,
That, when we are made one——
*Pul.* You must forbear, sir;
She is not yet baptized.
*Theo.* In the same hour
In which she is confirmed in our faith,
We mutually will give away each other,
And both be gainers; we'll hear no reply
That may divert us. On.
*Pul.* You may hereafter
Please to remember to whose furtherance
You owe this height of happiness.
*Athen.* As I was
Your creature when I first petition'd you,
I will continue so, and you shall find me,
Though an empress, still your servant.
[*All go off* but Philanax Gratianus, and Timantus.*

*Grat.* Here's a marriage
Made up o' the sudden!
*Phil.* I repine not at
The fair maid's fortune, though I fear the princess
Had some peculiar end in't.
*Tim.* Who's so simple
Only to doubt it?
*Grat.* It is too apparent;
She hath preferr'd a creature of her own,
By whose means she may still keep to herself
The government of the empire.
*Tim.* Whereas, if
The emperor had espoused some neighbour queen,
Pulcheria, with all her wisdom, could not
Keep her pre-eminence.
*Phil.* Be it as it will,
'Tis not now to be alter'd. Heaven, I say,
Turn all to the best!
*Grat.* Are we come to praying again?
*Phil.* Leave thy profaneness.
*Grat.* Would it would leave me†!
I am sure I thrive not by it.
*Tim.* Come to the temple.
*Grat.* Even where you will—I know not what to think on't. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* Paulinus *and* Philanax.

*Paul.* Nor this, nor the age before us, ever look'd on
The like solemnity.
*Phil.* A sudden fever
Kept me at home. Pray you, my lord, acquaint me
With the particulars.
*Paul.* You may presume
No pomp nor ceremony could be wanting,
Where there was privilege to command, and means
To cherish rare inventions.
*Phil.* I believe it;
But the sum of all in brief.
*Paul.* Pray you, so take it:
Fair Athenais, not long since a suitor,
And almost in her hopes forsaken, first
Was christen'd, and the emperor's mother's name,
Eudocia, as he will'd, imposed upon her;
Pulcheria, the ever-matchless princess,
Assisted by her reverend aunt Maria,
Her godmothers.
*Phil.* And who the masculine witness‡?
*Paul.* At the new empress' suit, I had the honour,
For which I must ever serve her.
*Phil.* 'Twas a grace
With justice you may boast of.

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* All *go off but Philanax*, &c.] So the old copies. Coxeter, to let "his reading and writing appear," translates it into Latin and prints. *All* exit *but Philanax*, &c., and the most correct of editors follows him!

† *Would it* would *leave me*!] So the old copy: the modern editors, without regard to sense or metre, read, *Would it leave me.*

‡ Phil. *And who the* masculine witness? And who the *male sponsor?* So the word is frequently used by our author and his contemporaries, in ridicule, as it should seem, of the puritans. Thus Jonson:

"And that, as puritans at baptism do,
Thou art the father and the *witness* too." *Epig.* 4.

Again:

*Quar.* His Christian-name is Zeal-of-the-land?
*Lit.* Yes, sir, Zeal-of-the-land Busy.
*Win-w.* How! what a name's there!
*Lit.* O, they have all such names, sir; he was *witness* for Win, here,—they will not be called *godfathers.*
*Bartholomew Fair.*

*Paul.* The marriage follow'd;
And, as 'tis said, the emperor made bold
To turn the day to night; for to bed they went
As soon as they had dined, and there are wagers
Laid by some merry lords, he hath already
Begot a boy upon her.
*Phil.* That is yet
To be determined of; but I am certain
A prince, so soon in his disposition alter'd,
Was never heard nor read of.
*Paul.* But of late,
Frugal and sparing, now nor bounds nor limits
To his magnificent bounties. He affirm'd,
Having received more blessings by his empress
Than he could hope, in thankfulness to heaven
He cannot be too prodigal to others.
Whatever's offer'd to his royal hand,
He signs without perusing it.
*Phil.* I am here
Enjoin'd to free all such as lie for debt,
The creditors to be paid out of his coffers.
*Paul.* And I all malefactors that are not
Convicted or for treason or foul murder;
Such only are excepted.
*Phil.* 'Tis a rare clemency!
*Paul.* Which we must not dispute, but put in practice. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Loud Music. Shouts within:* Heaven preserve the Emperor! Heaven bless the Empress! *Then enter in state, the* Patriarch, CHRYSAPIUS, PAULINUS, THEODOSIUS, EUDOCIA, PULCHERIA; ARCADIA *and* FLACCILLA, *bearing up* EUDOCIA'S *train; followed by* PHILANAX, GRATIANUS, *and* TIMANTUS. *Several* Suitors *present petitions to the* Emperor, *which he seals.*

*Paul.* Sir, by your own rules of philosophy,
You know things violent last not. Royal bounties
Are great and gracious, while they are dispensed,
With moderation; but, when their excess
In giving giant-bulks to others, takes from
The prince's just proportion, they lose
The name of virtues, and, their natures changed,
Grow the most dangerous vices.
*Theo.* In this, sister,
Your wisdom is not circular*; they that sow
In narrow bounds, cannot expect in reason
A crop beyond their ventures: what I do
Disperse, I lend, and will with usury
Return unto my heap. I only then
Am rich and happy (though my coffers sound
With emptiness) when my glad subjects feel
Their plenty and felicity is my gift;
And they will find, when they with cheerfulness
Supply not my defects, I being the stomach
To the politic body of the state, the limbs
Grow suddenly faint and feeble: I could urge
Proofs of more fineness in their shape and language,
But none of greater strength.—Dissuade me not;
What we will, we will do; yet, to assure you
Your care does not offend us, for an hour
Be happy in the converse of my best
And dearest comfort. May you please to license
My privacy some few minutes?

*Eud.* License, sir!
I have no will but is derived from yours,
And that still waits upon you; nor can I
Be left with such security with any
As with the gracious princess, who receives
Addition, though she be all excellence,
In being styled your sister.
*Theo.* O sweet creature!
Let me be censured fond, and too indulgent,
Nay, though they say uxorious, I care not—
Her love and sweet humility exact
A tribute far above my power to pay
Her matchless goodness. Forward.
[*Flourish. Exeunt all but Pulcheria, Eudocia, Arcadia, and Flaccilla.*]
*Pul.* Now you find
Your dying father's prophecy, that foretold
Your present greatness, to the full accomplish'd,
For the poor aids and furtherance I lent you
I willingly forget.
*Eud.* Even that binds me
To a more strict remembrance of the favour;
Nor shall you, from my foul ingratitude,
In any circumstance, ever find cause
To upbraid me with your benefit.
*Pul.* I believe so.
Pray you give us leave:—[*Arcadia and Flaccilla walk aside.*]—What now I must deliver
Under the deepest seal of secrecy,
Though it be for your good, will give assurance
Of what is look'd for, if you not alone
Hear, but obey my counsels.
*Eud.* They must be
Of a strange nature, if with zealous speed
I put them not in practice.
*Pul.* 'Twere impertinence
To dwell on circumstances, since the wound
Requires a sudden cure; especially
Since you, that are the happy instrument
Elected to it, though young, in your judgment
Write far above your years, and may instruct
Such as are more experienced.
*Eud.* Good madam,
In this I must oppose you: I am well
Acquainted with my weakness, and it will not
Become your wisdom, by which I am raised
To this titulary height, that should correct
The pride and overweening of my fortune,
To play the parasite to it, in ascribing
That merit to me, unto which I can
Pretend no interest: pray you, excuse
My bold simplicity, and to my weight
Design me where you please, and you shall find,
In my obedience, I am still your creature.
*Pul.* 'Tis nobly answer'd, and I glory in
The building I have raised: go on, sweet lady,
In this your virtuous progress: but to the point.
You know, nor do I envy it, you have
Acquired that power which, not long since was mine,
In governing the emperor, and must use
The strength you hold in the heart of his affections,
For his private, as the public preservation,
To which there is no greater enemy
Than his exorbitant prodigality,
Howe'er his sycophants and flatterers call it
Royal magnificence; and though you* may

* Theo. *In this, sister,*
*Your wisdom is not* circular;] A pedantic expression worthy of Johnson: Your wisdom is not *full* and *perfect.*

* ——— *and though* you *may*] So the old copies, and rightly: the modern editors read—*and though* he *may;* which absolutely destroys the author's meaning.

Urge what's done for your honour must not be
Curb'd or controll'd by you, you cannot in
Your wisdom but conceive, if that the torrent
Of his violent bounties be not stopp'd or lessen'd,
It will prove most pernicious. Therefore, madam,
Since 'tis your duty, as you are his wife,
To give him saving counsels, and in being
Almost his idol, may command him to
Take any shape you please, with a powerful hand
To stop him in his precipice to ruin——
*Eud.* Avert it, heaven!
*Pul.* Heaven is most gracious to you,
In choosing you to be the instrument
Of such a pious work. You see he signs
What suit soever is preferr'd, not once
Enquiring what it is, yielding himself
A prey to all; I would, therefore, have you, lady,
As I know you will, to advise him, or command him,
As he would reap the plenty of your favours,
To use more moderation in his bounties;
And that, before he gives, he would consider
The what, to whom, and wherefore.
*Eud.* Do you think
Such arrogance, or usurpation rather,
Of what is proper and peculiar
To every private husband, and much more
To him, an emperor, can rank with the obedience
And duty of a wife? Are we appointed
In our creation (let me reason with you)
To rule, or to obey? or, 'cause he loves me
With a kind impotence, must I tyrannize
Over his weakness, or abuse the strength
With which he arms me, to his wrong? or, like
A prostituted creature, merchandize
Our mutual delight for hire, or to
Serve mine own sordid ends? In vulgar nuptials
Priority is exploded, though there be
A difference in the parties; and shall I,
His vassal, from obscurity raised by him
To this so eminent light, presume t' appoint him
To do, or not to do, this, or that? When wives
Are well accommodated by their husbands
With all things both for use and ornament,
Let them fix there, and never dare to question
Their wills or actions: for myself, I vow,
Though now my lord would rashly give away
His sceptre and imperial diadem,
Or if there could be any thing more precious,
I would not cross it:—but I know this is
But a trial of my temper, and as such
I do receive it; or, if't be otherwise,
You are so subtle in your arguments,
I dare not stay to hear them. [*Offers to retire.*
*Pul.* Is it even so?
I have power o'er these yet, and command their stay,
To hearken nearer to me.
*Arcad.* We are charged
By the emperor, our brother, to attend
The empress' service.
*Flac.* You are too mortified, sister
(With reverence I speak it), for young ladies
To keep your company. I am so tired
With your tedious exhortations, doctrines, uses,
Of your religious morality*,
That, for my health's sake, I must take the freedom
To enjoy a little of those pretty* pleasures
That I was born to.
*Arcad.* When I come to your years,
I'll do as you do; but, till then, with your pardon,
I'll lose no more time. I have not learn'd to dance yet,
Nor sing, but holy hymns, and those to vile tunes too;
Nor to discourse but of schoolmen's opinions.
How shall I answer to my suitors, since, I hope,
Ere long I shall have many, without practice
To write and speak, something that's not derived
From the fathers of philosophy?
*Flac.* We shall shame
Our breeding, sister, if we should go on thus.
*Arcad.* 'Tis for your credit that we study
How to converse with men; women with women
Yields but a barren argument.
*Flac.* She frowns——
But you'll protect us, madam?
*Eud.* Yes, and love
Your sweet simplicity.
*Arcad.* All young girls are so,
Till they know the way of it†.
*Flac.* But, when we are enter'd,
We shall on a good round pace.
*Eud.* I'll leave you, madam.
*Arcad.* And we our duties with you.
[*Exeunt Eudocia, Arcadia, and Flaccilla.*
*Pul.* On all hands
Thus slighted! no way left? Am I grown stupid
In my invention? can I make no use
Of the Emperor's bounties? Now 'tis thought:—within there!

*Enter an* Attendant.

*Att.* Madam.
*Pul.* It shall be so:—nearer? your ear.
—Draw a petition to this end.
*Att.* Besides
The danger to prefer it, I believe
'Twill ne'er be granted.
*Pul.* How's this! are you grown,
From a servant my director? let me hear
No more of this. Dispatch; [*Exit Attendant.*] I'll master him
At his own weapon.

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* ——————— *I am so tired*
*With your tedious exhortations*, doctrines, uses,
*Of your religious morality*,] These lines stand thus in Coxeter and M. Mason:
——————— *I am so tired*
*With your tedious exhortations, doctrines,*
*Uses of your religious morality*
To say nothing of the total disregard of metre, it is manifest that the sense was altogether overlooked. *Uses*, which they connect with the following words, is a distinct expression, adopted, by our old dramatists, from the puritans, who usually divided their discourses into *doctrines* and *uses*, by the former of which they meant the explanation of their subject, and by the latter, the practical inferences drawn from it. Thus, in *The Ordinary*, by Cartwright: Andrew says:

"Here's no proofs,
No *doctrines*, nor no *uses*; tutor, I
Would fain learn some religion."

And in *The Magnetic Lady*, by Jonson:

"The parson has an edifying stomach,
And a persuading palate, like his name;
He hath begun three draughts of sack in *doctrines*,
And four in *uses*."

* *To enjoy a little of those* pretty *pleasures*] *Pretty*, which completes the verse, is not to be found in Mr. M. Mason.

† Arcad. *All young girls are so.*
*'Till they know the way of it.*] i. e. simple. These two lines, without which the next speech cannot be understood, are wholly omitted in the "correctest of all editions," and several other passages miserably mangled and corrupted, both in the printing and pointing.

*Enter* Theodosius, Paulinus*, Philanax, Timantus, *and* Gratianus.

*Theo.* Let me understand it,
If yet there be aught wanting that may perfect
A general happiness.
*Paul.* The people's joys
In seas of acclamations flow in,
To wait on yours.
*Phil.* Their love with bounty levied,
Is a sure guard: obedience forced from fear,
Paper fortification, which, in danger,
Will yield to the impression of a reed,
Or of itself fall off.
*Theo.* True, Philanax;
And by that certain compass we resolve
To steer our bark of government.

*Re-enter* Attendant *with the petition.*

*Pul.* 'Tis well.
*Theo.* My dearest and my all-deserving sister
As a petitioner kneel! It must not be.
Pray you, rise; although your suit were half my empire,
'Tis freely granted.
*Pul.* Your alacrity
To give hath made a beggar; yet, before
My suit is by your sacred hand and seal
Confirm'd, 'tis necessary you peruse
The sum of my request.
*Theo.* We will not wrong
Your judgment in conceiving what 'tis fit
For you to ask, and us to grant, so much,
As to proceed with caution; give me my signet:
With confidence I sign it, and here vow
By my father's soul, but† with your free consent,
It is irrevocable.
*Tim.* What if she now,
Calling to memory how often we
Have cross'd her government, in revenge hath made
Petition for our heads?
*Grat.* They must even off then;
No ransome can redeem us.
*Theo.* Let those jewels
So highly rated by the Persian merchants,
Be bought, and, as a sacrifice from us,
Presented to Eudocia, she being only
Worthy to wear them. I am angry with
The unresistible necessity
Of my occasions and important cares,
That so long keep me from her.
[*Exeunt Theodosius, Paulinus, Philanax, Timantus, and Gratianus.*
*Pul.* Go to the empress,
And tell her, on the sudden I am sick,
And do desire the comfort of a visit,
If she please to vouchsafe it. From me use
Your humblest language—[*Exit Attendant.*] but, when once I have her
In my possession, I will rise and speak
In a higher strain: say it raise storms, no matter;
Fools judge by the event, my ends are honest.
*Exit.*

* *Enter* Theodosius, Paulinus, &c.] All the copies read, Enter Theodosius, *Favorinus*, &c.; but as this Favorinus appears not in the list of dramatis personæ, nor in any other part of the play, I have little doubt but that it is a misprint for Paulinus, and have regulated the entrance accordingly.

† ——— but *with your free consent, It is irrevocable.*] i. e. *except, unless* with your free consent, &c.

## SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter* Theodosius, Timamtus, *and* Philanax.

*Theo.* What is become of her? Can she, that carries
Such glorious excellence of light about her,
Be any where conceal'd?
*Phil.* We have sought her lodgings,
And all we can learn from the servants, is,
She, by your majesty's sisters waited on,
The attendance of her other officers,
By her express command, denied——
*Theo.* Forbear
Impertinent circumstances,—whither went she? speak.
*Phil.* As they guess, to the laurel grove.
*Theo.* So slightly guarded!
What an earthquake I feel in me! and, but that
Religion assures the contrary,
The poets' dreams of lustful fauns and satyrs
Would make me fear I know not what.

*Enter* Paulinus*.

*Paul.* I have found her,
An it please your majesty.
*Theo.* Yes, it doth please me.
But why return'd without her?
*Paul.* As she made
Her speediest approaches to your presence,
A servant of the princess's, Pulcheria,
Encounter'd her: what 'twas he whisper'd to her
I am ignorant: but hearing it, she started,
And will'd me to excuse her absence from you
The third part of an hour.
*Theo.* In this she takes
So much of my life from me; yet, I'll bear it
With what patience I may, since 'tis her pleasure.
Go back, my good Paulinus†, and entreat her
Not to exceed a minute.
*Tim.* Here's strange fondness! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter* Pulcheria *and* Servants.

*Pul.* You are certain she will come?
1 *Serv.* She is already
Enter'd your outward lodgings.
*Pul.* No train with her?
1 *Serv.* Your excellence' sisters only.
*Pul.* 'Tis the better.
See the doors strongly guarded, and deny
Access to all, but with our special license;
Why dost thou stay? show your obedience,
Your wisdom now is useless. [*Exeunt Servants.*

*Enter* Eudocia, Arcadia, *and* Flaccilla.

*Flac.* She is sick, sure,
Or, in fit reverence to your majesty,
She had waited you at the door.

* *Enter* Paulinus] So the old copies. The modern editors (it is impossible to say why) read, enter *Favorinus*, though the servant, a little below, says,
"The prince *Paulinus*, madam,
Sent from the emperor," &c.

† *Go back*, my good Paulinus,] Coxeter and M. Mason, in consequence of their absurd departure from the old copies, and substitution of one name for another, are obliged to omit *good*, and read, Go back, my Favorinus! *Pudet, pudet.*

*Arcad.* 'Twould hardly be [*Pulcheria walking by.*
Excused, in civil manners, to her equal:
But with more difficulty to you, that are
So far above her.
*Eud.* Not in her opinion;
She hath been too long accustom'd to command,
To acknowledge a superior.
*Arcad.* There she walks.
*Flac.* If she be not sick of the sullens, I see not
The least infirmity in her.
*Eud.* This is strange!
*Arcad.* Open your eyes; the empress.
*Pul.* Reach that chair:
Now, sitting thus at distance, I'll vouchsafe
To look upon her.
*Arcad.* How, sister! pray you, awake;
Are you in your wits?
*Flac.* Grant, heaven, your too much learning
Does not conclude in madness!
*Eud.* You entreated
A visit from me.
*Pul.* True, my servant used
Such language; but now, as a mistress, I
Command your service.
*Eud.* Service!
*Arcad.* She's stark mad, sure.
*Pul.* You'll find I can dispose of what's mine own,
Without a guardian.
*Eud.* Follow me.—I will see you
When your frantic fit is o'er.—I do begin
To be of your belief.
*Pul.* It will deceive you.
Thou shalt not stir from hence:—thus, as mine own,
I seize upon thee.
*Flac.* Help, help! violence
Offer'd to the empress' person!
*Pul.* 'Tis in vain:
She was an empress once, but, by my gift;
Which being abused, I recall my grant.
You are read in story; call to your remembrance
What the great Hector's mother, Hecuba,
Was to Ulysses, Ilium sack'd.
*Eud.* A slave.
*Pul.* To me thou art so.
*Eud.* Wonder and amazement
Quite overwhelm me: how am I transform'd?
How have I lost my liberty? [*Knocking within.*
*Pul.* Thou shalt know
Too soon no doubt.

*Enter a* Servant.

Who's that, that with such rudeness
Beats at the door?
*Serv.* The prince Paulinus, madam;
Sent from the emperor, to attend upon
The gracious empress.
*Arcad.* And who is your slave now?
*Flac.* Sister, repent in time, and beg a pardon
For your presumption.
*Pul.* It is resolved:
From me return this answer to Paulinus,
She shall not come; she's mine; the emperor hath
No interest in her. [*Exit Servant.*
*Eud.* Whatsoe'er I am,
You take not from your power o'er me, to yield
A reason for this usage.
*Pul.* Though my will is
Sufficient, to add to thy affliction,
Know, wretched thing, 'tis not thy fate, but folly,
Hath made thee what thou art; 'tis some delight
To urge my merits to one so ungrateful;
Therefore with horror hear it. When thou wert
Thrust, as a stranger, from thy father's house,
Exposed to all calamities that want
Could throw upon thee, thine own brothers' scorn,
And in thy hopes, as by the world, forsaken,
My pity the last altar that was left thee,
I heard thy syren charms, with feeling heard them,
And my compassion made mine eyes vie tears
With thine, dissembling crocodile! and when queens
Were emulous for thy imperial bed,
The garments of thy sorrows cast aside,
I put thee in a shape* as would have forced
Envy from Cleopatra, had she seen thee.
Then, when I knew my brother's blood was warm'd
With youthful fires, I brought thee to his presence,
And how my deep designs, for thy good plotted,
Succeeded to my wishes, is apparent,
And needs no repetition.
*Eud.* I am conscious
Of your so many and unequall'd favours;
But find not how I may accuse myself
For any facts committed, that, with justice,
Can raise your anger to this height against me.
*Pul.* Pride and forgetfulness would not let thee
see that,
Against which now thou canst not close thy eyes.
What injury could be equal to thy late
Contempt of my good counsel? When I urged
The emperor's prodigal bounties, and entreated
That you would use your power to give them limits,
Or, at the least, a due consideration
Of such as sued, and for what, ere he sign'd it;
In opposition, you brought against me
The obedience of a wife, that ladies were not,
Being well accommodated by their lords,
To question, but much less to cross, their pleasures;
Nor would you, though the emperor were resolved
To give away his sceptre, hinder it,
Since 'twas done for your honour; covering, with
False colours of humility, your ambition.
*Eud.* And is this my offence?
*Pul.* As wicked counsel
Is still most hurtful unto those that give it;
Such as deny to follow what is good,
In reason, are the first that must repent it.
When I please, you shall hear more; in the mean
time,
Thank your own wilful folly, that hath changed you
From an empress to a bondwoman.
*Theo.* [*within*] Force the doors;
Kill those that dare resist.

*Enter* THEODOSIUS, PAULINUS, PHILANAX, CHRYSAPIUS *and* GRATIANUS.

*Eud.* Dear sir, redeem me.
*Flac.* O suffer not, for your own honour's sake,
The empress, you so late loved, to be made
A prisoner in the court.
*Arcad.* Leap to his lips,
You'll find them the best sanctuary.
*Flac.* And try then,
What interest my reverend sister hath
To force you from them.
*Theo.* What strange May-game's this?
Though done in sport, how ill this levity
Becomes your wisdom!

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* *I put thee in a* shape, &c.' i. e. a magnificent dress habit. Alluding to her directions to the servant.

*Pul.* I am serious, sir,
And have done nothing but what you in honour,
And as you are yourself an emperor,
Stand bound to justify.
*Theo.* Take heed; put not these
Strange trials on my patience.
*Pul.* Do not you, sir,
Deny your own act: As you are a man,
And stand on your own bottom, 'twill appear
A childish weakness to make void a grant
Sign'd by your sacred hand and seal, and strengthen'd
With a religious oath, but with my license
Never to be recall'd. For some few minutes
Let reason rule your passion, and in this
[*Delivers the deed.*
Be pleased to read my interest: you will find there,
What you in me call violence, is justice,
And that I may make use of what's mine own,
According to my will. 'Tis your own gift, sir;
And what an emperor gives, should stand as firm
As the celestial poles upon the shoulders
Of Atlas, or his successor in that office,
The great Alcides.
*Theo.* Miseries of more weight
Than 'tis feign'd they supported, fall upon me.
What hath my rashness done! In this transaction,
Drawn in express and formal terms, I have
Given and consign'd into your hands, to use
And, observe, as you please my dear Eudocia!
It is my deed, I do confess it is,
And, as I am myself, not to be cancell'd:
But yet you may show mercy—and you will,
When you consider that there is no beauty
So perfect in a creature, but is soil'd
With some unbeseeming blemish. You have labour'd
To build me up a complete prince, 'tis granted;
Yet, as I am a man, like other monarchs
I have defects and frailties; my facility
To send petitioners with pleased looks from me,
Is all I can be charged with; and it will
Become your wisdom (since 'tis in your power),
In charity to provide I fall* no further
Or in my oath, or honour.
*Pul.* Royal sir,
This was the mark I aim'd at, and I glory
At the length, you so conceive it: 'twas a weakness
To measure by your own integrity
The purposes of others. I have shown you,
In a true mirror, what fruit grows upon
The tree of hoodwink'd bounty, and what dangers
Precipitation, in the managing
Your great affairs, produceth.
*Theo.* I embrace it
As a grave advertisement, and vow hereafter
Never to sign petitions at this rate.
*Pul.* For mine, see, sir, 'tis cancell'd, on my knees
I re-deliver what I now begg'd from you.
[*Tears the deed.*
She is my second gift*.
*Theo.* Which if I part from
Till death divorce us—— [*Kisses Eudocia.*
*Eud.* So, sir!
*Theo.* Nay, sweet, chide not,
I am punish'd in thy looks; defer the rest,
Till we are more private.
*Pul.* I ask pardon too,
If, in my personated passion, I
Appear'd too harsh and rough.
*Eud.* 'Twas gentle language,
What I was then consider'd.
*Pul.* O, dear madam,
It was decorum in the scene.
*Eud.* This trial,
When I was Athenais, might have pass'd,
But as I am the empress——
*Theo.* Nay, no anger,
Since all good was intended.
[*Exeunt Theodosius, Eudocia, Arcadia, and Flaccilla.*
*Pul.* Building on
That certain base, I fear not what can follow.
[*Exit.*
*Paul* These are strange devices, Philanax.
*Phil.* True, my lord.
May all turn to the best!
*Grat.* The emperor's looks
Promised a calm.
*Chry.* But the vex'd empress' frowns
Presaged a second storm.
*Paul.* I am sure I feel one
In my leg already.
*Phil.* Your old friend, the gout?
*Paul.* My forced companion, Philanax.
*Chry.* To your rest. [diet,
*Paul.* Rest, and forbearing wine, with a temperate
Though many mountebanks pretend the cure of't,
I have found my best physicians.
*Phil.* Ease to your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* Eudocia *and* Chrysapius.

*Eud.* Make me her property!
*Chry.* Your Majesty
Hath just cause of distaste; and your resentment
Of the affront in the point of honour, cannot
But meet a fair construction.
*Eud.* I have only
The title of an empress, but the power
Is by her ravish'd from me: she surveys
My actions as a governess, and calls
My not observing all that she directs,
Folly and disobedience.
*Chry.* Under correction,
With grief I've long observed it; and, if you
Stand pleased to sign my warrant, I'll deliver,

* *I* fall *no further.*] Here, as in several other places, Mr. M. Mason substitutes *fail* for *fall*, though the latter be manifestly the better word, and what is of more importance, the author's.

* *She is my* second *gift*] i. e. (though the mode of expression is rather incorrect,) she is now given to you by me a *second time.*

In my unfeign'd zeal and desire to serve you
(Howe'er I run the hazard of my head for't,
Should it arrive at the knowledge of the princess),
Not alone the reasons why things are thus carried,
But give into your hands the power to clip
The wings of her command.
*Eud.* Your service this way
Cannot offend me.
*Cry.* Be you pleased to know then,
But still with pardon, if I am too bold.
Your too much sufferance imps the broken feathers
Which carry her to this proud height, in which
She with security soars, and still towers o'er you:
But if you would employ the strengths you hold*
In the emperor's affections, and remember
The orb you move in should admit no star else,
You never would confess, the managing
Of state affairs to her alone are proper,
And you sit by, a looker on.
*Eud.* I would not,
If it were possible I could attempt
Her diminution, without a taint
Of foul ingratitude in myself.
*Chry.* In this
The sweetness of your temper does abuse you;
And you call that a benefit to yourself,
Which she, for her own ends, conferr'd upon you.
'Tis yielded she gave way to your advancement.
But for what cause? that she might still continue
Her absolute sway and swing o'er the whole state;
And that she might to her admirers vaunt,
The empress was her creature, and the giver
To be preferr'd before the gift.
*Eud.* It may be.
*Chry.* Nay, 'tis most certain; whereas, would you please
In a true glass to look upon yourself,
And view, without detraction, your own merits,
Which all men wonder at, you would find that fate,
Without a second cause, appointed you
To the supremest honour. For the princess,
She hath reign'd long enough, and her remove
Will make your entrance free to the possession
Of what you were born to; and, but once resolve
To build upon her ruins, leave the engines
That must be used to undermine her greatness,
To my provision.
*Eud.* I thank your care;
But a design of such weight must not be
Rashly determined of; it will exact
A long and serious consultation from me.
In the mean time, Chrysapius, rest assured
I live your thankful mistress. [*Exit.*
*Chry.* Is this all?
Will the physic that I minister'd work no further?
I have play'd the fool; and, leaving a calm port,
Embark'd myself on a rough sea of danger.
In her silence lies my safety, which how can I
Hope from a woman? but the die is thrown,
And I must stand the hazard. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—*A Space before the Palace.*

*Enter* Theodosius, Philanax, Timantus, Gratianus, *and* Huntsmen.

*Theo.* Is Paulinus
So tortured with his gout?
*Phil.* Most miserably.
And it adds much to his affliction, that
The pain denies him power to wait upon
Your Majesty.
*Theo.* I pity him:—he is
A wondrous honest man, and what he suffers,
I know, will grieve my empress.
*Tim.* He, indeed, is
Much bound to her gracious favour.
*Theo.* He deserves it;
She cannot find a subject upon whom
She better may confer it. Is the stag
Safe lodged?
*Grat.* Yes, sir, and the hounds and huntsmen ready.
*Phil.* He will make you royal sport. He is a deer
Of ten* at the least.

*Enter a* Countryman *with an apple.*

*Grat.* Whither will this clown?
*Tim.* Stand back.
*Countr.* I would zee the emperor; why should you courtiers
Scorn a poor countryman? we zweat at the plough
To vill your mouths, you and your curs might starve else:
We prune the orchards, and you cranch the fruit,
Yet still y'are snarling at us.
*Theo.* What's the matter?
*Countr.* I would look on thy sweet face.
*Tim.* Unmannerly swain!
*Countr.* Zwain! though I am a zwain, I have a heart yet,
As ready to do service for my leeget,
As any princox peacock of you all.
Zookers! had I one of you zingle, with this twig
I would so veeze you.
*Tim.* Will your majesty
Hear this rude language?
*Theo.* Yes, and hold it as
An ornament, not a blemish. O, Timantus,
Since that dread Power by whom we are, disdains not
With an open ear to hear petitions from us;
Easy access in us, his deputies,
To the meanest of our subjects, is a debt
Which we stand bound to pay.
*Countr.* By my granam's ghost
'Tis a holesome zaying! our vicar could not mend it
In the pulpit on a Zunday.
*Theo.* What's thy suit, friend?
*Countr.* Zute! I would laugh at that. Let the court beg from thee,
What the poor country gives: I bring a present
To thy good grace, which I can call mine own,

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* *But if you would employ the* strengths *you hold,* &c.] For *strengths* Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason as I have already observed, constantly read *strength;* which bears a very different meaning. *Strengths* are strong holds, fortresses, commanding positions, &c.

* ——— *He is a deer*
*Of ten,*] That is, a deer that has ten branches to his horns, which they have at three years old. M. Mason.

† *As ready to do service for my* leege,] This last word Coxeter blundered into *leg;* Mr. M. Mason copies him, but shrewdly observes—"liege is the word intended by the speaker, but I suppose it is *misspelt on purpose!*" I suppose, in my turn, that this gentleman is a singular instance of criticizing a writer without looking at him! of editing an author without consulting the original in a single instance! All the copies read as I have given it. In the next line, both he and Coxeter absurdly separate princox (or, as they choose to write it, princock) from peacock, to which it is the adjective.

And look not, like these gay volk, for a return
Of what they venture. Have I giv'n't you? ha!
*Chry.* A perilous knave.
*Countr.* Zee here a dainty apple.
[*Presents the apple.*
Of mine own graffing; zweet and zound, I assure thee.
*Theo.* It is the fairest fruit I ever saw.
Those golden apples in the Hesperian orchards,
So strangely guarded* by the watchful dragon,
As they required great Hercules to get them;
Or those with which Hippomenes deceived
Swift-footed Atalanta, when I look
On this, deserve no wonder. You behold
The poor man and his present with contempt;
I to their value prize both: he that could
So aid weak nature by his care and labour,
As to compel a crab-tree stock to bear
A precious fruit of this large size and beauty,
Would by his industry change a petty village
Into a populous city, and from that
Erect a flourishing kingdom. Give the fellow,
For an encouragement to his future labours,
Ten Attic talents.
*Countr.* I will weary heaven
With my prayers for your majesty. [*Exit.*
*Theo.* Philanax,
From me present this rarity to the rarest
And best of women. when I think upon
The boundless happiness that from her flows to me,
In my imagination I am rapt
Beyond myself: but I forget our hunting.
To the forest, for the exercise of my body;
But for my mind, 'tis wholly taken up
In the contemplation of her matchless virtues.
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* Eudocia, Pulcheria, Arcadia, *and* Flaccilla.

*Eud.* You shall know there's a difference between us.
*Pul.* There was, I am certain, not long since, when you
Kneel'd a petitioner to me: then you were happy
To be near my feet; and do you hold it, now,
As a disparagement, that I side you, lady?
*Eud.* Since you respect me only as I was,
What I am shall be remember'd.
*Pul.* Does the means
I practised, to give good and saving counsels
To the emperor, and your new-stamped majesty,
Still stick in your stomach?
*Eud.* 'Tis not yet digested,
In troth it is not. Why, good governess,
Though you are held for a grand madam, and yourself
The first that overprize it, I ne'er took
Your words for Delphian oracles, nor your actions
For such wonders as you make them:—there is one,
When she shall see her time, as fit and able
To be made partner of the emperor's cares,
As your wise self, and may with justice challenge
A nearer interest.—You have done your visit,
So, when you please, you may leave me.
*Pul.* I'll not bandy
Words with your mightiness, proud one; only this,
You carry too much sail for your small bark,
And that, when you least think upon't, may sink you. [*Exit.*
*Flac.* I am glad she's gone.
*Arcad.* I fear'd she would have read
A tedious lecture to us.

*Enter* Philanax *with the apple.*

*Phil.* From the emperor,
*This rare fruit to the rarest.*
*Eud.* How, my lord!
*Phil.* I use his language, madam; and that trust,
Which he imposed on me, discharged, his pleasure
Commands my present service. [*Exit.*
*Eud.* Have you seen
So fair an apple?
*Flac.* Never.
*Arcad.* If the taste
Answer the beauty.
*Eud.* Prettily begg'd:—you should have it,
But that you eat too much cold fruit, and that
Changes the fresh red in your cheeks to paleness.

*Enter a* Servant.

I have other dainties for you:—You come from
Paulinus; how is't with that truly noble
And honest lord, my witness at the fount,
In a word, the man to whose bless'd charity
I owe my greatness! How is't with him?
*Serv.* Sprightly
In his mind; but, by the raging of his gout,
In his body much distemper'd, that you pleased
To inquire his health, took off much from his pain,
His glad looks did confirm it.
*Eud.* Do his doctors
Give him no hope?
*Serv.* Little; they rather fear,
By his continual burning, that he stands
In danger of a fever.
*Eud.* To him again,
And tell him, that I heartily wish it lay
In me to ease him; and from me deliver
This choice fruit to him; you may say to that,
I hope it will prove physical.
*Serv.* The good lord
Will be o'erjoy'd with the favour.
*Eud.* He deserves more. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Paulinus' *House.*

Paulinus *discovered in a Chair, attended by a* Surgeon.

*Surg.* I have done as much as art can do, to stop
The violent course of your fit, and I hope you feel it:
How does your honour?
*Paul.* At some ease, I thank you;
I would you could assure continuance of it,
For the moiety of my fortune.
*Surg.* If I could cure
The gout, my lord, without the philosopher's stone
I should soon purchase, it being a disease
In poor men very rare, and in the rich
The cure impossible. Your many bounties
Bid me prepare you for a certain truth,
And to flatter you were dishonest.

* *So* strangely *guarded*, &c.] Though *strangely* be sometimes used by our old writers in the same sense here required, yet I think we might venture to read, *So* strongly *guarded*.—I have, however, made no change.

*Paul.* Your plain dealing
Deserves a fee*. Would there were many more such
Of your profession! Happy are poor men!
If sick with the excess of heat or cold,
Caused by necessitous labour, not loose surfeits,—
They, when spare diet, or kind nature fail
To perfect their recovery, soon arrive at
Their rest in death: but, on the contrary,
The great and noble are exposed as preys
To the rapine of physicians; and they,
In lingering out what is remediless,
Aim at their profit, not the patient's health.
A thousand trials and experiments
Have been put upon me, and I forced to pay dear
For my vexation; but I am resolved
(I thank your honest freedom) to be made
A property no more for knaves to work on.

*Enter* CLEON *with a parchment roll.*

What have you there?
*Cle.* The triumphs of an artsman
O'er all infirmities, made authentical
With the names of princes, kings, and emperors,
That were his patients.
*Paul.* Some empiric.
*Cle.* It may be so; but he swears, within three days
He'll grub up your gout by the roots, and make you able
To march ten leagues a day in complete armour.
*Paul.* Impossible.
*Cle.* Or, if you like not him——
*Surg.* Hear him, my lord, for your mirth; I will take order
They shall not wrong you.
*Paul.* Usher in your monster.
*Cle.* He is at hand.—March up: now speak for yourself.

*Enter* EMPIRIC.

*Emp.* I come not, right honourable, to your presence, with any base and sordid end of reward; the immortality of my fame is the white I shoot at: the charge of my most curious and costly ingredients frayed, amounting to some seventeen thousand crowns—a trifle in respect of health—writing your noble name in my catalogue, I shall acknowledge myself amply satisfied.
*Surg.* I believe so.
*Emp.* For your own saket, I most heartily wish that you had now all the diseases, maladies, and infirmities upon you, that were ever remembered by old Galen, Hippocrates, or the later and more admired Paracelsus.
*Paul.* For your good wish, I thank you!
*Emp.* Take me with you, I beseech your good lordship.—I urged it, that your joy, in being certainly and suddenly freed from them, may be the greater, and my not-to-be-paralleled skill the more remarkable. The cure of the gout—a toy, without boast be it said, my cradle-practice: the cancer, the fistula, the dropsy, consumption of lungs and kidneys, hurts in the brain, heart, or liver, are things worthy my opposition; but in the recovery of my patients I ever overcome them. But to your gout——
*Paul.* Ay, marry, sir, that cured, I shall be apter
To give credit to the rest.
*Emp.* Suppose it done, sir.
*Surg.* And the means you use, I beseech you?
*Emp.* I will do it in the plainest language, and discover my ingredients. First, my *boteni terebinthina* of Cypris*, my manna, *ros cœlo*, coagulated with *vetulos ovorum*, vulgarly the yolks of eggs, with a little cyath or quantity of my potable elixir, with some few scruples of sassafras and guiacum, so taken every morning and evening, in the space of three days, purgeth, cleanseth, and dissipateth the inward causes of the virulent tumour.
*Paul.* Why do you smile?
*Surg.* When he hath done I will resolve you.
*Emp.* For my exterior applications, I have these balsum-unguentulums, extracted from herbs, plants, roots, seeds, gums, and a million of other vegetables, the principal of which are, *Ulissipona*, or *serpentaria*, *sophia*, or *herba consolidarum*, *parthenum*, or *commanilla Romana*, *mumia transmarina*, mixed with my *plumbum philosophorum*, and *mater metallorum*, *cum ossa paraleli, est universale medicamentum in podagra.*
*Cle.* A conjuring balsamum!
*Emp.* This applied warm upon the pained place, with a feather of struthio-cameli, or a bird of paradise, which is every where to be had, shall expulse this tartarous, viscous, anatheos, and malignant dolor.
*Surg.* An excellent receipt! but does your lordship
Know what 'tis good for?
*Paul.* I would be instructed.
*Surg.* For the gonorrhœa, or, if you will hear it
In a plainer phrase, the pox.
*Emp.* If it cure his lordship
Of that by the way, I hope, sir, 'tis the better.
My medicine serves for all things, and the pox, sir,
Though falsely named the sciatica, or gout,
Is the more catholic sickness.
*Paul.* Hence with the rascal!
Yet hurt him not, he makes me smile, and that
Frees him from punishment. [*They thrust him off.*
*Surg.* Such slaves as this
Render our art contemptible.

*Enter* Servant *with the apple.*

*Serv.* My good lord.
*Paul.* So soon return'd!
*Serv.* And with this present from

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* ——— *Would there were many more such Of your profession!* These two hemistichs are wholly dropt by Mr. M. Mason, who reads,

Paul. *Your plain dealing*
*Deserves a fee. Happy are poor men:*

though the lameness of the metre might have excited a suspicion of some defect. This is the fifth passage omitted by him in the compass of a few pages!

† Emp. *For your own sake*, &c.] This empiric may be considered as the fruitful parent of the quack, which for the two last centuries, has poisoned us in the closet, and entertained us on the stage: a proud distinction to which his ignorance and impudence fully entitle him!

I doubt whether Massinger ever fell into Moliere's hands; there is, however, as Mr. Gilchrist has well observed, so striking a resemblance between a passage in the *Malade Imaginaire* and this before us, that it is difficult to believe the coincidence accidental:

Toinette. *Je voudrois que vous eussiez toutes les maladies que je viens de dire; que vous fussiez abandonné de tous les médecins, désespéré, à l'agonie pour vous montrer l'excellence de mes remedes, et l'envie que j'aurois de vous rendre service.*

Argan. *Je vous suis obligé, monsieur, de vos bontés que vous avez pour moi*, &c. Acte III. Sc. 13.

* *First, my* boteni terebinthina *of Cypris*, &c.] As I know not what degree of learning the author meant to give this impostor, I have left his jargon as I found it, contenting myself with correcting the verbal oversights of the former editor.

Your great and gracious mistress, with her wishes
It may prove physical to you.
*Paul.* In my heart
I kneel, and thank her bounty. Dear friend Cleon,
Give him the cuphoard of plate in the next room,
For a reward.—[*Exeunt Cleon and Servant.*]—Most glorious fruit! but made
More precious by her grace and love that sent it:
To touch it only, coming from her hand,
Makes me forget all pain. A diamond
Of this large size (though it would buy a kingdom),
Hewed from the rock, and laid down at my feet,
Nay, though a monarch's gift, will hold no value,
Compared with this—and yet, ere I presume
To taste it, though, sans question, it is
Some heavenly restorative, I in duty
Stand bound to weigh my own unworthiness.
Ambrosia is food only for the gods,
And not by human lips to be profaned.
I may adore it as some holy relic
Derived from thence, but impious to keep it
In my possession: the emperor only
Is worthy to enjoy it.—

*Re-enter* Cleon.

Go, good Cleon,
And (cease this admiration at this object),
From me present this to my royal master,
I know it will amaze him: and excuse me
That I am not myself the bearer of it.
That I should be lame now, when with wings of duty
I should fly to the service of this empress!
Nay, no delays, good Cleon.
*Cle.* I am gone, sir. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* Theodosius, Chrysapius, Timantus, *and* Gratianus.

*Chry.* Are you not tired, sir?
*Theo.* Tired! I must not say so,
However, though I rode hard. To a huntsman,
His toil is his delight, and to complain
Of weariness, would show as poorly in him
As if a general should grieve for a wound
Received upon his forehead, or his breast,
After a glorious victory. Lay by
These accoutrements for the chase.

*Enter* Pulcheria.

*Pul.* You are well return'd, sir,
From your princely exercise.
*Theo.* Sister, to you
I owe the freedom, and the use of all
The pleasures I enjoy: your care provides
For my security, and the burthen, which
I should alone sustain, you undergo,
And, by your painful watchings, yield my sleeps
Both sound and sure. How happy am I in
Your knowledge of the art of government!
And, credit me, I glory to behold you
Dispose of great designs, as if you were*
A part, and no subject of my empire.

* *Dispose of great designs, as if you were*] This line, too, which makes sense of the passage, is wholly omitted by Mr. M. Mason. I have no pleasure in pointing out these perpetual blunders; but it is impossible to pass them entirely over in an editor who lays claim to our gratitude solely on the score of superior accuracy and attention!

*Pul.* My vigilance, since it hath well succeeded,
I am confident you allow of—yet it is not
Approved by all.
*Theo.* Who dares repine at that
Which hath our suffrage?
*Pul.* One that too well knows
The strength of her abilities can better
My weak endeavours.
*Theo.* In this you reflect
Upon my empress?
*Pul.* True; for, as she is
The consort of your bed, 'tis fit she share in
Your cares and absolute power.
*Theo.* You touch a string
That sounds but harshly io me; and I must,
In a brother's love, advise you, that hereafter
You would forbear to move it: since she is
In her pure self a harmony of such sweetness,
Composed of duty, chaste desires, her beauty
(Though it might tempt a hermit from his beads)
The least of her endowments. I am sorry
Her holding the first place, since that the second
Is proper to yourself, calls on your envy.
She err! it is impossible in a thought;
And much more speak or do what may offend me.
In other things I would believe you, sister;
But, though the tongues of saints and angels tax'd her
Of any imperfection, I should be
Incredulous.
*Pul.* She is yet a woman, sir.
*Theo.* The abstract of what's excellent in the sex,
But to their mulcts and frailties a mere stranger;
I'll die in this belief.

*Enter* Cleon *with the apple.*

*Cleo.* Your humblest servant,
The lord Paulinus, as a witness of
His zeal and duty to your majesty,
Presents you with this jewel.
*Theo.* Ha!
*Cle.* It is
Preferr'd by him——
*Theo.* Above his honour?
*Cleo.* No, sir;
I would have said his patrimony.
*Theo.* 'Tis the same.
*Cleo.* And he entreats, since lameness may excuse
His not presenting it himself, from me
(Though far unworthy to supply his place)
You would vouchsafe to accept it.
*Theo.* Further off,
You've told your tale. Staye you for a reward?
Take that. [*Srikes him.*
*Pul.* How's this?
*Chry.* I never saw him moved thus.
*Theo.* We must not part so, sir;—a guard upon him.

*Enter* Guard.

May I not vent my sorrows in the air,
Without discovery? Forbear the room!
[*Exeunt Pul. Chry. Tim. Grat. and* Guard *with Cle.*
Yet be within call.—What an earthquake I feel in me!
And on a sudden my whole fabric totters.
My blood within me turns, and through my veins,
Parting with natural redness, I discern it
Changed to a fatal yellow. What an army

Of hellish furies, in the horrid shapes [rescue,
Of doubts and fears, charge on me! rise to my
Thou stout maintainer of a chaste wife's honour,
The confidence of her virtues; be not shaken
With the wind of vain surmises, much less suffer
The devil jealousy to whisper to me
My curious observation of that
I must no more remember. Will't not be?
Thou uninvited guest, ill-manner'd monster,
I charge thee, leave me! wilt thou force me to
Give fuel to that fire I would put out?
The goodness of my memory proves my mischief,
And I would sell my empire, could it purchase
The dull art of forgetfulness*.—Who waits there?

*Re-enter* Timantus.

*Tim.* Most sacred sir——
*Theo.* Sacred†, as 'tis accurs'd,
Is proper to me. Sirrah, upon your life,
Without a word concerning this, command
Eudocia to come to me. [*Exit Tim.*] Would I had
Ne'er known her by that name, my mother's name,
Or that for her own sake, she had continued
Poor Athenais still!—No intermission!
Wilt thou so soon torment me? must I read,
Writ in the table of my memory,
To warrant my suspicion, how Paulinus
(Though ever thought a man averse to women)
First gave her entertainment, made her way
For audience to my sister?—then I did
Myself observe how he was ravish'd with
The gracious delivery of her story,
Which was, I grant, the bait that first took me too:—
She was his convert; what the rhetoric was
He used, I know not; and, since she was mine,
In private as in public what a mass
Of grace and favour hath she heap'd upon him!
And but to day this fatal fruit—She's come.

*Re-enter* Timantus *with* Eudocia, Flaccilla, *and* Arcadia.

Can she be guilty!
*Eud.* You seem troubled, sir;
My innocence makes me bold to ask the cause,
That I may ease you of it. No salute,
After four long hours' absence!
*Theo.* Prithee, forgive me. [*Kisses her.*
Methinks I find Paulinus on her lips,
And the fresh nectar that I drew from thence
Is on the sudden pall'd. How have you spent
Your hours since I last saw you?
*Eud.* In the converse
Of your sweet sisters.
*Theo.* Did not Philanax,
From me deliver you an apple?
*Eud.* Yes, sir;
Heaven, how you frown! pray you, talk of some thing else,
Think not of such a trifle.
*Theo.* How, a trifle!
Does any toy from me presented to you,
Deserve to be so slighted? do you value
What's sent, and not the sender? from a peasant
It had deserved your thanks.
*Eud.* And meets from you, sir,
All possible respect.
*Theo.* I prized it, lady,
At a higher rate than you believe; and would not
Have parted with it, but to one I did
Prefer before myself.
*Eud.* It was, indeed,
The fairest that I ever saw.
*Theo.* It was;
And it had virtues in it, my Eudocia,
Not visible to the eye.
*Eud.* It may be so, sir.
*Theo.* What did you with it?—tell me punctually;
I look for a strict accompt.
*Eud.* What shall I answer?
*Theo.* Do you stagger? Ha!
*Eud.* No, sir; I have eaten it.
It had the pleasant'st* taste!—I wonder that
You found it not in my breath.
*Theo.* I'faith, I did not,
And it was wondrous strange.
*Eud.* Pray you, try again.
*Theo.* I find no scent of't here: you play with me;
You have it still?
*Eud.* By your sacred life and fortune,
An oath I dare not break, I have eaten it.
*Theo.* Do you know how this oath binds?
*Eud.* Too well to break it.
*Theo.* That ever man, to please his brutish sense,
Should slave his understanding to his passions,
And, taken with soon-fading white and red,
Deliver up his credulous ears to hear
The magic of a syren; and from these
Believe† there ever was, is, or can be
More than a seeming honesty in bad woman!
*Eud.* This is strange language, sir.
*Theo.* Who waits? Come all.

*Re-enter* Pulcheria, Philanax, Chrysapius, Gratianus, *and Guard.*

Nay, sister, not so near, being of the sex,
I fear you are infected too.
*Pul.* What mean you?

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* To account for this paroxysm of jealous fury in Theodosius, we must call to mind that the ancients attached a certain degree of mystical consequence to the presentation of an *apple*, which they universally agreed to consider as a tacit confession of passion accepted and returned. Catullus has some beautiful lines on the subject:

*Ut missum sponsi furtivo munere malum*
*Procurrit casto virginis e gremio,*
*Quod miseræ oblitæ molli sub veste locatum,*
*Dum adventu matris prosilit, excutitur,*
*Atque illud prono præceps agitur decursu:*
*Huic manat tristi conscius ore rubor.* Car. 63.

Upon which Vossius observes, with a reference to the immediate subject of this scene: *Mala amantium semper fuisse munera, et obscœnam continere significationem, satis vel ex primo patet Catulli epigrammate, et multa satis de his colligerunt viri docti. Nec florentibus tantum Græciæ et Romanæ rebus, sed et collapsa utrorumque fortuna, eandem permanisse significationem, satis docet exemplum Pauli interempti propter pomum missum ab Eudocia imperatrice, de quo vide* Chronicon Alexandrinum, *et complures historiæ scriptores.* Obser. ad C. Val. Catullum.

Massinger, therefore, had sufficient authority for this part of his story. The fact, however, is properly discredited by later and more judicious writers, who have observed that it has all the appearance of an eastern fiction; and, indeed, an adventure, with no very distant resemblance to it, is found in *The Arabian Tales.*

† *Sacratus*, in Latin, means accursed; to this Theodosius alludes, when he says that *Sacred as it is accursed*, is proper to him. M. Mason.

I recollect no instance of this sense of *sacratus*: it was to *sacer* that Theodosius alluded; and so perhaps did Mr. M. Mason if he had known it.

* *It had the* pleasant'st taste!] Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read, It had the *pleasant taste*, which, if not nonsense, is not very far removed from it.

† Believe *there ever was*,] So the old copy: the modern editors, to the destruction both of sense and metre, read, *Believing* there ever was, &c.

*Theo.* To show you a miracle, a prodigy
Which Afric never equall'd:——Can you think
This masterpiece of heaven*, this precious vellum,
Of such a purity and virgin whiteness,
Could be design'd to have perjury and whoredom,
In capital letters, writ upon't?
*Pul.* Dear sir.
*Theo.* Nay, add to this, an impudence beyond
All prostituted boldness. Art not dead yet?
Will not the tempests in thy conscience rend thee
As small as atoms, that there may no sign
Be left thou ever wert so? wilt thou live
Till thou art blasted with the dreadful lightning
Of pregnant and unanswerable proofs
Of thy adulterous twines? die yet, that I
With my honour may conceal it.
*Eud.* Would long since
The Gorgon of your rage had turn'd me marble!
Or, if I have offended——
*Theo.* If!——good angels!
But I am tame; look on this dumb accuser.
[*Showing the apple.*
*Eud.* Oh, I am lost!
*Theo.* Did ever cormorant
Swallow his prey, and then digest it whole,
As she hath done this apple? Philanax,
As 'tis, from me presented it; the good lady
Swore she had eaten it; yet, I know not how,
It came entire unto Paulinus' hands,
And I from him received it, sent in scorn,
Upon my life, to give me a close touch
That he was weary of thee. Was there nothing
Left thee to fee him to give satisfaction
To thy insatiate lust, but what was sent
As a dear favour from me? How have I sinn'd
In my dotage on this creature! but † to her,
I have lived as I was born, a perfect virgin:
Nay, more, I thought it not enough to be
True to her bed, but that I must feed high,
To strengthen my abilities to cloy
Her ravenous appetite, little suspecting
She would desire a change.
*Eud.* I never did, sir.
*Theo.* Be dumb; I will not waste my breath in taxing
Thy base ingratitude. How I have raised thee
Will by the world be, to thy shame, spoke often:
But for that ribald, who held in my empire
The next place to myself, so bound unto me
By all the ties of duty and allegiance,
He shall pay dear for't, and feel what it is,
In a wrong of such high consequence, to pull down
His lord's slow anger on him!—Philanax,
He's troubled with the gout, let him be cured
With a violent death, and in the other world
Thank his physician.
*Phil.* His cause unheard, sir?
*Pul.* Take heed of rashness.
*Theo.* Is what I command
To be disputed?
*Phil.* Your will shall be done, sir:
But that I am the instrument——
*Theo.* Do you murmur? [*Exit Phil. with Guard.*
What couldst thou say, if that my license should
Give liberty to thy tongue? [*Eudocia kneeling points to Theodosius' sword.*] thou wouldst die?
I am not
So to be reconciled. See me no more:
The sting of conscience ever gnawing on thee,
A'long life be thy punishment! [*Exit.*
*Flac.* O sweet lady,
How I could weep for her!
*Arcad.* Speak, dear madam, speak.
Your tongue, as you are a woman, while you live
Should be ever moving, at the least, the last part
That stirs about you.
*Pul.* Though I should, sad lady,
In policy rejoice, you, as a rival
Of my greatness, are removed, compassion,
Since I believe you innocent, commands me
To mourn your fortune; credit me, I will urge
All arguments I can allege that may
Appease the emperor's fury.
*Arcad.* I will grow too,
Upon my knees, unless he bid me rise,
And swear he will forgive you.
*Flac.* And repent too:
All this pother for an apple!
[*Exeunt Pulcheria, Arcadia, and Flaccilla.*
*Chry.* Hope, dear madam,
And yield not to despair; I am still your servant,
And never will forsake you, though awhile
You leave the court and city, and give way
To the violent passions of the emperor.
Repentance, in his want of you, will soon find him.
In the mean time, I'll dispose of you, and omit
No opportunity that may invite him
To see his error.
*Eud.* Oh! [*Wringing her hands.*
*Chry.* Forbear, for heaven's sake. [*Exeunt.*

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* ——————— *Can you think*
*This masterpiece of heaven*, &c.]
"Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon?" *Othello.*
There are several other short passages in this scene copied or imitated from the same play; which, as sufficiently obvious, I have forborne to notice.

† ——— ——— ——— but *to her*,
*I have lived as I was born*, &c.] i. e. *except:* the word occurs in this sense in many other places.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in* Paulinus' *House.*

*Enter* PHILANAX, PAULINUS, Guard, *and* Executioners.

*Paul.* This is most barbarous! how have you lost
All feeling of humanity, as honour,
In your consent alone to have me used thus?
But to be, as you are, a looker on,
Nay, more, a principal actor in't (the softness
Of your former life consider'd), almost turns me
Into a senseless statue.
*Phil.* Would, long since,
Death, by some other means, had made you one,
That you might be less sensible of what
You have, or are to suffer!
*Paul.* Am to suffer!
Let such, whose happiness and heaven depend
Upon their present being, fear to part with
A fort they cannot long hold; mine to me is
A charge that I am weary of, all defences
By pain and sickness batter'd:—yet take heed,
Take heed, lord Philanax, that, for private spleen,
Or any false-conceived grudge against me,
(Since in one thought of wrong to you I am
Sincerely innocent), you do not that
My royal master must in justice punish,
If you pass* to your own heart thorough mine;
The murder, as it will come out, discover'd. [me,
*Phil.* I murder you, my lord! heaven witness for
With the restoring of your health, I wish you
Long life and happiness: for myself, I am
Compell'd to put in execution that
Which I would fly from; 'tis the emperor,
The high incensed emperor's will, commands
What I must see perform'd.
*Paul.* The emperor!
Goodness and innocence guard me! wheels nor racks
Can force into my memory the remembrance
Of the least shadow of offence, with which
I ever did provoke him. Though beloved
(And yet the people's love is short and fatal),
I never courted popular applause,
Feasted the men of action, or labour'd
By prodigal gifts to draw the needy soldier,
The tribunes or centurions, to a faction,
Of which I would rise up the head against him;
I hold no place of strength, fortress, or castle,
In my command, that can give sanctuary
To malecontents, or countenance rebellion.
I have built no palaces to face the court,
Nor do my followers' braveries shame his train;
And though I cannot blame my fate for want,
My competent means of life deserve no envy;
In what, then, am I dangerous?
*Phil.* His displeasure
Reflects on none of those particulars
Which you have mentioned, though some jealous princes
In a subject cannot brook them.
*Paul.* None of these!
In what, then, am I worthy his suspicion?
But it may, nay it must be, some informer,
To whom my innocence appear'd a crime.
Hath poison'd his late good opinion of me.
'Tis not to die, but, in the censure of
So good a master, guilty, that afflicts me.
*Phil.* There is no remedy.
*Paul.* No!—I have a friend yet,
To whom the state I stand in now deliver'd
(Could the strictness of your warrant give way to it),
That, by fair intercession for me, would
So far prevail, that, my defence unheard,
I should not, innocent or guilty, suffer
Without a fit distinction.
*Phil.* These false hopes,
My lord, abuse you. What man, when condemn'd,
Did ever find a friend? or who dares lend
An eye of pity to that star-cross'd subject
On whom his sovereign frowns?
*Paul.* She that dares plead
For innocence without a fee, the empress,
My great and gracious mistress.
*Phil.* There's your error.
Her many favours, which you hoped should make you,
Prove your undoing. She, poor lady, is
Banish'd for ever, from the emperor's presence,
And his confirm'd suspicion, to his wrong,
That you have been over-familiar with her,
Dooms you to death. I know you understand me.
*Paul.* Over-familiar!
*Phil.* In sharing with him
Those sweet and secret pleasures of his bed
Which can admit no partner.
*Paul.* And is that
The crime for which I am to die? of all
My numerous sins, was there not one of weight
Enough to sink me, if he borrow'd not
The colour of a guilt I never saw,
To paint my innocence in a deform'd
And monstrous shape? but that it were profane
To argue heaven of ignorance or injustice,
I now should tax it. Had the stars that reign'd
At my nativity such cursed influence,
As not alone to make me miserable,
But, in the neighbourhood of her goodness to me,
To force contagion upon a lady,
Whose purer flames were not inferior
To theirs when they shine brightest! to die for her,
Compared with what she suffers, is a trifle.
By her example warn'd, let all great women
Hereafter throw pride and contempt on such
As truly serve them, since a retribution
In lawful courtesies is now styled lust;
And to be thankful to a servant's merits
Is grown a vice, no virtue.
*Phil.* These complaints
Are to no purpose: think on the long flight
Your better part must make.
*Paul.* She is prepared:
Nor can the freeing of an innocent
From the emperor's furious jealousy hinder her.

* *If you pass to your own heart thorough mine;*] Mr. M. Mason inserts *so* before you; which injures both the sense and the metre. Was he not aware that *thorough*, or *thorow*, as the quarto has it, is a dissyllable?

—It shall out, 'tis resolv'd; but to be whisper'd
To you alone. What a solemn preparation
Is made here to put forth an inch of taper*
In itself almost extinguish'd! mortal poison!
The hangman's sword! the halter!
*Phil.* 'Tis left to you
To make choice of which you please.
*Paul.* Any will serve
To take away my gout and life together.
I would not have the emperor imitate
Rome's monster, Nero, in that cruel mercy
He show'd to Seneca. When you have discharged
What you are trusted with, and I have given you
Reasons beyond all doubt or disputation,
Of the empress' and my innocence; when I am dead
(Since 'tis my master's pleasure, and high treason
In you not to obey it), I conjure you,
By the hopes you have of happiness hereafter,
Since mine in this world are now parting from me,
That you would win the young man to repentance
Of the wrong done to his chaste wife, Eudocia,
And if perchance he shed a tear for what
In his rashness he imposed on his true servant,
So it cure him of future jealousy,
'Twill prove a precious balsamum, and find me
When I am in my grave.—Now, when you please,
For I am ready.
*Phil.* His words work strangely on me,
And I would do, but I know not what to think on't.
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* Pulcheria, Flaccilla, Arcadia, Timantus, Gratianus, *and* Chrysapius.

*Pul.* Still in his sullen mood? no intermission
Of his melancholy fit?
*Tim.* It rather, madam,
Increases, than grows less.
*Grat.* In the next room
To his bedchamber we watch'd; for he by signs
Gave us to understand he would admit
Nor company nor conference.
*Pul.* Did he take
No rest, as you could guess?
*Chry.* Not any, madam.
Like a Numidian lion, by the cunning
Of the desperate huntsman taken in a toil,
And forced into a spacious cage, he walks
About his chamber; we might hear him gnash
His teeth in rage, which open'd, hollow groans
And murmurs issued from his lips, like winds
Imprison'd in the caverns of the earth
Striving for liberty: and sometimes throwing
His body on his bed, then on the ground,
And with such violence, that we more than fear'd,
And still do, if the tempest of his passions
By your wisdom be not laid, he will commit
Some outrage on himself.
*Pul.* His better angel,
I hope, will stay him from so foul a mischief;
Nor shall my care be wanting.
*Tim.* Twice I heard him
Say, *False Eudocia, how much art thou*
*Unworthy of these tears!* then sigh'd, and straight
Roar'd out, *Paulinus! was his gouty age*
*To be preferr'd before my strength and youth?*
Then groan'd again, so many ways expressing
The afflictions of a tortured soul, that we,
Who wept in vain for what we could not help,
Were sharers in his sufferings.
*Pul.* Though your sorrow
Is not to be condemn'd, it takes not from
The burthen of his miseries: we must practise,
With some fresh object, to divert his thoughts
From that they are wholly fix'd on.
*Chry.* Could I gain
The freedom of access, I would present him
With this petition,—Will your highness please
To look upon it: you will soon find there
What my intents and hopes are.

*Enter* Theodosius.

*Grat.* Ha! 'tis he.
*Pul.* Stand close,
And give way to his passions; 'tis not safe
To stop them in their violent course, before
They have spent themselves.
*Theo.* I play the fool, and am
Unequal* to myself: delinquents are
To suffer, not the innocent. I have done
Nothing, which will not hold weight in the scale
Of my impartial justice; neither feel I
The worm of conscience upbraiding me
For one black deed of tyranny; wherefore then,
Should I torment myself? Great Julius would not
Rest satisfied that his wife was free from fact,
But, only for suspicion of a crime,
Sued a divorce; nor was this Roman rigour
Censured as cruel: and still the wise Italian,
That knows the honour of his family
Depends upon the purity of his bed,
For a kiss, nay, wanton look, will plough up mischief,
And sow the seeds of his revenge in blood.
And shall I, to whose power the law's a servant,
That stand accountable to none, for what
My will calls an offence being compell'd,
And on such grounds, to raise an altar to
My anger; though, I grant, it is cemented
With a loose strumpet and adulterer's gore,
Repent the justice of my fury? No.
I should not: yet still my excess of love,
Fed high in the remembrance of her choice
And sweet embraces, would persuade me that
Connivance or remission of her fault,
Made warrantable by her true submission
For her offence, might be excuseable,
Did not the cruelty of my wounded honour,
With an open mouth, deny it.
*Pul.* I approve of
Your good intention, and I hope 'twill prosper.—
[*To Chrysapius.*
He now seems calm: let us, upon our knees,
Encompass him.—Most royal sir——
*Flac.* Sweet brother——
*Arcad.* As you are our sovereign, by the ties of nature
You are bound to be a father in your care
To us poor orphans.
*Tim.* Show compassion, sir,
Unto yourself.

* —— *to put* forth *an inch of taper*] i. e. to put *out*. *Forth*, for *out*, occurs continually in our old writers.

* Theo. *I play the fool, and am*
Unequal *to myself*; i. e. unjust.

*Grat.* The majesty of your fortune
Should fly above the reach of grief.
*Chry.* And 'tis
Impair'd, if you yield to it.
*Theo.* Wherefore pay you
This adoration to a sinful creature*?
I am flesh and blood, as you are, sensible
Of heat and cold, as much a slave unto
The tyranny of my passions, as the meanest
Of my poor subjects. The proud attributes,
By oil-tongued flattery imposed upon us,
As sacred, glorious, high, invincible,
The deputy of heaven, and in that
Omnipotent, with all false titles else,
Coin'd to abuse our frailty, though compounded,
And by the breath of sycophants applied,
Cure not the least fit of an ague in us.
We may give poor men riches, confer honours
On undeservers, raise, or ruin such
As are beneath us, and, with this puff'd up,
Ambition would persuade us to forget
That we are men: but He that sits above us,
And to whom, at our utmost rate, we are
But pageant properties, derides our weakness:
In me, to whom you kneel, 'tis most apparent.
Can I call back yesterday, with all their aids
That bow unto my sceptre? or restore
My mind to that tranquillity and peace
It then enjoy'd?—Can I† make Eudocia chaste,
Or vile Paulinus honest?
*Pul.* If I might,
Without offence, deliver my opinion——
*Theo.* What would you say?
*Pul.* That, on my soul, the empress
Is innocent.
*Chry.* The good Paulinus guiltless.
*Grat.* And this should yield you comfort.
*Theo.* In being guilty
Of an offence far, far transcending that
They stand condemn'd for! Call you this a comfort?
Suppose it could be true,—a corsive‡ rather,
Not to eat out dead flesh, but putrify
What yet is sound. Was murder ever held
A cure for jealousy? or the crying blood
Of innocence, a balm to take away
Her festering anguish? As you do desire
I should not do a justice on myself,
Add to the proofs by which Paulinus fell,
And not take from them; in your charity
Sooner believe that they were false, than I
Unrighteous in my judgment? subjects' lives
Are not their prince's tennis-balls, to be bandied
In sport away: all that I can endure
For them, if they were guilty, is an atom
To the mountain of affliction I pull'd on me,
Should they prove innocent.
*Chry.* For your majesty's peace,
I more than hope they were not: the false oath
Ta'en by the empress, and for which she can
Plead no excuse, convicted her, and yields
A sure defence for your suspicion of her,
And yet to be resolved, since strong doubts are
More grievous, for the most part, than to know
A certain loss——
*Theo.* 'Tis true, Chrysapius,
Were there a possible means.
*Chry.* 'Tis offer'd to you,
If you please to embrace it. Some few minutes
Make truce with passion, and but read, and follow
What's there projected—[*Delivers him a paper.*],—
you shall find a key
Will make your entrance easy, to discover
Her secret thoughts; and then, as in your wisdom
You shall think fit, you may determine of her;
And rest confirm'd, whether Paulinus died
A villain or a martyr.
*Theo.* It may do,
Nay, sure it must; yet, howsoe'er it fall;
I am most wretched. Which way in my wishes
I should* fashion the event, I'm so distracted
I cannot yet resolve of.—Follow me;
Though in my name all names are comprehended,
I must have witnesses in what degree
I have done wrong, or suffer'd.
*Pul.* Hope the best, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter* EUDOCIA *in sackcloth, her hair loose*

[Sings.] *Why art thou slow, thou rest of trouble, Death,*
*To stop a wretch's breath,*
*That calls on thee, and offers her sad heart*
*A prey unto thy dart?*
*I am not young nor fair; be, therefore, bold:*
*Sorrow hath made me old,*
*Deform'd, and wrinkled; all that I can crave,*
*Is, quiet in my grave.*
*Such as live happy, hold long life a jewel;*
*But to me thou art cruel,*
*If thou end not my tedious misery;*
*And I soon cease to be.*
*Strike, and strike home, then; pity unto me,*
*In one short hour's delay, is tyranny.*

Thus, like a dying swan, to a sad tune
I sing my own dirge; would a requiem follow,
Which in my penitence I despair not of
(This brittle glass of life already broken
With misery), the long and quiet sleep
Of death would be most welcome!—Yet before
We end our pilgrimage, 'tis fit that we
Should leave corruption and foul sins behind us.
But with wash'd feet and hands, the heathens dare not
Enter their profane temples: and for me
To hope my passage to eternity
Can be made easy, till I have shook off

---

* Theo. *Wherefore pay you*
*This adoration to a sinful creature?*] In this fine speech Massinger has ventured to measure weapons with Shakspeare, and, if I may trust my judgment, not unsuccessfully. The feelings, indeed, are more interested by the latter, but that arises from the situation of his chief character.

† ——— *Can I make Eudocia chaste,*] The quarto has—*Can* it *make*. For the present reading I am answerable.

‡ ——— *Call you this a comfort?*
*Suppose it could be true,—a* corsive *rather,*
*Not to eat* out *dead flesh,* &c.] Our old writers used *corsive* or *corrosive* indifferently, as it suited the verse; and I should make no difficulty of regulating the measure accordingly, in defiance of the vicious spelling of the early copies. In the next line, for—*to* eat out, which was the phraseology of the times, and perfectly correct, the modern editors absurdly read—*to* eat our *dead flesh*!

* ——— *Which way in my wishes*
I should *fashion the event,*] Mr. M. Mason omits *should*, which reduces the passage to nonsense; but, in his great care for the purity of his author's language, alters, in the next line, —*resolve* of, to *resolve* on! It is much to be regretted that his anxiety should appear so often in the wrong place.

The burthen of my sins in free confession,
Aided with sorrow and repentance for them,
Is against reason. 'Tis not laying by
My royal ornaments, or putting on
This garment of humility and contrition,
The throwing dust and ashes on my head,
Long fasts to tame my proud flesh, that can make
Atonement for my soul; that must be humbled,
All outward signs of penitence else are useless.
Chrysapius did assure me he would bring me
A holy man, from whom (having discover'd
My secret crying sins) I might receive
Full absolution—and he keeps his word.

*Enter* Theodosius *disguised as a* Friar, *with* Chrysapius.

Welcome, most reverend sir, upon my knees
I entertain you.
*Theo.* Noble sir, forbear
The place; the sacred office that I come for
[*Exit Chrysapius.*
Commands all privacy. My penitent daughter,
Be careful, as you wish remission from me,
That, in confession of your sins, you hide not
One crime, whose ponderous weight, when you would make
Your flights above the firmament, may sink you.
A foolish modesty in concealing aught,
Is now far worse than impudence to profess
And justify your guilt; be therefore free!
So may the gates of mercy open to you!
*Eud.* First then, I ask a pardon, for my being
Ingrateful to heaven's bounty.
*Theo.* A good entrance.
*Eud.* Greatness comes from above, and I, raised to it
From a low condition, sinfully forgot
From whence it came; and, looking on myself
In the false glass of flattery, I received it
As a debt due to my beauty, not a gift
Or favour from the emperor.
*Theo.* 'Twas not well.
*Eud.* Pride waited on unthankfulness; and no more
Remembering the compassion of the princess,
And the means she used to make me what I was,
Contested with her, and with sore eyes seeing
Her greater light as it dimm'd mine, I practised
To have it quite put out.
*Theo.* A great offence;
But, on repentance, not unpardonable.
Forward.
*Eud.* O, father!—what I now must utter,
I fear, in the delivery will destroy me,
Before you have absolved me.
*Theo.* Heaven is gracious;
Out with it.
*Eud.* Heaven commands us to tell truth,
Yet I, most sinful wretch, forswore myself.
*Theo.* On what occasion?
*Eud.* Quite forgetting that
An innocent truth can never stand in need
Of a guilty lie, being on the sudden ask'd
By the emperor, my husband, for an apple
Presented by him, I swore I had eaten it;
When my grieved conscience too well knows I sent it
To comfort sick Paulinus, being a man
I truly loved and favour'd.
*Theo.* A cold sweat,
Like the juice of hemlock, bathes me. [*Aside.*
*Eud.* And from this
A furious jealousy getting possession
Of the good emperor's heart, in his rage he doom'd
The innocent lord to die; my perjury
The fatal cause of murder.
*Theo.* Take heed, daughter,
You niggle* not with your conscience, and religion,
In styling him an innocent, from your fear
And shame to accuse yourself. The emperor
Had many spies upon you, saw such graces,
Which virtue could not warrant, shower'd upon him;
Glances in public, and more liberal favours
In your private chamber-meetings, making way
For foul adultery; nor could he be
But sensible of the compact pass'd between you,
To the ruin of his honour.
*Eud.* Hear me, father;
I look'd for comfort, but, in this, you come
To add to my afflictions.
*Theo.* Cause not you
Your own damnation, in concealing that
Which may, in your discovery, find forgiveness.
Open your eyes; set heaven or hell before you;
In the revealing of the truth, you shall
Prepare a palace for your soul to dwell in
Stored with celestial blessings; whereas, if
You palliate your crime, and dare beyond
Playing with lightning, in concealing it,
Expect a dreadful dungeon filled with horror,
And never-ending torments.
*Eud.* May they fall
Eternally upon me, and increase,
When that which we call Time hath lost its name!
May lightning cleave the centre of the earth,
And I sink quick, before you have absolved me,
Into the bottomless abyss, if ever,
In one unchaste desire, nay, in a thought,
I wrong'd the honour of the emperor's bed!
I do deserve, I grant, more than I suffer,
In that my fervour and desire to please him,
In my holy meditations press'd upon me,
And would not be kept out; now to dissemble,
When I shall suddenly be insensible
Of what the world speaks of me, were mere madness;
And, though you are incredulous, I presume,
If, as I kneel now, my eyes swoll'n with tears,
My hands heaved up thus, my stretch'd heart-strings ready
To break asunder, my incensed lord
(His storm of jealousy blown o'er) should hear me,
He would believe I lied not.
*Theo.* Rise, and see him [*Discovers himself.*
On his knees, with joy affirm it.
*Eud.* Can this be?
*Theo.* My sisters, and the rest there!—All bear witness,

*Enter* Pulcheria, Arcadia, Flaccilla, Chrysapius, Timantus, *and* Philanax.

In freeing this incomparable lady

* The. *Take heed, daughter,*
*You* niggle *not with your conscience,*] i. e. *trifle, play,* with it; this is the cant sense of the word: its proper meaning is, to deceive, to draw out surreptitiously, &c. Thus, in *The Honest Whore*, Part II.: "I had but one poor penny, and that I was glad to *niggle* out, and buy a holly wand to grace him through the streets."

From the suspicion of guilt, I do
Accuse myself, and willingly submit
To any penance she in justice shall
Please to impose upon me.
*Eud.* Royal sir,
Your ill opinion of me's soon forgiven.
*Pul.* But how you can make satisfaction to
The poor Paulinus, he being dead, in reason
You must conclude impossible.
*Theo.* And in that
I am most miserable; the ocean
Of joy, which, in your innocence, flow'd high to me,
Ebbs in the thought of my unjust command,
By which he died. O, Philanax (as thy name
Interpreted speaks thee), thou hast ever been
A lover of the king, and thy whole life
Can witness thy obedience to my will,
In putting that in execution which
Was trusted to thee; say but yet this once,
Thou hast not done what rashly I commanded,
And that Paulinus lives, and thy reward
For not performing that which I enjoin'd thee,
Shall centuple whatever yet thy duty
Or merit challenged from me.
*Phil.* 'Tis too late, sir:
He's dead; and, when you know he was unable
To wrong you in the way that you suspected,
You'll wish it had been otherwise.
*Theo.* Unable!
*Phil.* I am sure he was an eunuch, and might safely
Lie by a virgin's side; at four years made one,
Though, to hold grace with ladies, he conceal'd it.
The circumstances, and the manner how,
You may hear at better leisure.
*Theo.* How, an eunuch!
The more the proofs are that are brought to clear thee,
My best Eudocia, the more my sorrows.
*Eud.* That I am innocent?
*Theo.* That I am guilty
Of murder, my Eudocia. I will build
A glorious monument to his memory,
And, for my punishment, live and die upon it,
And never more converse with men.

*Enter* Paulinus.

*Paul.* Live long, sir!
May I do so to serve you! and, if that
I live does not displease you, you owe for it
To this good lord.
*Theo.* Myself, and all that's mine.
*Phil.* Your pardon is a payment.
*Theo.* I am rapt
With joy beyond myself. Now, my Eudocia,
My jealousy puff'd away thus, in this breath
I scent the natural sweetness. [*Kisses her.*
*Arcad.* Sacred sir,
I am happy to behold this, and presume,
Now you are pleased, to move a suit in which
My sister is join'd with me.
*Theo.* Prithee speak it;
For I have vow'd to hear before I grant;—
I thank your good instructions. [*To Pulcheria.*
*Arcad.* 'Tis but this, sir:
We have observed the falling out and in
Between the husband and the wife shows rarely;
Their jars and reconcilements strangely take us.
*Flac.* Anger and jealousy that conclude in kisses
Is a sweet war, in sooth.
*Arcad.* We therefore, brother,
Most humbly beg you would provide us husbands,
That we may taste the pleasure of't.
*Flac.* And with speed, sir;
For so your favour's doubled.
*Theo.* Take my word,
I will with all convenience; and not blush
Hereafter to be guided by your counsels:
I will deserve your pardon. Philanax
Shall be remember'd, and magnificent bounties
Fall on Chrysapius; my grace on all.
Let Cleon be deliver'd, and rewarded.
My grace on all, which as I lend to you,
Return your vows to heaven, that it may please,
As it is gracious, to quench in me
All future sparks of burning jealousy. [*Exeunt.*

## EPILOGUE.

We have reason to be doubtful, whether he,
On whom (forced to it from necessity)
The maker did confer his emperor's part,
Hath given you satisfaction, in his art
Of action and delivery, 'tis sure truth,
The burthen was too heavy for his youth
To undergo:—but, in his will, we know,
He was not wanting, and shall ever owe,
With his, our service, if your favours deign
To give him strength, hereafter to sustain
A greater weight. It is your grace that can
In your allowance of this, write him man
Before his time; which if you please to do,
You make the player and the poet too*.

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*There is so much sterling merit in several of the incidents and characters of this play, that the reader is inclined to overlook the want of unity in the story itself. It is true, Massinger seems to have been conscious of this defect, and has endeavoured to remedy it by contriving an early introduction of Athenais, and by giving her some slight connection with Paulinus; for this is carefully remembered in the last act, as one of the circumstances which justify the jealousy of Theodosius. But the chief and characteristic event can hardly be said to begin till the fourth act. Most of the preceding scenes are a series of conversations and incidents, rather illustrative of some of the characters, than necessary to the subject: previous in the order of history, but not strictly preparatory to the plot; more occupied with the public influence of Pulcheria, than with the private affection of Eudocia.

This reservation being made, we cannot but admire the genuine dignity with which the government and personal virtues of the Protectress are announced, and the interesting contrast of the beautiful but lighter Athenais. Theodosius is connected with both; and is described with much fidelity of nature in every situation. His characteristic quality is weakness. His implicit obedience to his sister during a long pupilage; his escape from it through the interested persuasions of others, his facility, profusion, and uxorious subjection to Eudocia, are true marks of the same character. Nor are they contradicted by the vehemence into which he falls in the last act. Indeed, during this paroxysm he acts with a power apparently beyond himself. He accumulates circumstances of jealousy with much force and quickness. With a melancholy ingenuity, he perverts the consolations of his friends into new proofs of his guilt; and he compels the most innocent thoughts of others to wear the stamp of his own madness. Still this is the vehemence of Theodosius. His fury is the mere effect of uxoriousness disappointed. He is enraged, not that his honour is tarnished (for this he would fondly overlook), but that he has lost the possession of Eudocia. It is the very impotence of his mind which lends him a momentary vigour; and all his apparent power is founded on his constitutional failing. In the confession scene he quickly loses his assumed character in the anxious husband; and at the assertion of her innocence, he rushes to his reconcilement with an eagerness which shows his true disposition, and renews all the ascendancy of her charms.

It is to be wished that this great merit were not accom-

panied with serious blemishes; but sometimes the manners of Massinger's age are thrust, with more than their usual ill effect, into the history of Theodosius; and sometimes his best characters are needlessly debased. Pulcheria falls into an improper discussion of modern levities with the Informer, &c. Her sisters, contrary to the history of their time, are described as wanton, and rebellious against her authority: nor is there an object for this change of character; they are merely degraded. The Countryman equals the judgment of Theodosius with the Sunday maxims of the vicar of his parish; and Theodosius himself, pure and religious as Massinger really meant to represent him, loses his delicacy; and when he has to choose a wife from the portraits of the candidates, enlarges upon their properties with the licentiousness of an experienced debauché. It is observable, that in one part of this scene an attention to the court bursts out. Theodosius is impatient that he must judge the "substance" of the ladies "by the shadow," and demands to see them "with his own eyes." Perhaps the king was not displeased at the compliment bestowed by a Greek emperor on the notable project of courting the Spanish princess.

A word must be added concerning the sources from which Massinger has drawn his story. Coxeter briefly informs us that the plot is taken from the 7th book of Socrates, and the 5th of Theodoret: and Mr. M. Mason neither confirms nor disproves this intelligence. But what is the plot? Arcadia truly calls it,

"——— the falling out and in
Between the husband and the wife———"

and of the quarrel and reconcilement of Theodosius and Eudocia, the two writers referred to say not a word! It is not enough that they mention other circumstances of Athenais, and celebrate the virtues of Theodosius and his sisters. The plot is still to be sought for: and Sozomen, the other principal historian of that age, is as silent as the authorities of Coxeter. It will only be found in the later chroniclers. It does not appear that there is any full account of Athenais earlier than the time of Malelas. Her love for Paulinus, equally handsome and eloquent, is mentioned by Cedrenus; and the memorable apple, the cause of his death, by Theophanes. Fabr. *Bib. Græc.* lib. v. c. 1.

There seems to be some confusion in the dramatis personæ of this, as well as of a former historical Play—*Roman Actor*.—Flaccilla is mentioned as one of the younger sisters of Theodosius. At all events this is wrong. Whatever testimony there is for her existence makes her older than Pulcheria. But Sozomen, who names the rest of the family, says nothing of her. And if Philostorgius is to be believed, there was no sister of that name: for, in his account of the disgrace of Eutropius, he marks the time, by observing, that, in order to assist her complaint with Arcadius, she carried with her the two children already born (Pulcheria and Arcadia), and that Marina and Theodosius were produced after that event. It is possible that the name of Marina, omitted by Massinger from the list of the sisters, may have been bestowed on the waiting-woman of Pulcheria. If so, it will rectify the confusion noticed by the editor, Act II. Sc. 1. The "reverend aunt, Maria," who assists at the baptism of Athenais, was perhaps the wife of Honorius, celebrated by Claudian.

*In tenui labor*——— DR. IRELAND.

# THE FATAL DOWRY.

THE FATAL DOWRY.] This most excellent Tragedy does not appear to have been licensed by Sir H Herbert; nor is it accompanied by any prologue or epilogue; circumstances from which Mr. Malone concludes that it was produced previous to 1620. However this be, it was not printed till 1632, before which time, the title-page says, it "had been often acted at the private house in Blackfriars, by his Majesty's servants."

Massinger was assisted in the writing of it by Nathaniel Field (of whom some mention is made in the Introduction.) This would incline me to adopt the opinion of Mr. Malone; for the author seems to have trusted to his own resources after the period here mentioned; all the pieces licensed by the master of the revels being his own composition.

From this Play Rowe borrowed, or, according to Cicero's distinction, stole, the plan of *The Fair Penitent*, a performance by which he is now chiefly known. The relative merits of the two pieces are discussed by Mr. Cumberland, in the ingenious analysis which follows the present Tragedy; and which I regret that he did not pursue to the conclusion, as the superiority of Massinger would have been still more apparent.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ROCHFORT, *ex premier president of the parliament of* Dijon.
CHARALOIS, *a noble gentleman, son to the deceased marshal.*
ROMONT, *a brave officer, friend to* Charalois.
NOVALL *senior, premier president of the parliament of* Dijon.
NOVALL *junior, his son, in love with* Beaumelle.
DU CROY, *president of the parliament of* Dijon.
CHARMI, *an advocate.*
BEAUMONT, *Secretary to* Rochfort.
PONTALIER, } *friends of* Novall *junior.*
MALOTIN, }
LILADAM, *a parasite, dependent on* Novall *junior.*
AYMER, *a singer, and keeper of a music-house, also dependent on* Novall *junior.*
*Advocates.*
*Three Creditors.*
*A Priest.*
*Tailor.*
*Barber.*
*Perfumer.*
*Page.*
BEAUMELLE, *daughter to* Rochfort.
FLORIMEL, } *servants to* Beaumelle; *the latter the se-*
BELLAPERT, } *cret agent of* Novall *junior.*
*Presidents, Captains, Soldiers, Mourners, Gaoler, Bailiffs, Servants.*

*SCENE*, Dijon.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street before the Court of Justice.*

*Enter* CHARALOIS *with a paper*, ROMONT, *and* CHARMI.

*Char.* Sir, I may move the court to serve your will;
But therein shall both wrong you and myself.
*Rom.* Why think you so, sir?
*Char.* 'Cause I am familiar
With what will be their answer: they will say,
'Tis against law, and argue me of ignorance,
For offering them the motion.
*Rom.* You know not, sir,
How, in this cause, they may dispense with law;
And therefore frame not you their answer from them,
But do your parts.
*Char.* I love the cause so well,
As* I could run the hazard of a check for't.
*Rom.* From whom?
*Char.* Some of the bench, that watch to give it,
More than to do the office that they sit for:
But give me, sir, my fee.
*Rom.* Now you are noble.
*Char.* I shall deserve this better yet, in giving
My lord some counsel, if he please to hear it,
Than I shall do with pleading.

* As *I could run*, &c.] Former editors—That *I could run*. I do not love this modernising; by degrees no one will be allowed to speak the language of his age.

*Rom.* What may it be, sir?
*Char.* That it would please his lordship, as the presidents
And counsellors of court come by, to stand
Here, and but show himself*, and to some one
Or two, make his request: there is a minute,
When a man's presence speaks in his own cause,
More than the tongues of twenty advocates.
*Rom.* I have urged that.
*Enter* Rochfort *and* Du Croy.
*Char.* Their lordships here are coming,
I must go get me a place. You'll find me in court,
And at your service. [*Exit.*
*Rom.* Now, put on† your spirits.
*Du Croy.* The ease that you prepare yourself, my lord,
In giving up the place you hold in court,
Will prove, I fear, a trouble in the state,
And that no slight one.
*Roch.* Pray you, sir, no more.
*Rom.* Now, sir, lose not this offer'd means: their looks,
Fix'd on you with a pitying earnestness,
Invite you to demand their furtherance
To your good purpose: this such a dulness,
So foolish and untimely, as——
*Du Croy.* You know him?
*Roch.* I do; and much lament the sudden fall
Of this brave house. It is young Charalois,
Son to the marshal, from whom he inherits
His fame and virtues only.
*Rom.* Ha! they name you.
*Du Croy.* His father died in prison two days since.
*Roch.* Yes, to the shame of this ungrateful state,
That such a master in the art of war,
So noble and so highly meriting
From this forgetful country, should, for want
Of means to satisfy his creditors
The sums he took up for the general good,
Meet with an end so infamous.
*Rom.* Dare you ever
Hope for like opportunity?
*Du Croy.* My good lord!
*Roch.* My wish bring comfort to you!
*Du Croy.* The time calls us.
*Roch.* Good morrow, colonel!
[*Exeunt Rochfort and Du Croy.*
*Rom.* This obstinate spleen,
You think, becomes your sorrow, and sorts well
With your black suits: but, grant me wit or judgment,
And, by the freedom of an honest man,
And a true friend to boot, I swear 'tis shameful.
And therefore flatter not yourself with hope,
Your sable habit, with the hat and cloak,
No, though the ribands help, have power to work
To what you would: for those that had no eyes
To see the great acts of your father, will not,
From any fashion sorrow can put on,
Be taught to know their duties.
*Charal.* If they will not,
They are too old to learn, and I too young
To give them counsel; since, if they partake
The understanding and the hearts of men,
They will prevent my words and tears: if not,
What can persuasion, though made eloquent
With grief, work upon such as have changed natures
With the most savage beast? Blest, blest be ever
The memory of that happy age, when justice
Had no guards to keep off wrong'd innocence
From flying to her succours, and, in that,
Assurance of redress! where* now, Romont,
The damn'd with more ease may ascend from hell,
Than we arrive at her. One Cerberus there
Forbids the passage, in our courts a thousand,
As loud and fertile-headed; and the client
That wants the sops to fill their ravenous throats,
Must hope for no access: why should I, then,
Attempt impossibilities; you, friend, being
Too well acquainted with my dearth of means
To make my entrance that way?
*Rom.* Would I were not!
But, sir, you have a cause, a cause so just,
Of such necessity, not to be deferr'd,
As would compel a maid, whose foot was never
Set o'er her father's threshold, nor within
The house where she was born, ever spake word
Which was not usher'd with pure virgin blushes,
To drown the tempest of a pleader's tongue,
And force corruption to give back the hire
It took against her. Let examples move you.
You see men great in birth, esteem, and fortune,
Rather than lose a scruple of their right,
Fawn basely upon such, whose gowns put off,
They would disdain for servants.
*Charal.* And to these
Can I become a suitor?
*Rom.* Without loss:
Would you consider, that to gain their favours,
Our chastest dames put off their modesties,
Soldiers forget their honours, usurers
Make sacrifice of gold, poets of wit,
And men religious part with fame and goodness.
Be therefore won to use the means that may
Advance your pious ends.
*Charal.* You shall o'ercome.
*Rom.* And you receive the glory. Pray you, now practise.
*Charal.* 'Tis well†.
*Enter* Novall *senior*, Advocates, Liladam, *and three* Creditors.
[*Tenders his petition.*] Not look on me!
*Rom.* You must have patience——
Offer it again.
*Charal.* And be again contemn'd!
*Nov. sen.* I know what's to be done.
1 *Cred.* And, that your lordship
Will please to do your knowledge, we offer first
Our thankful hearts here, as a bounteous earnest
To what we will add.
*Nov. sen.* One word more of this,
I am your enemy. Am I a man
Your bribes can work on? ha?
*Lilad.* Friends, you mistake
The way to win my lord; he must not hear this
But I, as one in favour in his sight,
May hearken to you for my profit. Sir!
Pray hear them.

* *Here, and but show* himself,] This has been hitherto printed show *yourself*. The necessity of the alteration will, I trust, be readily acknowledged.
† Rom. *Now*, put on *your spirits*.] *Rouse, animate* them.

* *Assurance of redress!* where *now, Romont,*] So the quarto: the modern editors, in their rage for reformation, read,
*Assurance of redress:* whereas *now Romont*, which reduces the line to very homely prose. *Where* for *whereas* occurs continually in these plays, and, indeed, in all our old writers.
† Charal. *'Tis well.*] These two words I have given to Charalois, to whom they of right belong: they have hitherto been allotted to Romont.

*Nov. sen.* It is well.
*Lilad.* Observe him now.
*Nov. sen.* Your cause being good, and your proceedings so,
Without corruption I am your friend;
Speak your desires.
*2 Cred.* Oh, they are charitable;
The marshal stood engaged unto us three
Two hundred thousand crowns, which, by his death,
We are defeated of: for which great loss
We aim at nothing but his rotten flesh:
Nor is that cruelty.
*1 Cred.* I have a son
That talks of nothing but of guns and armour,
And swears he'll be a soldier; 'tis an humour
I would divert him from; and I am told,
That if I minister to him, in his drink,
Powder made of this bankrupt marshal's bones,
Provided that the carcass rot above ground,
'Twill cure his foolish frenzy.
*Nov. sen.* You show in it
A father's care. I have a son myself,
A fashionable gentleman, and a peaceful;
And, but I am assured he's not so given,
He should take of it too.
*Charal.* Sir!
*Nov. sen.* What are you?
*Charal.* A gentleman*.
*Nov. sen.* So are many that rake dunghills.
If you have any suit, move it in court:
I take no papers in corners. [*Exit.*
*Rom.* Yes,
As the matter may be carried, and whereby
To manage the conveyance.——Follow him.
*Lilad.* You are rude: I say he shall not pass.
[*Exeunt Charalois and Advocates.*
*Rom.* You say so!
On what assurance?
For the well cutting of his lordship's corns,
Picking his toes, or any office else
Nearer to baseness!
*Lilad.* Look upon me better;
Are these the ensigns of so coarse a fellow?
Be well advised.
*Rom.* Out, rogue! do not I know
These glorious weeds spring from the sordid dunghill
Of thy officious baseness? wert thou worthy
Of any thing from me, but my contempt,
I would do more than this—[*Beats him.*]—more, you court-spider!
*Lilad.* But that this man is lawless, he should find
That I am valiant.
*1 Cred.* If your ears are fast,
'Tis nothing. What's a blow or two? as much.
*2 Cred.* These chastisements as useful are as frequent,
To such as would grow rich.
*Rom.* Are they so, rascals?
I will befriend you, then. [*Kicks them.*
*1 Cred.* Bear witness, sirs!

* Charal. *Sir!*
Nov. sen. *What are you?*
Charal. *A gentleman.* So I have regulated these speeches; they formerly stood thus:
*He should take of it too.—Sir! what are you?*
Charal. *A gentleman.*
I believed that the modest Charalois, encouraged by Romont, ventures to address himself to Novall.

*Lilad.* Truth, I have borne my part already, friends.
In the court you shall have more. [*Exit.*
*Rom.* I know you for
The worst of spirits, that strive to rob the tombs
Of what is their inheritance, the dead:
For usurers, bred by a riotous peace,
That hold the charter of your wealth and freedom
By being knaves and cuckolds; that ne'er pray,
But when you fear the rich heirs will grow wise,
To keep their lands out of your parchment toils;
And then, the devil your father's call'd upon,
To invent some ways of luxury ne'er thought on.
Begone, and quickly, or I'll leave no room
Upon your foreheads for your horns to sprout on—
Without a murmur, or I will undo you,
For I will beat you honest.
*1 Cred.* Thrift forbid!
We will bear this, rather than hazard that.
[*Exeunt Creditors.*

*Re-enter* CHARALOIS.

*Rom.* I am somewhat eased in this yet.
*Char.* Only, friend,
To what vain purpose do I make my sorrow
Wait on the triumph of their cruelty?
Or teach their pride, from my humility,
To think it has o'ercome? They are determined
What they will do; and it may well become me,
To rob them of the glory they expect
From my submiss entreaties.
*Rom.* Think not so, sir:
The difficulties that you encounter with
Will crown the undertaking:—heaven! you weep:
And I could do so too, but that I know
There's more expected from the son and friend
Of him whose fatal loss now shakes our natures,
Than sighs or tears, in which a village nurse,
Or cunning strumpet, when her knave is hang'd,
May overcome us. We are men, young lord,
Let us not do like women. To the court,
And there speak like your birth: wake sleeping justice,
Or dare the axe. This is a way will sort
With what you are: I call you not to that
I will shrink from myself; I will deserve
Your thanks, or suffer with you.—O how bravely*
That sudden fire of anger shows in you!
Give fuel to it. Since you are on a shelf
Of extreme danger, suffer like yourself. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*The Court of Justice.*

*Enter* ROCHFORT, NOVALL *senior*, Presidents, CHARMI, DU CROY, BEAUMONT, Advocates, *three* Creditors, *and* Officers.

*Du Croy.* Your lordships seated, may this meeting prove
Prosperous to us, and to the general good
Of Burgundy!
*Nov. sen.* Speak to the point.
*Du Croy.* Which is
With honour to dispose the place and power
Of premier president, which this reverend man,
Grave Rochfort, whom for honour's sake I name,

* *O how bravely*, &c.] This Romont is a noble fellow. Warm, generous, high-spirited, disinterested, faithful, and affectionate, his copy, or rather his shadow, Horatio, dwindles into perfect insignificance on the comparison.

Is purposed to resign; a place, my lords,
In which he hath with such integrity
Perform'd the first and best parts of a judge,
That, as his life transcends all fair examples
Of such as were before him in Dijon,
So it remains to those that shall succeed him,
A precedent they may imitate, but not equal*.
*Roch.* I may not sit to hear this.
*Du Croy.* Let the love
And thankfulness we are bound to pay to goodness,
In this o'ercome your modesty.
*Roch.* My thanks
For this great favour shall prevent your trouble
The honourable trust that was imposed
Upon my weakness, since you witness for me
It was not ill discharged, I will not mention;
Nor now, if age had not deprived me of
The little strength I had to govern well
The province that I undertook, forsake it.
*Nov. sen.* That we could lend you of our years!
*Du Croy.* Or strength!
*Nov. sen.* Or, as you are, persuade you to continue
The noble exercise of your knowing judgment!
*Roch.* That may not be; nor can your lordships' goodness,
Since your employments have conferr'd upon me
Sufficient wealth, deny the use of it:
And, though old age, when one foot's in the grave,
In many, when all humours else are spent,
Feeds no affection in them, but desire
To add height to the mountain of their riches,
In me it is not so. I rest content
With the honours and estate I now possess:
And, that I may have liberty to use
What heaven, still blessing my poor industry,
Hath made me master of, I pray the court
To ease me of my burthen, that I may
Employ the small remainder of my life
In living well, and learning how to die so.

*Enter* ROMONT *and* CHARALOIS.

*Rom.* See, sir, our advocate.
*Du Croy.* The court entreats
Your lordship will be pleased to name the man,
Which you would have your successor, and in me,
All promise to confirm it.
*Roch.* I embrace it
As an assurance of their favour to me,
And name my lord Novall.
*Du Croy.* The court allows it.
*Roch.* But there are suitors wait here, and their causes
May be of more necessity to be heard;
I therefore wish that mine may be deferr'd,
And theirs have hearing.
*Du Croy.* If your lordship please [*To Nov. sen.*
To take the place, we will proceed.
*Char.* The cause
We come to offer to your lordships' censure,
Is in itself so noble, that it needs not
Or rhetoric in me that plead, or favour
From your grave lordships, to determine of it;
Since to the praise of your impartial justice
(Which guilty, nay, condemn'd men, dare not scandal),
It will erect a trophy of your mercy,
Which married to that justice——
*Nov. sen.* Speak to the cause.
*Char.* I will, my lord. To say, the late dead marshal,
The father of this young lord here, my client,
Hath done his country great and faithful service,
Might task me of impertinence, to repeat
What your grave lordships cannot but remember.
He, in his life, became indebted to
These thrifty men (I will not wrong their credits,
By giving them the attributes they now merit),
And failing, by the fortune of the wars,
Of means to free himself from his engagements,
He was arrested, and, for want of bail,
Imprison'd at their suit; and, not long after,
With loss of liberty, ended his life.
And, though it be a maxim in our laws,
All suits die with the person, these men's malice
In death finds matter for their hate to work on,
Denying him the decent rites of burial*,
Which the sworn enemies of the Christian faith
Grant freely to their slaves. May it therefore please
Your lordships so to fashion your decree,
That, what their cruelty doth forbid, your pity
May give allowance to.
*Nov. sen.* How long have you, sir,
Practised in court?
*Char.* Some twenty years, my lord.
*Nov. sen.* By your gross ignorance, it should appear
Not twenty days.
*Char.* I hope I have given no cause
In this, my lord.
*Nov. sen.* How dare you move the court
To the dispensing with an act confirm'd
By parliament, to the terror of all bankrupts?
Go home; and with more care peruse the statutes
Or the next motion, savouring of this boldness,
May force you, sir, to leap, against your will,
Over the place you plead at.
*Char.* I foresaw this.
*Rom.* Why, does your lordship think the moving of
A cause more honest than this court had ever
The honour to determine, can deserve
A check like this?
*Nov. sen.* Strange boldness!
*Rom.* 'Tis fit freedom:
Or, do you conclude an advocate cannot hold
His credit with the judge, unless he study
His face more than the cause for which he pleads?
*Char.* Forbear.
*Rom.* Or cannot you, that have the power

* *A precedent they may imitate, but not equal.*] So the old copy. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, with equal advantage to the sense and harmony of the line, read,
*A precedent* that *they may imitate, but not equal!*

* *Denying him the decent rites of burial,*] Herodotus tells us that Asychis, the grandson of Cheops, to facilitate the borrowing of money, allowed the Egyptians to pledge the dead bodies of their parents, which, until redeemed by payment of the sums advanced, could not be deposited in the sepulchres of their fathers. In imitation of this monarch, modern states have sanctioned the arrest of a person's dead body till his debts be paid: but what was in Asychis a wise institution, is in his followers a gratuitous act of absurd and savage barbarity. With the ancients the fate of a human being was not decided by death; his entrance into a state of rest depended upon a due performance of his obsequies; and his relations and friends were, therefore, impelled by the most powerful motives, to discharge his obligations, and seal his doom. We, on the contrary, know from divine authority, that "as the tree falleth, so it must lie," and that no action, subsequent to a man's decease, can affect his destiny

† *Or the next motion, savouring of this boldness,*] So the old copy; the moderns read, *favouring.*

To qualify the rigour of the laws
When you are pleased, take a little from
The strictness of your sour decrees, enacted
In favour of the greedy creditors,
Against the o'erthrown debtor?
*Nov. sen.* Sirrah! you that prate
Thus saucily, what are you?
*Rom.* Why, I'll tell thee,
Thou purple-colour'd man! I am one to whom
Thou ow'st the means thou hast of sitting there,
A corrupt elder.
*Char.* Forbear.
*Rom.* The nose thou wear'st is my gift; and those eyes,
That meet no object so base as their master,
Had been long since torn from that guilty head,
And thou thyself slave to some needy Swiss*,
Had I not worn a sword, and used it better
Than, in thy prayers, thou ever didst thy tongue.
*Nov. sen.* Shall such an insolence pass unpunish'd!
*Char.* Hear me.
*Rom.* Yet I, that, in my service done my country,
Disdain to be put in the scale with thee,
Confess myself unworthy to be valued
With the least part, nay, hair of the dead marshal;
Of whose so many glorious undertakings,
Make choice of any one, and that the meanest,
Perform'd against the subtle fox of France,
The politic Louis, or the more desperate Swiss,
And 'twill outweigh all the good purposes,
Though put in act, that ever gownman practised.
*Nov. sen.* Away with him to prison!
*Rom.* If that curses†,
Urged justly, and breath'd forth so, ever fell
On those that did deserve them, let not mine
Be spent in vain now, that thou from this instant
Mayst, in thy fear that they will fall upon thee,
Be sensible of the plagues they shall bring with them.
And for denying of a little earth
To cover what remains of our great soldier,
May all your wives prove whores, your factors thieves,
And, while you live, your riotous heirs undo you!
And thou, the patron of their cruelty,
Of all thy lordships live not to be owner
Of so much dung as will conceal a dog,
Or, what is worse, thyself in! And thy years,
To th' end thou mayst be wretched, I wish many;
And, as thou hast denied the dead a grave,
May misery in thy life make thee desire one,
Which men and all the elements keep from thee!
—I have begun well; imitate, exceed.
[*To Charalois.*
*Roch.* Good counsel, were it a praiseworthy deed.
[*Exeunt Officers with Romont.*
*Du Croy.* Remember what we are.
*Charal.* Thus low my duty
Answers your lordship's counsel. I will use,
In the few words with which I am to trouble
Your lordships' ears, the temper that you wish me;
Not that I fear to speak my thoughts, as loud,
And with a liberty beyond Romont;
But that I know, for me, that am made up
Of all that's wretched, so to haste my end,
Would seem to most rather a willingness
To quit the burthen of a hopeless life,
Than scorn of death, or duty to the dead.
I, therefore, bring the tribute of my praise
To your severity, and commend the justice
That will not, for the many services
That any man hath done the commonwealth,
Wink at his least of ills. What though my father
Writ man before he was so, and confirm'd it,
By numbering that day no part of his life,
In which he did not service to his country;
Was he to be free, therefore, from the laws
And ceremonious form in your decrees;
Or else, because he did as much as man
In those three memorable overthrows
At Granson, Morat, Nancy, where his master*,
The warlike Charalois (with whose misfortunes
I bear his name), lost treasure, men, and life,
To be excused from payment of those sums
Which (his own patrimony spent) his zeal
To serve his country forced him to take up!
*Nov. sen.* The precedent were ill.
*Charal.* And yet, my lord, this much,
I know, you'll grant; after those great defeatures,
Which in their dreadful ruins buried quick

*Re-enter* Officers.

Courage and hope in all men but himself,
He forced the proud foe, in his height of conquest,
To yield unto an honourable peace;
And in it saved an hundred thousand lives,
To end his own, that was sure proof against
The scalding summer's heat, and winter's frost,
Ill airs, the cannon, and the enemy's sword,
In a most loathsome prison.
*Du Croy.* 'Twas his fault
To be so prodigal.
*Nov. sen.* He had from the state
Sufficient entertainment for the army.
*Charal.* Sufficient, my lords! You sit at home,
And, though your fees are boundless at the bar,
Are thrifty in the charges of the war——
But your wills be obey'd. To these I turn,
To these soft-hearted men, that wisely know
They're only good men that pay what they owe.
*2 Cred.* And so they are.
*1 Cred.* It is the city doctrine*;
We stand bound to maintain it.

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* *And thou thyself slave to some needy* Swiss,] It may not be amiss to observe here, that Burgundy (in the capital of which the scene is laid) was a powerful and independent state. It might, perhaps, have continued so, but for the ambitious and destructive warfare which the last of its sovereigns madly carried on against the confederated cantons.

† Rom. *If that curses*, &c.] To this most animated speech Otway seems indebted for the imprecations which he makes the indignant Pierre pour upon the government of Venice. The reader, whom curiosity may lead to compare the two scenes, will find how much the copy falls beneath the original, not only in delicacy, but in spirit.

* *In those three memorable* overthows
*At* Granson, Morat, Nancy, &c.] These were indeed memorable, since they were given by ill-armed and undisciplined rustics (invigorated, indeed, by the calm and fearless spirit of genuine liberty) to armies superior to themselves in numbers, and composed of regular troops from some of the most warlike nations in Europe. The *overthrow* of *Granson* took place March 3d, 1476; that of *Morat*, June 22d, in the same year; and that of *Nancy*, January 5th, 1477. In this Charles (or, as he is here called, Charalois) duke of Burgundy fell; and *the subtle fox of France, Louis* XI. shortly after seized upon the defenceless duchy, and united it to his own kingdom.

† *It is the city doctrine*;] Thus in *The Merchant of Venice*:—
"*Shy.* Antonio is a *good* man.
"*Bass.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?
"*Shy.* No, no, no;—my meaning in saying he is a *good* man, is to have you understand me that he is *sufficient*."

*Charal.* Be constant in it;
And since you are as merciless in your natures,
As base and mercenary in your means
By which you get your wealth, I will not urge
The court to take away one scruple from
The right of their laws, or [wish*] one good thought
In you to mend your disposition with.
I know there is no music to your ears
So pleasing as the groans of men in prison,
And that the tears of widows, and the cries
Of famish'd orphans, are the feasts that take you.
That to be in your danger†, with more care
Should be avoided than infectious air,
The loathed embraces of diseased women,
A flatterer's poison, or the loss of honour.—
Yet rather than my father's reverend dust
Shall want a place in that fair monument
In which our noble ancestors lie entomb'd,
Before the court I offer up myself
A prisoner for it. Load me with those irons
That have worn out his life; in my best strength
I'll run to the encounter of cold, hunger,
And choose my dwelling where no sun dares enter
So he may be released.

1 *Cred.* What mean you, sir?

*Advo.* Only your fee again: there's so much said
Already in this cause, and said so well,
That, should I only offer to speak in it,
I should be or not heard, or laugh'd at for it. [back,

1 *Cred.* 'Tis the first money advocate e'er gave
Though he said nothing.

*Roch.* Be advised, young lord,
And well considerate; you throw away
Your liberty and joys of life together:
Your bounty is employed upon a subject
That is not sensible of it, with which wise man
Never abused his goodness. The great virtues
Of your dead father vindicate themselves
From these men's malice, and break ope the prison,
Though it contain his body.

*Nov. sen.* Let him alone:
If he love cords, in God's name let him wear them;
Provided these consent.

*Charal.* I hope they are not
So ignorant in any way of profit,
As to neglect a possibility
To get their own, by seeking it from that
Which can return them nothing but ill fame,
And curses, for their barbarous cruelties.

3 *Cred.* What think ye of the offer?

2 *Cred.* Very well.

1 *Cred.* Accept it by all means. Let's shut him up;
He is well shaped, and has a villanous tongue,
And, should he study that way of revenge,
As I dare almost swear he loves a wench,
We have no wives, nor never shall get daughters,
That will hold out against him.

*Du Croy.* What's your answer?

2 *Cred.* Speak you for all.

1 *Cred.* Why, let our executions
That lie upon the father, be return'd
Upon the son, and we release the body.

*Nov. sen.* The court must grant you that.

*Charal.* I thank your lordships.
They have in it confirm'd on me such glory
As no time can take from me: I am ready,
Come, lead me where you please. Captivity,
That comes with honour, is true liberty.

*Exeunt Charalois, Charmi, Officers, and Creditors.*

*Nov. sen.* Strange rashness!

*Roch.* A brave resolution rather,
Worthy a better fortune: but, however,
It is not now to be disputed; therefore
To my own cause. Already I have found
Your lordships bountiful in your favours to me,
And that should teach my modesty to end here,
And press your loves no further.

*Du Croy.* There is nothing
The court can grant, but with assurance you
May ask it, and obtain it.

*Roch.* You encourage
A bold petitioner, and 'tis not fit
Your favours should be lost: besides, 't 'as been
A custom many years, at the surrendering
The place I now give up, to grant the president
One boon, that parted with it: and, to confirm
Your grace towards me, against all such as may
Detract my actions and life hereafter,
I now prefer it to you.

*Du Croy.* Speak it freely.

*Roch.* I then desire the liberty of Romont,
And that my lord Novall, whose private wrong
Was equal to the injury that was done
To the dignity of the court, will pardon it,
And now sign his enlargement.

*Nov. sen.* Pray you demand
The moiety of my estate, or any thing,
Within my power but this.

*Roch.* Am I denied then
My first and last request?

*Du Croy.* It must not be.

2 *Pre.* I have a voice to give in it.

3 *Pre.* And I.
And if persuasion will not work him to it,
We will make known our power.

*Nov. Sen.* You are too violent;
You shall have my consent: but would you had
Made trial of my love in any thing
But this, you should have found then—but it skills not;
You have what you desire.

*Roch.* I thank your lordships.

*Du Croy.* The court is up. Make way.

[*Exeunt all but Rochfort and Beaumont.*

*Roch.* I follow you. Beaumont!

*Beau.* My lord.

*Roch.* You are a scholar, Beaumont;
And can search deeper into the intents of men,
Than those that are less knowing.—How appear'd
The piety and brave behaviour of
Young Charalois to you?

*Beau.* It is my wonder,
Since I want language to express it fully:
And sure the colonel——

*Roch.* Fie! he was faulty.
What present money have I?

*Beau.* There's no want
Of any sum a private man has use for.

*Roch.* 'Tis well:

---

* *The right of their laws, or* [wish] *one good thought In you,* &c.] A monosyllable has dropt out at the press. I have endeavoured to complete the metre, and, perhaps, the sense, by the addition in brackets: it is a liberty that I seldom take, and never without giving the reader notice of it.

† ——— *to* be in your danger.] i. e. to be in your debt: a common expression in our old writers; thus Portia:

"You stand *within his danger*, do you not?
*Merchant of Venice.*

I am strangely taken with this Charalois.
Methinks, from his example the whole age
Should learn to be good, and continue so.
Virtue works strangely with us; and his goodness
Rising above his fortune, seems to me,
Prince-like, to will, not ask, a courtesy. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*A Street before the Prison.*

*Enter* PONTALIER, MALOTIN, *and* BEAUMONT.

*Mal.* 'Tis strange.
*Beau.* Methinks so.
*Pont.* In a man but young,
Yet old in judgment; theoric and practic
In all humanity*, and, to increase the wonder,
Religious, yet a soldier; that he should
Yield his free-living youth a captive for
The freedom of his aged father's corpse,
And rather choose to want life's necessaries,
Liberty, hope of fortune, than it should
In death be kept from Christian ceremony.
*Mal.* Come, 'tis a golden precedent in a son,
To let strong nature have the better hand,
In such a case, of all affected reason.
What years sit on this Charalois?
*Beau.* Twenty-eight:
For since the clock did strike him seventeen old,
Under his father's wing this son hath fought,
Served and commanded, and so aptly both,
That sometimes he appear'd his father's father,
And never less than's son, the old man's virtues
So recent in him, as the world may swear,
Nought but a fair tree could such fair fruit bear.
*Pont.* But wherefore lets he such a barbarous law,
And men more barbarous to execute it,
Prevail on his soft disposition,
That he had rather die alive, for debt
Of the old man, in prison, than they should
Rob him of sepulture; considering
These monies borrow'd bought the lenders peace,
And all the means they enjoy, nor were diffused
In any impious or licentious path?
*Beau.* True! for my part, were it my father's trunk,
The tyrannous ram-heads with their horns should gore it,
Or cast it to their curs, than they less currish,
Ere prey on me so with their lion-law,
Being in my free will, as in his, to shun it.
*Pont.* Alas! he knows himself in poverty lost:
For in this partial avaricious age
What price bears honour? virtue? long ago
It was but praised, and freezed; but now-a-days
'Tis colder far, and has nor love nor praise:
The very praise now freezeth too; for nature
Did make the heathen far more Christian then,
Than knowledge us, less heathenish, Christian.
*Mal.* This morning is the funeral?
*Pont.* Certainly,
And from this prison —'twas the son's request.
That his dear father might interment have,
See, the young son enter'd a lively grave*!
*Beau.* They come—observe their order.

*Solemn Music. Enter the Funeral Procession. The Coffin borne by four, preceded by a* Priest. *Captains, Lieutenants, Ensigns, and Soldiers; Mourners, Scutcheons, &c., and very good order.* ROMONT *and* CHARALOIS, *followed by the* Gaolers *and Officers, with* Creditors, *meet it.*

*Charal.* How like a silent stream shaded with night,
And gliding softly with our windy sighs,
Moves the whole frame of this solemnity!
Tears, sighs, and blacks† filling the simile;
Whilst I, the only murmur in this grove
Of death, thus hollowly break forth. Vouchsafe
[*To the Bearers.*
To stay awhile—Rest, rest in peace, dear earth!
Thou that brought'st rest to their unthankful lives,
Whose cruelty denied thee rest in death!
Here stands thy poor executor, thy son,
That makes his life prisoner to bail thy death;
Who gladlier puts on this captivity,
Than virgins, long in love, their wedding weeds.
Of all that ever thou hast done good to,
These only have good memories; for they
Remember best forget not gratitude.
I thank you for this last and friendly love:
[*To the Soldiers*
And though this country, like a viperous mother,
Not only hath eat up ungratefully
All means of thee, her son, but last, thyself,
Leaving thy heir so bare and indigent,
He cannot raise thee a poor monument,
Such as a flatterer or a usurer hath;
Thy worth, in every honest breast, builds one,
Making their friendly hearts thy funeral stone‡.

---

* *In all* humanity,] i. e. in all polite literature.

* *See the young son* enter'd *a* lively *grave*!] i. e. a living grave, so he calls the prison. The quarto has:
*See the young son* inter'd *a lively grave.*
The small change here made restores the passage to sense. Mr. M. Mason would read—*enters alive* the grave, which I should like better, if the preceding line had *dead*, instead of *dear* father. The old reading, however, is defended by Mr. Gilchrist, who observes that there is a similar combination of words just above,
"He had rather *die alive* for debt."
And also in *Samson Agonistes:*
"Myself my sepulchre, a *moving grave.*" v. 102.
These passages are, indeed, strikingly similar: but they are not for that the more intelligible.

† *Tears, sighs, and* blacks, &c.] *Blacks* are constantly used by our old writers for *mourning weeds.*

‡ *Thy worth, in every honest breast, builds one,*
*Making their friendly hearts thy funeral stone.*] Had Pope Massinger in his thoughts when he wrote his epitaph on Gay?
"These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;

*Pont.* Sir.
*Charal.* Peace! O, peace! this scene is wholly mine.
What! weep ye, soldiers? blanch not.—Romont weeps.——
Ha! let me see! my miracle is eased,
The gaolers and the creditors do weep;
Even they that make us weep, do weep themselves.
Be these thy body's balm! these and thy virtue
Keep thy fame ever odoriferous,
Whilst the great, proud, rich, undeserving man,
Alive stinks in his vices, and, being vanish'd,
The golden calf, that was an idol deck'd
With marble pillars, jet, and porphyry,
Shall quickly, both in bone and name, consume,
Though wrapt in lead, spice, searcloth, and perfume!
1 *Cred.* Sir.
*Charal.* What? away, for shame! you profane rogues,
Must not be mingled with these holy relics:
This is a sacrifice* ;—our shower shall crown
His sepulchre with olive, myrrh, and bays,
The plants of peace, of sorrow, victory;
Your tears would spring but weeds.
1 *Cred.* Would they so!
We'll keep them to stop bottles then.
*Rom.* No, keep them
For your own sins, you rogues, till you repent;
You'll die else, and be damn'd.
2 *Cred.* Damn'd!—ha! ha! ha!
*Rom.* Laugh ye?
3 *Cred.* Yes, faith, sir; we would be very glad
To please you either way.
1 *Cred.* You are ne'er content,
Crying nor laughing.
*Rom.* Both with a birth, ye rogues?
2 *Cred.* Our wives, sir, taught us.
*Rom.* Look, look, you slaves! your thankless cruelty,
And savage manners of unkind Dijon,
Exhaust these floods, and not his father's death.
1 *Cred.* 'Slid, sir! what would you? you're so choleric!
2 *Cred.* Most soldiers are so, i'faith;—let him alone.
They have little else to live on. We've not had
A penny of him, have we?
3 *Cred.* 'Slight! would you have our hearts?
1 *Cred.* We have nothing but his body here in durance
For all our money.
*Priest.* On.
*Charal.* One moment more,
But to bestow a few poor legacies,
All I have left in my dead father's rights,
And I have done. Captain, wear thou these spurs,
That yet ne'er made his horse run from a foe.
Lieutenant, thou this scarf; and may it tie
Thy valour and thy honesty together!
For so it did in him. Ensign, this cuirass,
Your general's necklace once. You, gentle bearers,
Divide this purse of gold; this other, strew
Among the poor: 'tis all I have. Romont.——
Wear thou this medal of himself——that, like
A hearty oak, grew'st close to this tall pine,
Even in the wildest wilderness of war,
Whereon foes broke their swords, and tired themselves;
Wounded and hack'd ye were, but never fell'd.
For me, my portion provide in heaven! ——
My root is earth'd, and I, a desolate branch,
Left scatter'd in the highway of the world,
Trod under foot, that might have been a column
Mainly supporting our demolish'd house.
This would I wear* as my inheritance——
And what hope can arise to me from it,
When I and it are both here prisoners!
Only may this, if ever we be free,
Keep or redeem me from all infamy.

A Dirge, *to solemn Music*†.

1 *Cred.* No further; look to them at your own peril.
2 *Cred.* No, as they please: their master's a good man.——
I would they were at the Bermudas!
*Gaol.* You must no further.
The prison limits you, and the creditors
Exact the strictness.
*Rom.* Out, you wolvish mongrels!
Whose brains should be knock'd out, like dogs in July,
Lest your infection poison a whole town.
*Charal.* They grudge our sorrow. Your ill wills, perforce,
Turn now to charity: they would not have us
Walk too far mourning; usurers' relief
Grieves, if the debtors have too much of grief.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II‡.—*A Room in* Rochfort's *House.*

*Enter* Beaumelle, Florimel, *and* Bellapert.

*Beaumel.* I prithee tell me, Florimel, why do women marry?
*Flor.* Why truly, madam, I think, to lie with their husbands.
*Bell.* You are a fool. She lies, madam; women marry husbands, to lie with other men.
*Flor.* 'Faith, even such a woman wilt thou make. By this light, madam, this wagtail will spoil you, if you take delight in her license.
*Beaumel.* 'Tis true, Florimel; and thou wilt make me too good for a young lady. What an electuary found my father out for his daughter, when he compounded you two my women! for thou, Florimel, art even a grain too heavy, simply, for a waiting gentlewoman——
*Flor.* And thou, Bellapert, a grain too light.

But that the virtuous and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies Gay!"

1 cannot avoid adding, that Johnson must have written his comments on this little production, in a fit of the spleen, and a very dull one too. They cannot injure Pope, but they may do some harm to himself.

* *This is a* sacrifice;] From which the profane were excluded. He alludes to the ancient form of adjuration, Εκας, εκας, εστε, βεβηλοι.

* *This would I wear*, &c.] i. e. his father's sword. M. Mason.

† I have followed the quarto, in throwing these rhymes together at the end of the play. I wish I could have thrown them quite away, for, to confess the truth, they are good for nothing.

‡ I will not venture to pronounce the fine scene we have just finished to be written by Field, though I entertain few doubts of it; but I am confident that not a line of this to which we are now arrived was composed by Massinger. It is not in his manner. Unluckily the poet's associates were somewhat like Dr. Johnson's patrons—they encumbered him with their assistance.

*Bell.* Well, go thy ways, goody wisdom*, whom nobody regards. I wonder whether be elder, thou or thy hood? You think, because you served my lady's mother, are thirty-two years old, which is a pip† out, you know——

*Flor.* Well said, whirligig.

*Bell.* You are deceived: I want a peg in the middle.—Out of these prerogatives, you think to be mother of the maids here, and mortify them with proverbs: go, go, govern the sweatmeats, and weigh the sugar, that the wenches steal none; say your prayers twice a-day, and, as I take it, you have performed your function.

*Flor.* I may be even with you.

*Bell.* Hark! the court's broke up. Go, help my old lord out of his caroch, and scratch his head till dinner-time.

*Flor.* Well. [*Exit.*

*Bell.* Fie, madam, how you walk! By my maidenhead, you look seven years older than you did this morning. Why there can be nothing under the sun valuable to make you thus a minute.

*Beaumel.* Ah, my sweet Bellapert, thou cabinet
To all my counsels, thou dost know the cause
That makes thy lady wither thus in youth.

*Bell.* Uds-light! enjoy your wishes: whilst I live, One way or other you shall crown your will. Would you have him your husband that you love, And can it not be? he is your servant, though, And may perform the office of a husband.

*Beaumel.* But there is honour, wench.

*Bell.* Such a disease
There is indeed, for which ere I would die——

*Beaumel.* Prithee, distinguish me a maid and wife.

*Bell.* 'Faith, madam, one may bear any man's children, t'other must bear no man's.

*Beaumel.* What is a husband?

*Bell.* Physic, that, tumbling in your belly, will make you sick in the stomach. The only distinction betwixt a husband and a servant is, the first will lie with you when he pleases; the last shall lie with you when you please. Pray tell me, lady, do you love, to marry after, or would you marry, to love love after?

*Beaumel.* I would meet love and marriage both at once.

*Bell.* Why then you are out of the fashion, and will be contemn'd: for I will assure you, there are few women in the world, but either they have married first, and love after; or love first, and married after. You must do as you may, not as you would; your father's will is the goal you must fly to. If a husband approach you, you would have further off, is he you love, the less near you? A husband in these days is but a cloak, to be oftener laid upon your bed, than in your bed.

*Beaumel.* Hum!

*Bell.* Sometimes you may wear him on your shoulder; now and then under your arm; but seldom or never let him cover you, for 'tis not the fashion.

*Enter* Novall *junior*, Pontalier, Maloin, Liladam, *and* Aymer.

*Nov. jun.* Best day to nature's curiosity,
Star of Dijon, the lustre of all France!
Perpetual spring dwell on thy rosy cheeks,
Whose breath is perfume to our continent!—
See! Flora trimm'd* in her varieties

*Bell.* O, divine lord!

*Nov. jun.* No autumn nor no age ever approach
This heavenly piece, which nature having wrought,
She lost her needle, and did then despair
Ever to work so lively and so fair!

*Lilad.* Uds-light! my lord†, one of the purls of your band is, without all discipline, fallen out of his rank.

*Nov. jun.* How! I would not for a thousand crowns she had seen't. Dear Liladam, reform it.

*Bell.* Oh lord *per se*, lord! quintessence of honour! she walks not under a weed that could deny thee any thing.

*Beaumel.* Prithee peace, wench; thou dost but blow the fire
That flames too much already.

[*Liladam and Aymer trim Novall, while Bellapert dresses her lady.*

*Aym.* By gad, my lord, you have the divinest tailor in Christendom; he hath made you look like an angel in your cloth-of-tissue doublet.

*Pont.* This is a three-legg'd lord; there's a fresh assault. Oh! that men should spend time thus! See, see, how her blood drives to her heart, and straight vaults to her cheeks again!

*Malot.* What are these?

*Pont.* One of them there, the lower, is a good, foolish, knavish, sociable gallimaufry of a man, and has much caught my lord with singing; he is master of a music-house. The other is his dressing block, upon whom my lord lays all his clothes and fashions ere he vouchsafes them his own person: you shall see him in the morning in the Galley-foist, at noon in the Bullion, in the evening in Quirpo‡, and all night in——

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* Bell. *Well, go thy ways, goody* wisdom, whom nobody regards.] This flippant allusion to Scripture, were there no other proofs, would be sufficient to convince every attentive reader, that it could not proceed from Massinger. He has, indeed, a thousand references to holy writ; but they are constantly made with a becoming seriousness and solemnity.

† *Which is a* pip *out,*] A *pip* is a spot upon a card. The allusion is to the very ancient game of *One-and-thirty*: it was once a favourite diversion, and is mentioned, among others, in Green's *Art of Coney Catching*.

* *See! Flora* trimm'd *in her varieties.*] The old copy reads *turn'd*, and was followed by Coxeter: the alteration is by Mr. M. Mason.

† Lilad. *Uds-light! my lord*, &c.] If this ridiculous interruption furnished Sterne with the hint for that humorous one by the Count de Faineant, when he was in the midst of a dissertation on the necessity of a First Cause, it must be allowed that he has greatly improved on his original.

‡ ——— *you shall see him in the morning in the* Galley-foist, *at noon in the* Bullion, *in the evening in* Quirpo, &c.] I know not what to make of this passage. Mr. M. Mason thinks the places here mentioned were taverns; it is full as likely that they were houses of public resort for some kind of amusement. Our old writers give the name of *galley-foist* to the Lord Mayor's barge; but I see not how this, or any other of the city barges, can be meant here. On reconsidering the whole of this passage, I am inclined to think that the allusion is to particular modes of dress. The galley-foist, when employed, was always adorned with flags, streamers, &c. This is sufficiently manifest from many old views of the river; and it may be, that some gaudy dress set off with scarfs and ribands, took its name from the holiday appearance of this vessel. The Bullion seems to be a piece of finery, which derived its denomination from the large globular gilt buttons, still in use on the continent (particularly in Holland), and of which a diminutive specimen may yet be seen on the clothes of our children. This explains a passage in Jonson;

*Malot.* A bawdyhouse.

*Pont.* If my lord deny, they deny; if he affirm, they affirm; they skip into my lord's cast skins some twice a year; and thus they flatter to eat, eat to live, and live to praise my lord.

*Malot.* Good sir, tell me one thing.

*Pont.* What's that?

*Malot.* Dare these men ever fight on any cause?

*Pont.* Oh, no! 'twould spoil their clothes, and put their bands out of order.

*Nov. jun.* Mistress*, you hear the news? your father has resign'd his presidentship to my lord my father.

*Mal.* And lord Charalois
Undone for ever.

*Pont.* Troth, 'tis pity, sir,
A braver hope of so assured a father
Did never comfort France.

*Lilad.* A good dumb mourner.

*Aym.* A silent black.

*Nov. jun.* Oh, fie upon him, how he wears his clothes!
As if he had come this Christmas from St. Omers,
To see his friends, and return'd after Twelfth-tide.

*Lilad.* His colonel looks finely like a drover—

*Nov. jun.* That had a winter lain perdue in the rain.

*Aym.* What, he that wears a clout about his neck,
His cuffs in's pocket, and his heart in's mouth?

*Nov. jun.* Now, out upon him!

*Beaumel.* Servant, tie my hand.
[*Nov. jun. kisses her hand.*
How your lips blush, in scorn that they should pay
Tribute to hands when lips are in the way!

*Nov. jun.* I thus recaut; yet now your hand looks white,
Because your lips robb'd it of such a right.
Monsieur Aymer, I prithee sing the song
Devoted to my mistress.

*Music—and a* Song *by Aymer.*

*Enter* Rochfort *and* Beaumont

*Beau.* Romont will come, sir, straight.

*Roch.* 'Tis well.

*Beaumel.* My father!

*Nov. jun.* My honourable lord.

*Roch.* My lord Novall, this is a virtue in you;
So early up, and ready before noon,
That are the map of dressing through all France!

*Nov. jun.* I rise to say my prayers, sir; here's my saint.

*Roch.* 'Tis well and courtly:—you must give me leave,—
I have some private conference with my daughter;
Pray use my garden: you shall dine with me.

*Lilad.* We'll wait on you,

*Nov. jun.* Good morn unto your lordship;
Remember, what you have vow'd.— [*To Beaumelle.*

*Beaumel.* Perform I must.
[*Exeunt all but Rochfort and Beaumelle.*

*Roch.* Why, how now, Beaumelle*? thou look'st not well.
Thou art sad of late;—come, cheer thee, I have found
A wholesome remedy for these maiden fits:
A goodly oak whereon to twist my vine,
Till her fair branches grow up to the stars.
Be near at hand.—Success crown my intent!
My business fills my little time so full,
I cannot stand to talk! I know thy duty
Is handmaid to my will, especially
When it presents nothing but good and fit.

*Beaumel.* Sir, I am yours.—Oh! if my fears prove true,
Fate hath wrong'd love, and will destroy me too.
[*Exit.*

*Enter* Romont *and* Gaoler.

*Rom.* Sent you for me, sir

*Roch.* Yes.

*Rom.* Your lordship's pleasure?

*Roch.* Keeper, this prisoner I will see forthcoming,
Upon my word:—sit down, good colonel.
[*Exit Gaoler.*
Why I did wish you hither, noble sir,
Is to advise you from this iron carriage,
Which, so affected, Romont, you will wear;
To pity, and to counsel you submit
With expedition to the great Novall:
Recant your stern contempt, and slight neglect
Of the whole court and him, and opportunely,
Or you will undergo a heavy censure
In public, very shortly.

*Rom.* Reverend sir,
I have observed you, and do know you well;
And am now more afraid you know not me,
By wishing my submission to Novall,
Than I can be of all the bellowing mouths
That wait upon him to pronounce the censure,
Could it determine me torments and shame.
Submit, and crave forgiveness of a beast!——
'Tis true, this boil of state wears purple tissue,
Is high fed, proud; so is his lordship's horse,
And bears as rich caparisons. I know
This elephant carries on his back not only
Towers, castles, but the ponderous republic,
And never stoops for't; with his strong-breath'd trunk
Snuffs others' titles, lordships, offices,
Wealth, bribes, and lives, under his ravenous jaws:
What's this unto my freedom? I dare die;
And therefore ask this camel†, if these blessings

---

"While you do eat, and lie about the town here,
And cozen in your *Bullions*."
*The Devil's an Ass.*

Here *bullion* is evidently used for some dress of parade, put on by gamblers, &c., for the sake of imposing on the unwary. It is applied in a kindred sense by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"That ape had paid it—O what dainty tricks,
In his French doublet, with his blistered (blown up, hollow) *bullions*,
In a long stock tied up."
*Beggar's Bush.*

Quispo (cuerpo) is an undress; the Spaniards, from whom we borrowed the word, apply it to a person in a light jacket (justiare-corps), without his calot or cloak; but our old dramatists, who use the expression upon all occasions, mean by it any state from nakedness to imperfect clothing. What the night dress of Aymer ("my lord's third leg") was, the adroit interruption of Malotin prevents us from ascertaining, nor, indeed, would I have the reader to accept the explanation of the others as anything more than conjecture.

* *Nov. jun.* Mistress, *you hear the news?*] For this simple expression the modern editors most strangely and corruptly read, *Must* you hear the news?

* Roch. *Why, how now,* Beaumelle? *thou look'st not well.*] It may be necessary here to remind the reader that Massinger generally uses *Beaumelle* as a trisyllable, which, indeed, is its proper measure.

† *And therefore ask this* camel, &c.] In his indignation (and it is the indignation of virtue) the undaunted Romont

(For so they would be understood by a man)
But mollify one rudeness in his nature,
Sweeten the eager relish of the law,
At whose great helm he sits. Helps he the poor
In a just business? nay, does he not cross
Every deserved soldier and scholar,
As if, when nature made him, she had made
The general antipathy of all virtue?
How savagely and blasphemously he spake
Touching the general, the brave general dead!
I must weep when I think on't.

*Roch.* Sir.

*Rom.* My lord,
I am not stubborn: I can melt, you see,
And prize a virtue better than my life:
For though I be not learn'd, I ever loved
That holy mother of all issues good,
Whose white hand, for a sceptre, holds a file
To polish roughest customs; and in you
She has her right: see! I am calm as sleep.
But when I think of the gross injuries,
The godless wrong done to my general dead,
I rave indeed, and could eat this Novall;
A soulless dromedary!

*Roch.* Oh! be temperate.
Sir, though I would persuade, I'll not constrain:
Each man's opinion freely is his own
Concerning any thing, or any body;
Be it right or wrong, 'tis at the judge's peril.

*Re-enter* BEAUMONT.

*Beau.* These men, sir, wait without; my lord is come too.

*Roch.* Pay them those sums upon the table; take
Their full releases:—stay, I want a witness:
Let me entreat you, colonel, to walk in,
And stand but by to see this money paid;
It does concern you and your friend; it was
The better cause you were sent for, though said otherwise.
The deed shall make this my request more plain.

*Rom.* I shall obey your pleasure, sir, though ignorant
To what it tends. [*Exeunt Romont and Beaumont.*

*Enter* CHARALOIS.

*Roch.* Worthiest sir,
You are most welcome. Fie, no more of this!
You have outwept a woman, noble Charalois.
No man but has or must bury a father.

*Charal.* Grave sir, I buried sorrow for his death,
In the grave with him. I did never think
He was immortal—though I vow I grieve,
And see no reason why the vicious,
Virtuous, valiant, and unworthy man,
Should die alike.

*Roch.* They do not.

*Charal.* In the manner
Of dying, sir, they do not; but all die,
And therein differ not: but I have done.
I spied* the lively picture of my father,
Passing your gallery, and that cast this water
Into mine eyes.—See,—foolish that I am,
To let it do so!

*Roch.* Sweet and gentle nature!
How silken is this well*, comparatively
To other men! I have a suit to you, sir.

*Charal.* Take it, 'tis granted.

*Roch.* What?

*Charal.* Nothing, my lord.

*Roch.* Nothing is quickly granted.

*Charal.* Faith, my lord,
That nothing granted is even all I have,
For, all know, I have nothing left to grant.

*Roch.* Sir, have you any suit to me? I'll grant
You something, any thing.

*Charal.* Nay, surely, I that can
Give nothing, will but sue for that again.
No man will grant me any thing I sue for,
But begging nothing, every man will give it.

*Roch.* Sir!
The love I bore your father, and the worth
I see in you, so much resembling his,
Made me thus send for you:—and tender here
[*Draws a curtain, and discovers a table with money and jewels upon it.*
Whatever you will take, gold, jewels, both,
All, to supply your wants, and free yourself.
Where heavenly virtue in high-blooded veins
Is lodged, and can agree, men should kneel down,
Adore, and sacrifice all that they have;
And well they may, it is so seldom seen.
Put off your wonder, and here freely take,
Or send your servants: nor, sir, shall you use
In aught of this a poor man's fee, or bribe
Unjustly taken of the rich, but what's
Directly gotten, and yet by the law.

*Charal.* How ill, sir, it becomes those hairs to mock!

*Roch.* Mock! thunder strike me then!

*Charal.* You do amaze me:
But you shall wonder too. I will not take
One single piece of this great heap. Why should I
Borrow, that have no means to pay? nay, am
A very bankrupt, even in flattering hope
Of ever raising any. All my begging
Is Romont's liberty.

*Re-enter* ROMONT *and* BEAUMONT, *with* Creditors.

*Roch.* Here is your friend,
Enfranchised ere you spake. I give him to you,
And, Charalois, I give you to your friend,
As free a man as he. Your father's debts
Are taken off.

*Charal.* How!

*Rom.* Sir, it is most true;
I am the witness.

1 *Cred.* Yes, faith, we are paid.

2 *Cred.* Heaven bless his lordship! I did think him wiser.

3 *Cred.* He a statesman! he's an ass. Pay other men's debts!

---

passes rapidly from one strong metaphor to another. This is perplexing; but is not therefore the less natural.

* *I spied*, &c.] This is a pretty circumstance, and is calculated not only to show the filial piety of Charalois, but to interest his feelings in favour of Rochfort, by the respect shown to his father.

* *How silken is this well*, &c.] I suspect that there is some conception in this passage; but if *well* be the right reading, it is a quaint allusion to the tears of Charalois, and must be considered as a noun substantive. M. MASON.

I know not what Mr. M. Mason means by *conception*; though I am inclined to think he has given the sense of the passage, such as it is. If we understand *well* to signify (as, by a violent but not unprecedented catachresis, it may) either *goodness* or *virtue*, the matter will not be much mended: in a word, it is a forced and unnatural expression, and so different from the easy and flowing style of Massinger, that we may set it down, without scruple, to the account of his associate, Field.

1 *Cred.* That he was never bound for.
*Rom.* One more such
Would save the rest of pleaders.
*Charal.* Honour'd Rochfort——
Lie still, my tongue, and, blushes, scald my cheeks*,
That offer thanks in words for such great deeds.
*Roch.* Call in my daughter. Still I have a suit to you, [*Exit Beaumont.*
Would you requite me.
*Rom.* With his life, I assure you.
*Roch.* Nay, would you make me now your debtor, sir——

*Re-enter* BEAUMONT *with* BEAUMELLE.

This is my only child: what she appears,
Your lordship well may see: her education
Follows not any†; for her mind, I know it
To be far fairer than her shape, and hope
It will continue so. If now her birth
Be not too mean for Charalois, take her, take
This virgin by the hand, and call her Wife,
Endow'd with all my fortunes. Bless me so,
Requite me thus, and make me happier,
In joining my poor empty name to yours,
Than if my state were multiplied tenfold.
*Charal.* Is this the payment, sir, that you expect!
Why, you precipitate me more in debt,
That nothing but my life can ever pay.
This beauty being your daughter, in which YOURS
I must conceive necessity of her virtue,
Without all dowry is a prince's aim:
Then, as she is, for poor and worthless me
How much too worthy! Waken me, Romont,
That I may know I dream'd, and find this vanish'd.
*Rom.* Sure, I sleep not.
*Roch.* Your sentence—life or death.
*Charal.* Fair Beaumelle, can you love me?
*Beaumel.* Yes, my lord.

*Enter* NOVALL *junior*, PONTALIER, MALOTIN, LILADAM, *and* AYMER. *They all salute.*

*Charal.* You need not question me if I can you:
You are the fairest virgin in Dijon,
And Rochfort is your father.
*Nov. jun.* What's this change?
*Roch.* You meet my wishes, gentlemen.
*Rom.* What make
These dogs in doublets here?
*Beau.* A visitation, sir.
*Charal.* Then thus, fair Beaumelle, I write my faith,
Thus seal it in the sight of heaven and men!
Your fingers tie my heart-strings with this touch,
In true-love knots, which nought but death shall loose.
And let these tears*, an emblem of our loves,
Like chrystal rivers individually
Flow into one another, make one source,
Which never man distinguish, less divide!
Breath marry breath, and kisses mingle souls,
Two hearts and bodies here incorporate!
And, though with little wooing I have won,
My future life shall be a wooing time,
And every day new as the bridal one.
Oh, sir! I groan under your courtesies,
More than my father's bones under his wrongs:
You, Curtius like, have thrown into the gulf
Of this his country's foul ingratitude
Your life and fortunes, to redeem their shames.
*Roch.* No more, my glory! come, let's in, and hasten
This celebration.
*Rom. Mal. Pont. Beau* All fair bliss upon it!
[*Exeunt Rochfort, Charalois, Romont, Beaumont, and Malotin.*
*Nov. jun.* Mistress!
*Beaumel.* Oh, servant!—Virtue strengthen me!
Thy presence blows round my affection's vane:—
You will undo me, if you speak again. [*Exit.*
*Lilad. Aym.* Here will be sport for you! this works. [*Exeunt.*
*Nov. jun.* Peace! peace!
*Pont.* One word, my lord Novall.
*Nov. jun.* What, thou wouldst money?—there!
*Pont.* No, I will none, I'll not be bought a slave,
A pander, or a parasite, for all
Your father's worth. Though you have saved my life,
Rescued me often from my wants, I must not
Wink at your follies: that will ruin you.
You know my blunt way, and my love to truth—
Forsake the pursuit of this lady's honour,
Now you do see her made another man's,
And such a man's, so good, so popular;
Or you will pluck a thousand mischiefs on you.
The benefits you have done me are not lost,
Nor cast away, they are purs'd here in my heart;
But let me pay you, sir, a fairer way
Than to defend your vices, or to soothe them.
*Nov. jun.* Ha, ha! what are my courses unto thee?——
Good cousin Pontalier, meddle with that
That shall concern thyself. [*Exit.*
*Pont.* No more but scorn!
Move on, then, stars, work your pernicious will:
Only the wise rule, and prevent your ill. [*Exit.*

[*Here a passage over the stage, while the act is playing for the marriage of Charalois with Beaumelle, &c.*

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* *Lie still, my tongue, and, blushes, scald my cheeks.*] This line, in the old copy, may rival some of Shakspeare's in typographical neatness:

*Lye still my toung and bushes cal'd my cheekes.*

† ——— *what she appears,*
*Your lordship well may see: her education*
*Follows not any;*] i. e. is not inferior to any: the modern editors have,

*Your lordship may well see:* for *education,* Beaumelle
*Follows not any.*

This strange line is not in the old copy, which reads as I have given it. Coxeter adopted Beaumelle from the margin, and Mr. M. Mason altered the text that he might continue it! Could nothing persuade this gentleman to turn to the original?

* *And let these tears,* &c.] So Rowe:

"Are you not mix'd like streams of meeting rivers
Whose blended waters are no more distinguish'd,
But roll into the sea one common flood?"
*Fair Penitent.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I. *A Room in* Charalois' *House.*

*Enter* NOVALL *junior, and* BELLAPERT.

*Nov. jun.* Fly not to these excuses; thou hast been
False in thy promise—and, when I have said
Ungrateful, all is spoken.
*Bell.* Good, my lord;
But hear me only.
*Nov. jun.* To what purpose, trifler?
Can any thing that thou canst say make void
The marriage, or those pleasures but a dream,
Which Charalois, oh Venus! hath enjoy'd?
*Bell.* I yet could say that you receive advantage
In what you think a loss, would you vouchsafe me,
That you were never in the way, till now,
With safety to arrive at your desires;
That pleasure makes love to you, unattended
By danger or repentance.
*Nov. jun.* That I could
But apprehend one reason how this might be!
Hope would not then forsake me.
*Bell.* The enjoying
Of what you most desire, I say the enjoying,
Shall, in the full possession of your wishes,
Confirm that I am faithful.
*Nov. jun.* Give some relish
How this may appear possible.
*Bell.* I will.
Relish and taste, and make the banquet easy.
You say my lady's married:—I confess it:
That Charalois hath enjoyed her;—'tis most true:
That, with her, he's already master of
The best part of my old lord's state—still better,
But that the first or last should be your hinderance
I utterly deny; for but observe me;
While she went for, and was, I swear, a virgin,
What courtesy could she, with her honour, give,
Or you receive with safety? take me with you;
When I say courtesy, do not think I mean
A kiss, the tying of her shoe or garter,
An hour of private conference; those are trifles.
In this word courtesy we, that are gamesters, point at
The sport direct, where not alone the lover
Brings his artillery, but uses it;
Which word expounded to you, such a courtesy
Do you expect, and sudden.
*Nov. jun.* But he tasted
The first sweets, Bellapert.
*Bell.* He wrong'd you shrewdly!
He toil'd to climb up to the Phœnix' nest,
And in his prints leaves your ascent more easy.
I do not know, you that are perfect critics,
In women's books, may talk of maidenheads—
*Nov. jun.* But for her marriage!
*Bell.* 'Tis a fair protection
'Gainst all arrests of fear or shame for ever.
Such as are fair, and yet not foolish, study
To have one at thirteen; but they are mad
That stay till twenty. Then, sir, for the pleasure,
To say adultery's sweeter, that is stale;
This only—is not the contentment more,
To say, This is my cuckold, than my rival?
More I could say—but briefly, she douts on you;
If it prove otherwise, spare not, poison me
With the next gold you give me.

*Enter* BEAUMELLE.

*Beaumel.* How's this, servant!
Courting my woman?
*Bell.* As an entrance to
The favour of the mistress. You are together;
And I am perfect in my cue. [*Going.*
*Beaumel.* Stay, Bellapert.
*Bell.* In this I must not, with your leave, obey you.
Your tailor and your tirewoman wait without,
And stay my counsel and direction for
Your next day's dressing. I have much to do,
Nor will your ladyship, now time is precious,
Continue idle; this choice lord will find
So fit employment for you! [*Exit.*
*Beaumel.* I shall grow angry.
*Nov. jun.* Not so; you have a jewel in her, madam.

*Re-enter* BELLAPERT.

*Bell.* I had forgot to tell your ladyship
The closet is private, and your couch [there] ready:
And, if you please that I shall lose the key,
But say so, and 'tis done. [*Exit.*
*Beaumel.* You come to chide me, servant, and bring with you
Sufficient warrant. You will say, and truly,
My father found too much obedience in me,
By being won too soon; yet, if you please,
But to remember all my hopes and fortunes
Had reference to his liking, you will grant,
That though I did not well towards you, I yet
Did wisely for myself.
*Nov. jun.* With too much fervour
I have so long loved, and still love you, mistress,
To esteem that an injury to me
Which was to you convenient:—that is past
My help, is past my cure. You yet may, lady,
In recompense of all my duteous service
(Provided that you will answer your power),
Become my creditress.
*Beaumel.* I understand you;
And for assurance the request you make
Shall not be long unanswered,—pray you sit,
And by what you shall hear, you'll easily find
My passions are much fitter to desire,
Than to be sued to.

*Enter* ROMONT *and* FLORIMEL *behind.*

*Flor.* Sir, it is not envy
At the start my fellow has got of me in
My lady's good opinion, that's the motive
Of this discovery; but the due payment
Of what I owe her honour.
*Rom.* So I conceive it.
*Flor.* I have observed too much, nor shall my silence

Prevent the remedy:——Yonder they are;
I dare not be seen with you. You may do
What you think fit, which will be, I presume,
The office of a faithful and tried friend
To my young lord. [*Exit.*
*Rom.* This is no vision: ha!
*Nov. jun.* With the next opportunity?
*Beaumel.* By this kiss,
And this, and this.
*Nov. jun.* That you would ever swear thus!
*Rom.* [*comes forward*] If I seem rude, your pardon, lady; yours
I do not ask: come; do not dare to show me
A face of anger, or the least dislike;
Put on, and suddenly, a milder look,
I shall grow rough else.
*Nov. jun.* What have I done, sir,
To draw this harsh unsavoury language from you?
*Rom.* Done, popinjay! why, dost thou think, that, if
I e'er had dreamt that thou hadst done me wrong,
Thou shouldst outlive it?
*Beaumel.* This is something more
Than my lord's friendship gives commission for.
*Nov. jun.* Your presence and the place make him presume
Upon my patience.
*Rom.* As if thou e'er wert angry
But with thy tailor! and yet that poor shred
Can bring more to the making up of a man,
Than can be hoped from thee: thou art his creature;
And did he not, each morning, new create thee,
Thou'dst stink, and be forgotten. I'll not change
One syllable more with thee, until thou bring
Some testimony, under good men's hands,
Thou art a Christian: I suspect thee strongly,
And will be satisfied; till which time, keep from me,—
The entertainment of your visitation
Has made what I intended one, a business.
*Nov. jun.* So! we shall meet.—Madam.
*Rom.* Use that leg again,
And I'll cut off the other.
*Nov. jun.* Very good [*Exit.*
*Rom.* What a perfume the musk cat leaves behind him!
Do you admit him for a property,
To save your charges, lady?
*Beaumel.* 'Tis not useless,
Now you are to succeed him.
*Rom.* So I respect you*,
Not for yourself, but in remembrance of
Who is your father, and whose wife you now are,
That I choose rather not to understand
Your nasty scoff, than——
*Beaumel.* What, you will not beat me
If I expound it to you! Here's a tyrant
Spares neither man nor woman!
*Rom.* My intents,
Madam, deserve not this; nor do I stay
To be the whetstone of your wit: preserve it
To spend on such as know how to admire
Such colour'd stuff. In me, there now speaks to you
As true a friend and servant to your honour,
And one that will with as much hazard guard it,
As ever man did goodness:——but then, lady;
You must endeavour not alone to BE,
But to APPEAR, worthy such love and service.
*Beaumel.* To what tends this?
*Rom.* Why, to this purpose, lady
I do desire you should prove such a wife
To Charalois (and such a one he merits),
As Cæsar, did he live, could not except at;
Not only innocent from crime, but free
From all taint and suspicion.
*Beaumel.* They are base
That judge me otherwise.
*Rom.* But yet be careful:
Detraction's a bold monster, and fears not
To wound the fame of princes, if it find
But any blemish in their lives to work on.
But I'll be plainer with you: had the people
Been learn'd to speak but what even now I saw,
Their malice out of that would raise an engine
To overthrow your honour. In my sight,
With yonder painted fool I frighted from you,
You used familiarity beyond
A modest entertainment: you embraced him
With too much ardour for a stranger, and
Met him with kisses neither chaste nor comely.
But learn you to forget him, as I will
Your bounties to him; you will find it safer.
Rather to be uncourtly than immodest.
*Beaumel.* This pretty rag* about your neck shows well,
And, being coarse and little worth, it speaks you
As terrible as thrifty.
*Rom.* Madam!
*Beaumel.* Yes:
And this strong belt, in which you hang your honour,
Will outlast twenty scarfs.
*Rom.* What mean you, lady?
*Beaumel.* And [then] all else about you cap-à-pié,
So uniform in spite of handsomeness,
Shows such a bold contempt of comeliness,
That 'tis not strange your laundress in the leaguer†
Grew mad with love of you.
*Rom.* Is my free counsel
Answer'd with this ridiculous scorn?
*Beaumel.* These objects
Stole very much of my attention from me;
Yet something I remember, to speak truth,
Deliver'd gravely, but to little purpose,
That almost would have made me swear some curate
Had stolen into the person of Romont,
And, in the praise of goodwife honesty,
Had read an homily.
*Rom.* By this hand——
*Beaumel.* And sword,
I will make up your oath, it will want weight else.—
You are angry with me, and poor I laugh at it.
Do you come from the camp, which affords only

* Rom. *What a perfume the musk cat leaves behind him! Do you admit him for a property, To save your charges, lady?*
Beau. *'Tis not useless, Now you are to succeed him.*
Rom. *So I respect you,* &c.] These two speeches were inadvertently omitted by Mr. M. Mason: it was the more unfortunate, as several of the succeeding lines depended on them

* Beaumel. *This pretty* rag *about your neck shows well,*] There is already an allusion to this *rag:*
"What, he that wears a *clout* about his neck!"

† *That 'tis not strange your laundress in the* leaguer] i. e. in the *camp.* So Lithgow, apologizing for the rudeness of his style, desires his readers "to impute the faults thereof to a disordered *leaguer.*" His narrative was written at the siege of Breda. See *The Picture.*

The conversation of cast suburb whores,
To set down to a lady of my rank
Limits of entertainment?
*Rom.* Sure a legion
Has possest this woman!
*Beaumel.* One stamp more would do well: yet I desire not
You should grow horn-mad till you have a wife.
You are come to warm meat, and perhaps clean linen;
Feed, wear it, and be thankful. For me, know,
That though a thousand watches were set on me,
And you the master-spy, I yet would use
The liberty that best likes me. I will revel,
Feast, kiss, embrace, perhaps grant larger favours;
Yet such as live upon my means shall know
They must not murmur at it. If my lord
Be now grown yellow, and has chose out you
To serve his jealousy this way, tell him this:
You have something to inform him. [*Exit.*
*Rom.* And I will;
Believe it, wicked one, I will. Hear, heaven,
But, hearing, pardon me; if these fruits grow
Upon the tree of marriage, let me shun it
As a forbidden sweet. An heir, and rich,
Young, beautiful, yet add to this—a wife,
And I will rather choose a spittle* sinner
Carted an age before, though three parts rotten,
And take it for a blessing, rather than
Be fetter'd to the hellish slavery
Of such an impudence.

*Enter* Beaumont *with writings.*

*Beau.* Colonel, good fortune
To meet you thus! You look sad, but I'll tell you
Something that shall remove it. O, how happy
Is my lord Charalois in his fair bride!
*Rom.* A happy man, indeed!—pray you, in what?
*Beau.* I dare swear, you would think so good a lady
A dower sufficient.
*Rom.* No doubt. But on.
*Beau.* So fair, so chaste, so virtuous, so—indeed,
All that is excellent!
*Rom.* Women have no cunning
To gull the world!
*Beau.* Yet, to all these, my lord,
Her father, gives the full addition of
All he does now possess in Burgundy:
These writings, to confirm it, are new seal'd,
And I most fortunate to present him with them;
I must go seek him out. Can you direct me?
*Rom.* You'll find him breaking a young horse.
*Beau.* I thank you. *Exit.*
*Rom.* I must do something worthy Charalois' friendship.
If she were well inclined, to keep her so
Deserved not thanks; and yet, to stay a woman
Spurr'd headlong by hot lust to her own ruin,
Is harder than to prop a falling tower
With a deceiving reed.

*Enter* Rochfort, *speaking to a Servant within.*

*Roch.* Some one seek for me
As soon as he returns.
*Rom.* Her father? ha!——
How if I break this to him? sure it cannot
Meet with an ill construction: his wisdom,
Made powerful by the authority of a father,
Will warrant and give privilege to his counsels.
It shall be so.—My lord!
*Roch.* Your friend, Romont.
Would you aught with me?
*Rom.* I stand so engaged
To your so many favours, that I hold it
A breach in thankfulness, should I not discover,
Though with some imputation to myself,
All doubts that may concern you.
*Roch.* The performance
Will make this protestation worth my thanks.
*Rom.* Then, with your patience, lend me your attention:
For what I must deliver, whisper'd only,
You will with too much grief receive.

*Enter* Beaumelle *and* Bellapert, *behind.*

*Beaumel.* See, wench!
Upon my life, as I forespake, he's now
Preferring his complaint; but be thou perfect,
And we will fit him.
*Bell.* Fear not me; pox on him!
A captain turned informer against kissing!
Would he were hang'd up in his rusty armour!—
But, if our fresh wits cannot turn the plots
Of such a mouldy murrion on itself;
Rich clothes, choice fare, and a true friend at a call,
With all the pleasures the night yields, forsake us!
*Roch.* This in my daughter! do not wrong her.
*Bell.* Now
Begin: the game's afoot, and we in distance.
*Beaumel.* [*comes forward.*] 'Tis thy fault, foolish girl! pin on my veil,
I will not wear those jewels. Am I not
Already match'd beyond my hopes? yet still
You prune and set me forth, as if I were
Again to please a suitor.
*Bell.* 'Tis a course
That our great ladies take.
*Beaumel.* A weak excuse*!
Those that are better seen in what concerns
A lady's honour and fair fame, condemn it.
You wait well; in your absence, my lord's friend,
The understanding, grave, and wise Romont——
*Rom.* Must I be still her sport?
*Beaumel.* Reproved me for it;
And he has travell'd to bring home a judgment
Not to be contradicted. You will say
My father, that owes more to years than he,
Has brought me up to music, language, courtship,
And I must use them: true; but not to offend,
Or render me suspected.
*Roch.* Does your fine story
Begin from this?
*Beaumel.* I thought a parting kiss
From young Novall would have displeased no more
Than heretofore it hath done; but I find
I must restrain such favours now; look, therefore;
As you are careful to continue mine,
That I no more be visited. I'll endure
The strictest course of life that jealousy
Can think secure enough, ere my behaviour
Shall call my fame in question.

* *And I will rather choose a* spittle *sinner*] For *spittle!* Mr. M. Mason reads, *spital*, as usual, and is, as usual, wrong. See *The City Madam.*

* Beaumel. *A weak excuse* !] This hemistich has been hitherto given to Romont. It is evident, to me at least, that it belongs to Beaumelle. Romont could not call what Bellapert had urged, *a weak excuse*, for he was ignorant of its drift.

*Rom.* Ten dissemblers
Are in this subtle devil! You believe this?
*Roch.* So far, that if you trouble me again
With a report like this, I shall not only
Judge you malicious in your disposition,
But study to repent what I have done
To such a nature.
*Rom.* Why, 'tis exceeding well.
*Roch.* And for you, daughter, off with this, off with it!
I have that confidence in your goodness, I,
That I will not consent to have you live
Like to a recluse in a cloister: Go,
Call in the gallants, let them make you merry;
Use all fit liberty.
*Bell.* Blessing upon you!
If this new preacher with the sword and feather
Could prove his doctrine for canonical,
We should have a fine world. [*Exit.*
*Roch.* Sir, if you please
To bear yourself as fits a gentleman,
The house is at your service; but, if not,
Though you seek company elsewhere, your absence
Will not be much lamented. [*Exit.*
*Rom.* If this be
The recompense of striving to preserve
A wanton gigglet honest, very shortly
'Twill make all mankind panders.—Do you smile,
Good lady looseness! your whole sex is like you,
And that man's mad that seeks to better any:
What new change have you next?
*Beaumel.* Oh, fear not you, sir,
I'll shift into a thousand, but I will
Convert your heresy.
*Rom.* What heresy? speak.
*Beaumel.* Of keeping a lady that is married
From entertaining servants——

*Enter* Novall *junior*, Malotin, Liladam, Aymer, *and* Pontalier.

——O, you are welcome!
Use any means to vex him,
And then with welcome follow me. [*Exit.*
*Nov. jun.* You are tired
With your grave exhortations, colonel!
*Lilad.* How is it? faith, your lordship may do well
To help him to some church preferment: 'tis
The fashion now for men of all conditions,
However they have lived, to end that way.
*Aym.* That face would do well in a surplice.
*Rom.* Rogues,
Be silent—or—
*Pont.* 'Sdeath! will you suffer this*?
*Rom.* And you, the master-rogue, the coward rascal,
I shall be with you suddenly.
*Nov. jun.* Pontalier,
If I should strike him, I know I should kill him;
And therefore I would have thee beat him, for
He's good for nothing else.

* Pont. *'sdeath! will you suffer this?*] Massinger has preserved the character of Pontalier from contamination, with great dexterity, through every scene. He is here the only one (with the exception of Malotin) who does not insult Romont, though he appears to feel some indignation at the contempt with which Novall and his followers are treated by him. He is grateful, but not obsequious; and rather the affectionate tutor than the agent of his young lord, for whose honour he is more solicitous than for his own advantage.

*Lilad.* His back
Appears to me, as it would tire a beadle;
And then he has a knotted brow would bruise
A courtlike hand to touch it.
*Aym.* He looks like
A currier when his hides grow dear.
*Pont.* Take heed
He curry not some of you.
*Nov. jun.* Gad's me! he's angry.
*Rom.* I break no jests, but I can break my sword
About your pates.

*Enter* Charalois *and* Beaumont.

*Lilad.* Here's more.
*Aym.* Come, let's be gone:
We are beleaguer'd.
*Nov. jun.* Look, they bring up their troops.
*Pont.* Will you sit down
With this disgrace? you are abused most grossly.
*Lilad.* I grant you, sir, we are; and you would have us
Stay, and be more abused.
*Nov. jun.* My lord, I'm sorry
Your house is so inhospitable, we must quit it.
[*Exeunt all but Charalois and Romont.*
*Charal.* Prithee, Romont, what caused this uproar?
*Rom.* Nothing;
They laugh'd, and used their scurvy wits upon me.
*Charal.* Come, 'tis thy jealous nature: but I wonder
That you, which are an honest man and worthy,
Should foster this suspicion: no man laughs,
No one can whisper, but thou apprehend'st
His conference and his scorn reflect on thee:
For my part, they should scoff their thin wits out,
So I not heard them; beat me, not being there.
Leave, leave these fits to conscious men, to such
As are obnoxious to those foolish things
As they can gibe at.
*Rom.* Well, sir.
*Charal.* Thou art known
Valiant without defect, rightly defined,
Which is as fearing to do injury,
As tender to endure it; not a brabbler,
A swearer——
*Rom.* Pish, pish! what needs this, my lord?
If I be known none such, how vainly you
Do cast away good counsel! I have loved you,
And yet must freely speak; so young a tutor
Fits not so old a soldier as I am:
And I must tell you, 'twas in your behalf
I grew enraged thus, yet had rather die
Than open the great cause a syllable further.
*Charal.* In my behalf! Wherein hath Charalois
Unfitly so demean'd himself, to give
The least occasion to the loosest tongue
To throw aspersions on him? or so weakly
Protected his own honour, as it should
Need a defence from any but himself?
They are fools that judge me by my outward seeming.
Why should my gentleness beget abuse?
The lion is not angry that does sleep,
Nor every man a coward that can weep,
For God's sake, speak the cause.
*Rom.* Not for the world.
Oh! it will strike disease into your bones,
Beyond the cure of physic; drink your blood,
Rob you of all your rest, contract your sight,
Leave you no eyes but to see misery,
And of your own; nor speech, but to wish thus,

Would I had perish'd in the prison's jaws,
From whence I was redeem'd!—'twill wear you old,
Before you have experience in that art
That causes your affliction.
*Charal.* Thou dost strike
A deathful coldness to my heart's high heat,
And shrink'st my liver like the calenture.
Declare this foe of mine, and life's, that like
A man I may encounter and subdue it.
It shall not have one such effect in me
As thou denouncest: with a soldier's arm,
If it be strength, I'll meet it; if a fault
Belonging to my mind, I'll cut it off
With mine own reason, as a scholar should.
Speak, though it make me monstrous.
*Rom.* I will die first.
Farewell; continue merry, and high heaven
Keep your wife chaste!
*Charal.* Hum! Stay and take this wolf
Out of my breast, that thou hast lodged there, or
For ever lose me.
*Rom.* Lose not, sir, yourself,
And I will venture:—so, the door is fast.
[*Locks the door.*
Now, noble Charalois, collect yourself,
Summon your spirits, muster all your strength
That can belong to man; sift passion
From every vein, and whatsoe'er ensues,
Upbraid not me hereafter, as the cause of
Jealousy, discontent, slaughter, and ruin:
Make me not parent to sin.—You will know
This secret that I burn with?
*Charal.* Devil on't,
What should it be! Romont, I heard you wish
My wife's continuance of chastity.
*Rom.* There was no hurt in that.
*Charal.* Why, do you know
A likelihood or possibility
Unto the contrary?
*Rom.* I know it not, but doubt it; these the grounds:
The servant of your wife now, young Novall,
The son unto your father's enemy
(Which aggravates presumption the more),
I have been warn'd of, touching her:—nay, seen them
Tied heart to heart, one in another's arms,
Multiplying kisses, as if they meant
To pose arithmetic; or whose eyes would
Be first burnt out with gazing on the other's.
I saw their mouths engender, and their palms
Glew'd as if love had lock'd them; their words flow
And melt each other's, like two circling flames,
Where chastity, like a phœnix, methought burn'd,
But left the world nor ashes, nor an heir.—
Why stand you silent thus? what cold dull phlegm,
As if you had no drop of choler mix'd
In your whole constitution, thus prevails,
To fix you now thus stupid, hearing this?
*Charal.* You did not see him on my couch within,
Like George a-horseback, on her, nor a-bed?
*Rom.* No.
*Charal.* Ha! ha!
*Rom.* Laugh you! even so did your wife,
And her indulgent father.
*Charal.* They were wise:
Wouldst have me be a fool?
*Rom.* No, but a man.
*Charal.* There is no dram of manhood to suspect
On such thin airy circumstance as this;
Mere compliment and courtship. Was this tale
The hideous monster which you so conceal'd?
Away, thou curious impertinent*,
And idle searcher of such lean, nice toys!
Go, thou seditious sower of debate,
Fly to such matches, where the bridegroom doubts
He holds not worth enough to countervail
The virtue and the beauty of his wife!
Thou buzzing drone, that 'bout my ears dost hum,
To strike thy rankling sting into my heart,
Whose venom time nor medicine could assuage,
Thus do I put thee off! and, confident
In mine own innocency and desert,
Dare not conceive her so unreasonable,
To put Novall in balance against me;
An upstart, craned up to the height he has.
Hence, busybody! thou'rt no friend to me,
That must be kept to a wife's injury.
*Rom.* Is't possible?—farewell, fine honest man!
Sweet-temper'd lord, adieu! What apoplexy
Hath knit sense up? is this Romont's reward?
Bear witness, the great spirit of thy father,
With what a healthful hope I did administer
This potion, that hath wrought so virulently!
I not accuse thy wife of act, but would
Prevent her precipice to thy dishonour,
Which now thy tardy sluggishness will admit.
Would I had seen thee graved with thy great sire,
Ere lived to have men's marginal fingers point
At Charalois, as a lamented story†!
An emperor put away his wife for touching
Another man; but thou wouldst have thine tasted,
And keep her, I think.—Phoh! I am a fire
To warm a dead man, that waste out myself.
Bleed‡—What a plague, a vengeance, is't to me,
If you will be a cuckold? here, I show
A sword's point to thee, this side you may shun,
Or that, the peril; if you will run on,
I cannot help it.
*Charal.* Didst thou never see me
Angry, Romont?
*Rom.* Yes, and pursue a foe
Like lightning.
*Charal.* Prithee, see me so no more:
I can be so again. Put up thy sword,
And take thyself away, lest I draw mine.
*Rom.* Come, fright your foes with this, sir! I'm your friend,
And dare stand by you thus.
*Charal.* Thou art not my friend,
Or being so, thou art mad; I must not buy
Thy friendship at this rate. Had I just cause,

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* *Away thou* curious impertinent,] This is an allusion to the title of one of Cervantes' novels, which were much read and admired in Massinger's time.

† *Would I had seen thee graved with thy great sire,*
*Ere lived to have men's* marginal fingers point
At Charalois, as a lamented story!] This is a most beautiful allusion to the ancient custom of placing an index (☞) in the margin of books, to direct the reader's attention to the striking passages. Massinger follows Shakspeare in drawing his illustrations from the most familiar objects.

‡ *Bleed*—] So the quarto; Coxeter has *Blood*; which Mr. M. Mason points as if it were an oath. This, however, is not the author's meaning: he was about to say, perhaps, Bleed (for one that feels not for himself!) or something equivalent to it: but his impatient indignation will not let him proceed, and he bursts out into exclamatory interrogations.

Thou know'st I durst pursue such injury
Through fire, air, water, earth, nay, were they all
Shuffled again to chaos; but there's none.
Thy skill, Romont, consists in camps, not courts.
Farewell, uncivil* man! let's meet no more:
Here our long web of friendship I untwist.
Shall I go whine, walk pale, and lock my wife,
For nothing, from her birth's free liberty,
That open'd mine to me? yes; if I do,
The name of cuckold then dog me with scorn!
I am a Frenchman, no Italian born. [*Exit.*

*Rom.* A dull Dutch rather: fall and cool, my blood!
Boil not in zeal of thy friend's hurt so high,
That is so low and cold himself in't! Woman,
How strong art thou! how easily beguiled!
How thou dost rack us by the very horns!
Now wealth, I see, change manners and the man.
Something I must do mine own wrath to assuage,
And note my friendship to an after age.
[*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in* Novall's *House.*

Novall *junior, discovered seated before a looking-glass, with a* Barber *and* Perfumer *dressing his hair, while a* Tailor *adjusts a new suit which he wears.* Liladam, Aymer, *and a* Page *attending.*

*Nov. jun.* Mend this a little: pox! thou hast burnt me. Oh, fie upon't! O lard! he has made me smell for all the world like a flax, or a red-headed woman's chamber: Powder, powder, powder!

*Perf.* Oh, sweet lord!

*Page.* That's his perfumer.

*Tail.* Oh, dear lord!

*Page.* That's his tailor.

*Nov. jun.* Monsieur Liladam, Aymer, how allow you the model of these clothes?

*Aym.* Admirably, admirably; oh, sweet lord! assuredly it's pity the worms should eat thee.

*Page.* Here's a fine cell! a lord, a tailor, a perfumer, a barber, and a pair of monsieurs: three to three; as little wit in the one as honesty in the other. 'Sfoot! I'll into the country again, learn to speak truth, drink ale, and converse with my father's tenants: here I hear nothing all day, but—*Upon my soul, as I am a gentleman, and an honest man!*

*Aym.* I vow and affirm, your tailor must needs be an expert geometrician; he has the longitude, latitude, altitude, profundity, every dimension of your body, so exquisitely—here's a lace laid as directly as if truth were a tailor.

*Page.* That were a miracle.

*Lilad.* With a hair's-breadth's error, there's a shoulder-piece cut, and the base of a pickadille in *puncto.*

*Aym.* You are right, monsieur; his vestments sit as if they grew upon him, or art had wrought them on the same loom as nature framed his lordship; as if your tailor were deeply read in astrology, and had taken measure of your honourable body with a Jacob's staff, an ephimerides.

*Tail.* I am bound t' ye, gentlemen.

*Page.* You are deceived; they'll be bound to you: you must remember to trust them none.

*Nov. jun.* Nay, 'faith, thou art a reasonable neat artificer, give the devil his due.

*Page.* Ay, if he would but cut the coat according to the cloth still.

*Nov. jun.* I now want only my mistress' approbation, who is, indeed, the most polite punctual queen of dressing in all Burgundy—pah! and makes all other young ladies appear as if they came from board last week out of the country: is't not true, Liladam?

*Lilad.* True, my lord! as if any thing your lordship could say could be otherwise than true.

*Nov. jun.* Nay, o' my soul, 'tis so; what fouler object in the world, than to see a young, fair, handsome beauty unhandsomely dighted, and incongruently accoutr'd; or a hopeful chevalier unmethodically appointed in the external ornaments of nature? For, even as the index tells us the contents of stories, and directs to the particular chapters, even so does the outward habit and superficial order of garments (in man or woman) give us a taste of the spirit, and demonstratively point (as it were a manual note from the margin) all the internal quality and habilment of the soul; and there cannot be a more evident, palpable, gross manifestation of poor, degenerate, dunghilly blood and breeding, than a rude, unpolished, disordered, and slovenly outside†.

*Page.* An admirable lecture! oh, all you gallants, that hope to be saved by your clothes, edify, edify!

*Aym.* By the Lard, sweet lard, thou deservest a pension o' the state.

*Page.* O' the tailors: two such lords were able to spread tailors o'er the face of the whole kingdom.

*Nov. jun.* Pox o' this glass! it flatters.—I could find in my heart to break it.

*Page.* O, save the glass, my lord, and break their heads;
They are the greater flatterers, I assure you.

*Aym.* Flatters! detracts, impairs—yet, put it by,
Lest thou, dear lord, Narcissus like, should'st dout
Upon thyself, and die; and rob the world
Of nature's copy, that she works form by.

*Lilad.* Oh that I were the infanta queen of Europe!
Who but thyself, sweet lord, should marry me?

*Nov. jun.* I marry! were there a queen o' the world, not I.

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* *Farewell,* uncivil *man!*] i. e. unacquainted with the usages and customs of *civil* or municipal life.

† This empty coxcomb was afterwards improved into the sedate and entertaining fop of Cibber and Vanbrough's age. Whether they copied from nature I cannot say; but the beau of our dramas, whose wit lies altogether in the restless activity of his legs and arms, resembles no animal rational or irrational, with which I am acquainted, unless it be a monkey that has just snapt its chain.

Wedlock! no; padlock, horselock;—I wear spurs
[*He Capers.*
To keep it off my heels. Yet, my Aymer,
Like a free, wanton jennet in the meadows,
I look about, and neigh, take hedge and ditch,
Feed in my neighbours' pastures, pick my choice
Of all their fair-maned mares: but married once,
A man is staked or poun'd, and cannot graze
Beyond his own hedge.

*Enter* Pontalier *and* Malotin.

*Pont.* I have waited, sir,
Three hours to speak wi' ye, and not take it well
Such magpies are admitted, whilst I dance
Attendance.
*Lilad.* Magpies! what d'ye take me for?
*Pont.* A long thing with a most unpromising face.
*Aym.* I'll never ask him what he takes me for?
*Malot.* Do not, sir,
For he'll go near to tell you.
*Pont.* Art not thou
A barber-surgeon?
*Barb.* Yes, sirrah; why?
*Pont.* My lord is sorely troubled with two scabs.
*Lilad. Aym.* Hum——
*Pont.* I prithee cure him of them.
*Nov. jun.* Pish! no more.
Thy gall sure's overflown; these are my council,
And we were now in serious discourse.
*Pont.* Of perfume and apparel! Can you rise,
And spend five hours in dressing-talk with these?
*Nov. jun.* Thou'ldst have me be a dog: up, stretch, and shake,
And ready for all day.
*Pont.* Sir, would you be
More curious in preserving of your honour trim,
It were more manly. I am come to wake
Your reputation from this lethargy
You let it sleep in; to persuade, importune,
Nay, to provoke you, sir, to call to account
This colonel Romont, for the foul wrong
Which, like a burthen, he hath laid upon you,
And, like a drunken porter, you sleep under,
'Tis all the town talks*; and, believe it, sir,
If your tough sense persist thus, you are undone,
Utterly lost; you will be scorn'd and baffled
By every lacquey: season now your youth
With one brave thing, and it shall keep the odour
Even to your death, beyond, and on your tomb
Scent like sweet oils and frankincense. Sir, this life,
Which once you saved, I ne'er since counted mine;
I borrowed it of you, and now will pay it:
I tender you the service of my sword
To bear your challenge, if you'll write, your fate
I'll make mine own; whate'er betide you, I,
That have lived by you, by your side will die.
*Nov. jun.* Ha! Ha! wouldst have me challenge poor Romont?—
Fight with close breeches, thou may'st think I dare not†:
Do not mistake me coz, I am very valiant;
But valour shall not make me such an ass.
What use is there of valour now-a-days?
'Tis sure or to be kill'd, or to be hang'd.
Fight thou as thy mind moves thee, 'tis thy trade;
Thou hast nothing else to do. Fight with Romont
No, I'll not fight under a lord.
*Pont.* Farewell, sir!
I pity you
Such living lords walk, their dead honour's graves;
For no companions fit but fools and knaves.
Come, Malotin. [*Exeunt Pontalier and Malotin*

*Enter* Romont.

*Lilad.* 'Sfoot, Colbrand, the low giant!
*Aym.* He has brought a battle in his face, let's go.
*Page.* Colbrand, d'ye call him? he'll make some of you*
Smoke, I believe.
*Rom.* By your leave, sirs!
*Aym.* Are you a consort†?

---

* *'Tis all the* town talks,] So the quarto; which is surely better than *town-talk*, which the modern editors have substituted in its place.

† *Fight with close breeches, thou mayst think I dare not:*] Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason point this as if they supposed *close breeches* referred to Romont; but it is not so. In answer to the charge of cowardice, Novall tells Pontalier, that though he may conclude, from his finical appearance, and his *vestments sitting as if they grew upon him*, that he was afraid of Romont, he was mistaken. It is the *poverty*, not the *close breeches* of his enemy which prevents his challenging him.

* Page. *Colbrand, d'ye call him? he'll make some of you Smoke, I believe.*] It is as rare to find a conceit in Massinger as to miss one in his contemporaries: here, however, there appears something like an attempt to find resemblance between Colbrand and cold-brand! In justice to the author it should be added, that it is put into the mouth of a page. Colbrand was a Danish giant, as may be seen in *The Renowned history of Guy Earl of Warwick*, every child's delight.

† Aym. *Are you a consort?*] i. e. come you here to be played on. Coxeter.

This cannot be the meaning, for a concert is not played on. M. Mason.

A concert is understood to mean instruments played upon. Davis.

And thus the text is illustrated! Not one of these gentlemen had the slightest idea of what Massinger was saying, nor, which though not uncommon is yet somewhat more extraordinary, of what he was saying himself.

In the author's age, the taverns were infested with itinerant bands of musicians, each of which (jointly and individually) was called a noise or *consort*: these were sometimes uninvited to play to the company, but seem more frequently to have thrust themselves, unasked, into it, with an offer of their services: their intrusion was usually prefaced with, "By your leave, gentlemen, will you hear any music?" One example, in a case where hundreds might easily be produced, will make all clear:

"*Enter* Fiddler *to the company.*

"*Fid.* Will't please you, gentlemen, to hear any music?

"*Bov.* Shall we have any?

"*Seb.* By no means; it takes from our mirth.

"*Bov.* Begone, then!

"*Fid.* A very good song, an't please you?

"*Seb.* This is *the trick of taverns when men desire to be private.*" Shirley's *Love's Cruelty.*

Romont, who had broken into Novall's dressing-room, with the customary phrase, *By your leave, gentlemen*, naturally draws from Aymer (a musician) the question he puts; and Romont, who understands him, as naturally replies, I will show you that I am not: musicians are *paid*, whereas I will *pay* (beat) you. This is the sense of the passage. I have before remarked on the strange conduct of Mr. M. Mason, in changing *consort* to *concert*, as often as it occurs.

Not many years since, a volume of *Comments on the Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher*, was published by the Right Honourable J. Monck Mason, in which, among other passages, I was somewhat struck with the following:—

"Or be of some good *concert.*" *The Captain.*

"The old reading is *consort*, which the editors have *injudiciously* changed to *concert*, a *mistake* which the *editors of Shakspeare* have also run into."

Though this may be true, it required a certain degree of intrepidity to enable a man who never saw the word in Massinger without corrupting it, to hazard a sneer of this nature at the editors of Shakspeare. It must be remembered that I speak on the supposition that the author of the *Comments* was also the editor of Massinger.

*Rom.* Do you take me for
A fiddler? you're deceived: look! I'll pay you.
[*Kicks them.*
*Page.* It seems he knows you one, he bumfiddles you so.
*Lilad.* Was there ever so base a fellow?
*Aym.* A rascal.
*Lilad.* A most uncivil groom.
*Aym.* Offer to kick a gentleman in a nobleman's chamber! pox o' your manners!
*Lilad.* Let him alone, let him alone: thou shalt lose thy aim, fellow; if we stir against thee, hang us.
*Page.* 'Sfoot! I think they have the better on him though they be kick'd, they talk so.
*Lilad.* Let's leave the mad ape. [*Going.*
*Nov. jun.* Gentlemen!
*Lilad.* Nay, my lord, we will not offer to dishonour you so much as to stay by you, since he's alone.
*Nov. jun.* Hark you!
*Aym.* We doubt the cause, and will not disparage you so much as to take your lordship's quarrel in hand. Plague on him, how he has crumpled our bands!
*Page.* I'll e'en away with them, for this soldier beats man, woman, and child.
[*Exeunt all but Novall jun. and Romont.*
*Nov. jun.* What mean you, sir? My people!
*Rom.* Your boy's gone. [*Locks the door.*
And your door's lock'd; yet for no hurt to you,
But privacy. Call up your blood again:——
Be not afraid, I do beseech you, sir*;
And, therefore, come, without more circumstance,
Tell me how far the passages have gone
'Twixt you and your fair mistress, Beaumelle.
Tell me the truth, and, by my hope of heaven,
It never shall go further.
*Nov. jun.* Tell you! why, sir,
Are you my confessor?
*Rom.* I will be your confounder, if you do not.
[*Draws a pocket dag*†.
Stir not, nor spend your voice.
*Nov. jun.* What will you do?
*Rom.* Nothing, but line your brain-pan, sir, with lead,
If you not satisfy me suddenly: [
I am desperate of my life, and command yours.
*Nov. jun.* Hold! hold! I'll speak. I vow to heaven and you,
She's yet untouch'd, more than her face and hands.
I cannot call her innocent; for, I yield,
On my solicitous wooing‡, she consented,
Where time and place met opportunity,
To grant me all requests.
*Rom.* But may I build
On this assurance?
*Nov. jun.* As upon your faith.
*Rom.* Write this, sir; nay, you must.
*Nov. jun.* Pox of this gun!
*Rom.* Withal, sir, you must swear, and put your oath
Under your hand (shake not), ne'er to frequent
This lady's company, nor ever send
Token, or message, or letter, to incline
This, too much prone already, yielding lady.
*Nov. jun.* 'Tis done, sir.
*Rom.* Let me see this first is right:
And here you wish a sudden death may light
Upon your body, and hell take your soul,
If ever more you see her, but by chance;
Much less allure her. Now, my lord, your hand
*Nov. jun.* My hand to this!
*Rom.* Your heart else, I assure you.
*Nov. jun.* Nay, there 'tis.
*Rom.* So! keep this last article
Of your faith given, and, stead of threatenings, sir,
The service of my sword and life is yours.
But not a word of it:—'tis fairies' treasure,
Which but reveal'd, brings on the blabber's ruin.
Use your youth better, and this excellent form
Heaven hath bestow'd upon you. So good morrow
To your lordship! [*Exit.*
*Nov. jun.* Good devil to your rogueship! No man's safe——
I'll have a cannon planted in my chamber,
Against such roaring rogues.

*Enter* Bellapert *hastily*

*Bell.* My lord, away!
The caroch stays: now have your wish, and judge
If I have been forgetful.
*Nov. jun.* Hah!
*Bell.* Do you stand
Humming and hahing now? [*Exit.*
*Nov. jun.* Sweet wench, I come.
Hence, fear!
I swore—that's all one; my next oath I'll keep
That I did mean to break, and then 'tis quit.
No pain is due to lovers' perjury:
If Jove himself laugh at it, so will I. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—*A Hall in* Aymer's *House.*

*Enter* Charalois *and* Beaumont.

*Beau.* I grieve for the distaste, though I have manners
Not to enquire the cause, fallen out between
Your lordship and Romont.
*Charal.* I love a friend,
So long as he continues in the bounds
Prescribed by friendship; but, when he usurps
Too far on* what is proper to myself,
And puts the habit of a governor on,
I must and will preserve my liberty.
But speak of something else, this is a theme
I take no pleasure in. What's this Aymer,
Whose voice for song, and excellent knowledge in

---

* *Be not afraid I do beseech you, sir,*] This line is wholly omitted in the most correct of all editions.

† *Draws a pocket* dag.] So the old copy. Coxeter, not understanding the word, absurdly corrupted it into *dagger!* which gave an occasion to Mr. M. Mason to evince his sagacity: "Yet," says he with a triumph over poor Massinger, "Romont's very next speech *shows* that this *dagger* was a *pistol*." To sophisticate an author's text for the sake of charging him with an absurdity, is hard dealing. It is singular that neither of these editors of an ancient poet, especially the last, who tells us of the necessity of consulting contemporary authors, should be apprized of the meaning of this term: *dag* was used by our old writers for a pocket in contradistinction to what we now call a horse-pistol; and is thus found in many dramas of the 16th and 17th centuries. Thus, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, which Coxeter, if not Mr. M. Mason, must have read:

"*Serb.* Wherefore should he send for me so late?
"*Pend.* For this, Serberine, and thou shalt have it.
[*Shoots the* dag.
"*Watch.* Hark! gentlemen; this is a *pistol*-shot."

‡ *On my solicitous* wooing,] The quarto erroneously reads *wrongs*: amended by Mr. M. Mason.

* *Too far* on *what*, &c.] The modern editors omit *on*, to the manifest injury both of the metre and of the sense; but indeed their omissions in this play are innumerable.

The chiefest parts of music, you bestow
Such praises on?
*Beau.* He is a gentleman
(For so his quality* speaks him) well received
Among our greatest gallants; but yet holds
His main dependence from the young lord Novall.
Some tricks and crotchets he has in his head,
As all musicians have, and more of him
I dare not author: but, when you have heard him,
I may presume your lordship so will like him,
That you'll hereafter be a friend to music.
*Charal.* I never was an enemy to't, Beaumont†,
Nor yet do I subscribe to the opinion
Of those old captains, that thought nothing musical
But cries of yielding enemies, neighing of horses,
Clashing of armour, loud shouts, drums and trumpets:
Nor, on the other side, in favour of it,
Affirm the world was made by musical discord;
Or that the happiness of our life consists
In a well-varied note upon the lute:
I love it to the worth of't, and no further.—
But let us see this wonder.
*Beau.* He prevents
My calling of him.

*Enter* Aymer, *speaking to one within.*

*Aym.* Let the coach be brought
To the back gate, and serve the banquet up.——
My good lord Charalois! I think my house
Much honour'd in your presence.
*Charal.* To have means
To know you better, sir, has brought me hither
A willing visitant; and you'll crown my welcome
In making me a witness to your skill,
Which, crediting from others, I admire.
*Aym.* Had I been one hour sooner made acquainted
With your intent, my lord, you should have found me
Better provided: now, such as it is,
Pray your grace with your acceptance.
*Beau.* You are modest.
*Aym.* Begin the last new air.
[*To the Musicians within.*
*Charal.* Shall we not see them?
*Aym.* This little distance from the instruments
Will to your ears convey the harmony
With more delight.
*Charal.* I'll not contend‡.
*Aym.* You are tedious. [*To the Musicians.*
By this means shall I with one banquet please
Two companies, those within and these gulls here.

*Music—and a* Song.

*Beaumel.* [*within*] Ha! ha! ha!
*Charal.* How's this! It is my lady's laugh, most certain.
When I first pleased her, in this merry language
She gave me thanks. [*Aside.*
*Beau.* How like you this?
*Charal.* 'Tis rare——
Yet I may be deceived, and should be sorry,
Upon uncertain suppositions, rashly
To write myself in the black list of those
I have declaim'd against, and to Romont. [*Aside.*
*Aym.* I would he were well off!——Perhaps your lordship
Likes not these sad tunes? I have a new song,
Set to a lighter note, may please you better;
'Tis call'd *the Happy Husband.*
*Charal.* Pray you sing it.

Song *by* Aymer.

*Beaumel.* [*within*] Ha! ha! 'tis such a groom!
*Charal.* Do I hear this,
And yet stand doubtful? [*Rushes out.*
*Aym.* Stay him—I am undone,
And they discover'd.
*Beau.* What's the matter?
*Aym.* Ah!
That women, when they're well pleased, cannot hold,
But must laugh out.

*Re-enter* Charalois, *with his sword drawn, pursuing* Novall *junior*, Beaumelle, *and* Bellapert.

*Nov. jun.* Help! save me! murder! murder!
*Beaumel.* Undone, undone, for ever!
*Charal.* Oh, my heart!
Hold yet a little—do not hope to 'scape
By flight, it is impossible. Though I might
On all advantage take thy life, and justly;
This sword, my father's sword, that ne'er was drawn
But to a noble purpose, shall not now
Do the office of a hangman. I reserve it
To right mine honour, not for a revenge
So poor, that though with thee it should cut off
Thy family, with all that are allied
To thee in lust or baseness, 'twere still short of
All terms of satisfaction. Draw!
*Nov. jun.* I dare not:
I have already done you too much wrong,
To fight in such a cause.
*Charal.* Why, darest thou neither
Be honest, coward, nor yet valiant, knave!
In such a cause come, do not shame thyself:
Such whose bloods wrongs, or wrong done to them selves†
Could never heat, are yet in the defence
Of their whores, daring. Look on her again:

* *(For so his* quality *speaks him.)]* His *quality*, i. e. his *profession* of a music-master. In the following lines there is an allusion to another profession (of a less honorable nature), which, at that time, was commonly united to the former, that of keeping a bawdyhouse.

† Charal. *I never was an enemy to't, Beaumont*, &c.] I suspect that Mr. Steevens, the coryphœus of commentators, was but little acquainted with Massinger; he would not otherwise have failed to contrast this speech with that celebrated one of Shakspeare, *The man that has no music*, &c., with which he was known to be highly offended. What Steevens neglected the reader has now an opportunity of executing; and, though I will not anticipate his judgment, I must yet be permitted to say that the beauties of this speech are of no ordinary kind.

‡ Charal. *I'll not* contend.] The old reading is I'll not *consent*. It appears to me that a wrong name has been prefixed to this short speech, and that it belongs to Beaumelle who speaks within. Aymer is evidently solicitous to keep Charalois out of hearing; and [illegible] artifice is not to be praised by which his lady is made so clamorous and so incautious. The alteration is by Coxeter.

* Beaumel. *Undone, undone, for ever!]* This short speech is taken by the modern editors from Beaumelle, and given to Bellapert! Nothing was ever more injudicious. It is all she says, and all she properly could say.

† *Such whose bloods* wrongs, *or* wrong done to themselves &c.] I believe this means, those whose bloods *general* or *individual* injuries could never heat, &c. If this be not allowed, we must read, *and* wrong done to themselves, instead of *or*, the sense will then be sufficiently clear. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason evidently misunderstood the passage, which is misprinted in both.

You thought her worth the hazard of your soul,
And yet stand doubtful, in her quarrel to
Venture your body.
*Beau.* No, he fears his clothes,
More than his flesh.
*Charal.* Keep from me! guard thy life,
Or, as thou hast lived like a goat, thou shalt
Die like a sheep.
*Nov. jun.* Since there's no remedy,
Despair of safety now in me prove courage!
[*They fight, Novall falls.*
*Charal.* How soon weak wrong's o'erthrown?
Lend me your hand;
Bear this to the caroch—come, you have taught me
To say, you must and shall:
[*Exeunt Beaumont and Bellapert, with the Body of Novall; followed by Beaumelle.*
I wrong you not,
You are but to keep him company you love.—

*Re-enter* Beaumont.

Is't done? 'tis well. Raise officers, and take care
All you can apprehend within the house
May be forthcoming. Do I appear much moved?
*Beau.* No, sir.
*Charal.* My griefs are now thus to be borne;
Hereafter I'll find time and place to mourn.
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*A Street.*

*Enter* Romont *and* Pontalier.

*Pont.* I was bound to seek you, sir.
*Rom.* And, had you found me
In any place but in the street, I should
Have done,—not talk'd to you. Are you the captain,
The hopeful Pontalier, whom I have seen
Do in the field such service as then made you
Their envy that commanded, here at home
To play the parasite to a gilded knave,
And, it may be, the pander!
*Pont.* Without this,
I come to call you to account for what
Is past already. I, by your example
Of thankfulness to the dead general,
By whom you were raised, have practised to be so
To my good lord Novall, by whom I live;
Whose least disgrace that is or may be offer'd,
With all the hazard of my life and fortunes
I will make good on you, or any man
That has a hand in't: and, since you allow me
A gentleman and a soldier, there's no doubt
You will except against me. You shall meet
With a fair enemy: you understand
The right I look for, and must have?
*Rom.* I do,
And with the next day's sun you shall hear from me. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Charalois' *House.*

*Enter* Charalois *with a casket,* Beaumelle, *and* Beaumont.

*Charal.* Pray bear this to my father, at his leisure
He may peruse it: but with your best language
Entreat his instant presence. You have sworn
Not to reveal what I have done.
*Beau.* Nor will I——but——
*Charal.* Doubt me not; by heaven, I will do nothing
But what may stand with honour. Pray you, leave me [*Exit Beaumont.*
To my own thoughts.—If this be to me, rise;
[*Beaumelle kneels.*
I am not worth the looking on, but only
To feed contempt and scorn; and that from you,
Who, with the loss of your fair name, have caused it,
Were too much cruelty.
*Beaumel.* I dare not move you
To hear me speak. I know my fault is far
Beyond qualification or excuse;
That 'tis not fit for me to hope, or you
To think of mercy; only I presume
To entreat you would be pleased to look upon
My sorrow for it, and believe these tears
Are the true children of my grief, and not
A woman's cunning.
*Charal.* Can you, Beaumelle,
Having deceived so great a trust as mine,
Though I were all credulity, hope again
To get belief? No, no: if you look on me
With pity, or dare practise any means
To make my sufferings less, or give just cause
To all the world to think what I must do
Was call'd upon by you, use other ways:
Deny what I have seen, or justify
What you have done; and, as you desperately
Made shipwreck of your faith, to be a whore,
Use the arms of such a one, and such defence,
And multiply the sin with impudence.
Stand boldly up, and tell me to my teeth,
That you have done but what is warranted
By great examples, in all places where
Women inhabit; urge your own deserts,
Or want of me in merit; tell me how
Your dower from the low gulf of poverty
Weighed up my fortunes to what they now are:
That I was purchased by your choice and practice,
To shelter you from shame, that you might sin
As boldly as securely: that poor men
Are married to those wives that bring them wealth,
One day their husbands, but observers* ever.
That when, by this proud usage, you have blown
The fire of my just vengeance to the height,
I then may kill you, and yet say 'twas done
In heat of blood, and after die myself,
To witness my repentance.
*Beaumel.* O my fate!
That never would consent that I should see
How worthy you were both of love and duty,
Before I lost you; and my misery made
The glass in which I now behold your virtue!
While I was good I was a part of you,
And of two, by the virtuous harmony
Of our fair minds, made one; but, since I wander'd
In the forbidden labyrinth of lust,
What was inseparable is by me divided.——
With justice, therefore, you may cut me off,
And from your memory wash the remembrance
That e'er I was; like to some vicious purpose,
Which, in your better judgment, you repent of
And study to forget.

* *But observers ever.*] Observers are servants: the word frequently occurs in this sense.

*Charal.* O Beaumelle.
That you can speak so well, and do so ill!
But you had been too great a blessing, if
You had continued chaste: see, how you force me
To this, because mine honour will not yield
That I again should love you.
*Beaumel.* In this life
It is not fit you should: yet you shall find,
Though I was bold enough to be a strumpet,
I dare not yet live one. Let those famed matrons,
That are canonized worthy of our sex,
Transcend me in their sanctity of life;
I yet will equal them in dying nobly,
Ambitious of no honour after life,
But that, when I am dead, you will forgive me.
*Charal.* How pity steals upon me! should I hear her [*Knocking within.*
But ten words more, I were lost.—One knocks, go in. [*Exit Beaumelle.*
That to be merciful should be a sin!

*Enter* Rochfort.

O, sir, most welcome! Let me take your cloak,
I must not be denied.—Here are your robes,
As you love justice, once more put them on.
There is a cause to be determined of,
That does require such an integrity
As you have ever used.—I'll put you to
The trial of your constancy and goodness:
And look that you, that have been eagle-eyed
In other men's affairs, prove not a mole
In what concerns yourself. Take you your seat;
I will be for* you presently. [*Exit.*
*Roch.* Angels guard me!
To what strange tragedy does this induction†
Serve for a prologue?

*Re-enter* Charalois, Beaumelle, *and* Beaumont, *with* Servants *bearing the Body of* Novall *junior.*

*Charal.* So, set it down before
The judgment-seat,—[*Exeunt Servants.*]—and stand you at the bar:
For me, I am the accuser.
*Roch.* Novall slain!
And Beaumelle, my daughter, in the place
Of one to be arraign'd!
*Charal.* O, are you touch'd!
I find that I must take another course.
Fear nothing, I will only blind your eyes;
[*He blinds his eyes.*
For justice should do so, when 'tis to meet
An object that may sway her equal doom
From what it should be aim'd at.—Good, my lord,
A day of hearing.
*Roch.* It is granted, speak—
You shall have justice.
*Charal.* I then here accuse,
Most equal judge, the prisoner, your fair daughter,
For whom I owed so much to you; your daughter,
So worthy in her own parts, and that worth
Set forth by yours, to whose so rare perfections,
Truth witness with me, in the place of service
I almost paid idolatrous sacrifice,
To be a false adulteress.
*Roch.* With whom?
*Charal.* With this Novall here dead.
*Roch.* Be well advised;
And ere you say *adulteress* again,
Her fame depending on it, be most sure
That she is one.
*Charal.* I took them in the act:
I know no proof beyond it.
*Roch.* O my heart!
*Charal.* A judge should feel no passions.
*Roch.* Yet remember
He is a man, and cannot put off nature.
What answer makes the prisoner?
*Beaumel.* I confess
The fact I am charged with, and yield myself
Most miserably guilty.
*Roch.* Heaven take mercy
Upon your soul then! it must leave your body.—
Now free mine eyes; I dare unmoved look on her,
[*Charalois unbinds his eyes.*
And fortify my sentence with strong reasons.
Since that the politic law provides that servants,
To whose care we commit our goods, shall die
If they abuse our trust, what can you look for,
To whose charge this most hopeful lord gave up
All he received from his brave ancestors,
Or he could leave to his posterity,
His honour, wicked woman! in whose safety
All his life's joys and comforts were lock'd up,
Which thy - - - -* lust, a thief, hath now stolen from him;
And therefore——
*Charal.* Stay, just judge;—may not what's lost
By her one fault (for I am charitable,
And charge her not with many) be forgotten
In her fair life hereafter?
*Roch.* Never, sir.
The wrong that's done to the chaste married bed
Repentant tears can never expiate;
And be assured, to pardon such a sin
Is an offence as great as to commit it.
*Charal.* I may not then forgive her?
*Roch.* Nor she hope it.
Nor can she wish to live: no sun shall rise,
But, ere it set, shall show her ugly lust
In a new shape, and every one more horrid,
Nay, even those prayers which, with such humble fervour,
She seems to send up yonder, are beat back,
And all suits which her penitence can proffer,
As soon as made, are with contempt thrown out
Of all the courts of mercy.
*Charal.* Let her die, then! [*He stabs her.*
Better prepared, I'm sure, I could not take her,
Nor she accuse her father as a judge
Partial against her.
*Beaumel.* I approve his sentence,
And kiss the executioner. My lust
Is now run from me in that blood in which
It was begot and nourish'd. [*Dies.*
*Roch.* Is she dead, then?
*Charal.* Yes, sir; this is her heart-blood, is it not?
I think it be.

* *I will* be *for you presently.*] So the quarto: the modern editors read, *I will* before *you presently:* but whether by mistake, or from an idea of improving the text, I cannot tell.

† *To what strange tragedy does this* induction *Serve for a prologue?*] The old copy reads *does this* destruction, &c. The amendment, which is a happy one, was suggested by Mr. M. Mason. Thus in *The Guardian:*

"This is but an *induction;* I'll draw
The curtains of the *tragedy* hereafter."

* Which *thy - - - - lust, a thief,* &c.] Some epithet to *lust,* has been lost at the press; the reader may supply the break with *hot, foul,* or any other monosyllable of a kindred meaning.

*Roch.* And you have kill'd her?
*Charal.* True,
And did it by your doom.
*Roch.* But I pronounced it
As a judge only, and a friend to justice;
And, zealous in defence of your wrong'd honour,
Broke all the ties of nature, and cast off
The love and soft affection of a father.
I, in your cause, put on a scarlet robe
Of red-died cruelty: but, in return,
You have advanced for me no flag of mercy.
I look'd on you as a wrong'd husband; but
You closed your eyes against me as a father.
O Beaumelle! my daughter!
*Charal.* This is madness.
*Roch.* Keep from me!—Could not one good thought rise up,
To tell you that she was my age's comfort,
Begot by a weak man, and born a woman,
And could not, therefore, but partake of frailty?
Or wherefore did not thankfulness step forth,
To urge my many merits, which I may
Object unto you, since you prove ungrateful,
Flint-hearted Charalois!
*Charal.* Nature does prevail
Above your virtue.
*Roch.* No; it gives me eyes
To pierce the heart of your design against me:
I find it now, it was my state was aimed at.
A nobler match was sought for, and the hours
I lived grew tedious to you: my compassion
Tow'rds you hath render'd me most miserable,
And foolish charity undone myself.
But there's a heaven above, from whose just wreak
No mists of policy can hide offenders.
*Nov. sen.* [*within*] Force ope the doors!—

*Enter* Novall *senior, with Officers.*

O monster! cannibal!
Lay hold on him. My son, my son!—O Rochfort,
'Twas you gave liberty to this bloody wolf,
To worry all our comforts:——but this is
No time to quarrel; now give your assistance
For the revenge——
*Roch.* Call it a fitter name,
Justice for innocent blood.
*Charal.* Though all conspire
Against that life which I am weary of,
A little longer yet I'll strive to keep it,
To show, in spite of malice and their laws,
His plea must speed, that hath an honest cause.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*A Street.*

*Enter* Tailor *and two* Bailiffs *with* Liladam.

*Lilad.* Why, 'tis both most unconscionable and untimely,
To arrest a gallant for his clothes, before
He has worn them out: besides, you said you ask'd
My name in my lord's bond but for form only,
And now you'll lay me up for't! Do not think
The taking measure of a customer
By a brace of varlets*, though I rather wait
Never so patiently, will prove a fashion
Which any courtier or inns-of-court-man
Would follow willingly.
*Tail.* There I believe you.
But, sir, I must have present monies, or
Assurance to secure me when I shall;
Or I will see to your coming forth.
*Lilad.* Plague on't!
You have provided for my entrance in,
That coming forth you talk of concerns me.
What shall I do? you have done me a disgrace
In the arrest, but more in giving cause
To all the street to think I cannot stand
Without these two supporters for my arms.
Pray you, let them loose me: for their satisfaction,
I will not run away.
*Tail.* For theirs you will not;
But for your own you would! Look to him, fellows.
*Lilad.* Why do you call them fellows? do not wrong
Your reputation so. As you are merely
A tailor, faithful, apt to believe in gallants,
You are a companion at a ten-crown supper
For cloth of bodkin, and may with one lark
Eat up three manchets, and no man observe you,
Or call your trade in question for't. But, when
You study your debt-book, and hold correspondence
With officers of the hanger, and leave swordsmen,
The learn'd conclude, the tailor and the serjeant,
In the expression of a knave and thief,
To be synonyma*. Look, therefore, to it,
And let us part in peace, I would be loth
You should undo yourself.

*Enter* Novall *senior, and* Pontalier.

*Tail.* To let you go
Were the next way. But see! here's your old lord;
Let him but give his word I shall be paid,
And you are free.
*Lilad.* 'Slid! I will put him to't,
I can be but denied: or—what say you?
His lordship owing me three times your debt,
If you arrest him at my suit, and let me
Go run before, to see the action enter'd,
'Twould be a witty jest!
*Tail.* I must have earnest:
I cannot pay my debts so.
*Pont.* Can your lordship
Imagine, while I live, and wear a sword,
Your son's death shall be unrevenged?

* *By a brace of* varlets,] So our old writers call the sheriff's officers.

* *To be* synonyma.] Here again Mr. M. Mason follows Coxeter in reading synonymous: but the old word was that which I have given. So Jonson:
"Where every tinker for his chink may cry,
Rogue, bawd, and cheater, call you by the surnames
And known *synonyma* of your profession."—*The New Inn.*
See *The Emperor of the East.*

*Nov. sen.* I know not
One reason why you should not do like others:
I am sure, of all the herd that fed upon him,
I cannot see in any, now he's gone,
In pity or in thankfulness, one true sign
Of sorrow for him.
*Pont.* All his bounties yet
Fell not in such unthankful ground: 'tis true,
He had weaknesses, but such as few are free from;
And, though none soothed them less than I (for now,
To say that I foresaw the dangers that
Would rise from cherishing them, were but untimely),
I yet could wish the justice that you seek for
In the revenge, had been trusted to me,
And not the uncertain issue of the laws.
It has robb'd me of a noble testimony
Of what I durst do for him:—but, however,
My forfeit life redeem'd by him, though dead,
Shall do him service.
*Nov. sen.* As far as my grief
Will give me leave, I thank you.
*Lilad.* O, my lord!
Oh my good lord! deliver me from these furies.
*Pont.* Arrested! this is one of them, whose base
And abject flattery help'd to dig his grave:
He is not worth your pity, nor my anger.
Go to the basket, and repent*.
*Nov. sen.* Away!
I only know thee now to hate thee deadly:
I will do nothing for thee.
*Lilad.* Nor you, captain?
*Pont.* No; to your trade again; put off this case:
It may be, the discovering what you were,
When your unfortunate master took you up,
May move compassion in your creditor.
Confess the truth.
[*Exeunt Novall sen. and Pontalier.*
*Lilad.* And now I think on't better,
I will†. Brother, your hand; your hand, sweet brother:
I'm of your sect, and my gallantry but a dream,
Out of which these two fearful apparitions,
Against my will, have waked me. This rich sword
Grew suddenly out of a tailor's bodkin;
These hangers from my vails and fees in hell;
And where as now this beaver sits, full often
A thrifty cap, composed of broad-cloth lists,
Near-kin unto the cushion where I sat
Cross-legg'd, and yet ungarter'd, hath been seen:
Our breakfasts, famous for the butter'd loaves,
I have with joy been oft acquainted with;
And therefore use a conscience, though it be
Forbidden in our hall towards other men,
To me, that, as I have been, will again
Be of the brotherhood.
1 *Bail.* I know him now;
He was a prentice to Le Robe at Orleans.
*Lilad.* And from thence brought by my young lord, now dead,
Unto Dijon, and with him, till this hour,
Have been received here for a complete monsieur,
Nor wonder at it: for but tithe our gallants,
Even those of the first rank, and you will find
In every ten, one, peradventure two,
That smell rank of the dancing-school or fiddle,
The pantofle or pressing-iron:—but hereafter
We'll talk of this. I will surrender up
My suits again: there cannot be much loss;
'Tis but the turning of the lace, with one
Addition more you know of, and what wants
I will work out.
*Tail.* Then here our quarrel ends:
The gallant is turn'd tailor, and all friends.
*Exeunt.*

* *Go to the* basket, *and repent.*] The allusion is to the sheriff's *basket*, in which broken meat was collected for the use of prisoners for debt. See *The City Madam.*

† Lilad. *And now I think on't better. I will,* &c.] This is most exquisite mock heroic; it is, perhaps, a little out of place; but it serves opportunely enough to prove how differently the comic part of this drama would have appeared, if the whole had fortunately fallen into the hands of Massinger.

## SCENE II.—*The Court of Justice.*

*Enter* Romont *and* Beaumont.

*Rom.* You have them ready?
*Beau.* Yes, and they will speak
Their knowledge in this cause, when you think fit
To have them call'd upon.
*Rom.* 'Tis well; and something
I can add to their evidence, to prove
This brave revenge, which they would have call'd murder,
A noble justice.
*Beau.* In this you express
(The breach by my lord's want of you new made up*)
A faithful friend.
*Rom.* That friendship's raised on sand,
Which every sudden gust of discontent,
Or flowing of our passions, can change,
As if it ne'er had been:—but do you know
Who are to sit on him?
*Beau.* Monsieur Du Croy,
Assisted by Charmi.
*Rom.* The advocate
That pleaded for the marshal's funeral,
And was check'd for it by Novall?
*Beau.* The same.
*Rom.* How fortunes that?
*Beau.* Why, sir, my lord Novall
Being the accuser, cannot be the judge;
Nor would grieved Rochfort but lord Charalois,
However he might wrong him by his power,
Should have an equal hearing.
*Rom.* By my hopes
Of Charalois' acquittal, I lament
That reverend old man's fortune.
*Beau.* Had you seen him,
As, to my grief, I have, now promise patience,
And, ere it was believed, though spake by him
That never brake his word†, enraged again
So far as to make war upon those hairs,
Which not a barbarous Scythian durst presume
To touch, but with a superstitious fear,
As something sacred;—and then curse his daughter,
But with more frequent violence, himself,

* (*The breach by my lord's want of you* new *made up*)] For *new* made up, Mr. M. Mason chooses to read, *now* made up, although it be not easy to discover what is gained by the alteration. For the rest, this Romont still continues a most noble fellow. How Rowe could read his next speech and degrade his copy (Horatio) into a sentimental rhapsodist, querulous, captious, and unfeeling, I cannot conjecture, unless it were that he determined to create no violent interest for any of his characters but the hero and the heroine of the piece.

† *That never* brake *his word,*] So the old copy. Mr. M. Mason reads *breaks* his word!

As if he had been guilty of her fault,
By being incredulous of your report,
You would not only judge him worthy pity,
But suffer with him:—but here comes the prisoner;

*Enter Officers with* Charalois.

I dare not stay to do my duty to him;
Yet rest assured, all possible means in me
To do him service keeps you company. [*Exit.*

*Rom.* It is not doubted.

*Charal.* Why, yet as I came hither,
The people, apt to mock calamity,
And tread on the oppress'd, made no horns at me,
Though they are too familiar I deserve them.
And, knowing too what blood my sword hath drunk,
In wreak of that disgrace, they yet forbear
To shake their heads, or to revile me for
A murderer; they rather all put on,
As for great losses the old Romans used,
A general face of sorrow, waited on
By a sad murmur breaking through their silence.
And no eye but was readier with a tear
To witness 'twas shed for me, than I could
Discern a face made up with scorn against me.
Why should I, then, though for unusual wrongs
I chose unusual means to right those wrongs,
Condemn myself, as over-partial
In my own cause?—Romont!

*Rom.* Best friend, well met!
By my heart's love to you, and join to that,
My thankfulness that still lives to the dead*,
I look upon you now with more true joy
Than when I saw you married.

*Charal.* You have reason
To give you warrant for't: my falling off
From such a friendship, with the scorn that answered
Your too prophetic counsel, may well move you
To think your meeting me, going to my death,
A fit encounter for that hate which justly
I have deserved from you.

*Rom.* Shall I still, then,
Speak truth, and be ill understood?

*Charal.* You are not.
I am conscious I have wrong'd you; and allow me
Only a moral man†,—to look on you,
Whom foolishly I have abused and injured,
Must of necessity be more terrible to me,
Than any death the judges can pronounce
From the tribunal which I am to plead at.

*Rom.* Passion transports you.

*Charal.* For what I have done
To my false lady, or Novall, I can
Give some apparent cause; but touching you,
In my defence, child-like, I can say nothing
But I am sorry for't; a poor satisfaction!
And yet, mistake me not; for it is more
Than I will speak, to have my pardon sign'd
For all I stand accused of.

*Rom.* You much weaken
The strength of your good cause, should you but think,
A man for doing well could entertain
A pardon, were it offer'd: you have given
To blind and slow-paced justice wings and eyes
To see and overtake impieties,
Which, from a cold proceeding, had received
Indulgence or protection.

*Charal.* Think you so?

*Rom.* Upon my soul! nor should the blood you challenged,
And took to cure your honour, breed more scruple
In your soft conscience, than if your sword
Had been sheath'd in a tiger or she-bear*,
That in their bowels would have made your tomb.
To injure innocence is more than murder:
But when inhuman lusts transform us, then
As beasts we are to suffer, not like men
To be lamented. Nor did Charalois ever
Perform an act so worthy the applause
Of a full theatre of perfect men,
As he hath done in this. The glory got
By overthrowing outward enemies,
Since strength and fortune are main sharers in it,
We cannot, but by pieces, call our own:
But, when we conquer our intestine foes,
Our passions bred within us, and of those
The most rebellious tyrant, powerful Love,
Our reason suffering us to like no longer
Than the fair object, being good, deserves it,
That's a true victory! which, were great men
Ambitious to achieve, by your example
Setting no price upon the breach of faith,
But loss of life, 'twould fright adultery
Out of their families, and make lust appear
As loathsome to us in the first consent,
As when 'tis waited on by punishment.

*Charal.* You have confirm'd me. Who would love a woman,
That might enjoy in such a man a friend!
You have made me know the justice of my cause,
And mark'd me out the way how to defend it.

*Rom.* Continue to that resolution constant,
And you shall, in contempt of their worst malice,
Come off with honour—here they come.

*Charal.* I am ready.

*Enter* Du Croy, Charmi, Rochfort, Novall *senior*, Pontalier, *and* Beaumont.

*Nov. sen.* See, equal judges, with what confidence
The cruel murderer stands, as if he would
Outface the court and justice!

*Roch.* But look on him,
And you shall find, for still methinks I do,
Though guilt hath died him black, something good in him,
That may perhaps work with a wiser man
Than I have been, again to set him free,
And give him all he has.

*Char.* This is not well.
I would you had lived so, my lord, that I
Might rather have continued your poor servant,
Than sit here as your judge.

*Du Croy.* I am sorry for you.

*Roch.* In no act of my life I have deserved
This injury from the court, that any here
Should thus uncivilly usurp on what
Is proper to me only.

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* *My thankfulness that still lives* to the dead,] i. e. to the old marshal, whom Romont never forgets, nor suffers his hearers to forget.

† ——— *and allow me*
*Only a* moral man,—] i. e. allow me to be endowed only with the common principles of morality (setting aside those of religion), and to look on you, &c.

* *Had been sheath'd in a* tiger *or she-bear*,] The allusion is to Novall and Beaumelle; but Mr. M. Mason, who had already forgotten that the former had fallen by the hand of Charalois, alters *tiger* to *tigress*. Such a passion for innovation, with so little discretion to direct it, is surely seldom found in the same person.

*Du Croy.* What distaste
Receives my lord!
*Roch.* You say you are sorry for him:
A grief in which I must not have a partner.
'Tis I alone am sorry, that when I raised
The building of my life, for seventy years
Upon so sure a ground, that all the vices
Practised to ruin man, though brought against me,
Could never undermine, and no way left
To send these gray hairs to the grave with sorrow,
Virtue, that was my patroness, betray'd me.
For, entering, nay, possessing this young man,
It lent him such a powerful majesty
To grace whate'er he undertook, that freely
I gave myself up, with my liberty,
To be at his disposing. Had his person,
Lovely I must confess, or far-famed valour,
Or any other seeming good, that yet
Holds a near neighbourhood with ill, wrought on me
I might have borne it better: but, when goodness
And piety itself in her best figure
Were bribed to my destruction, can you blame me,
Though I forget to suffer like a man,
Or rather act a woman?
*Beau.* Good, my lord!—
*Nov. sen.* You hinder our proceeding.
*Char.* And forget
The parts of an accuser.
*Beau.* Pray you, remember
To use the temper which to me you promised.
*Roch.* Angels themselves must break, Beaumont, that promise
Beyond the strength and patience of angels.
But I have done:—My good lord, pardon me,
A weak old man, and, pray you, add to that,
A miserable father; yet be careful
That your compassion of my age, nor his,
Move you to any thing that may misbecome*
The place on which you sit,
*Char.* Read the indictment.
*Charal.* It shall be needless; I myself, my lords,
Will be my own accuser, and confess
All they can charge me with, nor will I spare
To aggravate that guilt with circumstance
They seek to load me with; only I pray,
That, as for them you will vouchsafe me hearing,
I may not be denied it for myself, when I
Shall urge by what unanswerable reasons
I was compell'd to what I did, which yet,
Till you have taught me better, I repent not.
*Roch.* The motion's honest.
*Char.* And 'tis freely granted.
*Charal.* Then I confess, my lords, that I stood bound,
When, with my friends, even hope itself had left me,
To this man's charity, for my liberty;
Nor did his bounty end there, but began:
For, after my enlargement, cherishing
The good he did, he made me master of
His only daughter, and his whole estate.
Great ties of thankfulness, I must acknowledge:
Could any one fee'd by you, press this further?—
But yet consider, my most honour'd lords,
If to receive a favour make a servant,
And benefits are bonds to tie the taker
To the imperious will of him that gives,
There's none but slaves will receive courtesies,
Since they must fetter us to our dishonours.
Can it be call'd magnificence in a prince,
To pour down riches with a liberal hand
Upon a poor man's wants, if that must bind him
To play the soothing parasite to his vices?
Or any man, because he saved my hand,
Presume my head and heart are at his service?
Or, did I stand engaged to buy my freedom
(When my captivity was honourable)
By making myself here, and fame hereafter,
Bondslaves to men's scorn, and calumnious tongues?—
Had his fair daughter's mind been like her feature,
Or, for some little blemish, I had sought
For my content elsewhere, wasting on others
My body and her dower; my forehead then
Deserved the brand of base ingratitude:
But if obsequious usage, and fair warning
To keep her worth my love, could not preserve her
From being a whore, and yet no cunning one,
So to offend, and yet the fault kept from me,
What should I do? Let any free-born spirit
Determine truly, if that thankfulness,
Choice form, with the whole world given for a dowry,
Could strengthen so an honest man with patience,
As with a willing neck to undergo
The insupportable yoke of slave, or wittol.
*Char.* What proof have you she did play false, besides
Your oath?
*Charal.* Her own confession to her father
I ask him for a witness.
*Roch.* 'Tis most true.
I would not willingly blend my last words
With an untruth.
*Charal.* And then to clear myself,
That his great wealth was not the mark I shot at,
But that I held it, when fair Beaumelle
Fell from her virtue, like the fatal gold
Which Brennus took from Delphos*, whose possession
Brought with it ruin to himself and army:
Here's one in court, Beaumont, by whom I sent
All grants and writings back which made it mine,
Before his daughter died by his own sentence,
As freely as, unask'd, he gave it to me.
*Beau.* They are here to be seen.
*Char.* Open the casket.
——Peruse that deed of gift.
*Rom.* Half of the danger
Already is discharged; the other part
As bravely; and you are not only free,
But crown'd with praise for ever!
*Du Croy.* 'Tis apparent.
*Char.* Your state, my lord, again is yours.
*Roch.* Not mine;
I am not of the world. If it can prosper
(And yet, being justly got, I'll not examine
Why it should be so fatal), do you bestow it
On pious uses: I'll go seek a grave.
And yet, for proof I die in peace, your pardon

* ——————— *that may* misbecome.] The old copy reads *dis-become*, an unusual word, but regularly formed. I thought it worth noticing, though I have not disturbed Coxeter's fancied improvement.

* —— ——————— *like the fatal gold*
*Which Brennus took from Delphos,*] This was so destructive to all who shared it, that it grew into a proverb. See *Eras. Adag.*

I ask; and, as you grant it me, may heaven,
Your conscience, and these judges, free you from
What you are charged with! So, farewell for ever! [*Exit.*
*Nov. sen.* I'll be mine own guide. Passion nor example
Shall be my leaders. I have lost a son,
A son, grave judges; I require his blood
From his accursed homicide.
*Char.* What reply you,
In your defence, for this?
*Charal.* I but attended
Your lordships' pleasure.—For the fact, as of
The former, I confess it; but with what
Base wrongs I was unwillingly drawn to it,
To my few words there are some other proofs
To witness this for truth. When I was married,
For there I must begin, the slain Novall
Was to my wife, in way of our French courtship,
A most devoted servant, but yet aimed at
Nothing but means to quench his wanton heat,
His heart being never warm'd by lawful fires,
As mine was, lords: and though, on these presumptions,
Join'd to the hate between his house and mine,
I might, with opportunity and ease,
Have found a way for my revenge, I did not;
But still he had the freedom as before,
When all was mine: and, told that he abused it
With some unseemly license, by my friend,
My approved friend, Romont, I gave no credit
To the reporter, but reproved him for it,
As one uncourtly and malicious to him.
What could I more, my lords? Yet, after this,
He did continue in his first pursuit,
Hotter than ever, and at length obtain'd it;
But, how it came to my most certain knowledge,
For the dignity of the court, and my own honour,
I dare not say.
*Nov. sen.* If all may be believed
A passionate prisoner speaks, who is so foolish
That durst be wicked, that will appear guilty?
No, my grave lords; in his impunity
But give example unto jealous men
To cut the throats they hate, and they will never
Want matter or pretence for their bad ends.
*Char.* You must find other proofs to strengthen these
But mere presumptions.
*Du Croy.* Or we shall hardly
Allow your innocence.
*Charal.* All your attempts
Shall fall on me like brittle shafts on armour,
That break themselves; or waves against a rock,
That leave no sign of their ridiculous fury
But foam and splinters: my innocence, like these,
Shall stand triumphant, and your malice serve
But for a trumpet to proclaim my conquest.
Nor shall you, though you do the worst fate can,
Howe'er condemn, affright an honest man.
*Rom.* May it please the court, I may be heard?
*Nov. sen.* You come not
To rail again? but do—you shall not find
Another Rochfort.
*Rom.* In Novall I cannot.
But I come furnished with what will stop
The mouth of his conspiracy 'gainst the life
Of innocent Charalois. Do you know this character?
*Nov. sen.* Yes, 'tis my son's.
*Rom.* May it please your lordships, read it:
And you shall find there with what vehemency
He did solicit Beaumelle; how he got
A promise from her to enjoy his wishes;
How after, he abjured her company,
And yet—but that 'tis fit I spare the dead—
Like a damn'd villain, as soon as recorded,
He brake that oath:—to make this manifest,
Produce his bawds and her's.

*Enter* Officers *with* Aymer, Florimel, *and* Bellapert.

*Char.* Have they ta'en their oaths?
*Rom.* They have, and, rather than endure the rack,
Confess the time, the meeting, nay, the act;
What would you more? only this matron made
A free discovery to a good end;
And therefore I sue to the court she may not
Be placed in the black list of the delinquents.
*Pont.* I see by this, Novall's revenge needs me,
And I shall do—— [*Aside.*
*Char.* 'Tis evident.
*Nov. sen.* That I
Till now was never wretched: here's no place
To curse him or my stars. *Exit*
*Char.* Lord Charalois,
The injuries you have sustain'd appear
So worthy of the mercy of the court,
That, notwithstanding you have gone beyond
The letter of the law, they yet acquit you.
*Pont.* But, in Novall, I do condemn him—thus.
[*Stabs him.*
*Charal.* I am slain.
*Rom.* Can I look on? Oh, murderous wretch!
Thy challenge now I answer. So! die with him.
*Stabs Pontalier.*
*Char,* A guard! disarm him.
*Rom.* I yield up my sword
Unforced.—Oh, Charalois!
*Charal.* For shame, Romont,
Mourn not for him that dies as he hath lived;
Still constant and unmoved; what's fall'n upon me
Is by heaven's will, because I made myself
A judge in my own cause, without their warrant:
But he that lets me know thus much in death,
With all good men—forgive me! [*Dies,*
*Pont.* I receive
The vengeance which my love, not built on virtue,
Has made me worthy, worthy of*. [*Dies.*
*Char.* We are taught
By this sad precedent, how just soever
Our reasons are to remedy our wrongs,
We are yet to leave them to their will and power
That, to that purpose, have authority.
For you, Romont, although, in your excuse,
You may plead what you did was in revenge
Of the dishonour done unto the court,
Yet, since from us you had not warrant for it,
We banish you the state: for these, they shall,
As they are found guilty or innocent,
Or be set free, or suffer punishment. [*Exeunt*†.

* *Has made me worthy, worthy of.*] The old copy repeats *worthy*, which has a good effect; when we add to this, that it also completes the verse, we shall wonder at its omission by the former editors.

† Dr. Samuel Johnson, in his life of Rowe, pronounces of *The Fair Penitent*, "that it is one of the most pleasing Tragedies on the stage, where it still keeps its turns of appearing, and probably will long keep them, for that there is scarcely any work of any poet at once so interesting by the fable, and so delightful by the language. The story," he observes, "is domestic, and therefore easily received by the

A. Dirge.—*See Act II., Sc. 1.*

*Fie! cease to wonder,*
*Though you hear Orpheus with his ivory lute,*
*Move trees and rocks,*
*Charm bulls, bears, and men more savage, to be mute;*
*Weak, foolish singer, here is one*
*Would have transform'd thyself to stone.*

A Song by Aymer.—*Act II., Sc. 2.*

*A Dialogue between a Man and a Woman.*

Man. *Set, Phœbus, set; a fairer sun doth rise*
*From the bright radiance of my mistress' eyes*
*Than ever thou begat'st: I dare not look;*
*Each hair a golden line, each word a hook,*
*The more I strive, the more still I am took.*
Wom. *Fair servant, come; the day these eyes do lend*
*To warm thy blood, thou dost so vainly spend,*
*Come strangle breath.*
Man. *What note so sweet as this,*
*That calls the spirits to a further bliss?*
Wom. *Yet this out-savours wine, and this perfume.*
Man. *Let's die; I languish, I consume.*

Citizen's Song of the Courtier.—*See Act IV., Sc. II.*

*Courtier, if thou needs wilt wive,*
*From this lesson learn to thrive;*
*If thou match a lady, that passes thee in birth and state,*
*Let her curious garments be*
*Twice above thine own degree;*
*This will draw great eyes upon her,*
*Get her servants, and thee honour.*

Courtier's Song of the Citizens.

*Poor citizen, if thou wilt be*
*A happy husband, learn of me*
*To set thy wife first in thy shop;*
*A fair wife, a kind wife, a sweet wife, sets a poor man up.*
*What though thy shelves be ne'er so bare,*
*A woman still is current ware;*
*Each man will cheapen, foe and friend;*
*But, whilst thou art at t'other end,*
*Whate'er thou seest, or what dost hear,*
*Fool, have no eye to, nor an ear;*
*And after supper, for her sake,*
*When thou hast fed, snort, though thou wake:*
*What though the gallants call thee Mome!*
*Yet with thy lantern light her home;*
*Then look into the town, and tell*
*If no such tradesmen there do well.*

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imagination, and assimilated to common life; the diction is exquisitely harmonious, and soft or sprightly as occasion requires." Few people, I believe, will think this character of *The Fair Penitent* too lavish on the score of commendation; the high degree of public favour in which this Tragedy has long stood, has ever attracted the best audiences to it, and engaged the talents of the best performers in its display. As there is no drama more frequently exhibited, or more generally read, I propose to give it a fair and impartial examination, jointly with the more unknown and less popular Tragedy from which it is derived.

*The Fair Penitent* is in fable and character so closely copied from *The Fatal Dowry*, that it is impossible not to take that Tragedy along with it; and it is matter of some surprise to me that Rowe should have made no acknowledgment of his imitation, either in his dedication or prologue, or any where else that I am apprised of.

This Tragedy of *The Fatal Dowry* was the joint production of Massinger and Nathaniel Field; it takes a wider compass of fable than *The Fair Penitent*, by which means it presents a very affecting scene at the opening, which discovers young Charalois, attended by his friend Romont, waiting with a petition in his hand to be presented to the judges, when they shall meet, praying the release of his dead father's body, which had been seized by his creditors, and detained in their hands for debts he had incurred in the public service, as field-marshal of the armies of Burgundy. Massinger, to whose share this part of the Tragedy devolved, has managed this pathetic introduction with consummate skill and great expression of nature; a noble youth in the last state of worldly distress, reduced to the humiliating yet pious office of soliciting an unfeeling and unfriendly judge to allow him to pay the solemn rites of burial to the remains of an illustrious father, who had fought his country's battles with glory, and had sacrificed life and fortune in the defence of an ungrateful state, impresses the spectator's mind with pity and respect, which are felt through every passage of the Play: one thing in particular strikes me at the opening of the scene, which is the long silence that the poet has artfully imposed upon his principal character (Charalois) who stands in mute sorrow with his petition in his hand, whilst his friend Romont, and his advocate Charmi, urge him to present himself to the judges, and solicit them in person: the judges now make their entrance, they stop upon the stage; they offer him the fairest opportunity for tendering his petition and soliciting his suit: Charalois remains fixed and speechless; Romont, who is all eagerness in his cause, presses him again and again:

" Now, put on your spirits.—
Now, sir, lose not this offer'd means: their looks
Fix'd on you with a pitying earnestness,
Invite you to demand their furtherance
To your good purpose."

The judges point him out to each other; they lament the misfortunes of his noble house; they observe,

" ——————— It is young Charalois
Son to the marshal, from whom he inherits
His fame and virtues only.
" *Rom.* Ha; they name you.
" *Du Croy.* His father died in prison two days since.
" *Roch.* Yes, to the shame of this ungrateful state;
That such a master in the art of war,
So noble and so highly meriting
From this forgetful country, should, for want
Of means to satisfy his creditors
The sums he took up for the general good,
Meet with an end so infamous.
*Rom.* Dare you ever
Hope for like opportunity?"

It is vain, the opportunity passes off, and Charalois opens not his mouth, nor even silently tenders his petition.

I have, upon a former occasion, both generally and particularly observed upon the effects of dramatic silence: the stage cannot afford a more beautiful and touching instance than this before us: to say it is not inferior to the silence of Hamlet upon his first appearance, would be saying too little in its favour. I have no doubt but Massinger had this very case in his thoughts, and I honour him no less for the imitating, than I should have done for striking out a silence so naturally and so delicately preserved. What could Charalois have uttered to give him that interest in the hearts of his spectators, which their own conclusions during his affecting silence have already impressed? No sooner are the judges gone, than the ardent Romont again breaks forth:—

" ——————— This obstinate spleen,
You think, becomes your sorrow, and sorts well
With your black suits."

This is Hamlet himself, his *inky cloak*, and *customary suits of solemn black*. The character of Charalois is thus fixed before he speaks; the poet's art has given the prejudice that is to bear him in our affections through all the succeeding events of the fable; and a striking contrast is established between the undiscerning fiery zeal of Romont, and Charalois' fine sensibility and high-born dignity of soul.

A more methodical and regular dramatist would have stopped here, satisfied that the impression already made was fully sufficient for all the purposes of his plot; but Massinger, according to the busy spirit of the stage for which he wrote, is not alarmed by a throng of incidents, and proceeds to open the court and discuss the pleadings on the stage: the advocate Charmi, in a set harangue, moves the judges for dispensing with the rigour of the law in favour of creditors, and for rescuing the marshal's corpse out of their clutches; he is browbeaten and silenced by the presiding judge old Novall: the plea is then taken up by the impetuous Romont, and urged with so much personal insolence, that he is arrested on the spot, put in charge of the officers of the court, and taken to prison. This is a very striking mode of introducing the set oration of Charalois; a son recounting the military achievements of a newly deceased father, and an

ploring mercy from his creditors and the law towards his unburied remains, now claims the attention of the court, who had been hitherto unmoved by the feeble formality of a hired pleader, and the turbulent passion of an enraged soldier. Charalois' argument takes a middle course between both; the pious feelings of a son, tempered by the modest manners of a gentleman: the creditors however are implacable, the judge is hostile, and the law must take its course:

" *Cred.* It is the city doctrine;
We stand bound to maintain it.
" *Charal.* Be constant in it;
And since you are as merciless in your natures,
As base and mercenary in your means
By which you get your wealth, I will not urge
The court to take away one scruple from
The right of their laws, or [wish] one good thought
In you to mend your disposition with.
I know there is no music to your ears
So pleasing as the groans of men in prison,
And that the tears of widows, and the cries
Of famish'd orphans, are the feasts that take you.
That to be in your danger, with more care
Should be avoided than infectious air,
The loathed embraces of diseased women,
A flatterer's poison, or the loss of honour.—
Yet rather than my father's reverend dust
Shall want a place in that fair monument,
In which our noble ancestors lie entomb'd,
Before the court I offer up myself
A prisoner for it. Load me with those irons
That have worn out his life; in my best strength
I'll run to the encounter of cold, hunger,
And choose my dwelling where no sun dares enter,
So he may be released."

There was yet another incident, which the poet's passion for business and spectacle induced him to avail himself of, viz the funeral of the marshal; this he displays on the stage, with a train of captains and soldiers following the body of their general: Charalois and Romont, under custody of their gaolers, appear as chief mourners, and a party of creditors are concerned in the groupe.

After this solemnity is dispatched, the poet proceeds to develope the amiable generosity of old Rochfort, who, being touched with the gallant spirit of Romont, and still more penetrated with the filial piety of young Charalois, delivers them both from imprisonment and distress, by discharging the debts of the marshal, and dismissing the creditors: this also passes before the eyes of the spectators. Before Charalois has given full expression to his gratitude for this extraordinary benefaction, Rochfort follows it with a further act of bounty, which he introduces in the style of a request—

" Call in my daughter. Still I have a suit to you,
Would you requite me.———
This is my only child."

Beaumelle, Rochfort's daughter, is presented to Charalois; the scene is hurried on with a precipitation almost without example: Charalois asks the lady,

" Fair Beaumelle, can you love me?
" *Beaumel.* Yes, my lord.
" *Charal.* You need not question me if I can you:
You are the fairest virgin in Dijon,
And Rochfort is your father."

The match is agreed upon as soon as proposed, and Rochfort hastens away to prepare the celebration.

In this cluster of incidents I must not fail to remark, that the poet introduces young Novall upon the scene, in the very moment when the short dialogue above quoted was passing: this Novall had before been exhibited as a suitor to Beaumelle, and his vain frivolous character had been displayed in a very ridiculous and contemptible light; he is now again introduced to be a witness of his own disappointment, and his only observation upon it is—" What's this change?"—Upon the exit of the father, however, he addresses himself to the lady, and her reply gives the alarming hint, that makes discovery of the fatal turn which the plot is now about to take; for when Novall, turning aside to Beaumelle, by one word—" Mistress!"—conveys the reproach of inconstancy, she replies,

" Oh, servant!—Virtue strengthen me!
Thy presence blows round my affection's vane:—
You will undo me, if you speak again." [*Exit.*

Young Novall is left on the scene with certain followers and dependants, which hang upon his fortune, one of which (Pontalier by name), a man under deep obligations to him, yet of an honest nature, advises him to an honourable renunciation of all further hopes or attempts to avail himself of the affections of Beaumelle—

" ———— Though you have saved my life,
Rescued me often from my wants, I must not
Wink at your follies, that will ruin you.
You know my blunt way, and my love to truth—
Forsake the pursuit of this lady's honour,
Now you do see her made another man's."

This honourable advice is rejected with contempt: Novall, in whose mean bosom there does not seem a trace of virtue, avows a determined perseverance; and the poet having in this hasty manner completed these inauspicious nuptials, closes the second act of his Tragedy.

We have now expended two entire acts of *The Fatal Dowry*, in advancing to that period in the fable, at which the Tragedy of *The Fair Penitent* opens. If the author of this Tragedy thought it necessary to contract Massinger's plot, and found one upon it of a more regular construction, I know not how he could do this any otherwise, than by taking up the story at the point where we have now left it, and throwing the antecedent matter into narration; and though these two prefatory acts are full of very affecting incidents, yet the pathos which properly appertains to the plot, and conduces to the catastrophe of the Tragedy, does not in strictness take place before the event of the marriage. No critic will say that the pleadings before the judges, the interference of the creditors, the distresses of Charalois, or the funeral of the marshal, are necessary parts of the drama; at the same time no reader will deny (and neither could Rowe himself overlook) the effect of these incidents: he could not fail to foresee that he was to sacrifice very much of the interest of his fable, when he was to throw that upon narration, which his original had given in spectacle: and the loss was more enhanced by falling upon the hero of the drama; for who that compares Charalois, at the end of the second act of Massinger, with Rowe's Altamont at the opening scene of *The Fair Penitent*, can doubt which character has most interest with the spectators? We have seen the former in all the most amiable offices which filial piety could perform; enduring insults from his inveterate oppressors, and voluntarily surrendering himself to a prison to ransome the dead body of his father from unrelenting creditors. Altamont presents himself before us in his wedding suit, in the splendour of fortune, and at the summit of happiness; he greets us with a burst of exultation—

" Let this auspicious day be ever sacred,
No mourning, no misfortunes happen on it;
Let it be mark'd for triumphs and rejoicings!
Let happy lovers ever make it holy,
Choose it to bless their hopes and crown their wishes;
This happy day, that gives me my Calista!"

The rest of the scene is employed by him and Horatio alternately in recounting the benefits conferred upon them by the generous Sciolto; and the very same incident of the seizure of his father's corpse by the creditors, and his redemption of it, is recited by Horatio:—

" ———— When his hard creditors,
Urged and assisted by Lothario's father
(Foe to thy house and rival of thy greatness),
By sentence of the cruel law forbade
His venerable corpse to rest in earth,
Thou gavest thyself a ransome for his bones;
With piety uncommon didst give up
Thy hopeful youth to slaves, who ne'er knew mercy."

Is is not however within the reach of this, or any other description, to place Altamont in that interesting and amiable light, as circumstances have already placed Charalois; the happy and exulting bridegroom may be an object of our congratulation, but the virtuous and suffering Charalois engages our pity, love, and admiration. If Rowe would have his audience credit Altamont for that filial piety, which marks the character he copied from, it was a small oversight to put the following expression into his mouth—

" Oh, great Sciolto! Oh, my more than father!"

A closer attention to character would have reminded him that it was possible for Altamont to express his gratitude to Sciolto without setting him above a father, to whose memory he had paid such devotion.

From this contraction of his plot, by the defalcation of so many pathetic incidents, it became impossible for the author of *The Fair Penitent* to make his Altamont the hero of his Tragedy, and the leading part is taken from him by Horatio, and even by Lothario, throughout the drama. There are several reasons, which concur to sink Altamont upon the comparison with Charalois, the chief of which arises from the captivating colours in which Rowe has painted his libertine: on the contrary, Massinger gives a contemptible picture of his young Novall; he makes him not only vicious, but ridiculous; in foppery and impertinence he is the counterpart of Shakspeare's Osrick; vain-glorious, purse-proud, and overbearing amongst his dependants; a spiritless poltroon in his interview with Romont. " Lothario," as Johnson observes, " with gaiety which cannot be hated, and bravery which

cannot be despised, retains too much of the spectator's kindness." His high spirit, brilliant qualities, and fine person are so described, as to put us in danger of false impressions in his favour, and to set the passions in opposition to the moral of the piece: I suspect that the gallantry of Lothario makes more advocates for Calista than she ought to have. There is another consideration, which operates against Altamont, and it is an indelicacy in his character, which the poet should have provided against: he marries Calista with the full persuasion of her being averse to the match; in his first meeting with Sciolto he says——

"Oh! could I hope there was one thought of Altamont,
One kind remembrance in Calista's breast——
——— I found her cold
As a dead lover's statue on his tomb;
A rising storm of passion shook her breast,
Her eyes a piteous shower of tears let fall,
And then she sighed as if her heart were breaking.
With all the tenderest eloquence of love
I begg'd to be a sharer in her grief;
But she, with looks averse, and eyes that froze me,
Sadly replied, her sorrows were her own,
Nor in a father's power to dispose of."

I am aware that Sciolto attempts to parry these facts, by an intrepretation too gross and unbecoming for a father's character, and only fit for the lips of a Lothario; but yet it is not in nature to suppose that Altamont could mistake such symptoms, and it fixes a meanness upon him, which prevails against his character throughout the play. Nothing of this sort could be discovered by Massinger's bridegroom, for the ceremony was agreed upon and performed at the very first interview of the parties; Beaumelle gave a full and unreserved assent, and though her character suffers on the score of hypocrisy on that account, yet Charalois is saved by it: less hypocrisy appears in Calista, but hers is the deeper guilt, because she was already dishonoured by Lothario, and Beaumelle's coquetry with Novall had not yet reached the length of criminality. Add to this, that Altamont appears in the contemptible light of a suitor, whom Calista had apprised of her aversion, and to whom she had done a deliberate act of dishonour, though his person and character must have been long known to her. The case is far otherwise between Charalois and Beaumelle, who never met before, and every care is taken by the poet to save his hero from such a deliberate injury, as might convey contempt; with this view the marriage is precipitated, nothing is allowed to pass, that might open the character of Charalois to Beaumelle, she is hurried into an assignation with Novall immediately upon her marriage; every artifice of seduction is employed by her confidante Bellapeit, and Aymer, the parasite of Novall, to make the meeting criminal; she falls the victim of passion, and when detection brings her to a sense of her guilt, she makes this penitent and pathetic appeal to Charalois——

"——————— Oh my fate!
That never would consent that I should see
How worthy you were both of love and duty,
Before I lost you; and my misery made
The glass in which I now behold your virtue!
With justice therefore you may cut me off,
And from your memory wash the remembrance
That e'er I was; like to some vicious purpose,
Which, in your better judgment, you repent of,
And study to forget——
——— Yet you shall find,
Though I was bold enough to be a strumpet,
I dare not yet live one. Let those famed matrons,
That are canonized worthy of our sex,
Transcend me in their sanctity of life;
I yet will equal them in dying nobly,
Ambitious of no honour after life,
But that, when I am dead, you will forgive me."

Compare this with the conduct of Calista, and then decide which frail fair one has the better title to the appellation of a *penitent*, and which drama conveys the better moral by its catastrophe.

There is indeed a grossness in the older poet, which his more modern imitator has refined; but he has only sweetened the poison, not removed its venom; nay, by how much more palateable he has made it, so much more pernicious it is become in his tempting, sparkling cup, than in the coarse deterring dose of Massinger.

Rowe has no doubt greatly outstepped his original in the striking character of Lothario, who leaves Novall as far behind him as Charalois does Altamont: it is admitted then that Calista has as good a plea as any wanton could wish, to urge for her criminality with Lothario, and the poet has not spared the ear of modesty in his exaggerated description of the guilty scene; every luxurious image, that his inflamed imagination could crowd into the glowing rhapsody, is there to be found, and the whole is recited in numbers so flowing and harmonious, that they not only arrest the passions but the memory also, and perhaps have been, and still can be, as generally repeated as any passage in English poetry. Massinger, with less elegance, but not with less regard to decency, suffers the guilty act to pass within the course of his drama; the greater refinement of manners in Rowe's day did not allow of this, and he anticipated the incident; but when he revived the recollection of it by such a studied description, he plainly showed that it was not from moral principle that he omitted it; and if he has presented his heroine to the spectators with more immediate delicacy during the compass of the play, he has at the same time given her greater depravity of mind; her manners may be more refined, but her principle is fouler than Beaumelle's. Calista, who yielded to the gallant, gay Lothario, "hot with the Tuscan grape," might perhaps have disdained a lover who addressed her in the holiday language which Novall uses to Beaumelle:

"Best day to nature's curiosity,
Star of Dijon, the lustre of all France!
Perpetual spring dwell on thy rosy cheeks,
Whose breath is perfume to our continent!——
See! Flora trimm'd in her varieties.——
No autumn nor no age eve approach
This heavenly piece, which nature having wrought,
She lost her needle, and did then despair
Ever to work so lively and so fair!"

The letter of Calista (which brings about the discovery by the poor expedient of Lothario's dropping it and Horatio's finding it) has not even the merit of being characteristically wicked, and is both in its matter and mode below Tragedy. It is, *Lothario's cruelty has determined her to yield a perfect obedience to her father, and give her hand to Altamont, in spite of her weakness for the false Lothario.*—If the lady had given her *perfect obedience* its true denomination, she had called it a most dishonourable compliance; and, if we may take Lothario's word (who seems full correct enough in describing facts and particulars), she had not much cause to complain of his being false; for he tells Rossano:

"I liked her, would have married her,
But that it pleased her father to refuse me,
To make this honourable tool her husband."

It appears by this, that Lothario had not been *false* to her in the article of marriage, though he might have been *cruel* to her on the score of passion, which indeed is confessed on his part with as much *cold indifference*, as the most barefaced avowal could express—But to return to the letter: She proceeds to tell him—*that she could almost wish she had that heart, and that honour to bestow with it, which he has robbed her of.*—But lest this half wish should startle him, she adds—*But oh! I fear, could I retrieve them, I should again be undone by the too faithless, yet too lovely Lothario*—This must be owned as full a reason as she could give, why she should only *almost wish* for her lost honour, when she would make such an use of it, if she had it again at her disposal. And yet the very next paragraph throws every thing into contradiction, for she tells him—*this is the last weakness of her pen, and to-morrow shall be the last in which she will indulge her eyes.* If she could keep to that resolution, I must think the recovery of her innocence would have been worth a whole wish, and many a wish; unless we are to suppose she was so devoted to guilt, that she could take delight in reflecting upon it: this is a state of depravity, which human nature hardly ever attains, and seems peculiar to Calista. She now grows very humble, and concludes in a style well suited to her humility—*Lucilla shall conduct you, if you are kind enough to let me see you; it shall be the last trouble you shall meet with from*
*The lost* CALISTA.

It was very ill done of Horatio's curiosity to read this letter, and I must ever regret that he has so unhandsomely exposed a lady's private correspondence to the world.

Though the part which Horatio takes in the business of the drama is exactly that which falls to the share of Romont in *The Fatal Dowry*, yet their characters are of a very different cast; for, as Rowe had bestowed the fire and impetuosity of Romont upon his Lothario, it was a very judicious opposition to contrast it with the cool deliberate courage of the sententious Horatio, the friend and brother-in-law of Altamont.

When Horatio has read Calista's letter, which Lothario had dropped (an accident which more frequently happens to gentlemen in comedies, than in tragedies), he falls into a very long meditation, and closes it with putting this question to himself:—

"What if I give this paper to her father?
It follows that his justice dooms her dead,
And breaks his heart with sorrow; hard return

For all the good his hand has heap'd on us!
Hold, let me take a moment's thought———"

At this moment he is interrupted in his reflections by the presence of Lavinia, whose tender solicitude fills up the remaining part of the dialogue, and concludes the act without any decisive resolution on the part of Horatio; an incident well contrived, and introduced with much dramatic skill and effect: though pressed by his wife to disclose the cause of his uneasiness, he does not impart to her the fatal discovery he has made; this also is well in character. Upon his next entrance he has withdrawn himself from the company, and being alone, resumes his meditation:

"What, if, while all are here intent on revelling,
I privately went forth and sought Lothario?
This letter may be forged; perhaps the wantonness
Of his vain youth to stain a lady's fame;
Perhaps his malice to disturb my friend.
Oh! no, my heart forebodes it must be true.
Methought e'en now I mark'd the stars of guilt
That shook her soul, though damn'd dissimulation
Screen'd her dark thoughts and set to public view
A specious face of innocence and beauty."

This soliloquy is succeeded by the much-admired and striking scene between him and Lothario; rigid criticism might wish to abridge some of the sententious declamatory speeches of Horatio, and shorten the dialogue to quicken the effect; but the moral sentiment and harmonious versification are much too charming to be treated as intruders, and the author has also struck upon a natural expedient for prolonging the dialogue, without any violence to probability, by the interposition of Rossano, who acts as a mediator between the hostile parties. This interposition is further necessary to prevent a decisive rencounter, for which the fable is not ripe; neither would it be proper for Horatio to anticipate the revenge, which is reserved for Altamont: The altercation therefore closes with a challenge from Lothario:

"West of the town a mile, amongst the rocks,
Two hours ere noon to-morrow I expect thee;
Thy single hand to mine."

The place of meeting is not well ascertained, and the time is too long deferred for strict probability; there are, however, certain things in all dramas, which must not be too rigidly insisted upon, and provided no extraordinary violence is done to reason and common sense, the candid critic ought to let them pass: this I take to be a case in point; and though Horatio's cool courage and ready presence of mind, are not just the qualities to reconcile us to such an oversight, yet I see no reason to be severe upon the incident, which is followed by his immediate recollection:

"Two hours ere noon to-morrow! Hah! Ere that
He sees Calista.—Oh! unthinking fool!
What if I urged her with the crime and danger?
If any spark from heaven remain unquench'd
Within her breast, my breath perhaps may wake it.
Could I but prosper there, I would not doubt
My combat with that loud vain-glorious boaster."

Whether this be a measure altogether in character with a man of Horatio's good sense and discretion, I must own is matter of doubt with me. I think he appears fully satisfied of her actual criminality; and in that case it would be more natural for him to lay his measures for intercepting Lothario, and preventing the assignation, than to try his rhetoric in the present crisis upon the agitated mind of Calista. As it has justly occurred to him, that he has been over-reached by Lothario in the postponement of the duel, the measure I suggest would naturally tend to hasten that rencounter. Now, though the business of the drama may require an explanation between Horatio and Calista, whereupon to ground an occasion for his interesting quarrel with Altamont: yet I do not see any necessity to make that a premeditated explanation, nor to sacrifice character, by a measure that is inconsistent with the better judgment of Horatio. The poet, however, has decreed it otherwise, and a deliberate interview with Calista and Horatio accordingly takes place. This, although introduced with a solemn invocation on his part, is very clumsily conducted:

"Teach me, some Power! that happy art of speech
To dress my purpose up in gracious words,
Such as may softly steal upon her soul,
And never waken the tempestuous passions."

Who can expect, after this preparation, to hear Horatio thus break his secret to Calista?

"Lothario and Calista!—Thus they join
Two names, which heaven decreed should never meet
Hence have the talkers of this populous city
A shameful tale to tell for public sport,
Of an unhappy beauty, a false fair one,
Who plighted to a noble youth her faith,
When she had given her honour to a wretch."

This I hold to be totally out of nature; first, because it is a palpable departure from his resolution to use "gracious words;" next, because it has a certain tendency to produce rage and not repentance; and thirdly, because it is founded in exaggeration and falsehood; for how is he warranted to say that the story is the public talk and sport of the city? If it were so, what can his interference avail? why seek this interview?

"Why come to tell her how she might be happy?
To soothe the secret anguish of her soul?
To comfort that fair mourner, that forlorn one,
And teach her steps to know the paths of peace?"

No judge of nature will think he takes the means to lead her into "the paths of peace," by hurrying her to the very brink of desperation. I need not enlarge upon this observation, and shall therefore only remark, that the scene breaks up, as might be expected, with the following proof of her penitence, and his success in persuasion:

"Henceforth, thou officious fool,
Meddle no more, nor dare, even on thy life,
To breathe an accent that may touch my virtue:
I am myself the guardian of my honour,
And will not bear so insolent a monitor."

Let us now enquire how Romont (the Horatio of Massinger) conducts this incident, a character from whom less discretion is to be expected than from his philosophical successor. Romont himself discovers Beaumelle and Novall engaged in the most wanton familiarities, and with a warmth suitable to his zeal, breaks up the amorous conference by driving Novall off the scene with ineffable contempt: he then applies himself to the lady, and with a very natural and manly spirit says,

"——————— I respect you,
Not for yourself, but in remembrance of
Who is your father, and whose wife you now are."

She replies to him with contempt and ridicule; he resumes the same characteristic strain he sets out with, and proceeds:

"——————— My intents,
Madam, deserve not this; nor do I stay
To be the whetstone of your wit: preserve it
To spend on such as know how to admire
Such colour'd stuff. In me, there now speaks to you
As true a friend and servant to your honour,
And one that will with as much hazard guard it,
As ever man did goodness:————but then, lady,
You must endeavour, not alone to BE,
But to APPEAR, worthy such love and service."

We have just now heard Horatio reproach Calista with the reports that were circulated against her reputation; let us compare it with what Romont says upon the same subject:

——— ———But yet be careful:
Detraction's a bold monster, and fears not
To wound the fame of princes, if it find
But any blemish in their lives to work on.
But I'll be plainer with you: had the people
Been learned to speak but what even now I saw,
Their malice out of that would raise an engine
To overthrow your honour. In my sight,
With yonder painted fool I frighted from you
You used familiarity beyond
A modest entertainment: you embraced him
With too much ardour for a stranger, and
Met him with kisses neither chaste nor comely.
But learn you to forget him, as I will
Your bounties to him; you will find it safer
Rather to be uncourtly than immodest."

What avails it to attempt drawing a comparison between this conduct and that of Horatio, where no comparison is to be made? I leave it to the reader, and decline a task at once so unnecessary and ungrateful.

When Romont finds no impression is to be made upon Beaumelle, he meets her father, and immediately falls into the same reflection that Horatio had struck upon:

"——— Her father?—ha!——
How if I break this to him? sure it cannot
Meet with an ill construction: his wisdom,
Made powerful by the authority of a father,
Will warrant and give privilege to his counsels.
It shall be so.—

If this step needs excuse, the reader will consider that it in a step of prevention. The experiment, however, fails, and he is rebuffed with some asperity by Rochfort; this draws on a scene between him and Charalois, which, as it is too long to transcribe, so it is throughout too excellent to extract any part from it. I can only express my surprise, that the author of *The Fair Penitent*, with this scene before him, could conduct his interview between Altamont and Horatio upon a plan so widely different, and so much inferior: I must suppose he thought it a strong incident to make Altamont give a blow to his friend, else he might have seen an interview carried on with infinitely more spirit, both of lan-

guage, and character, between Charalois and Romont, in circumstances exactly similar, where no such violence was committed, or even meditated. Was it because Pierre had given a blow to Jaffier, that Altamont was to repeat the like indignity to Horatio, for a woman of whose aversion he had proofs not to be mistaken? Charalois is a character atleast as high and irritable as Altamont, and Romont is out of all comparison more rough and plain-spoken than Horatio: Charalois might be deceived into an opinion of Beaumelle's affection for him; Altamont could not deceive himself into such a notion, and the lady had testified her dislike of him in the strongest terms, accompanied with symptoms which he himself had described as indicating some rooted and concealed affliction: could any solution be more natural than what Horatio gives? Novall was a rival so contemptible, that Charalois could not, with any degree of probability, consider him as an object of his jealousy; it would have been a degradation of his character, had he yielded to such a suspicion: Lothario, on the contrary, was of all men living the most to be apprehended by a husband, let his confidence or vanity be ever so great. Rowe, in his attempt to *surprise*, has sacrificed nature and the truth of character for stage-effect; Massinger, by preserving both nature and character, has conducted his friends through an angry altercation with infinitely more spirit, more pathos, and more dramatic effect, and yet dismissed them with the following animated and affecting speech from Charalois to his friend:

"——— Thou art not my friend,
Or being so, thou art mad: I must not buy
Thy friendship at this rate. Had I just cause,
Thou know'st I durst pursue such injury
Through fire, air, water, earth, nay, were they all
Shuffled again to chaos; but there's none.
Thy skill, Romont, consists in camps, not courts.
Farewell, uncivil man! let's meet no more:
Here our long web of friendship I untwist.
Shall I go whine, walk pale, and lock my wife,
For nothing, from her birth's free liberty,
That open'd mine to me? yes, if I do,
The name of cuckold then dog me with scorn!
I am a Frenchman, no Italian born." [*Exit.*

It is plain that Altamont at least was an exception to this remark upon Italian husbands. I shall pursue this comparison no further, nor offer any other remark upon the incident of the blow given by Altamont, except with regard to Horatio's conduct upon receiving it; he draws his sword, and immediately suspends resentment upon the following motive:

"Yet hold! By heav'n, his father's in his face!
Spite of my wrongs, my heart runs o'er with tenderness,
And I could rather die myself than hurt him."

We must suppose it was the martial attitude that Altamont had put himself into, which brought the resemblance of his father so strongly to the observation of Horatio, otherwise it was a very unnatural moment to recollect it in, when he had just received the deepest insult one man can give to another: it is however worth a remark that this father of Altamont should act on both sides, and yet miscarry in his mediation; for it is but a few passages before that Altamont says to Horatio:

"Thou wert my father's friend; he lov'd thee well;
A venerable mark of him
Hangs round thee, and protects thee from my vengeance.
I cannot, dare not, lift my sword against thee."

What this mark was is left to conjecture; but it is plain it was as seasonable for Horatio's rescue at this moment, as it was for Altamont a few moments after, who had certainly overlooked it when he struck the very friend against whom he could not, dared not, *lift his sword.*

When Lavinia's entrance has parted Altamont and Horatio, her husband complains to her of the ingratitude with which he has been treated, and says:

"He, who was all to me, child, brother, friend,
With barbarous bloody malice sought my life."

These are very extraordinary terms for a man like Horatio to use, and seem to convey a charge very unfit for him to make, and of a very different nature from the hasty insult he had received; in fact it appears as if the blow had totally reversed his character, for the resolution he takes in consequence of this personal affront, is just such an one as would be only taken by the man who dared not to resent it:

"From Genoa, from falsehood and inconstancy,
To some more honest distant clime we'll go;
Nor will I be beholden to my country
For aught but thee, the partner of my flight."

That Horatio's heroism did not consist in the ready forgiveness of injuries, is evident from the obstinate sullenness with which he rejects the penitent apologies of Altamont in the farther progress of the play; I am at a loss therefore to known what colour the poet meant to give his character, by disposing him to quit his country with this insult unatoned for, and the additional stigma upon him of running away from his appointment with Lothario for the next morning "amongst the rocks." Had he meant to bring him off upon the repugnance he felt of resenting any injury against the son of a father, whose image was so visible "in his face," that his "heart ran o'er with fondness in spite of his wrongs, and he could rather die than hurt him;" surely that image would have interceded no less powerfully for him, when, penetrated with remorse, he intercedes for pity and forgiveness, and even faints at his feet with agony at his unrelenting obduracy: it would be unfair to suppose he was more like his father when he had dealt him an insulting blow, than when he was atoning for an injury by the most ample satisfaction and submission.

This is the light in which the conduct of Horatio strikes me; if I am wrong, I owe an atonement to the manes of an elegant poet, which upon conviction of my error, I will study to pay in the fullest manner I am able.

It now remains only to say a few words upon the catastrophe, in which the author varies from his original, by making Calista destroy herself with a dagger, put into her hand for that purpose by her father: If I am to moralize upon this proceeding of Sciolto, I know full well the incident cannot bear up against it; a Roman father would stand the discussion better than a Christian one; and I also know that the most natural expedient is unluckily a most undramatic one; yet the poet did not totally overlook it, for he makes Sciolto's first thought turn upon a convent, if I rightly understand the following passage:

"Hence from my sight! thy father cannot bear thee:
Fly with thy infamy to some dark cell,
Where, on the confines of eternal night,
Mourning, misfortunes, cares, and anguish dwell;
Where ugly shame hides her opprobrious head,
And death and hell detested rule maintain;
There howl out the remainder of thy life,
And wish thy name may be no more remember'd."

Whilst I am transcribing these lines a doubt strikes me that I have misinterpreted them, and yet Calista's answer seems to point to the meaning I had suggested; perhaps however they are mere ravings in fine numbers without any determinate idea: whatever they may be, it is clear they do not go to the length of death: he tells Altamont, as soon as she is departed:

"——————I wo' not kill her;
Yet by the ruin she has brought upon us,
The common infamy that brands us both,
She sha' not 'scape."

He seems in this moment to have formed the resolution, which he afterwards puts upon execution; he prompts her to self-murder, and arms her for the act: this may save the spectators a sight too shocking to behold, but does it convey less horror to the heart, than if he had put her to death with his own hand? a father killing his child for incontinence with the man whom he had not permitted to marry her, when he solicited his consent, is an act too monstrous to reflect upon: is that father less a monster, who, deliberately and after full reflection, puts a dagger into her hand and bids her commit self-murder? I should humbly conceive the latter act a degree in guilt beyond the former; especially when I hear that father coolly demanding of his victim, if she has reflected upon what may happen after death:

"Hast thou consider'd what may happen after it?
How thy account may stand, and what to answer?"

A parent surely would turn that question upon his own heart, before he precipitated his unprepared child to so awful and uncertain an account: rage and instant revenge may find some plea; sudden passion may transport even a father to lift his hand against his own offspring; but this act of Sciolto has no shelter but in heathen authority:

"'Tis justly thought, and worthy of that spirit,
That dwelt in ancient Latian breasts, when Rome
Was mistress of the world."

Did ever poetry beguile a man into such an allusion? and to what does that piece of information tend "that Rome was mistress of the world?" If this is human nature, it would almost tempt one to reply in Sciolto's own words:

"I could curse nature."

But it is no more like nature, than the following sentiments of Calista are like the sentiments of a penitent, or a Christian:

"That I must die it is my only comfort.
Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our taking—"

And again,

"Yet heav'n, who knows our weak imperfect natures,
How blind with passions, and how prone to evil,

Makes not too strict enquiry for offences,
But is aton'd by penitence and prayer.
Cheap recompense! here 'twould not be receiv'd;
Nothing but blood can make the expiation."

Such is the catastrophe of Rowe's *Fair Penitent*, such is the representation he gives us of human nature, and such the moral of his tragedy.

I shall conclude with an extract or two from the catastrophe of *The Fatal Dowry*: and first for the penitence of Beaumelle, I shall select only the following speech addressed to her husband:

" ——— I dare not move you
To hear me speak. I know my fault is far
Beyond qualification or excuse;
That 'tis not fit for me to hope, or you
To think of mercy; only I presume
To entreat you would be pleased to look upon
My sorrow for it, and believe these tears
Are the true children of my grief, and not
A woman's cunning."

I need not point out the contrast between this and the quotations from Calista. It will require a longer extract to bring the conduct of Rochfort into comparison with that of Sciolto: the reader will observe that Novall's dead body is now on the scene: Charalois, Beaumelle, and Rochfort her father, are present. The charge of adultery is urged by Charalois, and appeal is made to the justice of Rochfort in the case:

" *Roch.* What answer makes the prisoner?
" *Beaumel.* I confess
The fact I am charged with, and yield myself
Most miserably guilty.
" *Roch.* Heaven take mercy
Upon your soul, then! it must leave your body.—
—Since that the politic law provides that servants,
To whose care we commit our goods, shall die
If they abuse our trust, what can you look for,
To whose charge this most hopeful lord gave up
All he received from his brave ancestors,
Or he could leave to his posterity,
His honour, wicked woman! in whose safety
All his life's joys and comforts were lock'd up,
Which thy——lust, a thief, hath now stolen from him;
And therefore——
" *Charal.* Stay, just judge;—may not what's lost
By her one fault (for I am charitable,
And charge her not with many) be forgotten
In her fair life hereafter?
" *Roch.* Never, sir.
The wrong that's done to the chaste married bed
Repentant tears can never expiate;
And be assured, to pardon such a sin
Is an offence as great as to commit it."

In consequence of this the husband strikes her dead before her father's eyes: the act indeed is horrid; even Tragedy shrinks from it; and nature with a father's voice instantly cries out—" Is she dead then?—and you have kill'd her?" —Charalois avows it, and pleads his sentence for the deed; the revolting agonized parent breaks forth into one of the most pathetic, natural, and expressive lamentations, that the English drama can produce:

" ——— But I pronounced it
As a judge only, and a friend to justice;
And, zealous in defence of your wrong'd honour,
Broke all the ties of nature, and cast off
The love and soft affection of a father.
I, in your cause, put on a scarlet robe
Of red-died cruelty, but, in return,
You have advanced for me no flag of mercy.
I look'd on you as a wrong'd husband; but
You closed your eyes against me as a father.
O Beaumelle! my daughter!
" *Charal.* This is madness.
" *Roch.* Keep from me!—Could not one good thought
rise up,
To tell you that she was my age's comfort,
Begot by a weak man, and born a woman,
And could not, therefore, but partake of frailty?
Or wherefore did not thankfulness step forth
To urge my many merits, which I may
Object unto you, since you prove ungrateful,
Flint-hearted Charalois!—
" *Charal.* Nature does prevail
Above your virtue."

What conclusions can I draw from these comparative examples, which every reader would not anticipate? Is there a man, who has any feeling for real nature, dramatic character, moral sentiment, tragic pathos, or nervous diction, who can hesitate, even for a moment, where to bestow the palm? CUMBERLAND. *Observer, Nos.* LXXVII. LXXVIII. LXXIX.

This fine Tragedy has obtained more attention than usual from the critics; yet less has been said of its direct, than its relative merits; and *The Fatal Dowry* has been chiefly studied for the sake of a comparison with *The Fair Penitent*. I do not know if some injury has not been done to it by this mode of treatment. Under the influence of a double enquiry, some circumstances have been passed by with little or no notice; and others, perhaps, have been unduly magnified. The question has been, not what was written by Massinger, but what was imitated by Rowe. While both the dramas have been thus considered together, the scope of one of them has not been exactly defined: and what was gained by a complication of design, was lost to simplicity of judgment. Indeed, no great benefit of either kind can be derived from the brief and desultory views of Mr. M. Mason and Mr. Davies: but the reader will receive both pleasure and instruction from the comparison of Mr. Cumberland.

Not to have a strong and intimate feeling of *The Fatal Dowry*, is to be hardened against the most affecting representation of virtue goaded by injuries to an unlawful revenge. The story is strongly and circumstantially unfolded, and fixes our attention to its progress by the impression, which it generally wears, of common life. The language too, is, with some exceptions, which will be presently noticed, the language of nature and of business. The characters are drawn with a profusion of force and variety. Charalois is placed twice before the seat of justice: and Massinger has had the address to preserve an extraordinary interest for him, whether he appears as a supplicant or a criminal. He unites many rare and apparently opposite qualities. His severity and reserve are happily reconciled with the tenderness of his filial piety, his intrepidity with his gentleness of temper, his inflexible firmness with his melting compassion. He is marked with the gracefulness as well as the force of virtue: nor can the rash act of which he is guilty compel the reader to abandon him, though it shocks our feelings. His provocations secure our pity; his dying acknowledgments tend to restore our esteem; and, in his own words, there is

———" no eye, but is ready with a tear
To witness 'tis shed for him———"

Romont is well contrasted with him; he is marked with all the vehemence of honesty; irritation is the characteristic attendant of his fidelity; he loses his own temper in the noble zeal of preserving the innocence of others: and he draws his sword upon his best friend, that he may compel him to give more attention to his security. Pontalier again is a variety of Romont, though of an inferior cast. He carries his friendship to crime, and murders Charalois to show his gratitude to Novall. There is a secret link which binds these characters together. They wish to be virtuous; but, by too much indulgence of passion concerning it, they fall into imprudence or guilt. On the other hand, the fixed quality of Rochfort is the admiration of virtue. On this is founded the condemnation of Beaumelle, as well as his generosity to Charalois. Indeed at her fall he melts into sudden tenderness towards her: and nothing can be more finely natural than his grief and his reproaches of the man whom he loves. But after this burst of feeling, he returns to his settled principle; and the rash but much injured Charalois is still the object of his regard.

Old Novall might be designed only as an enemy to the cause of Charalois, and as a contrast to Rochfort. But the reprobation of him is so frequently indulged, and with such vehemence and accumulation of circumstances, as to raise a suspicion that a portrait was intended. His hard and insulting disposition, his savage abuse, and his readiness to " cross every deserving soldier and scholar," seem to allude to Sir Edward Coke, and to the base and unfeeling treatment of Sir Walter Raleigh. But it is impossible to notice all the observable parts of this admirable Tragedy. I will proceed to the moral, after the discussion of a point or two with Mr. M. Mason. In a very summary manner he has pronounced that the second, third, and part of the fourth act, were not written by Massinger.

There is an apparent change of writing in the second act; and Charalois himself, though some of his thoughts and expressions are excellent, spoils his grief with too much fondness for antithesis, and metaphors coldly and formally drawn out. He becomes a quibbler too as he proceeds, and does not express, with his usual frankness, either his gratitude or his love. The business is also unduly hurried on (though Massinger himself is strongly marked with this precipitation); and the music which lately played at the funeral of the marshal, is too quickly called upon to celebrate the marriage of Charalois. But in the third act Massinger seems to me to return.

The proof of this shall not rest upon the general style of it, for that would not so effectually determine the question, but upon the similarity of thoughts and expressions scattered throughout his other plays. In the very first scene, Bellapert uses a significant image which Antoninus has employed in *The Virgin Martyr*. Romont afterwards observes, that it is as easy to "prop a falling tower," as to "stay a woman" who has once given herself to viciousness: and this thought, with the very expression of it, has been used by Mathias in *the Picture*. Charalois infers that the lion is not to be insulted because he does not happen to be angry: and Theodosius has lately dwelt with some enlargement on this very instance. Romont hopes that his discovery of Beaumelle's infidelity will not "meet with an ill construction," and uses perhaps the most common phrase of Massinger. He remarks too that women have "no cunning to gull the world;"—a method of affirmation frequent with Massinger. Shall I add more proof? Rochfort says to Beaumelle, "I have that confidence in your goodness, I"—a reduplication which cannot be missed by any reader of these plays. Yet the language of Rochfort himself is adduced by Mr. M. Mason, to prove that this act was not written by Massinger. Rochfort utters scarcely more than twenty lines in the whole act; and from that small portion the above is one instance to the contrary of the assertion. It would be superfluous to say more, though similar incidents might also be produced. I shall only draw the proper conclusion: if this Play was written at the early time supposed by Mr. Malone, Massinger must either have made it a storehouse from which to draw incidents and images for his future plays, a supposition not very probable, or he must have consented to adopt for ever the thoughts of Field in preference to his own: a supposition still less probable. Again,—if it was written in the order in which it is now printed, Field would hardly have been allowed to plunder him of his most familiar thoughts by way of assisting him. In either case the third act must be given to Massinger. Field is welcome to the first scene of the fourth act, if that is the part claimed for him by Mr. M. Mason.

I pass, with pleasure, from this uninteresting enquiry to a great moral, which, after all the discussion bestowed upon this Play, is as yet fresh and untouched.

Charalois slew an offending wife, and the partner of her crime, with his own hand, and was himself slain. Vengeance belongs to heaven; and by the divine will, the administration of it for moral purposes is vested in the laws. To avenge our own cause is to despise the seat of justice, and the order of providence; and to involve ourselves in guilt and the punishment of it. Virtue must employ only virtuous means in the coercion of vice itself. Her injuries will therefore wait upon the laws; for in the very forms of justice there is virtue.

DR. IRELAND.

A

# NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

A New Way to Pay Old Debts.] This "Comedy" does not appear in Sir Henry Herbert's book; it must, however, have been produced on the stage before 1633*, in which year it was printed for Henry Seyle. The author of the *Companion to the Playhouse* terms it "one of the best of the old comedies," and, in his opinion, "the very best of Massinger's writing." It is, indeed, a most admirable piece; but while *The City Madam*, and two or three others of this writer's comedies remain, it will not, I think, be universally placed at the head of the list.

This play is preceded by two short commendatory poems, by Sir Thomas Jay, and Sir Henry Moody; the former of which must have been peculiarly gratifying to Massinger, as Sir Thomas was no flatterer.

*The New Way to Pay Old Debts* was extremely well received on its first appearance, and, as the quarto informs us, "often acted at the Phœnix in Drurie Lane." It has been revived at different periods with considerable success, and still holds a distinguished place on the stage.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

## ROBERT EARL OF CARNARVON,

MASTER FALCONER OF ENGLAND.

My Good Lord,

Pardon, I beseech you, my boldness, in presuming to shelter this Comedy under the wings of your lordship's favour and protection. I am not ignorant (having never yet deserved you in my service) that it cannot but meet with a severe construction, if, in the clemency of your noble disposition, you fashion not a better defence for me, than I can fancy for myself. All I can allege is, that divers Italian princes, and lords of eminent rank in England, have not disdained to receive and read poems of this nature; nor am I wholly lost in my hopes, but that your honour (who have ever expressed yourself a favourer and friend to the Muses) may vouchsafe, in your gracious acceptance of this trifle, to give me encouragement to present you with some laboured work, and of a higher strain, hereafter. I was born a devoted servant to the thrice noble family of your incomparable lady†, and am most ambitious, but with a becoming distance, to be known to your lordship, which, if you please to admit, I shall embrace it as a bounty, that while I live shall oblige me to acknowledge you for my noble patron, and profess myself to be,

Your honour's true servant,

PHILIP MASSINGER.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*Lord* Lovell.
*Sir* Giles Overreach, *a cruel extortioner.*
Frank Wellborn, *a prodigal.*
Tom Allworth, *a young gentleman, page to Lord* Lovell.
Greedy, *a hungry justice of peace.*
Marrall, *a term-driver; a creature of* Sir Giles Overreach.
Willdo, *a parson.*
Tapwell, *an ale-house keeper.*

Order, *steward* } *to Lady* Allworth.
Amble, *usher* }
Furnace, *cook* }
Watchall, *porter* }
*Creditors, Servants, &c.*

*Lady* Allworth, *a rich widow.*
Margaret, Overreach's *daughter.*
Froth, Tapwell's *wife.*
*Chambermaid.*
*Waitingwoman.*

SCENE, *the Country near* Nottingham.

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* There are several allusions to a state of war in it; and peace had been made with France and Spain in 1629.

† Anna Sophia, daughter of Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, and wife of Robert Dormer Earl of Carnarvon who was slain at Newbury, fighting for his king, 20th September, 1643. Malone.

## ACT I

### SCENE. I.—*Before* Tapwell's *House.*

*Enter* WELLBORN *in tattered apparel,* TAPWELL *and* FROTH.

*Well.* No bouse? nor no tobacco?
*Tap.* Not a suck, sir;
Nor the remainder of a single can
Left by a drunken porter, all night pall'd too.
*Froth.* Not the dropping of the tap for your morning's draught, sir:
'Tis verity, I assure you.
*Well.* Verity, you brache* !
The devil turn'd precisian! Rogue, what am I?
*Tap.* Troth, durst I trust you with a looking-glass,
To let you see your trim shape, you would quit me
And take the name yourself.
*Well.* How, dog!
*Tap.* Even so, sir.
And I must tell you, if you but advance
Your Plymouth cloak†, you shall be soon instructed
There dwells, and within call, if it please your worship,
A potent monarch call'd a constable,
That does command a citadel call'd the stocks;
Whose guards are certain files of rusty‡ billmen,
Such as with great dexterity will haul
Your tattered, lousy——
*Well.* Rascal! Slave!
*Froth.* No rage, sir.
*Tap.* At his own peril: do not put yourself
In too much heat, there being no water near
To quench your thirst; and, sure, for other liquor,
As mighty ale, or beer, they are things, I take it,
You must no more remember; not in a dream, sir.
*Well.* Why thou unthankful villain, dar'st thou talk thus!
Is not thy house, and all thou hast, my gift?
*Tap.* I find it not in chalk; and Timothy Tapwell
Does keep no other register.
*Well.* Am not I he
Whose riots fed and clothed thee! wert thou not
Born on my father's land, and proud to be
A drudge in his house?
*Tap.* What I was, sir, it skills not;
What you are, is apparent: now, for a farewell,
Since you talk of father, in my hope it will torment you,
I'll briefly tell your story. Your dead father,
My quondam master, was a man of worship,
Old Sir John Wellborn, justice of peace and quorum,
And stood fair to be custos rotulorum;
Bore the whole sway of the shire, kept a great house,
Relieved the poor, and so forth; but he dying,
And the twelve hundred a year coming to you,
Late master Francis, but now forlorn Wellborn——
*Well.* Slave, stop! or I shall lose myself.
*Forth.* Very hardly;
You cannot out* of your way.
*Tap.* But to my story:
You were then a lord of acres, the prime gallant,
And I your under butler; note the change now:
You had a merry time of't; hawks and hounds,
With choice of running horses: mistresses
Of all sorts and all sizes, yet so hot,
As their embraces made your lordships melt;
Which your uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, observing
(Resolving not to lose a drop of them),
On foolish mortgages, statutes, and bonds,
For a while supplied your looseness, and then left you.
*Well.* Some curate hath penn'd this invective, mongrel,
And you have studied it.
*Tap.* I have not done yet:
Your land gone, and your credit not worth a token†,
You grew the common borrower; no man scaped
Your paper-pellets, from the gentleman
To the beggars on highways, that sold you switches
In your gallantry.
*Well.* I shall switch your brains out.
*Tap.* Where‡ poor Tim Tapwell, with a little stock,
Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage;
Humbled myself to marriage with my Froth here,
Gave entertainment——
*Well.* Yes, to whores and canters§,
Clubbers by night.
*Tap.* True, but they brought in profit,
And had a gift to pay for what they called for;
And stuck not like your mastership. The poor income
I glean'd from them hath made me in my parish

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* *Well.* Verity, *you* brache!
*The devil turn'd* precisian!] *Brache* is a hunting term for a female hound. A *precisian* is a puritan; a very general object of dislike in those times.

† *And I must tell you, if you but advance*
*Your* Plymouth cloak,] Coxeter, ignorant of the meaning of this expression, boldly changed it to *pile-worn cloak!* and so it stands in his and Mr. M. Mason's precious editions; though why Tapwell should be so irritated by the *advancing of a pile-worn cloak*, neither of the gentlemen has thought fit to explain. When Wellborn exclaims, "How, dog!" he raises his *cudgel* to beat Tapwell, who threatens him, in his turn, with a constable, &c., if he presumes to *strike* him; this is the purport of the passage. That a *staff* was anciently called a *Plymouth cloak* may be proved by many instances; but the two following will be sufficient:

"Whose *cloak*, at *Plymouth* spun, was crab-tree wood."
DAVENANT, Fol. p. 229.

"Do you hear, frailty? shall I walk in a *Plymouth cloak*, that is to say, like a rogue, in my hose and doublet, and a *crab-tree cudgel* in my hand?" *The Honest Whore.*

‡ *Whose guards are certain files of* rusty *billmen,*] Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason have—*lusty* billmen: the old reading is surely more humorous.

* *You cannot out of your way.*] The modern editors misunderstanding this simple phrase, have been pleased to adapt it to their own conceptions; they read,

*You cannot* be *out of your way!*

† *Your land gone, and your credit not worth a* token,] "During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and from thence forward to that of Charles the Second, very little brass or copper money was coined by authority. For the convenience of the public, therefore, tradesmen were permitted to coin small money, or *tokens*, as they were called, which were used for change." *Old Plays*, Vol. III. p. 267. These little pieces are mentioned by most of our old writers; their value is not ascertained, but seems to have been about a farthing.

‡ Where *poor Tim Tapwell*, &c.] Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read, When *poor Tim Tapwell*, &c. but the quarto is right. *Where* stands for *whereas*, as it frequently does in our ancient writers.

§ —————— *canters,*] i. e. Rogues, sturdy beggars, &c.

Thought worthy to be scavenger, and in time
May rise to be overseer of the poor;
Which if I do, on your petition, Wellborn,
I may allow you thirteen-pence a quarter,
And you shall thank my worship.
*Well.* Thus, you dog-bolt,
And thus—— [*Beats and kicks him.*
*Tap.* Cry out for help!
*Well.* Stir, and thou diest:
Your potent prince, the constable, shall not save you.
Hear me, ungrateful hell-hound! did not I
Make purses for you? then you lick'd my boots,
And thought your holiday cloak too coarse to clean them.
'Twas I that, when I heard thee swear if ever
Thou couldst arrive at forty pounds, thou wouldst
Live like an emperor; 'twas I that gave it
In ready gold. Deny this, wretch!
*Tap.* I must, sir;
For, from the tavern to the taphouse, all,
On forfeiture of their licenses, stand bound
Ne'er to remember who their best guests were,
If they grow poor like you.
*Well.* They are well rewarded
That beggar themselves to make such cuckolds rich.
Thou viper, thankless viper! impudent bawd!—
But since you are forgetful, I will help
Your memory, and tread thee into mortar;
Not leave one bone unbroken. [*Beats him again.*
*Tap.* Oh!
*Froth.* Ask mercy.

*Enter* Allworth.

*Well.* 'Twill not be granted.
*All.* Hold, for my sake hold.
Deny me, Frank! they are not worth your anger.
*Well.* For once thou hast redeem'd them from this sceptre*;
But let them vanish, creeping on their knees,
And, if they grumble, I revoke my pardon.
*Froth.* This comes of your prating, husband; you presumed
On your ambling wit, and must use your glib tongue,
Though you are beaten lame for't.
*Tap.* Patience, Froth;
There's law to cure our bruises.
[*They go off on their hands and knees.*
*Well.* Sent to your mother†?
*All.* My lady, Frank, my patroness, my all!
She's such a mourner for my father's death,
And, in her love to him, so favours me,
That I cannot pay too much observance to her:
There are few such stepdames.
*Well.* 'Tis a noble widow,
And keeps her reputation pure, and clear
From the least taint of infamy; her life,
With the splendour of her actions, leaves no tongue
To envy or detraction. Prithee tell me,
Has she no suitors?
*All.* Even the best of the shire, Frank,
My lord excepted; such as sue and send,
And send and sue again, but to no purpose;
Their frequent visits have not gain'd her presence.
Yet she's so far from sullenness and pride,
That I dare undertake you shall meet from her
A liberal entertainment: I can give you
A catalogue of her suitors' names.
*Well.* Forbear it,
While I give you good counsel: I am bound to it.
Thy father was my friend; and that affection
I bore to him, in right descends to thee;
Thou art a handsome and a hopeful youth,
Nor will I have the least affront stick on thee,
If I with any danger can prevent it.
*All.* I thank your noble care; but, pray you, in what
Do I run the hazard?
*Well.* Art thou not in love?
Put it not off with wonder.
*All.* In love, at my years!
*Well.* You think you walk in clouds, but are transparent*.
I have heard all, and the choice that you have made;
And, with my finger, can point out the north star
By which the loadstone of your folly's guided;
And, to confirm this true, what think you of
Fair Margaret, the only child and heir
Of Cormorant Overreach? Does it† blush and start,
To hear her only named? blush at your want
Of wit and reason.
*All.* You are too bitter, sir.
*Well.* Wounds of this nature are not to be cured
With balms, but corrosives. I must be plain:
Art thou scarce manumised from the porter's lodge‡,
And yet sworn servant to the pantofle,
And dar'st thou dream of marriage? I fear
'Twill be concluded for impossible,
That there is now, or e'er shall be hereafter,
A handsome page, or player's boy of fourteen,
But either loves a wench, or drabs love him;
Court-waiters not exempted.
*All.* This is madness.
Howe'er you have discover'd my intents,
You know my aims are lawful; and if ever
The queen of flowers, the glory of the spring,
The sweetest comfort to our smell, the rose,
Sprang from an envious briar, I may infer
There's such disparity in their conditions,
Between the goddess of my soul, the daughter,
And the base churl her father.
*Well.* Grant this true,
As I believe it, canst thou ever hope
To enjoy a quiet bed with her, whose father
Ruin'd thy state?
*All.* And your's too.

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* Well. *For once thou hast redeem'd them from* this sceptre:] The old copy has a marginal explanation here; it says, "*his cudgel*," i. e. the *Plymouth cloak* mentioned in a former page.

† Well, *Sent to your mother?*] If Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason had but patience to have read a little further, they would have seen that Allworth was dispatched on his present errand by Lord Lovell; and might then have suffered the text to stand as Massinger left it. They inaccurately read:
Well. *Sent* for to *your mother*!

* *You think you walk in clouds, but are* transparent.] The old reading was,
*You think you walk in clouds, but are* transient,
Which certainly was an error of the press.—Coxeter and M. Mason.
So say the former editors; the truth, however, is, that the old reading is *trans-rent*, and the omission of *pa* was solely occasioned by a break in the line. It is pleasant to see Mr. M. Mason vouch for the reading of a copy into which he *never* condescended to look, and of the existence of which it is for his credit to suppose him altogether ignorant.

† Does it *blush and start,*] So the quarto; the modern editors poorly read—Dost *blush*, &c.

‡ *Art thou scarce manumised from the* porter's *lodge,*] The first degree of servitude, as I have already observed.

*Well.* I confess it*.
True; I must tell you as a friend, and freely,
That, where impossibilities are apparent,
'Tis indiscretion to nourish hopes.
Canst thou imagine (let not self-love blind thee)
That Sir Giles Overreach, that, to make her great
In swelling titles, without touch of conscience,
Will cut his neighbour's throat, and I hope his own too,
Will e'er consent to make her thine? Give o'er,
And think of some course suitable to thy rank,
And prosper in it.
*All.* You have well advised me.
But, in the mean time, you, that are so studious
Of my affairs, wholly neglect your own:
Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.
*Well.* No matter, no matter.
*All.* Yes, 'tis much material:
You know my fortune, and my means; yet something
I can spare from myself to help your wants.
*Well.* How's this?
*All.* Nay, be not angry; there's eight pieces,
To put you in better fashion.
*Well.* Money from thee!
From a boy! a stipendiary! one that lives
At the devotion of a stepmother,
And the uncertain favour of a lord!
I'll eat my arms first. Howsoe'er blind Fortune
Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me:
Though I am vomited out of an alehouse,
And thus accoutred; know not where to eat,
Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this canopy;
Although I thank thee, I despise thy offer;
And as I, in my madness, broke my state,
Without the assistance of another's brain,
In my right wits I'll piece it; at the worst,
Die thus, and be forgotten.
*All.* A strange humour! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Lady* Allworth's *House.*

*Enter* Order, Amble, Furnace, *and* Watchall.

*Ord.* Set all things right, or, as my name is Order,
And by this staff of office, that commands you,
This chain and double ruff, symbols of power,
Whoever misses in his function,
For one whole week makes forfeiture of his breakfast
And privilege in the wine-cellar.
*Amb.* You are merry,
Good master steward.
*Furn.* Let him; I'll be angry.
*Amb.* Why, fellow Furnace, 'tis not twelve o'clock yet,
Nor dinner taking up; then 'tis allow'd
Cooks, by their places, may be choleric.
*Furn.* You think you have spoke wisely, goodman Amble,
My lady's go-before!
*Ord.* Nay, nay, no wrangling.
*Furn.* Twit me with the authority of the kitchen!
At all hours, and all places, I'll be angry;
And thus provoked, when I am at my prayers
I will be angry.
*Amb.* There was no hurt meant.
*Furn.* I am friends with thee, and yet I will be angry.
*Ord.* With whom?
*Furn.* No matter whom: yet, now I think on it,
I am angry with my lady.
*Watch.* Heaven forbid, man!
*Ord.* What cause has she given thee?
*Furn.* Cause enough, master steward.
I was entertained by her to please her palate,
And, till she forswore eating, I perform'd it.
Now, since our master, noble Allworth, died,
Though I crack my brains to find out tempting sauces,
And raise fortifications* in the pastry,
Such as might serve for models in the Low Countries;
Which, if they had been practised at Breda,
Spinola might have thrown his cap at it, and ne'er took it——
*Amb.* But you had wanted matter there to work on.
*Furn.* Matter! with six eggs, and a strike of rye meal,
I had kept the town till doomsday, perhaps longer.
*Ord.* But what's this to your pet against my lady?
*Furn.* What's this? marry, this; when I am three parts roasted,
And the fourth part parboil'd, to prepare her viands,
She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada,
Or water gruel, my sweat never thought on.
*Ord.* But your art is seen in the dining-room.
*Furn.* By whom?
By such as pretend to love her; but come
To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies
That do devour her, I am out of charity
With none so much as the thin-gutted squire
That's stolen into commission.
*Ord.* Justice Greedy?
*Furn.* The same, the same; meat's cast away upon him,
It never thrives; he holds this paradox,
Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well:
His stomach's as insatiate as the grave,
Or strumpets' ravenous appetites.
[*Knocking within.*
*Watch.* One knocks. [*Exit.*
*Ord.* Our late young master!

*Re-enter* Watchall *with* Allworth.

*Amb.* Welcome, sir.

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* Well. *I confess it.*
*True; I must,* &c.] So the old copy. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, that they may spoil the metre of two lines, read,
Well. *I confess it true,*
*I must,* &c.

* *And raise* fortifications *in the pastry,*
*Which, if they had been practised at* Breda,
*Spinola,* &c.] This was one of the most celebrated sieges of the time, and is frequently mentioned by our old dramatists. Spinola sat down before Breda on the 26th of August, 1624, and the town did not surrender until the 1st of July in the following year. The besieged suffered incredible hardships: "butter," says the historian, Herman Hugo, "was sold for six florins a pound; a calf of 17 days old, for forty eight; a hog, for one hundred and fifteen; and tobacco, for one hundred florins the lb.;" this was after they had consumed most of the horses. A few days after, the narrator adds, that "as much tobacco as in other places might have been had for ten florins, was sold in Breda for twelve hundred!" It appears that this tobacco was used as "physic, it being the only remedy they had against the scurvy."
The *raising of fortifications in pastry* seems to have been a fashionable practice, since I scarcely recollect the details of any great entertainment in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, where the fortifications of the cook or the confectioner are not duly commemorated.

*Furn.* Your hand;
If you have a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready.
*Ord.* His father's picture in little.
*Furn.* We are all your servants.
*Amb.* In you he lives.
*All.* At once, my thanks to all;
This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?

*Enter Lady* Allworth, *Waiting Woman, and Chambermaid.*

*Ord.* Her presence answers for us.
*L. All.* Sort those silks well.
I'll take the air alone.
[*Exeunt Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.*
*Furn.* You air and air;
But will you never taste but spoon-meat more?
To what use serve I?
*L. All.* Prithee, be not angry;
I shall ere long; i'the mean time, there is gold
To buy thee aprons, and a summer suit.
*Furn.* I am appeased, and Furnace now grows cool*.
*L. All.* And as I gave directions, if this morning
I am visited by any, entertain them
As heretofore; but say, in my excuse,
I am indisposed.
*Ord.* I shall, madam.
*L. All.* Do, and leave me.
Nay, stay you, Allworth.
[*Exeunt Order, Amble, Furnace, and Watchall.*
*All.* I shall gladly grow here,
To wait on your commands.
*L. All.* So soon turn'd courtier!
*All.* Style not that courtship, madam, which is duty
Purchased on your part.
*L. All.* Well, you shall o'ercome;
I'll not contend in words. How is it with
Your noble master?
*All.* Ever like himself;
No scruple lessen'd in the full weight of honour:
He did command me, pardon my presumption,
As his unworthy deputy, to kiss
Your ladyship's fair hands.
*L. All.* I am honour'd in
His favour to me. Does he hold his purpose
For the Low Countries?
*All.* Constantly, good madam;
But he will in person first present his service.
*L. All.* And how approve you of his course? you are yet
Like virgin parchment, capable of any
Inscription, vicious or honourable.
I will not force your will, but leave you free
To your own election.
*All.* Any form, you please,
I will put on; but, might I make my choice,
With humble emulation I would follow
The path my lord marks to me.
*L. All.* 'Tis well answer'd,
And I commend your spirit: you had a father,
Bless'd be his memory! that some few hours
Before the will of heaven took him from me;
Who did commend you, by the dearest ties
Of perfect love between us, to my charge;
And, therefore, what I speak you are bound to hear
With such repect as if he lived in me.
He was my husband, and howe'er you are not
Son of my womb, you may be of my love,
Provided you deserve it.
*All.* I have found you,
Most honour'd madam, the best mother to me;
And, with my utmost strengths of care and service,
Will labour that you never may repent
Your bounties shower'd upon me.
*L. All.* I much hope it.
These were your father's words: *If e'er my son*
*Follow the war, tell him it is a school*
*Where all the principles tending to honour*
*Are taught, if truly follow'd: but for such*
*As repair thither, as a place in which*
*They do presume they may with licence practise*
*Their lusts and riots, they shall never merit*
*The noble name of soldiers. To dare boldly*
*In a fair cause, and, for their country's safety,*
*To run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted;*
*To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies;*
*To bear with patience the winter's cold,*
*And summer's scorching heat, and not to faint,*
*When plenty of provision fails, with hunger;*
*Are the essential parts make up a soldier,*
*Not swearing, dice, or drinking.*
*All.* There's no syllable
You speak, but is to me an oracle,
Which but to doubt were impious.
*L. All.* To conclude:
Beware ill company, for often men
Are like to those with whom they do converse;
And, from one man I warn you, and that's Well-born:
Not 'cause he's poor, that rather claims your pity;
But that he's in his manners so debauch'd,
And hath to vicious courses sold himself.
'Tis true your father loved him, while he was
Worthy the loving; but if he had lived
To have seen him as he is, he had cast him off,
As you must do.
*All.* I shall obey in all things.
*L. All.* Follow me to my chamber you shall have gold
To furnish you like my son, and still supplied,
As I hear from you.
*All.* I am still your creature. [*Exeunt.*

* *I am appeased, and Furnace now grows* cool.] Old Copy. *Cooke;* amended by Coxeter.

## SCENE III.—*A Hall in the same.*

*Enter* Overreach, Greedy, Order, Amble, Furnace, Watchall, *and* Marrall.

*Greedy.* Not to be seen!
*Over.* Still cloister'd up! Her reason,
I hope, assures her, though she make herself
Close prisoner ever for her husband's loss,
'Twill not recover him.
*Ord.* Sir, it is her will,
Which we, that are her servants, ought to serve,
And not dispute; howe'er, you are nobly welcome,
And if you please to stay, that you may think so,
There came, not six days since, from Hull, a pipe
Of rich Canary, which shall spend itself
For my lady's honour.
*Greedy.* Is it of the right race?
*Ord.* Yes, master Greedy.
*Amb.* How his mouth runs o'er!
*Furn.* I'll make it run, and run. Save your good worship!

*Greedy.* Honest master cook, thy hand; again: how I love thee!
Are the good dishes still in being? speak, boy.
*Furn.* If you have a mind to feed, there is a chine
Of beef, well seasoned.
*Greedy.* Good!
*Furn.* A pheasant, larded.
*Greedy.* That I might now give thanks for't!
*Furn.* Other kickshaws.
Besides, there came last night, from the forest of Sherwood,
The fattest stag I ever cook'd.
*Greedy.* A stag, man!
*Furn.* A stag, sir; part of it prepared for dinner,
And baked in puff-paste.
*Greedy.* Puff-paste too! Sir Giles,
A ponderous chine of beef! a pheasant larded!
And red deer too, Sir Giles, and baked in puff-paste!
All business set aside, let us give thanks here.
*Furn.* How the lean skeleton's rapt!
*Over.* You know we cannot.
*Mar.* Your worships are to sit on a commission,
And if you fail to come, you lose the cause.
*Greedy.* Cause me no causes. I'll prove't, for such a dinner,
We may put off a commission: you shall find it
*Henrici decimo quarto.*
*Over.* Fie, master Greedy!
Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner?
No more, for shame! we must forget the belly
When we think of profit.
*Greedy.* Well, you shall o'er-rule me;
I could e'en cry now. Do you hear, master cook,
Send but a corner of that immortal pasty,
And I, in thankfulness, will, by your boy
Send you—a brace of three-pences.
*Furn.* Will you be so prodigal?

*Enter* WELLBORN.

*Over.* Remember me to your lady. Who have we here?
*Well.* You know me*,
*Over.* I did once, but now I will not;
Thou art no blood of mine. Avaunt, thou beggar!
If ever thou presume to own me more,
I'll have thee caged, and whipt.
*Greedy.* I'll grant the warrant.
Think of pie-corner, Furnace!
[*Exeunt Overreach, Greedy, and Marrall.*
*Watch.* Will you out, sir?
I wonder how you durst creep in.
*Ord.* This is rudeness,
And saucy impudence.
*Amb.* Cannot you stay
To be served, among your fellows, from the basket†,
But you must press into the hall?
*Furn.* Prithee, vanish
Into some outhouse, though it be the pigstie;
My scullion shall come to thee.

*Enter* ALLWORTH.

*Well.* This is rare:
Oh, here's Tom Allworth. Tom!
*All.* We must be strangers;
Nor would I have you seen here for a million. [*Exit.*
*Well.* Better and better. He contemns me too!

*Enter* Waiting Woman *and* Chambermaid.

*Woman.* Foh, what a smell's here! what thing's this?
*Cham.* A creature
Made out of the privy; let us hence, for love's sake,
Or I shall swoon.
*Woman.* I begin to faint already.
[*Exeunt Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.*
*Watch.* Will you know your way?
*Amb.* Or shall we teach it you
By the head and shoulders?
*Well.* No; I will not stir;
Do you mark, I will not: let me see the wretch
That dares attempt to force me. Why, you slaves,
Created only to make legs, and cringe;
To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher;
That have not souls only to hope a blessing
Beyond blackjacks or flagons; you, that were born
Only to consume meat and drink, and batten
Upon reversions?—who advances? who
Shows me the way?
*Ord.* My lady!

*Enter Lady* ALLWORTH, Waiting Woman, *and* Chambermaid.

*Cham.* Here's the monster.
*Woman.* Sweet madam, keep your glove to your nose.
*Cham.* Or let me
Fetch some perfumes may be predominant;
You wrong yourself else.
*Well.* Madam, my designs
Bear me to you.
*L. All.* To me!
*Well.* And though I have met with
But ragged entertainment from your grooms here,
I hope from you to receive that noble usage
As may become the true friend of your husband,
And then I shall forget these.
*L. All.* I am amazed
To see, and hear this rudeness. Darest thou think,
Though sworn, that it can ever find belief,
That I, who to the best men of this country
Denied my presence, since my husband's death,
Can fall so low, as to change words with thee?
Thou son of infamy, forbear my house,
And know, and keep the distance that's between us;
Or, though it be against my gentler temper,
I shall take order you no more shall be
An eyesore to me.
*Well.* Scorn me not, good lady;
But, as in form you are angelical,
Imitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe
At the least awhile to hear me. You will grant
The blood that runs in this arm is as noble
As that which fills your veins; those costly jewels,
And those rich clothes you wear, your men's observance,
And women's flattery, are in you no virtues;
Nor these rags, with my poverty, in me vices.

* Well. *You know me*] For this dignified answer the modern editors, with equal elegance and harmony, read—*Don't you* know me?

† *To be served, among your fellows,* from the basket,] i. e. from the broken bread and meat which, in great *houses*, was distributed to the poor at the porter's lodge, or reserved to be carried every night to the prisons for debtors and other necessitous persons. Hence, perhaps, the allusion of Amble. Thus Shirley: "I'll have you clapt up again, where you shall howl all day at the grate, for a meal at night *from the basket.*" *Bird in a Cage.*

You have a fair fame, and, I know, deserve it;
Yet, lady, I must say, in nothing more
Than in the pious sorrow you have shown
For your late noble husband.
*Ord.* How she starts!
*Furn.* And hardly can keep finger from the eye,
To hear him named.
*L. All.* Have you aught else to say?
*Well.* That husband, madam, was once in his fortune
Almost as low as I; want, debts, and quarrels
Lay heavy on him: let it not be thought
A boast in me, though I say, I relieved him.
'Twas I that gave him fashion; mine the sword
That did on all occasions second his;
I brought him on and off, with honour, lady;
And when in all men's judgments he was sunk,
And in his own hopes not to be buoy'd up*,
I stepp'd unto him, took him by the hand,
And set him upright.
*Furn.* Are not we base rogues
That could forget this?
*Well.* I confess, you made him
Master of your estate; nor could your friends,
Though he brought no wealth with him, blame you for it;
For he had a shape, and to that shape a mind
Made up of all parts, either great or noble;
So winning a behaviour, not to be
Resisted, madam.
*L. All.* 'Tis most true, he had.
*Well.* For his sake, then, in that I was his friend,
Do not contemn me.
*L. All.* For what's past excuse me,
I will redeem it. Order, give the gentleman
A hundred pounds.
*Well.* No, madam, on no terms:
I will nor beg nor borrow sixpence of you,
But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus ever.
Only one suit I make, which you deny not
To strangers; and 'tis this. [*Whispers to her*
*L. All.* Fie! nothing else?
*Well.* Nothing, unless you please to charge your servants,
To throw away a little respect upon me.
*L. All.* What you demand is yours. [*Exit.*
*Well.* I thank you, lady.
Now what can be wrought out of such a suit
Is yet in supposition: I have said all;
When you please, you may retire:—nay, all's forgotten;
And, for a lucky omen to my project,
Shake hands, and end all quarrels in the cellar.
*Ord.* Agreed, agreed.
*Furn.* Still merry master Wellborn. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Overreach's *House.*

*Enter* Overreach *and* Marrall.

*Over.* He's gone, I warrant thee; this commission crush'd him.
*Mar.* Your worships† have the way on't, and ne'er miss
To squeeze these unthrifts into air: and yet
The chapfall'n justice did his part, returning,
For your advantage, the certificate,
Against his conscience, and his knowledge too,
With your good favour, to the utter ruin
Of the poor farmer.
*Over.* 'Twas for these good ends
I made him a justice: he that bribes his belly
Is certain to command his soul.
*Mar.* I wonder,
Still with your license, why, your worship having
The power to put this thin-gut in commission,
You are not in't yourself?
*Over.* Thou art a fool;
In being out of office I am out of danger;
Where, if I were a justice, besides the trouble,
I might or out of wilfulness, or error,
Run myself finely into a premunire,
And so become a prey to the informer.
No, I'll have none of't; 'tis enough I keep
Greedy at my devotion: so he serve
My purposes, let him hang, or damn, I care not;
Friendship is but a word.
*Mar.* You are all wisdom.
*Over.* I would be worldly wise; for the other wisdom,
That does prescribe us a well-govern'd life,
And to do right to others, as ourselves,
I value not an atom.
*Mar.* What course take you,
With your good patience, to hedge in the manor
Of your neighbour, master Frugal? as 'tis said
He will nor sell, nor borrow, nor exchange;
And his land lying in the midst of your many lordships
Is a foul blemish.
*Over.* I have thought on't, Marrall,
And it shall take. I must have all men sellers,
And I the only purchaser.
*Mar.* 'Tis most fit, sir.
*Over.* I'll therefore buy some cottage near his manor*,

* ——— *not to be* buoy'd up,] So Dodsley, and perhaps rightly: the quarto reads, *bung'd up.*

† Mar. *Your* worships *have the way on't, and ne'er miss*] This I take to be the genuine reading, for the quarto is both incorrect and ungrammatical here. The former editors read, Your *worship has*, &c., as if a compliment were intended to Overreach; but Overreach was not in the commission, which is here said to *have the way on't.*

* Over. *I'll therefore buy some cottage near his manor* &c.] Sir Giles is a bold and daring oppressor, sufficiently original in his general plans, and not scrupulous of the means employed in their execution. Here, however, he is but an imitator; the methods of wresting a defenceless neighbour's envied property from him have been understood, and practised, by the Overreaches of all ages, from that of Ahab to the present.—*Licet agros agris adjiciat*, says Seneca, *vicinum vel pretio pellat æris, vel injuria.* And Juvenal, more at large:

——— *majorque videtur,*
*Et melior vicina seges; mercaris et hanc, et*
*Arbusta, et densa montem qui canet oliva.*
*Quorum si pretio dominus non vincitur ullo,*

Which done, I'll make my men break ope his fences,
Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night
Set fire on his barns, or break his cattle's legs:
These trespasses draw on suits, and suits expenses,
Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.
When I have harried him thus two or three year,
Though he sue *in forma pauperis*, in spite
Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behind hand.

*Mar.* The best I ever heard: I could adore you.

*Over.* Then, with the favour of my man of law,
I will petend some title: want will force him
To put it to arbitrement; then, if he sell
For half the value, he shall have ready money,
And I possess his land.

*Mar.* 'Tis above wonder!
Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not
These fine arts, sir, to hook him in.

*Over.* Well thought on.

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*Nocte boves macri, lassoque famelica colla*
*Jumenta ad virides hujus mittentur aristas.*
*Dicere vix possis, quam multi talia plorent,*
*Et quot venales injuria fecerit agros.*
Sat. xiv. ver. 142.

Sir Giles has been usually accounted the creature of the poet. Fortunately for mankind, indeed, such monstrous anomalies in the moral world do not often appear; there can, however, be no doubt of their reality, and the age of Massinger was not without a proof of it.

Sir Giles Mompesson was undoubtedly the prototype of Sir Giles Overreach. He and one Michel had obtained of the facile James a patent for the sole manufacturing of gold and silver thread, which they abused to the most detestable purposes. "They found out," says Wilson, "a new alchemistical way to make gold and silver lace with copper and other sophistical materials, to cozen and deceive the people. And so poysonous were the drugs that made up this deceitful composition, that they rotted the hands and arms, and brought lameness upon those that wrought it; some losing their eyes, and many their lives, by the venom of the vapours that came from it."

The clamours were so great on this occasion, that the king was obliged to call in the patent, and prosecute the offenders. There is an allusion to these circumstances in *The Bondman*, which was published while the affair was yet recent:

"——————— Here's another,
Observe but what a *cozening* look he has!—
Hold up thy head, man; if, for drawing gallants
Into mortgages for commodities, cheating heirs
With your *new counterfeit gold thread*, and gumm'd velvets,
He *does not transcend all that went before him,*
*Call in his patent.*" Act II. sc. iii.

But to proceed: "Sir Giles Mompesson had fortune enough in the country to make him happy, if that sphere could have contained him, but the vulgar and universal error of satiety with present enjoyments, made him too big for a rusticall condition, and when he came at court he was too little for that, so that some novelty must be taken up to set him in æquilibrio to the place he was in, no matter what it was, let it be never so pestilent and mischievous to others, he cared not, so he found benefit by it. To him Michel is made compartner; a poor sneaking justice, that lived among the brothels near Clarton-wel, whose clerk and he picked a livelyhood out of those corners, giving warrants for what they did, besides anniversary stipends (the frequent revenue of some justices of those times) for conniving. This thing was a poysonous plant in its own nature, and the fitter to be an ingredient to such a composition—whereby he took liberty to be more ravenous upon poor people, to the grating of the bones, and sucking out the very marrow of their substance." Wilson's *Life and Reign of James I. sub anno* 1621. Fol. 155.

From this apposite extract, which I owe to the kindness of my ingenious friend Mr. Gilchrist, it will be sufficiently apparent not only from whence Massinger derived his principal character, but also where he found Marrall and Greedy. The *sneaking justice*, Michel, undoubtedly sat for the latter, and his clerk for the "term-driving" Marrall; whose hopeful education will now enable the reader to account for his knowledge of the "minerals which he incorporated with the ink and wax" of Wellborn's bond.

This varlet, Marrall*, lives too long to upbraid me
With my close cheat put upon him. Will nor cold,
Nor hunger kill him?

*Mar.* I know not what to think on't.
I have used all means; and the last night I caused
His host the tapster to turn him out of doors;
And have been since with all your friends and tenants,
And, on the forfeit of your favour, charged them,
Though a crust of mouldy bread would keep him from starving,
Yet they should not relieve him. This is done, sir.

*Over.* That was something, Marrall; but thou must go further,
And suddenly, Marrall.

*Mar.* Where, and when you please, sir.

*Over.* I would have thee seek him out, and if thou canst,
Persuade him that 'tis better steal than beg;
Then, if I prove he has but robb'd a henroost,
Not all the world shall save him from the gallows.
Do any thing to work him to despair,
And 'tis thy masterpiece.

*Mar.* I will do my best, sir.

*Over.* I am now on my main work with the lord Lovell,
The gallant-minded, popular lord Lovell,
The minion of the people's love. I hear
He's come into the country, and my aims are
To insinuate myself into his knowledge,
And then invite him to my house.

*Mar.* I have you:
This points at my young mistress.

*Over.* She must part with
That humble title, and write honourable,
Right honourable, Marrall, my right honourable daughter;
If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it!
I'll have her well attended; there are ladies
Of errant knights decay'd, and brought so low,
That for cast clothes and meat will gladly serve her.
And 'tis my glory, though I come from the city,
To have their issue whom I have undone
To kneel to mine as bondslaves.

*Mar.* 'Tis fit state, sir.

*Over.* And therefore, I'll not have a chamber-maid
That ties her shoes, or any meaner office,
But such whose fathers were right worshipful.
'Tis a rich man's pride! there having ever been
More than a feud, a strange antipathy,
Between us and true gentry.

*Enter* WELLBORN.

*Mar.* See, who's here, sir.

*Over.* Hence, monster! prodigy!

*Well.* Sir, your wife's nephew*;
She and my father tumbled in one belly.

*Over.* Avoid my sight! thy breath's infectious, rogue!
I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague.

---

* *This varlet*, Marrall, *lives too long,*] So the old copy. The modern editors, for no apparent cause, at least none that I can discover, choose to read, *This varlet*, Wellborn, *lives too long!*

† Well *Sir, your wife's nephew;*] Coxeter thinks something is lost, because, when Overreach exclaims *monster! prodigy!* Wellborn replies, *Sir, your wife's nephew.* But all is as it should be; his answer evidently implies, Sir, I am neither one nor the other, *but*, &c. This is a common form of speech.

Come hither, Marrall—this is the time to work him. [*Exit.*
*Mar.* I warrant you, sir.
*Well.* By this light, I think he's mad.
*Mar.* Mad! had you ta'en compassion on yourself,
You long since had been mad.
*Well.* You have ta'en a course
Between you and my venerable uncle,
To make me so.
*Mar.* The more pale-spirited* you,
That would not be instructed. I swear deeply——
*Well.* By what?
*Mar.* By my religion.
*Well.* Thy religion!
The devil's creed!—but what would you have done?
*Mar.* Had there been but one tree in all the shire,
Nor any hope to compass a penny halter,
Before, like you, I had outlived my fortunes,
A withe had served my turn to hang myself.
I am zealous in your cause; pray you hang yourself†,
And presently, as you love your credit.
*Well.* I thank you.
*Mar.* Will you stay till you die in a ditch, or lice devour you?——
Or, if you dare not do the feat yourself,
But that you'll put the state to charge and trouble,
Is there no purse to be cut, house to be broken,
Or market-woman with eggs, that you may murder,
And so dispatch the business?
*Well.* Here's variety,
I must confess; but I'll accept of none
Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.
*Mar.* Why, have you hope ever to eat again,
Or drink? or be the master of three farthings?
If you like not hanging, drown yourself; take some course
For your reputation.
*Well.* 'Twill not do, dear tempter,
With all the rhetoric the fiend hath taught you.
I am as far as thou art from despair;
Nay, I have confidence, which is more than hope,
To live, and suddenly, better than ever.
*Mar.* Ha! ha! these castles you build in the air
Will not persuade me or to give or lend
A token to you.
*Well.* I'll be more kind to thee:
Come, thou shalt dine with me.
*Mar.* With you!
*Well.* Nay more, dine gratis.
*Mar.* Under what hedge, I pray you? or at whose cost?
Are they padders, or abram-men‡, that are your consorts?
*Well.* Thou art incredulous; but thou shalt dine
Not alone at her house, but with a gallant lady;
With me, and with a lady.
*Mar.* Lady! what lady?
With the lady of the lake*, or queen of fairies?
For I know it must be an enchanted dinner.
*Well.* With the lady Allworth, knave.
*Mar.* Nay, now there's hope
Thy brain is crack'd.
*Well.* Mark there with what respect
I am entertain'd.
*Mar.* With choice, no doubt, of dog-whips.
Why, dost thou ever hope to pass her porter?
*Well.* 'Tis not far off, go with me; trust thine own eyes.
*Mar.* Troth, in my hope, or my assurance rather,
To see thee curvet, and mount like a dog in a blanket,
If ever thou presume to pass her threshold,
I will endure thy company.
*Well.* Come along then. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Lady* Allworth's *House.*

*Enter* Allworth, Waiting Woman, Chambermaid Order, Amble, Furnace, *and* Watchall.

*Woman.* Could you not command your leisure one hour longer?
*Cham* Or half an hour?
*All.* I have told you what my haste is:
Besides, being now another's, not mine own,
Howe'er I much desire to enjoy you longer,
My duty suffers, if, to please myself,
I should neglect my lord.
*Woman.* Pray you do me the favour
To put these few quince-cakes into your pocket,
They are of mine own preserving.
*Cham.* And this marmalade;
'Tis comfortable for your stomach.
*Woman.* And, at parting,
Excuse me if I beg a farewell from you.
*Cham.* You are still before me. I move the same suit, sir. [*Allworth kisses them severally.*
*Fur.* How greedy these chamberers are of a beardless chin!
I think the tits will ravish him.
*All.* My service
To both.
*Woman.* Ours waits* on you.
*Cham.* And shall do ever.
*Ord.* You are my lady's charge, be therefore careful
That you sustain your parts.
*Woman.* We can bear, I warrant you.
[*Exeunt Waiting Woman and Chambermaid.*
*Fur.* Here, drink it off; the ingredients are cordial,
And this the true elixir; it hath boil'd

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* Mar. *The more* pale-spirited *you.*] Surely this is very good sense; and yet the modern editors choose to read, *The more* dull-spirited *you.* I am weary of these everlasting sophistications, without judgment, and without necessity.
Since this was written, I have found the same expression in *The Parliament of Love.*
" ——— To what purpose,
Poor and *pale-spirited* man, should I expect
From thee the satisfaction," &c. Act II. Sc. 2.
So that the old reading is established beyond the possibility of a doubt.

† *I am zealous in your cause; pray you hang yourself, And presently,*] This line is wholly omitted both by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, though the sense of the next depends upon it. Less care to amend their author, and more to exhibit him faithfully, might be wished in both of them.

‡ *Are they padders, or* abram-men, *that are your consorts?*] An *abram-man* was an impudent impostor, who, under the garb and appearance of a lunatic, rambled about the country, and compelled, as Decker says, the servants of small families "to give him, through fear, whatever he demanded." A *padder* (a term still in use) is a lurker in the highways, a footpad.

* *With the* lady of the lake,] This is a very prominent character in *Morte Arthur,* and in many of our old romances. She seems to be the Circe of the dark ages; and is frequently mentioned by our old dramatists.

† Woman. *Ours* waits *on you.*] i. e. Our *service:* corrupted by the former editors into—Ours wait *on you.*

Since midnight for you. 'Tis the quintessence
Of five cocks of the game, ten dozen of sparrows,
Knuckles of veal, potatoe-roots, and marrow,
Coral, and ambergris: were you two years older,
And I had a wife, or gamesome mistress,
I durst trust you with neither: you need not bait
After this, I warrant you, though your journey's long; [morning.
You may ride on the strength of this till to-morrow

*All.* Your courtesies overwhelm me: I much grieve
To part from such true friends; and yet find comfort,
My attendance on my honourable lord,
Whose resolution holds to visit my lady,
Will speedily bring me back.

[*Knocking within. Exit Watchall.*

*Mar.* [*within.*] Dar'st thou venture further?

*Well.* [*within.*] Yes, yes, and knock again.

*Ord.* 'Tis he; disperse!

*Amb.* Perform it bravely.

*Furn.* I know my cue, ne'er doubt me.

[*Exeunt all but Allworth.*

*Re-enter* WATCHALL, *introducing* WELLBORN *and* MARRALL.

*Watch.* Beast that I was, to make you stay! most welcome;
You were long since expected.

*Well.* Say so much
To my friend, I pray you.

*Watch.* For your sake, I will, sir,

*Mar.* For his sake!

*Well.* Mum; this is nothing.

*Mar.* More than ever
I would have believed, though I had found it in my primer.

*All.* When I have given you reasons for my late harshness,
You'll pardon and excuse me; for, believe me,
Though now I part abruptly, in my service
I will deserve it.

*Mar.* Service! with a vengeance!

*Well.* I am satisfied: farewell, Tom.

*All.* All joy stay with you! [*Exit.*

*Re-enter* AMBLE.

*Amb.* You are happily encounter'd; I yet never
Presented one so welcome as, I know,
You will be to my lady.

*Mar.* This is some vision;
Or, sure, these men are mad, to worship a dunghill;
It cannot be a truth.

*Well.* Be still a pagan,
An unbelieving infidel; be so, miscreant,
And meditate on blankets, and on dog-whips!

*Re-enter* FURNACE.

*Furn.* I am glad you are come; until I know your pleasure,
I knew not how to serve up my lady's dinner.

*Mar.* His pleasure! is it possible?

*Well.* What's thy will?

*Furn.* Marry, sir, I have some grouse, and turkey chicken,
Some rails and quails, and my lady will'd me ask you,
What kind of sauces best affect your palate,
That I may use my utmost skill to please it.

*Mar.* The devil's enter'd this cook: sauce for his palate, [month,
That, on my knowledge, for almost this twelve-
Durst wish but cheeseparings and brown bread on Sundays!

*Well.* That way I like them best.

*Furn.* It shall be done, sir. [*Exit.*

*Well.* What think you of the *hedge we shall dine under?*
Shall we feed gratis?

*Mar.* I know not what to think;
Pray you make me not mad.

*Re-enter* ORDER.

*Ord.* This place becomes you not;
Pray you walk, sir, to the dining-room.

*Well.* I am well here
Till her ladyship quits her chamber.

*Mar.* Well here, say you?
'Tis a rare change! but yesterday you thought
Yourself well in a barn, wrapp'd up in pease-straw

*Re-enter* Waiting Woman *and* Chambermaid.

*Woman.* O! sir, you are wish'd for.

*Cham.* My lady dreamt, sir, of you.

*Woman.* And the first command she gave, after she rose,
Was (her devotions done), to give her notice
When you approach'd here.

*Cham.* Which is done, on my virtue.

*Mar.* I shall be converted; I begin to grow
Into a new belief, which saints nor angels
Could have won me to have faith in.

*Wom.* Sir, my lady!

*Enter* LADY ALLWORTH.

*L. All.* I come to meet you, and languish'd till I saw you.
This first kiss is for form*; I allow a second
To such a friend. [*Kisses Wellborn.*

*Mar.* To such a friend! heaven bless me!

*Well.* I am wholly yours; yet, madam, if you please
To grace this gentleman with a salute ——

*Mar.* Salute me at his bidding!

*Well.* I shall receive it
As a most high favour.

*L. All.* Sir, you may command me.

[*Advances to salute Marrall.*

*Well.* Run backward from a lady! and such a lady!

*Mar.* To kiss her foot is, to poor me, a favour
I am unworthy of. [*Offers to kiss her foot.*

*L. All.* Nay, pray you rise;
And since you are so humble, I'll exalt you:
You shall dine with me to-day, at mine own table.

*Mar.* Your ladyship's table! I am not good enough
To sit at your steward's board.

*L. All.* You are too modest:
I will not be denied.

*Re-enter* FURNACE.

*Furn.* Will you still be babbling
Till your meat freeze on the table? the old trick still,
My art ne'er thought on!

*L. All.* Your arm, master Wellborn: ——
Nay, keep us company. [*To Marrall.*

*Mar.* I was ne'er so graced.

[*Exeunt Wellborn, Lady Allworth, Amble, Marrall, Waiting Woman, and Chambermaid.*

*Ord.* So! we have play'd our parts, and are come off well:

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* *This first kiss is* for form;] So the quarto: Coxeter absurdly reads *for me.*

But if I know the mystery why my lady
Consented to it, or why master Wellborn
Desired it, may I perish!
*Furn.* Would I had
The roasting of his heart that cheated him,
And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts!
By fire! for cooks are Persians, and swear by it,
Of all the griping and extorting tyrants
I ever heard or read of, I ne'er met
A match to Sir Giles Overreach.
*Watch.* What will you take
To tell him so, fellow Furnace?
*Furn.* Just as much
As my throat is worth, for that would be the price on't
To have a usurer that starves himself,
And wears a cloak of one-and-twenty years
On* a suit of fourteen groats bought of the hangman,
To grow rich, and then purchase, is too common:
But this sir Giles feeds high, keeps many servants,
Who must at his command do any outrage;
Rich in his habit, vast in his expenses;
Yet he to admiration still increases
In wealth and lordships.
*Ord.* He frights men out of their estates,
And breaks through all law-nets, made to curb ill men,
As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove him.
Such a spirit to dare, and power to do, were never
Lodged so unluckily†.

*Re-enter* Amble.

*Amb.* Ah! ha! I shall burst.
*Ord.* Contain thyself, man.
*Furn.* Or make us partakers
Of your sudden mirth.
*Amb.* Ha! ha! my lady has got
Such a guest at her table!—this term-driver, Marrall,
This snip of an attorney——
*Furn.* What of him, man?
*Amb.* The knave thinks still he's at the cook's shop in Ram Alley‡,
Where the clerks divide, and the elder is to choose;
And feeds so slovenly!
*Furn.* Is this all?
*Amb.* My lady
Drank to him for fashion sake, or to please master Wellborn;
As I live, he rises, and takes up a dish
In which there was some remnants of a boil'd capon,
And pledges her in white broth!
*Furn.* Nay, 'tis like
The rest of his tribe.
*Amb.* And when I brought him wine,
He leaves his stool, and, after a leg or two,
Most humbly thanks my worship.
*Ord.* Risen already!
*Amb.* I shall be chid.

*Re-enter* Lady Allworth, Wellborn, *and* Marrall.

*Furn.* My lady frowns.
*L. All.* You wait well. [*To Amble.*
Let me have no more of this; I observed your jeering:
Sirrah, I'll have you know, whom I think worthy
To sit at my table, be he ne'er so mean,
When I am present, is not your companion.
*Ord.* Nay, she'll preserve what's due to her.
*Furn.* This refreshing
Follows your flux of laughter.
*L. All.* [*To Wellborn.*] You are master
Of your own will. I know so much of manners,
As not to enquire your purposes; in a word
To me you are ever welcome, as to a house
That is your own.
*Well.* Mark that.
*Mar.* With reverence, sir,
An it like your worship*.
*Well.* Trouble yourself no further;
Dear madam, my heart's full of zeal and service,
However in my language I am sparing.
Come, master Marrall.
*Mar.* I attend your worship.
[*Exeunt Wellborn and Marrall.*
*L. All.* I see in your looks you are sorry, and you know me
An easy mistress: be merry; I have forgot all.
Order and Furnace, come with me; I must give you
Further directions.
*Ord.* What you please.
*Furn.* We are ready. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Country near Lady* Allworth's *House.*

*Enter* Wellborn *and* Marrall.

*Well.* I think I am in a good way.
*Mar.* Good! sir; the best way,
The certain best way.
*Well.* There are casualties
That men are subject to.
*Mar.* You are above them;
And as you are already worshipful,
I hope ere long you will increase in worship,
And be, right worshipful.
*Well.* Prithee do not flout me:
What I shall be, I shall be. Is't for your ease
You keep your hat off?
*Mar.* Ease, an it like your worship!
I hope Jack Marrall shall not live so long,
To prove himself such an unmannerly beast,
Though it hail hazel nuts, as to be cover'd
When your worship's present.
*Well.* Is not this a true rogue,
That, out of mere hope of a future cozenage,
Can turn thus suddenly? 'tis rank already. [*Aside.*
*Mar.* I know your worship's wise, and needs no counsel:
Yet if, in my desire to do you service,
I humbly offer my advice (but still

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* On *a suit*, &c.] Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read, Or *a suit*, which totally destroys the author's meaning. But in their editions every page, and almost every speech, of this fine Comedy, is replete with similar blunders.

† The character of Sir Giles is unfolded by these men with great spirit and precision.

‡ ——— *the* cook's shop in Ram Alley,] *Ram Alley* is one of the avenues into the Temple from Fleet Street: the number of its *cooks' shops* is alluded to in Barry's comedy:

"And though Ram Alley stinks with *cooks* and ale,
Yet say, there's many a worthy lawyer's chamber
That buts upon't."
*Ram Alley*, Act I.

* Mar. *With reverence, sir,*
*An it like your worship.*] This change of language in Marrall is worth notice: it is truly characteristic.

Under correction), I hope I shall not
Incur your high displeasure.
*Well.* No; speak freely.
*Mar.* Then, in my judgment, sir, my simple judgment
(Still with your worship's favour), I could wish you
A better habit, for this cannot be
But much distasteful to the noble lady
(I say no more) that loves you: for, this morning,
To me, and I am but a swine to her,
Before the assurance of her wealth perfumed you,
You savour'd not of amber.
*Well.* I do now then!
*Mar.* This your batoon hath got a touch of it.——
[*Kisses the end of his cudgel.*
Yet if you please, for change, I have twenty pounds here,
Which, out of my true love, I'll presently
Lay down at your worship's feet; 'twill serve to buy you
A riding suit.
*Well.* But where's the horse?
*Mar.* My gelding
Is at your service: nay, you shall ride me,
Before your worship shall be put to the trouble
To walk afoot. Alas! when you are lord
Of this lady's manor, as I know you will be,
You may with the lease of glebe land, call'd Knave's-acre,
A place I would manure, requite your vassal.
*Well.* I thank thy love, but must make no use of it;
What's twenty pounds?
*Mar.* 'Tis all that I can make, sir.
*Well.* Dost thou think, though I want clothes I could not have them,
For one word to my lady?
*Mar.* As I know not that*!
*Well.* Come, I'll tell thee a secret, and so leave thee.
I'll not give her the advantage, though she be
A gallant-minded lady, after we are married
(There being no woman, but is sometimes froward),
To hit me in the teeth, and say, she was forced
To buy my wedding-clothes and took me on
With a plain riding-suit, and an ambling nag.
No, I'll be furnish'd something like myself,
And so farewell: for thy suit touching Knave's-acre,
When it is mine, 'tis thine. [*Exit.*
*Mar.* I thank your worship.
How was I cozen'd in the calculation
Of this man's fortune! my master cozen'd too,
Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men;
For that is our profession! Well, well, master Wellborn,
You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to be cheated:
Which, if the Fates please, when you are possess'd
Of the land and lady, you, sans question, shall be.
I'll presently think of the means.
[*Walks by, musing.*

*Enter* OVERREACH, *speaking to a Servant within.*

*Over.* Sirrah, take my horse.
I'll walk to get me an appetite; 'tis but a mile,
And exercise will keep me from being pursey.
Ha! Marrall! is he conjuring? perhaps
The knave has wrought the prodigal to do
Some outrage on himself, and now he feels
Compunction in his conscience for't: no matter,
So it be done. Marrall!
*Mar.* Sir.
*Over.* How succeed we
In our plot on Wellborn?
*Mar.* Never better, sir.
*Over.* Has he hang'd or drown'd himself?
*Mar.* No, sir, he lives;
Lives once more to be made a prey to you,
A greater prey than ever.
*Over.* Art thou in thy wits?
If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.
*Mar.* A lady, sir, has fall'n in love with him.
*Over.* With him! what lady?
*Mar.* The rich lady Allworth.
*Over.* Thou dolt! how dar'st thou speak this?
*Mar.* I speak truth,
And I do so but once a year, unless
It be to you, sir; we dined with her ladyship,
I thank his worship.
*Over.* His worship!
*Mar.* As I live, sir,
I dined with him, at the great lady's table,
Simple as I stand here; and saw when she kiss'd him,
And would, at his request, have kiss'd me too;
But I was not so audacious, as some youths are*,
That dare do any thing, be it ne'er so absurd,
And sad after performance.
*Over.* Why, thou rascal!
To tell me these impossibilities.
Dine at her table! and kiss him! or thee!——
Impudent varlet, have not I myself,
To whom great countesses' doors have oft flew open,
Ten times attempted, since her husband's death,
In vain, to see her, though I came—a suitor?
And yet your good solicitorship, and rogue Wellborn,
Were brought into her presence, feasted with her!—
But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush,
This most incredible lie would call up one
On thy buttermilk cheeks.
*Mar.* Shall I not trust my eyes, sir,
Or taste? I feel her good cheer in my belly.
*Over.* You shall feel me, if you give not over, sirrah:
Recover your brains again, and be no more gull'd
With a beggar's plot, assisted by the aids
Of serving-men and chambermaids, for beyond these
Thou never saw'st a woman, or I'll quit you
From my employments.

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* *As I know not that!*] This, like too many others, is printed by the modern editors as an imperfect sentence: the expression is, however, complete, and means, in colloquial language, As if I do, or did, not know that you might!

* *But I was not so audacious,* and *some youths are,*] Mr Dodsley has,
"*But I was not so audacious as some youths are,*
*And dare do any thing,* &c.
I think the old reading right. COXETER.
Mr. M. Mason follows Dodsley. If *and* be the genuine word, it is used for the old subjunctive particle *an* (if); but whatever be its nature, it was corrected at the press in some of the copies as it now stands. In the next verse, for *And*, which was probably taken, by a common error, from the word immediately under it, I have ventured to substitute *That.*

*Mar.* Will you credit this yet?
On my confidence of their marriage, I offer'd Well-born—
I would give a crown now I durst say his worship— [*Aside.*
My nag, and twenty pounds.
*Over.* Did you so, idiot! [*Strikes him down.*
Was this the way to work him to despair,
Or rather to cross me?
*Mar.* Will your worship kill me?
*Over.* No, no; but drive the lying spirit out of you.
*Mar.* He's gone.
*Over.* I have done then: now, forgetting
Your late imaginary feast and lady,
Know, my lord Lovell dines with me to-morrow.
Be careful nought be wanting to receive him;
And bid my daughter's women trim her up,
Though they paint her, so she catch the lord, I'll thank them:
There's a piece for my late blows.
*Mar.* I must yet suffer:
But there may be a time— [*Aside.*
*Over.* Do you grumble?
*Mar.* No, sir. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Country near* Overreach's *House.*

*Enter Lord* Lovell, Allworth, *and Servants.*

*Lov.* Walk the horses down the hill: something in private
I must impart to Allworth. [*Exeunt Servants**.
*All.* O, my lord,
What sacrifice of reverence, duty, watching,
Although I could put off the use of sleep,
And ever wait on your commands to serve them;
What dangers, though in ne'er so horrid shapes,
Nay death itself, though I should run to meet it,
Can I, and with a thankful willingness suffer;
But still the retribution will fall short
Of your bounties shower'd upon me!
*Lov.* Loving youth;
Till what I purpose be put into act,
Do not o'erprize it; since you have trusted me
With your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest secret,
Rest confident 'tis in a cabinet lock'd
Treachery shall never open. I have found you
(For so much to your face I must profess,
Howe'er you guard your modesty with a blush for't)
More zealous in your love and service to me,
Than I have been in my rewards.
*All.* Still great ones,
Above my merit.
*Lov.* Such your gratitude calls them:
Nor am I of that harsh and rugged temper
As some great men are tax'd with, who imagine
They part from the respect due to their honours,
If they use not all such as follow them,
Without distinction of their births, like slaves.
I am not so condition'd: I can make
A fitting difference between my footboy,
And a gentleman by want compell'd to serve me.
*All.* 'Tis thankfully acknowledged; you have been
More like a father to me than a master:
Pray you pardon the comparison.
*Lov.* I allow it;
And to give you assurance I am pleased in't,
My carriage and demeanour to your mistress,
Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me
I can command my passions.
*All.* 'Tis a conquest
Few lords can boast of when they are tempted.—Oh!
*Lov.* Why do you sigh? can you be doubtful of me?
By that fair name I in the wars have purchased,
And all my actions, hitherto untainted,
I will not be more true to mine own honour,
Than to my Allworth!
*All.* As you are the brave lord Lovell,
Your bare word only given is an assurance
Of more validity and weight to me,
Than all the oaths, bound up with imprecations,
Which, when they would deceive, most courtiers practise:
Yet being a man (for, sure, to style you more
Would relish of gross flattery), I am forced
Against my confidence of your worth and virtues,
To doubt, nay more, to fear.
*Lov.* So young, and jealous!
*All.* Were you to encounter with a single foe,
The victory were certain; but to stand
The charge of two such potent enemies,
At once assaulting you, as wealth and beauty,
And those too seconded with power, is odds
Too great for Hercules.
*Lov.* Speak your doubts and fears,
Since you will nourish them, in plainer language,
That I may understand them.
*All.* What's your will,
Though I lend arms against myself (provided
They may advantage you), must be obey'd.
My much-loved lord, were Margaret only fair,
The cannon of her more than earthly form,
Though mounted high, commanding all beneath it,
And ramm'd with bullets of her sparkling eyes,
Of all the bulwarks that defend your senses
Could batter none, but that which guards your sight.
But when the well-tuned accents of her tongue
Make music to you, and with numerous sounds
Assault your hearing (such as Ulysses, if [he]
Now lived again*, howe'er he stood the syrens,

* Exeunt Servants.] *Exeunt Servi*, says the quarto; this Coxeter translates *Exeunt Servant*, and is faithfully followed by Mr. M. Mason in his correctest of all editions!

* ——— *such as Ulysses, if* [he] *Now lived again*, &c.] As this passage stands in the

Could not resist), the combat must grow doubtful
Between your reason and rebellious passions.
Add this too; when you feel her touch, and breath
Like a soft western wind, when it glides o'er
Arabia, creating gums and spices;
And in the van, the nectar of her lips,
Which you must taste, bring the battalia on,
Well arm'd, and strongly lined with her discourse
And knowing manners, to give entertainment;—
Hippolytus himself would leave Diana,
To follow such a Venus.

*Lov.* Love hath made you
Poetical, Allworth.

*All.* Grant all these beat off,
Which if it be in man to do, you'll do it,
Mammon, in Sir Giles Overreach, steps in
With heaps of ill-got gold, and so much land,
To make her more remarkable, as would tire
A falcon's wings in one day to fly over.
O my good lord! these powerful aids, which would
Make a mis-shapen negro beautiful
(Yet are but ornaments to give her lustre,
That in herself is all perfection), must
Prevail for her: I here release your trust;
'Tis happiness, enough, for me to serve you,
And sometimes, with chaste eyes, to look upon her.

*Lov.* Why, shall I swear?

*All.* O, by no means, my lord;
And wrong not so your judgment to the world,
As from your fond indulgence to a boy,
Your page, your servant, to refuse a blessing
Divers great men are rivals for.

*Lov.* Suspend
Your judgment till the trial. How far is it
To Overreach' house?

*All.* At the most some half hour's riding;
You'll soon be there.

*Lov.* And you the sooner freed
From your jealous fears.

*All.* O that I durst but hope it! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Overreach's *House.*

*Enter* OVERREACH, GREEDY, *and* MARRALL.

*Over.* Spare for no cost; let my dressers crack with the weight
Of curious viands.

Greedy. *Store indeed's no sore*, sir.

*Over.* That proverb fits your stomach, master Greedy.
And let no plate be seen but what's pure gold,
Or such whose workmanship exceeds the matter
That it is made of; let my choicest linen
Perfume the room, and, when we wash, the water,
With precious powders mix'd, so please my lord,
That he may* with envy wish to bathe so ever.

*Mar.* 'Twill be very chargeable.

*Over.* Avaunt, you drudge!
Now all my labour'd ends are at the stake,
Is't a time to think of thrift? Call in my daughter,
And, master justice, since you love choice dishes,
And plenty of them——

*Greedy.* As I do, indeed, sir,
Almost as much as to give thanks for them.

*Over.* I do confer that providence*, with my power
Of absolute command to have abundance,
To your best care.

*Greedy.* I'll punctually discharge it,
And give the best directions. Now am I
In mine own conceit a monarch, at the least
Arch-president of the boil'd, the roast, the baked.
For which I will eat often; and give thanks
When my belly's braced up like a drum, and that's pure justice. [*Exit.*

*Over.* It must be so: should the foolish girl prove modest,
She may spoil all; she had it not from me,
But from her mother; I was ever forward,
As she must be, and therefore I'll prepare her.

*Enter* MARGARET.

Alone, and let your women wait without.

*Marg.* Your pleasure, sir?

*Over.* Ha! this is a neat dressing!
These orient pearls and diamonds well placed too!
The gown affects me not, it should have been
Embroider'd o'er and o'er with flowers of gold;
But these rich jewels, and quaint fashion help it.
And how below? since oft the wanton eye,
The face observed, descends unto the foot,
Which being well proportion'd, as yours is,
Invites as much as perfect white and red,
Though without art. How like you your new woman,
The lady Downfallen?

*Marg.* Well, for a companion;
Not as a servant.

*Over.* Is she humble, Meg,
And careful too, her ladyship forgotten?

*Marg.* I pity her fortune.

*Over.* Pity her! trample on her.
I took her up in an old tamin gown†,

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former editions it is scarcely reconcileable either to grammar or sense. I have hazarded the transposition of one word (if) and the addition of another (he). For the former, I make no apology, as the incorrect state of the old copies frequently renders it necessary; for the latter, I solicit the reader's indulgence.

* ——let *my choicest linen,*
*Perfume the room, and when we wash, the water,*
*With precious powders* mix'd, *so please my lord,*
*That he may*, &c.] Such is the reading of the quarto. Coxeter, who probably misunderstood it, adapted it to his own ideas in this perverse and vapid manner, and was, of course, followed by Mr. M. Mason:

——Lay *my choicest linen,*
*Perfume the room, and when we wash, the water*
*With precious powders* mix, to *please my lord,*
*That he may*, &c.

* *I do confer that* providence,] All the modern editors read, that *province:* and thus they keep up an eternal war against their author's fancied peculiarities!—but indeed the word is used by other writers, and precisely in the sense here required. Thus Shirley, in a very pretty passage:

"Lady, you are welcome to the spring; the park
Looks fresher to salute you: how the birds
On every tree sing with more cheerfulness
At your access, as if they prophesied
Nature would die, and resign her *providence*
To you, fit to succeed her!" *Hyde Park.*

† *I took her up in an old* tamin *gown.*] Dodsley and Coxeter (Mr. M. Mason only "follows as a hound that fills up the cry") not knowing what to make of this word, changed it without ceremony into *tattered*, nay, without condescending to notice the variation! But *tamin* is undoubtedly right; it is a coarse linseywoolsey stuff, still worn by the poor of this country under the name of *taminy* or rather *tammy;* a corruption, I suppose, of *étamine*, Fr., which has the same meaning. The annals of literature do not afford an instance of another writer so unworthily treated as Massinger.

(Even starved for want of twopenny chops), to serve thee,
And if I understand she but repines
To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,
I'll pack her to her knight, where I have lodged him,
Into the Counter, and there let them howl together.
*Marg.* You know your own ways, but for me, I blush
When I command her, that was once attended
With persons not inferior to myself
In birth.
*Over.* In birth! why, art thou not my daughter,
The blest child of my industry and wealth?
Why, foolish girl, was't not to make thee great,
That I have run, and still pursue, those ways
That hale down curses on me, which I mind not!
Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thyself
To the noble state I labour to advance thee;
Or, by my hopes to see thee honourable,
I will adopt a stranger to my heir,
And throw thee from my care: do not provoke me.
*Marg.* I will not, sir; mould me which way you please.

*Re-enter* Greedy.

*Over.* How! interrupted!
*Greedy.* 'Tis matter of importance.
The cook, sir, is self-will'd, and will not learn
From my experience; there's a fawn brought in, sir;
And, for my life, I cannot make him roast it
With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it;
And, sir, we wise men know, without the dumpling
'Tis not worth three-pence.
*Over.* Would it were whole in thy belly,
To stuff it out! cook it any way; prithee leave me.
*Greedy* Without order for the dumpling?
*Over.* Let it be dumpled
Which way thou wilt! or tell him, I will scald him
In his own caldron.
*Greedy.* I had lost my stomach
Had I lost my mistress dumpling; I'll give thanks for't. [*Exit.*
*Over.* But to our business, Meg; you have heard who dines here?
*Marg.* I have, sir.
*Over.* 'Tis an honourable man;
A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment
Of soldiers, and, what's rare, is one himself,
A bold and understanding one: and to be
A lord, and a good leader, in one volume,
Is granted unto few but such as rise up
The kingdom's glory.

*Re-enter* Greedy.

*Greedy.* I'll resign my office,
If I be not better obey'd.
*Over.* 'Slight, art thou frantic?
*Greedy.* Frantic! 'twould make me frantic, and stark mad,
Were I not a justice of peace and quorum too,
Which this rebellious cook cares not a straw for.
There are a dozen of woodcocks——
*Over.* Make thyself
Thirteen, the baker's dozen.
*Greedy.* I am contented,
So they may be dress'd to my mind; he has found out
A new device for sauce, and will not dish them
With toasts and butter; my father was a tailor,
And my name, though a justice, Greedy Woodcock;
And, ere I'll see my lineage so abused,
I'll give up my commission.
*Over.* Cook!—Rogue, obey him!
I have given the word; pray you now remove yourself
To a collar of brawn, and trouble me no further.
*Greedy.* I will, and meditate what to eat at dinner. [*Exit.*
*Over.* And, as I said, Meg, when this gull disturb'd us,
This honourable lord, this colonel,
I would have thy husband.
*Marg.* There's too much disparity
Between his quality and mine, to hope it.
*Over.* I more than hope, and doubt not to effect it,
Be thou no enemy to thyself; my wealth
Shall weigh his titles down, and make you equals.
Now for the means to assure him thine, observe me;
Remember he's a courtier, and a soldier,
And not to be trifled with; and, therefore, when
He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it:
This mincing modesty has spoil'd many a match
By a first refusal, in vain after hoped for.
*Marg.* You'll have me, sir, preserve the distance that
Confines a virgin?
*Over.* Virgin me no virgins!
I must have you lose that name, or you lose me.
I will have you private—start not—I say private:
If thou art my true daughter, not a bastard,
Thou wilt venture alone with one man, though he came
Like Jupiter to Semele, and come off too;
And therefore, when he kisses you, kiss close.
*Marg.* I have heard this is the strumpets' fashion, sir,
Which I must never learn.
*Over.* Learn any thing,
And from any creature, that may make thee great;
From the devil himself.
*Marg.* This is but devilish doctrine!
*Over.* Or, if his blood grow hot, suppose he offer
Beyond this, do not you stay till it cool,
But meet his ardour; if a couch be near,
Sit down on't, and invite him.
*Marg.* In your house,
Your own house, sir! for heaven's sake, what are you then?
Or what shall I be, sir?
*Over.* Stand not on form;
Words are no substances.
*Marg.* Though you could dispense
With your own honour, cast aside religion,
The hopes of heaven, or fear of hell; excuse me,
In worldly policy this is not the way
To make me his wife; his whore, I grant it may do.
My maiden honour so soon yielded up,
Nay, prostituted, cannot but assure him
I, that am light to him, will not hold weight,
Whene'er* tempted by others: so, in judgment
When to his lust I have given up my honour,
He must and will forsake me.
*Over.* How! forsake thee!

* Whene'er *tempted by others*:] The quarto reads, *When* he is *tempted*, &c. This is evidently wrong, but I am not sure that I have struck out the genuine reading. Dodsley, whom the others follow, omits *he is*, which leaves a very inharmonious line.

Do I wear a sword for fashion? or is this arm
Shrunk up, or wither'd? does there live a man
Of that large list I have encounter'd with,
Can truly say I e'er gave inch of ground
Not purchased with his blood that did oppose me?
Forsake thee when the thing is done! he dares not.
Give me but proof he has enjoy'd thy person,
Though all his captains, echoes to his will,
Stood arm'd by his side to justify the wrong,
And he himself in the head of his bold troop,
Spite of his lordship, and his colonelship,
Or the judge's favour, I will make him render
A bloody and a strict accompt, and force him,
By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour!
I have said it.

*Enter* MARRALL.

*Mar.* Sir, the man of honour's come,
Newly alighted.
*Over.* In, without reply;
And do as I command, or thou art lost.
[*Exit Margaret.*
Is the loud music I gave order for
Ready to receive him?
*Mar.* 'Tis, sir.
*Over.* Let them sound
A princely welcome. Roughness awhile leave me;
For fawning now, a stranger to my nature,
Must make way for me.

*Loud music.* *Enter Lord* LOVELL, GREEDY, ALLWORTH, *and* MARRALL.

*Lov.* Sir, you meet your trouble.
*Over.* What you are pleased to style so, is an honour
Above my worth and fortunes.
*All.* Strange! so humble.
*Over.* A justice of peace, my lord.
[*Presents Greedy to him.*
*Lov.* Your hand, good sir.
*Greedy.* This is a lord, and some think this a favour;
But I had rather have my hand in my dumpling.
*Over.* Room for my lord.
*Lov.* I miss, sir, your fair daughter
To crown my welcome.
*Over.* May it please my lord
To taste a glass of Greek wine first, and suddenly
She shall attend my lord.
*Lov.* You'll be obey'd, sir.
[*Exeunt all but Overreach.*
*Over.* 'Tis to my wish: as soon as come, ask for her!
Why, Meg! Meg Overreach!—

*Re-enter* MARGARET.

How! tears in your eyes!
Hah! dry them quickly, or I'll dig them out.
Is this a time to whimper? meet that greatness
That flies into thy bosom; think what 'tis
For me to say, My honourable daughter;
And thou, when I stand bare, to say, Put on*;
Or, Father, you forget yourself. No more,
But be instructed, or expect——he comes!

*Re-enter Lord* LOVELL, GREEDY, ALLWORTH, *and* MARRALL.

A black-brow'd girl, my lord.
[*Lord Lovell salutes Margaret.*

* ——— *Put on*; i. e. be covered.

*Lov.* As I live, a rare one.
*All.* He's ta'en already: I am lost.
*Over.* That kiss
Came twanging off, I like it; quit the room.
[*Exeunt all but Over. Lov. and Marg.*
A little bashful, my good lord, but you,
I hope, will teach her boldness.
*Lov.* I am happy in such a scholar: but——
*Over.* I am past learning,
And therefore leave you to yourselves: remember.
[*Exit.*
*Lov.* You see, fair lady, your father is solicitous
To have you change the barren name of virgin
Into a hopeful wife.
*Marg.* His haste, my lord,
Holds no power o'er my will.
*Lov.* But o'er your duty.
*Marg.* Which, forced too much, may break.
*Lov.* Bend rather, sweetest:
Think of your years.
*Marg.* Too few to match with yours;
And choicest fruits too soon plucked, rot and wither.
*Lov.* Do you think I am old?
*Marg.* I am sure I am too young.
*Lov.* I can advance you.
*Marg.* To a hill of sorrow;
Where every hour I may expect to fall,
But never hope firm footing. You are noble,
I of a low descent, however rich;
And tissues match'd with scarlet suit but ill.
O, my good lord, I could say more, but that
I dare not trust these walls.
*Lov.* Pray you, trust my ear then.

*Re-enter* OVERREACH *behind, listening.*

*Over.* Close at it! whispering! this is excellent
And by their postures, a consent on both parts.

*Re-enter* GREEDY *behind.*

*Greedy.* Sir Giles, sir Giles!
*Over.* The great fiend stop that clapper!
*Greedy.* It must ring out, sir, when my belly rings noon.
The baked meats are run out, the roast turn'd powder.
*Over.* I shall powder you.
*Greedy.* Beat me to dust, I care not;
In such a cause as this I'll die a martyr.
*Over.* Marry, and shall, you barathrum of the shambles*! [*Strikes him,*
*Greedy.* How! strike a justice of peace! 'tis petty treason
*Edwardi quinto:* but that you are my friend,
I could commit you without bail or mainprize.
*Over.* Leave your bawling, sir, or I shall commit you
Where you shall not dine to-day; disturb my lord
When he is in discourse!

* Over. *Marry, and shall, you* barathrum of the shambles!] Literally from Horace:
*Pernicies et tempestas,* barathrumque macelli!
*Barathrum* is frequently used by our old poets in the classical sense of an abyss, or devouring gulf: Thus Shirley,
"You come to scour your maw with the good cheer
Which will be damn'd in your lean *barathrum*,
You kitchen-stuff devourer!" *The Wedding.*
Massinger has taken a few traits of the character of his justice from Pasillipho, in the old comedy of *The Supposes.*

*Greedy.* Is't a time to talk,
When we should be munching?
*Lov.* Hah! I heard some noise.
*Over.* Mum, villain; vanish! shall we break a bargain
Almost made up? [*Thrusts Greedy off.*
*Lov.* Lady, I understand you,
And rest most happy in your choice, believe it;
I'll be a careful pilot to direct
Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.
*Marg.* So shall your honour save two lives, and bind us
Your slaves for ever.
*Lov.* I am in the act rewarded,
Since it is good; howe'er, you must put on
An amorous carriage towards me, to delude
Your subtle father.
*Marg.* I am prone to that.
*Lov.* Now break we off our conference.—Sir Giles!
Where is Sir Giles? [*Overreach comes forward.*

*Re-enter* Allworth, Marrall, *and* Greedy.

*Over.* My noble lord; and how
Does your lordship find her?
*Lov.* Apt, sir Giles, and coming;
And I like her the better.
*Over.* So do I too.
*Lov.* Yet should we take forts at the first assault.
'Twere poor in the defendant; I must confirm her
With a love letter or two, which I must have
Delivered by my page, and you give way to't.
*Over.* With all my soul:—a towardly gentleman!
Your hand, good master Allworth; know my house
Is ever open to you.
*All:* 'Twas shut till now. [*Aside.*
*Over.* Well done, well done, my honourable daughter!
Thou'rt so already: know this gentle youth,
And cherish him, my honourable daughter.
*Marg.* I shall, with my best care.
[*Noise within, as of a coach.*
*Over.* A coach!
*Greedy.* More stops
Before we go to dinner! O my guts!

*Enter Lady* Allworth *and* Wellborn.

*L. All.* If I find welcome,
You share in it; if not, I'll back again,
Now I know your ends; for I come arm'd for all
Can be objected.
*Lov.* How! the lady Allworth!
*Over.* And thus attended!
[*Lovell salutes Lady Allworth, Lady Allworth salutes Margaret.*
*Mar.* No, I am a dolt,
The spirit of lies hath enter'd me.
*Over.* Peace, Patch*;
'Tis more than wonder! an astonishment
That does possess me wholly!
*Lov.* Noble lady,
This is a favour, to prevent† my visit,
The service of my life can never equal.

*L. All.* My lord, I laid wait for you, and much hoped
You would have made my poor house your first inn:
And therefore doubting that you might forget me,
Or too long dwell here, having such ample cause,
In this unequall'd beauty, for your stay;
And fearing to trust any but myself
With the relation of my service to you,
I borrow'd so much from my long restraint,
And took the air in person to invite you.
*Lov.* Your bounties are so great, they rob me, madam,
Of words to give you thanks.
*L. All.* Good sir Giles Overreach. [*Salutes him.*
—How dost thou Marrall? liked you my meat so ill,
You'll dine no more with me?
*Greedy.* I will, when you please,
An it like your ladyship.
*L. All.* When you please, master Greedy;
If meat can do it you shall be satisfied.
And now, my lord, pray take into your knowledge
This gentleman; howe'er his outside's coarse,
[*Presents Wellborn.*
His inward linings are as fine and fair
As any man's; wonder not I speak at large:
And howsoe'er his humour carries him
To be thus accoutred, or what taint soever
For his wild life hath stuck upon his fame,
He may, ere long, with boldness, rank himself
With some that have contemn'd him. Sir Giles Overreach,
If I am welcome, bid him so.
*Over.* My nephew!
He has been too long a stranger: faith you have,
Pray let it be mended.
[*Lovell conferring aside with Wellborn.*
*Mar.* Why, sir, what do you mean?
This is rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy,
That should hang or drown himself; no man of worship,
Much less your nephew.
*Over.* Well, sirrah, we shall reckon
For this hereafter.
*Mar.* I'll not lose my jeer,
Though I be beaten dead for't.
*Well.* Let my silence plead
In my excuse, my lord, till better leisure
Offer itself to hear a full relation
Of my poor fortunes.
*Lov.* I would hear, and help them.
*Over.* Your dinner waits you.
*Lov.* Pray you lead, we follow.
*L. All.* Nay, you are my guest; come, dear master Wellborn. [*Exeunt all but Greedy*
Greedy. *Dear master Wellborn!* So she said; heaven! heaven!
If my belly would give me leave, I could ruminate
All day on this: I have granted twenty warrants
To have him committed, from all prisons in the shire,
To Nottingham gaol; and now, *Dear master Wellborn!*
And, *My good nephew!*—but I play the fool
To stand here prating, and forget my dinner.

*Re-enter* Marrall.

Are they set, Marrall?
*Mar.* Long since; pray you a word, sir.
*Greedy.* No wording now.

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* Over. *Peace,* Patch;] *Patch* was the name of a *fool* kept by Cardinal Wolsey, and who has deservedly had the honour of transmitting his appellation to a very numerous body of descendants; he being, as Wilson observes, in his *Art of Rhetorique,* 1553, "*a notable fool* in his time."

† ——*to prevent my visit,*] i. e. to anticipate it.

*Mar.* In troth, I must; my master
Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold with you,
And does entreat you, more guests being come in
Than he expected, especially his nephew,
The table being full too, you would excuse him,
And sup with him on the cold meat.
*Greedy.* How! no dinner,
After all my care?
*Mar.* 'Tis but a penance for
A meal; besides, you broke your fast.
*Greedy* That was
But a bit to stay my stomach: a man in commission
Give place to a tatterdemalion!
*Mar.* No bug* words, sir;
Should his worship hear you——
*Greedy.* Lost my dumpling too,
And butter'd toasts, and woodcocks!
*Mar.* Come, have patience.
If you will dispense a little with your worship,
And sit with the waiting women, you'll have dumpling,
Woodcock, and butter'd toasts too.
*Greedy.* This revives me:
I will gorge there sufficiently.
*Mar.* This is the way, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in* Overreach's *House.*

*Enter* Overreach, *as from dinner.*

*Over.* She's caught! O women!—she neglects my lord,
And all her compliments applied to Wellborn!
The garments of her widowhood laid by,
She now appears as glorious as the spring.
Her eyes fix'd on him, in the wine she drinks,
He being her pledge, she sends him burning kisses,
And sits on thorns, till she be private with him.
She leaves my meat to feed upon his looks;
And if in our discourse he be but named,
From her a deep sigh follows. But why grieve I
At this? it makes for me; if she prove his,
All that is her's is mine, as I will work him.

*Enter* Marrall.

*Mar.* Sir, the whole board is troubled at your rising.
*Over.* No matter, I'll excuse it: prithee Marrall,
Watch an occasion to invite my nephew
To speak with me in private.
*Mar.* Who! the rogue
The lady scorn'd to look on?
*Over.* You are a wag.

*Enter Lady* Allworth *and* Wellborn.

*Mar.* See, sir, she's come, and cannot be without him.
*L. All.* With your favour, sir, after a plenteous dinner,
I shall make bold to walk a turn or two
In your rare garden.
*Over.* There's an arbour too,
If your ladyship please to use it.
*L. All.* Come, master Wellborn.
[*Exeunt Lady Allworth and Wellborn.*

* Mar. *No* bug *words, sir;*] i. e. no frightful, terrific words: the word occurs in this sense in all our old poets.

*Over.* Grosser and grosser! now I believe the poet
Feign'd not, but was historical, when he wrote
Pasiphaë was enamour'd of a bull:
This lady's lust's more monstrous. My good lord,

*Enter Lord* Lovell, Margaret, *and the rest.*

Excuse my manners.
*Lov.* There needs none, sir Giles,
I may ere long say Father, when it pleases
My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.
*Over.* She shall seal to it, my lord, and make me happy.

*Re-enter* Wellborn *and Lady* Allworth.

*Marg.* My lady is return'd.
*L. All.* Provide my coach,
I'll instantly away; my thanks, sir Giles,
For my entertainment.
*Over.* 'Tis your nobleness
To think it such.
*L. All.* I must do you a further wrong,
In taking away your honourable guest.
*Lov.* I wait on you, madam; farewell, good sir Giles.
*L. All.* Good mistress Margaret; nay come, master Wellborn,
I must not leave you behind; in sooth, I must not.
*Over.* Rob me not, madam, of all joys at once;
Let my nephew stay behind. he shall have my coach,
And, after some small conference between us,
Soon overtake your ladyship.
*L. All.* Stay not long, sir.
*Lov.* This parting kiss: [*Kisses Margaret.*] you shall every day hear from me
By my faithful page.
*All.* 'Tis a service I am proud of.
[*Exeunt Lord Lovell, Lady Allworth, Allworth, and Marrall.*
*Over.* Daughter, to your chamber.—[*Exit Margaret.*]—You may wonder, nephew,
After so long an enmity between us,
I should desire your friendship.
*Well.* So I do, sir;
'Tis strange to me.
*Over.* But I'll make it no wonder;
And what is more, unfold my nature to you.
We worldly men, when we see friends, and kinsmen,
Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift them up, but rather set our feet
Upon their heads, to press them to the bottom;
As, I must yield, with you I practised it:
But, now I see you in a way to rise,
I can and will assist you; this rich lady
(And I am glad of't) is enamour'd of you;
'Tis too apparent, nephew.
*Well.* No such thing:
Compassion rather, sir.
*Over.* Well, in a word,
Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen
No more in this base shape; nor shall she say,
She married you like a beggar, or in debt.
*Well.* He'll run into the noose, and save my labour. [*Aside.*
*Over.* You have a trunk of rich clothes, not far hence,
In pawn; I will redeem them; and that no clamour
May taint your credit for your petty debts,
You shall have a thousand pounds to cut them off,
And go a free man to the wealthy lady.

*Well.* This done, sir, out of love, and no ends else——
*Over.* As it is, nephew.
*Well.* Binds me still your servant.
*Over.* No compliments, you are staid for: ere you have supp'd [my nephew!
You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves, for
To morrow I will visit you.
*Well.* Here's an uncle
In a man's extremes! how much they do belie you,
That say you are hard-hearted!
*Over.* My deeds, nephew,
Shall speak my love; what men report I weigh not.
[*Exeunt*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Lady* Allworth's *House.*

*Enter Lord* Lovell *and* Allworth.

*Lov.* 'Tis well; give me my cloak; I now discharge you
From further service: mind your own affairs,
I hope they will prove successful.
*All.* What is blest
With your good wish, my lord, cannot but prosper.
Let aftertimes report, and to your honour,
How much I stand engaged, for I want language
To speak my debt; yet if a tear or two
Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply
My tongue's defects, I could——
*Lov.* Nay, do not melt:
This ceremonial thanks to me's superfluous.
*Over.* [*within.*] Is my lord stirring?
*Lov.* 'Tis he! oh, here's your letter: let him in.

*Enter* Overreach, Greedy, *and* Marrall.

*Over.* A good day to my lord!
*Lov.* You are an early riser,
Sir Giles.
*Over.* And reason, to attend your lordship.
*Lov.* And you, too, master Greedy, up so soon!
*Greedy.* In troth, my lord, after the sun is up
I cannot sleep, for I have a foolish stomach
That croaks for breakfast. With your lordship's favour,
I have a serious question to demand
Of my worthy friend sir Giles.
*Lov.* Pray you use your pleasure.
*Greedy.* How far, sir Giles, and pray you answer me
Upon your credit, hold you it to be
From your manor-house, to this of my lady Allworth's?
*Over.* Why, some four mile.
*Greedy.* How! four mile, good sir Giles——
Upon your reputation, think better;
For if you do abate but one half quarter
Of five, you do yourself the greatest wrong
That can be in the world; for four miles riding
Could not have raised so huge an appetite
As I feel gnawing on me.
*Mar.* Whether you ride,
Or go afoot, you are that way still provided,
An it please your worship.
*Over.* How now, sirrah! prating
Before my lord! no difference! Go to my nephew;
See all his debts discharged, and help his worship
To fit on his rich suit.
*Mar.* I may fit you too.
Toss'd like a dog still. [*Exit.*
*Lov.* I have writ this morning
A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.
*Over.* 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly yours already:——
Sweet master Allworth, take my ring; 'twill carry you
To her presence, I dare warrant you; and there plead
For my good lord, if you shall find occasion.
That done, pray ride to Nottingham, get a hoen
Still by this token. I'll have it dispatch'd,
And suddenly, my lord, that I may say,
My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.
*Greedy.* Take my advice, young gentleman, get your breakfast;
'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting: I'll eat with you,
And eat to purpose.
*Over.* Some fury's in that gut:
Hungry again! did you not devour this morning
A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colchester oysters?
*Greedy.* Why, that was, sir, only to scour my stomach,
A kind of a preparative. Come, gentleman,
I will not have you feed like the hangman of Flushing,
Alone, while I am here.
*Lov.* Haste your return.
*All.* I will not fail, my lord.
*Greedy.* Nor I to line
My Christmas coffer.
[*Exeunt Greedy and Allworth.*
*Over.* To my wish; we are private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion; that were poor and trivial:
In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her my lord comes to you; nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.
*Lov.* You are a right kind father.
*Over.* You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat?
It is well wooded, and well water'd, the acres
Fertile and rich; would it not serve for change
To entertain your friends in a summer progress?
What thinks my noble lord?
*Lov.* 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well built pile; and she that's mistress of it
Worthy the large revenue.
*Over.* She the mistress!
It may be so for a time: but let my lord

Say only that he likes it, and would have it,
I say, ere long 'tis his.
*Lov.* Impossible.
*Over.* You do conclude too fast, not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The lady Allworth's lands, for those once Well-born's
(As by her dotage on him I know they will be),
Shall soon be mine; but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
And useful for your lordship, and once more
I say aloud, they are your's.
*Lov.* I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted;
My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than so to expose them to be censured by
The public voice.
*Over.* You run, my lord, no hazard.
Your reputation shall stand as fair
In all good men's opinions as now;
Nor can my actions, though condemn'd for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.
For, though I do contemn report myself,
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you, in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candour.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honourable, which my lord can make her:
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions, and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the port
Your noble birth and present state requires,
I do remove that burthen from your shoulders,
And take it on mine own: for though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals, want, shall never find you.
*Lov.* Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?
*Over.* Yes, as rocks are,
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved,
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.
I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on a constant course: with mine own sword,
If call'd into the field, I can make that right
Which fearful enemies murmur'd at as wrong.
Now for these other piddling complaints
Breath'd out in bitterness; as when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbours' right, or grand incloser
Of what was common, to my private use:
Nay, when my ears are pierc'd with widow's cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.
*Lov.* I admire
The toughness of your nature.
*Over.* 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble;
Nay more, if you will have my character
In little, I enjoy more true delight
In my arrival to my wealth these dark
And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take pleasure
In spending what my industry hath compass'd.
My haste commands me hence: in one word, therefore,
Is it a match?
*Lov.* I hope, that is past doubt now.
*Over.* Then rest secure; not the hate of all mankind here*,
Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
Shall make me study aught but your advancement
One story higher: an earl! if gold can do it.
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith;
Though I am borne thus headlong by my will,
You may make choice of what belief you please,
To me they are equal; so, my lord, good morrow.
[*Exit.*
*Lov.* He's gone—I wonder how the earth can bear
Such a portent! I, that have lived a soldier,
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,
To hear this blasphemous beast am bath'd all over
In a cold sweat: yet, like a mountain, he
(Confirm'd in atheistical assertions)
Is no more shaken than Olympus is
When angry Boreas loads his double head†
With sudden drifts of snow.

*Enter Lady* Allworth, Waiting Woman, *and* Amble.

*L. All.* Save you, my lord!
Disturb I not your privacy?
*Lov.* No, good madam;
For your own sake I am glad you came no sooner.
Since this bold bad man, sir Giles Overreach,
Made such a plain discovery of himself,
And read this morning such a devilish matins,
That I should think it a sin next to his
But to repeat it.
*L. All.* I ne'er press'd, my lord,
On others' privacies; yet, against my will,
Walking, for health sake, in the gallery
Adjoining to your lodgings, I was made
(So vehement and loud he was) partaker
Of his tempting offers.
*Lov.* Please you to command
Your servants hence, and I shall gladly hear
Your wiser counsel.
*L. All.* 'Tis, my lord, a woman's,
But true and hearty;—wait in the next room,
But be within call; yet not so near to force me
To whisper my intents.
*Amb.* We are taught better
By you, good madam.
*Woman.* And well know our distance.
*L. All.* Do so, and talk not; 'twill become your breeding. [*Exeunt Amble and Woman.*
Now, my good lord: if I may use my freedom,
As to an honour'd friend——

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* ——————*not the hate of all mankind* here,] I know not why the modern editors omit *here*, not only the rhythm but the sense is improved by its restoration.

† ——————*than* Olympus *is*
*When angry Boreas loads his* double head
*With sudden drifts of snow.*] Either Massinger, or his transcriber, has mistaken Olympus for Parnassus: it may be the former, for, in trusting to their memory, such slips are not unusual in our old writers, who were indeed little solicitous of accuracy in these trivial matters.

*Lov.* You lessen else
Your favour to me.
*L. All.* I dare then say thus:
As you are noble (howe'er common men
Make sordid wealth the object and sole end
Of their industrious aims) 'twill not agree
With those of eminent blood, who are engaged
More to prefer their honours, than to increase
The state left to them by their ancestors,
To study large additions to their fortunes,
And quite neglect their births:—though I must grant,
Riches, well got, to be a useful servant,
But a bad master.
*Lov.* Madam, 'tis confess'd;
But what infer you from it?
*L. All.* This, my lord;
That as all wrongs, though thrust into one scale,
Slide of themselves off, when right fills the other,
And cannot bide the trial; so all wealth,
I mean if ill acquired, cemented to honour
By virtuous ways achieved, and bravely purchased,
Is but as rubbish pour'd into a river
(Howe'er intended to make good the bank),
Rendering the water, that was pure before,
Polluted and unwholesome. I allow
The heir of sir Giles Overreach, Margaret,
A maid well qualified, and the richest match
Our north part can make boast of; yet she cannot,
With all that she brings with her, fill their mouths,
That never will forget who was her father,
Or that my husband Allworth's lands, and Wellborn's
(How wrung from both needs now no repetition),
Were real motives that more work'd your lordship
To join your families, than her form and virtues:
You may conceive the rest.
*Lov.* I do, sweet madam,
And long since have considered it. I know
The sum of all that makes a just man happy
Consists in the well choosing of his wife:
And there, well to discharge it, does require
Equality of years, of birth, of fortune;
For beauty being poor, and not cried up
By birth or wealth, can truly mix with neither.
And wealth, where there's such difference in years,
And fair descent, must make the yoke uneasy:—
But I come nearer.
*L. All.* Pray you do, my lord.
*Lov.* Were Overreach' states thrice centupled, his daughter
Millions of degrees much fairer than she is,
Howe'er I might urge precedents to excuse me,
I would not so adulterate my blood
By marrying Margaret, and so leave my issue
Made up of several pieces, one part scarlet
And the other London blue. In my own tomb
I will inter my name first.
*L. All.* I am glad to hear this.—— [*Aside.*
Why then, my lord, pretend your marriage to her?
Dissimulation but ties false knots
On that straight line by which you hitherto
Have measured all your actions.
*Lov.* I make answer,
And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have you,
That, since your husband's death, have lived a strict
And chaste nun's life, on the sudden given yourself
To visits and entertainments? think you, madam,
'Tis not grown public conference? or the favours
Which you too prodigally have thrown on Wellborn,
Being too* reserved before, incur not censure?
*L. All.* I am innocent here, and, on my life I swear
My ends are good.
*Lov.* On my soul, so are mine
To Margaret; but leave both to the event:
And since this friendly privacy does serve
But as an offer'd means unto ourselves
To search each other further, you having shown
Your care of me, I, my respect to you;
Deny me not, but still in chaste words, madam
An afternoon's discourse.
*L. All.* So I shall hear you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before* Tapwell's *House*

*Enter* Tapwell *and* Froth.

*Tap.* Undone, undone! this was your counsel, Froth.
*Froth.* Mine! I defy thee: did not master Marrall
(He has marr'd all, I am sure) strictly command us,
On pain of sir Giles Overreach' displeasure,
To turn the gentleman out of doors?
*Tap.* 'Tis true;
But now he's his uncle's darling, and has got
Master justice Greedy, since he fill'd his belly,
At his commandment, to do any thing;
Woe, woe to us!
*Froth.* He may prove merciful.
*Tap.* Troth, we do not deserve it at his hands.
Though he knew all the passages of our house,
As the receiving of stolen goods, and bawdry,
When he was rogue Wellborn no man would believe him,
And then his information could not hurt us,
But now he is right worshipful again,
Who dares but doubt his testimony? methinks
I see thee, Froth, already in a cart
For a close bawd, thine eyes even pelted out
With dirt and rotten eggs; and my hand hissing,
If I scape the halter, with the letter R
Printed upon it.
*Froth.* Would that were the worst!
That were but nine days' wonder: as for credit
We have none to lose, but we shall lose the money
He owes us, and his custom: there's the hell on't.
*Tap.* He has summon'd all his creditors by the drum,
And they swarm about him like so many soldiers
On the pay day; and has found out such a NEW WAY
To PAY HIS OLD DEBTS, as 'tis very likely
He shall be chronicled for it!
*Froth.* He deserves it
More than ten pageants† But are you sure his worship
Comes this way to my lady's?
[*A cry within:* Brave master Wellborn!

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* *Being* too *reserved before,*] This is the reading of the quarto, and evidently genuine: it does not however satisfy Mr. M. Mason; who gives us, on his own authority, *Being so reserved before!*

† ——————— *'tis very likely*
*He shall be* chronicled *for it!*
Froth. *He deserves it*
*More than ten* pageants.] This is a pleasant allusion to the minute industry with which Holingshed, Stowe, Baker, and the other chroniclers of those times, collected every un

*Tap.* Yes :—I hear him.
*Froth.* Be ready with your petition, and present it
To his good grace.

*Enter* WELLBORN *in a rich habit, followed by* MARRALL, GREEDY, ORDER, FURNACE, *and* Creditors ; TAPWELL *kneeling, delivers his petition.*

*Well.* How's this ! petition'd too ?——
But note what miracles the payment of
A little trash, and a rich suit of clothes,
Can work upon these rascals ! I shall be,
I think, prince Wellborn.
*Mar.* When your worship's married
You may be :—I know what I hope to see you.
*Well.* Then look thou for advancement.
*Mar.* To be known
Your worship's bailiff is the mark I shoot at.
*Well.* And thou shalt hit it.
*Mar.* Pray you, sir, dispatch
These needy followers, and for my admittance,
Provided you'll defend me from sir Giles,
Whose service I am weary of, I'll say something
You shall give thanks for.
*Well.* Fear me not sir Giles*.
*Greedy.* Who, Tapwell ? I remember thy wife brought me,
Last new-year's tide, a couple of fat turkies.
*Tap.* And shall do every Christmas, let your worship
But stand my friend now.
*Greedy.* How ! with master Wellborn ?
I can do any thing with him on such terms.——
See you this honest couple, they are good souls
As ever drew out fosset ; have they not
A pair of honest faces ?
*Well.* I o'erheard you.
And the bribe he promis'd. You are cozen'd in them ;
For, of all the scum that grew rich by my riots,
This, for a most unthankful knave, and this,
For a base bawd and whore, have worst deserv'd me†,
And therefore speak not for them : by your place
You are rather to do me justice ; lend me your ear :
—Forget his turkies, and call in his license,
And, at the next fair, I'll give you a yoke of oxen
Worth all his poultry.
*Greedy.* I am changed on the sudden
In my opinion ! come near ; nearer, rascal.
And, now I view him better, did you e'er see
One look so like an archknave ? his very countenance,
Should an understanding judge but look upon him,
Would hang him though he were innocent.
*Tap. Froth.* Worshipful sir.
*Greedy.* No, though the great Turk came, instead of turkies,
To beg my favour, I am inexorable.
Thou hast an ill name : besides thy musty ale,
That hath destroy'd many of the king's liege people,
Thou never hadst in thy house, to stay men's stomachs,
A piece of Suffolk cheese, or gammon of bacon,
Or any esculent, as the learned call it,
For their emolument, but sheer drink only.
For which gross fault I here do damn thy licence,
Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw ;
For, instantly, I will in mine own person
Command the constables to pull down thy sign,
And do it before I eat.
*Froth.* No mercy !
*Greedy.* Vanish.
If I show any, may my promised oxen gore me !
*Tap.* Unthankful knaves are ever so rewarded.
[*Exeunt Greedy, Tapwell, and Froth.*
*Well.* Speak ; what are you !
1 *Cred.* A decay'd vintner, sir,
That might have thrived, but that your worship broke me
With trusting you with muskadine and eggs,
And five-pound suppers, with your after drinkings,
When you lodged upon the Bankside.
*Well.* I remember.
1 *Cred.* I have not been hasty, nor e'er laid to arrest you ;
And therefore, sir——
*Well.* Thou art an honest fellow,
I'll set thee up again , see his bill paid.
What are you ?
2 *Cred.* A tailor once, but now mere botcher.
I gave you credit for a suit of clothes,
Which was all my stock, but you failing in payment,
I was removed from the shop-board, and confined
Under a stall.
*Well.* See him paid ; and botch no more.
2 *Cred.* I ask no interest, sir.
*Well.* Such tailors need not ;
If their bills are paid in one and twenty year
They are seldom losers. O, I know thy face,
Thou wert my surgeon : you must tell no tales ;
Those days are done. I will pay you in private.
*Ord.* A royal gentleman !
*Furn.* Royal as an emperor !
He'll prove a brave master ; my good lady knew
To choose a man.
*Well.* See all men else discharg'd ;
And since old debts are clear'd by a new way,
A little bounty will not misbecome me :
There's something, honest cook, for thy good breakfasts,
And this for your respect ; take't, 'tis good gold,
And I able to spare it.
*Ord.* You are too munificent.
*Furn.* He was ever so.
*Well.* Pray you, on before.
3 *Cred.* Heaven bless you !
*Mar.* At four o'clock the rest know where to meet me.
[*Exeunt Order, Furnace, and Creditors.*

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important event and individual history, to swell their useful but desultory pages :

" I more voluminous should grow
Chiefly if I, like them, should tell
All kind of weather that befel,
Than Holingshed or Stowe." *Cowley.*

The reply of Froth is sarcastically aimed at the perverse pains bestowed by the former of these writers on the ridiculous mummery, under the name of *pageants*, which the city was in the habit of exhibiting on every public occasion.

* *You shall give thanks for*
Well. *Fear me not sir Giles.*] So the quarto. The modern editors read :
*You shall give* me *thanks for.*
Well. *Fear not, sir Giles.*
Which is not metre : but they probably did not understand the phraseology of the last hemistich, which is a Gallicism to be found in every writer of Massinger's time. For their insertion of *me* in the former I cannot pretend to account.

† ——*have worst deserved* me,] Here again, from ignorance of the language, the last word is thrown out. Such editors!

*Well.* Now, master Marrall what's the weighty secret
You promised to impart?
*Mar.* Sir, time nor place
Allow me to relate each circumstance,
This only in a word; I know Sir Giles
Will come upon you for security
For his thousand pounds, which you must not consent to.
As he grows in heat, as I am sure he will,
Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt
Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land;
I had a hand in't (I speak it to my shame),
When you were defeated of it.
*Well.* That's forgiven.
*Mar.* I shall deserve it: then urge him to produce
The deed in which you pass'd it over to him,
Which I know he'll have about him to deliver
To the lord Lovell, with many other writings,
And present monies: I'll instruct you further,
As I wait on your worship: if I play not my prize*
To your full content, and your uncle's much vexation,
Hang up Jack Marrall.
*Well.* I rely upon thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Overreach's *House.*

*Enter* Allworth *and* Margaret.

*All.* Whether to yield the first praise to my lord's
Unequall'd temperance, or your constant sweetness,
That I yet live, my weak hands fasten'd on
Hope's anchor, spite of all storms of despair,
I yet rest doubtful.
*Marg.* Give it to lord Lovell;
For what in him was bounty, in me's duty.
I make but payment of a debt to which
My vows, in that high office register'd,
Are faithful witnesses.
*All.* 'Tis true, my dearest;
Yet, when I call to mind how many fair ones
Make wilful shipwreck of their faiths, and oaths
To God and man, to fill the arms of greatness;
And you rise up no less than a glorious start†
To the amazement of the world, that hold out
Against the stern authority of a father,
And spurn at honour, when it comes to court you;
I am so tender of your good, that faintly,
With your wrong, I can wish myself that right
You yet are pleased to do me.
*Marg.* Yet, and ever.
To me what's title, when content is wanting?
Or wealth, raked up together with much care,
And to be kept with more, when the heart pines,
In being dispossess'd of what it longs for
Beyond the Indian mines? or the smooth brow
Of a pleased sire, that slaves me to his will,
And so his ravenous humour may be feasted
By my obedience, and he see me great,
Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor power
To make her own election?
*All.* But the dangers
That follow the repulse—
*Marg.* To me they are nothing:
Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy.
Suppose the worst, that, in his rage, he kill me;
A tear or two, by you dropt on my hearse
In sorrow for my fate, will call back life
So far as but to say, that I die yours;
I then shall rest in peace: or should he prove
So cruel, as one death would not suffice
His thirst of vengeance, but with lingering torments,
In mind and body, I must waste to air,
In poverty join'd with banishment; so you share
In my afflictions, which I dare not wish you,
So high I prize you, I could undergo them
With such a patience as should look down
With scorn on his worst malice.
*All.* Heaven avert
Such trials of your true affection to me!
Nor will it unto you that are all mercy,
Show so much rigour: but since we must run
Such desperate hazards, let us do our best
To steer between them.
*Marg.* Your lord's ours, and sure;
And though but a young actor, second me
In doing to the life what he has plotted,

*Enter* Overreach *behind.*

The end may yet prove happy: now, my Allworth
*All.* To your letter, and put on a seeming anger
*Marg.* I'll pay my lord all debts due to his title;
And when with terms, not taking from his honour,
He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him.
But in this peremptory, nay, commanding way,
T' appoint a meeting, and, without my knowledge,
A priest to tie the knot can ne'er be undone
Till death unloose it, is a confidence
In his lordship will deceive him.
*All.* I hope better,
Good lady.
*Marg.* Hope, sir, what you please: for me
I must take a safe and secure course; I have
A father, and without his full consent,
Though all lords of the land kneel'd for my favour,
I can grant nothing.
*Over.* I like this obedience: [*Comes forward.*
But whatsoe'er my lord writes, must and shall be
Accepted and embraced. Sweet master Allworth,
You show yourself a true and faithful servant
To your good lord; he has a jewel of you.
How! frowning, Meg? are these looks to receive
A messenger from my lord? what's this? give me it.
*Marg.* A piece of arrogant paper, like the inscriptions.
Over. [*Reads.*] *Fair mistress, from your servant learn, all joys*
*That we can hope for, if deferr'd, prove toys;*
*Therefore this instant, and in private, meet*
*A husband, that will gladly at your feet*
*Lay down his honours, tendering them to you*
*With all content, the church being paid her due.*
—Is this the arrogant piece of paper? fool!
Will you still be one? in the name of madness what
Could his good honour write more to content you?
Is there aught else to be wish'd after these two,
That are already offer'd; marriage first,
And lawful pleasure after: what would you more?
*Marg.* Why, sir, I would be married like your daughter;

* ——— *if I play not my* prize] This expression is frequently found in our old writers, yet the modern editors wantonly corrupt it here and elsewhere into—*if I play not my* part.

† *And you rise up* no *less than a glorious star.*] *No*, which is not found in the quarto, was judiciously inserted by Dodsley.

Not hurried away i' the night I know not whither,
Without all ceremony; no friends invited
To honour the solemnity.
*All.* An't please your honour,
For so before to-morrow I must style you,
My lord desires this privacy in respect
His honourable kinsmen are far off,
And his desires to have it done brook not
So long delay as to expect their coming;
And yet he stands resolved, with all due pomp,
As running at the ring, plays, masks, and tilting,
To have his marriage at court celebrated
When he has brought your honour up to London.
*Over.* He tells you true; 'tis the fashion, on my knowledge:
Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness*,
Must put it off, forsooth! and lose a night,
In which perhaps he might get two boys on thee.
Tempt me no further, if you do, this goad
Shall prick you to him.
*Marg.* I could be contented,
Were you but by, to do a father's part,
And give me in the church.
*Over.* So my lord have you,
What do I care who gives you? since my lord
Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross him.
I know not, master Allworth, how my lord
May be provided, and therefore there's a purse
Of gold, 'twill serve this night's expense; to-morrow
I'll furnish him with any sums: in the mean time,
Use my ring to my chaplain: he is beneficed
At my manor of Got'em, and call'd parson Willdo:
'Tis no matter for a license, I'll bear him out in't.
*Marg.* With your favour, sir, what warrant is your ring?
He may suppose I got that twenty ways,
Without your knowledge; and then to be refused,
Were such a stain upon me!—if you pleased, sir,
Your presence would do better.
*Over.* Still perverse!
I say again, I will not cross my lord;
Yet I'll prevent you too*.—Paper and ink, there!
*All.* I can furnish you.
*Over.* I thank you, I can write then. [*Writes.*
*All.* You may, if you please, put out the name of my lord,
In respect he comes disguised, and only write,
Marry her to this gentleman.
*Over.* Well advised.
'Tis done; away!—[*Margaret kneels*]. My blessing, girl? thou hast it.
Nay, no reply, begone:—good master Allworth,
This shall be the best night's work you ever made.
*All.* I hope so, sir†.
[*Exeunt Allworth and Margaret.*
*Over.* Farewell!—Now all's cocksure:
Methinks I hear already knights and ladies
Say, Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with
Your honourable daughter? has her honour
Slept well to-night? or, Will her honour please
To accept this monkey, dog, or paroqueto
(This is state in ladies), or my eldest son
To be her page, and wait upon her trencher?
My ends, my ends are compassed!—then for Wellborn
And the lands; were he once married to the widow——
I have him here—I can scarce contain myself,
I am so full of joy, nay joy all over.
[*Exit.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Lady* Allworth's *House.*

*Enter Lord* Lovell, *Lady* Allworth, *and* Amble.

*L. All.* By this you know how strong the motives were
That did, my lord, induce me to dispense
A little with my gravity, to advance,
In personating some few favours to him,
The plots and projects of the down-trod Wellborn.
Nor shall I e'er repent, although I suffer
In some few men's opinions for't, the action;
For he that ventured all for my dear husband,
Might justly claim an obligation from me,
To pay him such a courtesy, which had I
Coyly, or over-curiously denied,
It might have argued me of little love
To the deceased.
*Lov.* What you intended, madam,
For the poor gentleman, hath found good success;
For, as I understand, his debts are paid,
And he once more furnish'd for fair employment:
But all the arts that I have used to raise
The fortunes of your joy and mine, young Allworth,
Stand yet in supposition, though I hope well.
For the young lovers are in wit more pregnant
Than their years can promise: and for their desires,
On my knowledge, they are equal.
*L. All.* As‡ my wishes
Are with yours, my lord; yet give me leave to fear
The building, though well grounded: to deceive
Sir Giles, that's both a lion and a fox
In his proceedings, were a work beyond
The strongest undertakers; not the trial
Of two weak innocents.
*Lov.* Despair not, madam:

* *Yet the good lord, to please* your peevishness,] i. e. you, his daughter, to whom he gives the title. I have sometimes thought that this mode of expression, which is more common than cursory readers, perhaps, imagine, is not sufficiently attended to by the commentators. Many difficulties would vanish if these appellations were duly noticed and applied.

* *Yet I'll* prevent *you too.*] From the Latin, as I have already observed. I'll anticipate all your objections.

† All. *I hope so, sir.*] I cannot much approve of the conduct of this young couple; it is too full of artifice and deceit. Undoubtedly, the insupportable pride and tyranny of Overreach, make him a proper subject to be practised on; but not by his daughter, whose character has been hitherto so conducted as to gain the esteem of every reader.

‡ As *my wishes, &c.*] *As* is changed in both the modern editions into *Though*, for no better reason, I believe, than that the editors did not discover the sense of a plain passage.

Hard things are compass'd oft by easy means;
And judgment, being a gift derived from heaven,
Though sometimes lodged in the hearts of worldly men,
That ne'er consider from whom they receive it,
Forsakes such as abuse the giver of it,
Which is the reason, that the politic
And cunning statesman, that believes he fathoms
The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth,
Is by simplicity oft over-reach'd*.

*L. All.* May he be so! yet, in his name to express it
Is a good omen.

*Lov.* May it to myself
Prove so, good lady, in my suit to you!
What think you of the motion?

*L. All.* Troth, my lord,
My own unworthiness may answer for me;
For had you, when that I was in my prime,
My virgin flower uncropp'd, presented me
With this great favour; looking on my lowness
Not in a glass of self-love, but of truth,
I could not but have thought it, as a blessing
Far, far beyond my merit.

*Lov.* You are too modest,
And undervalue that which is above
My title, or whatever I call mine.
I grant, were I a Spaniard, to marry
A widow might disparage me; but being
A true-born Englishman, I cannot find
How it can taint my honour: nay, what's more,
That which you think a blemish, is to me
The fairest lustre. You already, madam,
Have given sure proofs how dearly you can cherish
A husband that deserves you; which confirms me,
That, if I am not wanting in my care
To do you service, you'll be still the same
That you were to your Allworth: in a word,
Our years, our states, our births are not unequal,
You being descended nobly, and allied so;
If then you may be won to make me happy,
But join your lips to mine, and that shall be
A solemn contract.

*L. All.* I were blind to my own good,
Should I refuse it; yet, my lord, receive me
As such a one, the study of whose life
Shall know no other object but to please you.

*Lov.* If I return not, with all tenderness,
Equal respect to you, may I die wretched!

*L. All.* There needs no protestation, my lord,
To her that cannot doubt.

*Enter* WELLBORN.

You are welcome, sir.
Now you look like yourself.

*Well.* And will continue
Such in my free acknowledgment, that I am
Your creature, madam, and will never hold
My life mine own, when you please to command it.

*Lov.* It is a thankfulness that well becomes you;
You could not make choice of a better shape
To dress your mind in.

*L. All.* For me, I am happy
That my endeavours prosper'd. Saw you of late
ir Giles, your uncle?

*Well.* I heard of him, madam,
By his minister, Marrall; he's grown into strange passions
About his daughter: this last night he look'd for
Your lordship at his house, but missing you,
And she not yet appeariug, his wise head
Is much perplex'd and troubled.

*Lov.* It may be,
Sweetheart, my project took.

*L. All.* I strongly hope.

*Over.* [*within.*] Ha! find her, booby, thou huge lump of nothing,
I'll bore thine eyes out else.

*Well.* May it please your lordship,
For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw
A little out of sight, though not of hearing,
You may, perhaps, have sport.

*Lov.* You shall direct me. [*Steps aside.*

*Enter* OVERREACH, *with distracted looks, driving in* MARRALL *before him, with a box.*

*Over.* I shall sol fa you, rogue!

*Mar.* Sir, for what cause
Do you use me thus?

*Over.* Cause, slave! why, I am angry,
And thou a subject only fit for beating,
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing;
Let but the seal be broke upon the box,
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,
I'll rack thy soul for't.

*Mar.* I may yet cry quittance,
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist. [*Aside.*

*Over.* Lady, by your leave, did you see my daughter, lady?
And the lord her husband? are they in your house?
If they are, discover, that I may bid them joy;
And, as an entrance to her place of honour,
See your ladyship on her left hand, and make courtsies*
When she nods on you; which you must receive
As a special favour.

*L. All.* When I know, sir Giles,
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it!
But, in the mean time, as I am myself,
I give you to understand, I neither know
Nor care where her honour is.

*Over.* When you once see her
Supported, and led by the lord her husband,
You'll be taught better.——Nephew.

*Well.* Sir.

*Over.* No more!

*Well.* 'Tis all I owe you.

*Over.* Have your redeem'd rags
Made you thus insolent?

*Well.* Insolent to you!
Why, what are you, sir, unless in your years,
At the best, more than myself?

*Over.* His fortune swells him:
'Tis rank, he's married.

*L. All.* This is excellent!

*Over.* Sir, in calm language, though I seldom use it,
I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely; there's a certain buz
Of a stolen marriage, do you hear? of a stolen marriage,

* *Is by simplicty oft* over-reached.] The quarto reads, and perhaps by design, *overreach*. For the rest, the observation is a most admirable one, and worthy of all praise. It may serve to explain many fancied inconsistencies in the conduct of the Overreaches in all ages.

* ———— *and make* courtsies
*When she nods on you*;] So the old copy. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason strangely read- -and make *court*!

In which 'tis said there's somebody hath been cozen'd;
I name no parties.
*Well.* Well, sir, and what follows?
*Over.* Marry, this; since you are peremptory: remember,
Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you
A thousand pounds: put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you
Dragg'd in your lavender robes* to the gaol: you know me,
And therefore do not trifle.
*Well.* Can you be
So cruel to your nephew, now he's in
The way to rise? was this the courtesy
You did me *in pure love, and no ends else?*
*Over.* End me no ends! engage the whole estate,
And force your spouse to sign it, you shall have
Three or four thousand more, to roar and swagger
And revel in bawdy taverns.
*Well.* And beg after;
Mean you not so?
*Over.* My thoughts are mine, and free.
Shall I have security?
*Well.* No, indeed you shall not,
Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment;
Your great looks fright not me.
*Over.* But my deeds shall.
Outbraved! [*Both draw.*
*L. All.* Help, murder! murder!

*Enter Servants.*

*Well.* Let him come on,
With all his wrongs and injuries about him,
Arm'd with his cut-throat practices to guard him;
The right that I bring with me will defend me,
And punish his extortion.
*Over.* That I had thee
But single in the field!
*L. All.* You may; but make not
My house your quarrelling scene.
*Over.* Were't in a church,
By heaven and hell, I'll do't.
*Mar.* Now put him to
The showing of the deed.
*Well.* This rage is vain, sir;
For fighting, fear not, you shall have your hands full
Upon the least incitement; and whereas
You charge me with a debt of a thousand pounds,
If there be law (howe'er you have no conscience),
Either restore my land, or I'll recover
A debt, that's truly due to me from you,
In value ten times more than what you challenge.
*Over.* I in thy debt! O impudence! did I not purchase
The land left by thy father, that rich land,
That had continued in Wellborn's name
Twenty descents; which, like a riotous fool,
Thou didst make sale of? Is not here inclosed
The deed that does confirm it mine?
*Mar.* Now, now!
*Well.* I do acknowledge none; I ne'er pass'd over
Any such land; I grant, for a year or two
You had it in trust; which if you do discharge,
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law,
Which, if you prove not honest, as I doubt it,
Must of necessity follow.
*L. All.* In my judgment
He does advise you well.
*Over.* Good! good! conspire
With your new husband, lady; second him
In his dishonest practices; but when
This manor is extended to my use*,
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favour.
*L. All.* Never: do not hope it.
*Well.* Let despair first seize me.
*Over.* Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make thee give
Thyself the lie, and loud lie, I draw out
The precious evidence; if thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of
[*Opens the box, and displays the bond.*
Thy ears to the pillory, see! here's that will make
My interest clear—ha!
*L. All.* A fair skin of parchment.
*Well.* Indented, I confess, and labels too;
But neither wax nor words. How! thunderstruck?
Not a syllable to insult with? My wise uncle.
Is this your precious evidence, this that makes
Your interest clear?
*Over.* I am o'erwhelm'd with wonder!
What prodigy is this? what subtile devil
Hath razed out the inscription? the wax
Turn'd into dust!—the rest of my deeds whole,
As when they were deliver'd, and this only
Made nothing! do you deal with witches, rascal?
There is a statute for you, which will bring†
Your neck in an hempen circle; yes, there is;
And now 'tis better thought for‡, cheater, know
This juggling shall not save you.
*Well.* To save thee
Would beggar the stock of mercy.
*Over.* Marrall!
*Mar.* Sir.
*Over.* Though the witnesses are dead, your testimony
Help with an oath or two: and for thy master,
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
I know thou wilt swear any thing to dash
This cunning sleight: besides, I know thou art
A public notary, and such stand in law
For a dozen witnesses: the deed being drawn too
By thee, my careful Marrall, and deliver'd
When thou wert present, will make good my title.
Wilt thou not swear this?
*Mar.* I! no, I assure you:

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* *Dragg'd in your* lavender robes *to the gaol*:]—— i. e. your clothes which have been just redeemed out of pawn. See Act III, S. 3) To lay a thing in *lavender* was a cant phrase for *pawning* it. Thus, in Green's *Quippe for an Upstart Courtier*, C. 3,—"There is he ready to lend the looser money upon rings and chains, apparel, or any good *pawne*, but the poore gentleman paies so deare for the *lavender it is laid up in*, that if it lie long at the broker's house, he seems to buy his apparel twise." The expression is also used by Jonson, and indeed by most of our old poets.

* —— *but when*
*This manor is* extended *to my use.*] i. e. *seized.* It is a legal phrase, and occurs continually.

† *There is a* statute *for you*, &c.] This statute, which unfortunately brought many a neck *into a hempen circle*, was made in the first year of James. It decreed the punishment of death for a variety of impossible crimes; which yet were fully proved upon a number of poor ignorant superannuated wretches, who were cajoled or terrified into a full confession of them. This diabolical law was repealed about the middle of the last century.

‡ *And now 'tis better thought* for.] This is right, and perfectly agreeable to the practice of Massinger's times, indeed, of all times; yet Mr. M. Mason is not content, but arbitrarily reads, *And now 'tis better thought of!*

I have a conscience not sear'd up like yours ;
I know no deeds.
*Over.* Wilt thou betray me?
*Mar.* Keep him
From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue
To his no little torment.
*Over.* Mine own varlet
Rebel against me!
*Mar.* Yes, and uncase you too.
The idiot, the Patch, the slave, the booby*,
The property fit only to be beaten
For your morning exercise, your football, or
The unprofitable lump of flesh, your drudge ;
Can now anatomize you, and lay open
All your black plots, and level with the earth
Your hill of pride : and, with these gabions guarded,
Unload my great artillery, and shake,
Nay, pulverize, the walls you think defend you.
*L. All.* How he foams at the mouth with rage!
*Well.* To him again.
*Over.* O that I had thee in my gripe, I would tear thee
Joint after joint!
*Mar.* I know you are a tearer.
But I'll have first your fangs pared off, and then
Come nearer to you ; when I have discover'd,
And made it good before the judge, what ways,
And devilish practices, you used to cozen with
An army of whole families, who yet alive,
And but enroll'd for soldiers, were able
To take in Dunkirk†.
*Well.* All will come out.
*L. All.* The better.
*Over.* But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee,
And make thee wish, and kneel, in vain, to die,
These swords that keep thee from me, should fix here,
Although they made my body but one wound,
But I would reach thee.
*Lov.* Heaven's hand is in this ;
One bandog worry the other! [*Aside.*
*Over.* I play the fool,
And make my anger but ridiculous :
There will be a time and place, there will be, cowards,
When you shall feel what I dare do.
*Well.* I think so :
You dare do any ill, yet want true valour
To be honest, and repent.

*Over.* They are words I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,

*Enter* Greedy *and Parson* Willdo*.

Shall find no harbour here :—after these storms
At length a calm appears. Welcome, most welcome!
There's comfort in thy looks ; is the deed done?
Is my daughter married? say but so, my chaplain,
And I am tame.
*Willdo.* Married! yes, I assure you.
*Over.* Then vanish all sad thoughts! there's more gold for thee.
My doubts and fears are in the titles drown'd
Of my honourable, my right honourable daughter.
*Greedy.* Here will be feasting ; at least for a month
I am provided ; empty guts, croak no more,
You shall be stuffed like bagpipes, not with wind,
But bearing dishes†.
*Over.* Instantly be here?
[*Whispering to Willdo.*
To my wish! to my wish! Now you that plot against me‡,
And hoped to trip my heels up, that contemn'd me,
Think on't and tremble :—[*Loud music*].—they come! I hear the music.
A lane there for my lord!
*Well.* This sudden heat
May yet be cool'd, sir.
*Over.* Make way there for my lord!

*Enter* Allworth *and* Margaret.

*Marg.* Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing, with
Your full allowance of the choice I have made.
As ever you could make use of your reason,
[*Kneeling.*
Grow not in passion ; since you may as well
Call back the day that's past, as untie the knot
Which is too strongly fasten'd : not to dwell
Too long on words, this is my husband.
*Over.* How!
*All.* So I assure you ; all the rites of marriage
With every circumstance, are past. Alas! sir,
Although I am no lord, but a lord's page,
Your daughter and my loved wife mourns not for it ;
And for right honourable son-in-law, you may say
Your dutiful daughter.
*Over.* Devil! are they married?
*Willdo.* Do a father's part, and say, Heaven give them joy!

* *The idiot, the Patch, the slave, &c.*] The vengeance of a little mind, confident of its cunning, is happily portrayed in the recapitulation of those abusive terms which had been, at various times, lavished upon Marrall, and which, though he submitted to them in silence, he had carefully treasured up till the occasion should offer of retorting them with sarcastic triumph and exultation.

† *An army of whole families who yet* live,
*And but enroll'd for soldiers, were able*
*To take in Dunkirk.*] This speech is very erroneously given by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason. For *live* I have ventured to substitute *alive;* as I believe that the author had in view a passage in the *Virgin Martyr* :

"Were the Christians,
Whose names stand here, *alive* and arm'd, not Rome
Could move upon her hinges."

To *take in*, means to subdue, to seize. The modern editors, ignorant of this (and, I may venture to add, after the numerous instances which we have already had of this familiar expression, inexcusably ignorant), strike out *in*, and reduce the line to mere prose!

* *Enter* Greedy *and Parson* Willdo.] So the parson is called in the list of dramatis personæ, and in every part of the play: Yet I know not for what reason the modern editors continually call him *Well-do!* They must have as little notion of humour, as of the true character of Overreach, if they imagine this to be the better name.

† *But* bearing *dishes.*] i. e. solid, substantial dishes; or what the steward in *The Unnatural Combat*, calls portly viands. I mention this because the word is frequently mistaken :

"Cloudesle with a *bearyng* arrowe
Clave the wande in two." *Old Ballad.*

"A *bearing* arrow," says Strutt, "is an arrow shot compass, i. e. so as the arrow in its flight formed a segment of a circle." And so we get the praise of accuracy! A *bearing* arrow is, in three words, a strong and weighty arrow.

‡ *To my wish!* to my wish! *Now you that plot against me,* &c.] How much better does this express the eager triumph of Overreach, than the tame and unmetrical reading of Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason! they omit, *to my wish!* which, as they probably counted the syllables upon their fingers, appeared to them a grievous redundancy.

*Over.* Confusion and ruin! speak, and speak quickly,
Or thou art dead.
*Willdo.* They are married.
*Over.* Thou hadst better
Have made a contract with the king of fiends,
Than these:—my brain turns!
*Willdo.* Why this rage to me?
Is not this your letter, sir, and these the words?
*Marry her to this gentleman?*
*Over.* It cannot:
Nor will I e'er believe it, 'sdeath! I will not;
That I, that, in all passages I touch'd
At worldly profit, have not left a print
Where I have trod for the most curious search
To trace my footsteps, should be gull'd by children,
Baffled and fool'd, and all my hopes and labours
Defeated and made void.
*Well.* As it appears,
You are so, my grave uncle.
*Over.* Village nurses
Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not waste
A syllable, but thus I take the life
Which, wretched, I gave to thee.
[*Attempts to kill Margaret.*
*Lov.* [*coming forward.*] Hold, for your own sake!
Though charity to your daughter hath quite left you,
Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,
Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?
Consider; at the best you are but a man,
And cannot so create your aims, but that
They may be cross'd.
*Over.* Lord! thus I spit at thee,
And at thy counsel; and again desire thee*,
And as thou art a soldier, if thy valour
Dares show itself, where multitude and example
Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change
Six words in private.
*Lov.* I am ready.
*L. All.* Stay, sir,
Contest with one distracted!
*Well.* You'll grow like him,
Should you answer his vain challenge.
*Over.* Are you pale?
Borrow his help, though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand against both as I am, hemm'd in thus.—
Since, like a Lybian lion in the toil,
My fury cannot reach the coward hunters,
And only spends itself, I'll quit the place:
Alone I can do nothing, but I have servants
And friends to second me; and if I make not
This house a heap of ashes (by my wrongs,
What I have spoke I will make good!) or leave
One throat uncut,—if it be possible,
Hell, add to my afflictions! [*Exit.*
*Mar.* Is't not brave sport?
*Greedy.* Brave sport! I am sure it has ta'en away my stomach;
I do not like the sauce.
*All.* Nay, weep not, dearest,
Though it express your pity; what's decreed
Above we cannot alter.

* ——— ——*and again* desire *thee,*
*And as thou art a soldier,* ——— *let's quit the house,* &c.] I should not have thought this called for an explanation, had not Mr. M. Mason chosen to misunderstand it, and alter the text: he reads
——— *and again* defy *thee.*

*L. All.* His threats move me
No scruple, madam.
*Mar.* Was it not a rare trick,
An it please your worship, to make the deed nothing?
I can do twenty neater, if you please
To purchase and grow rich; for I will be
Such a solicitor and steward for you,
As never worshipful had.
*Well.* I do believe thee;
But first discover the quaint means you used
To raze out the conveyance?
*Mar.* They are mysteries
Not to be spoke in public: certain minerals
Incorporated in the ink and wax.
Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me
With hopes and blows; and that was the inducement
To this conundrum. If it please your worship
To call to memory, this mad beast once caused me
To urge you or to drown or hang yourself;
I'll do the like to him, if you command me.
*Well.* You are a rascal! he that dares be false
To a master though unjust, will ne'er be true
To any other. Look not for reward
Or favour from me; I will shun thy sight
As I would do a basilisk's: thank my pity,
If thou keep thy ears; howe'er, I will take order
Your practice shall be silenced.
*Greedy.* I'll commit him,
If you will have me, sir.
*Well.* That were to little purpose;
His conscience be his prison. Not a word,
But instantly be gone.
*Ord.* Take this kick with you.
*Amb.* And this.
*Furn.* If that I had my cleaver here,
I would divide your knave's head.
*Mar.* This is the haven
False servants still arrive at. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter* OVERREACH.

*L. All.* Come again!
*Lov.* Fear not, I am your guard.
*Well.* His looks are ghastly.
*Willdo.* Some little time I have spent, under your favours,
In physical studies, and if my judgment err not,
He's mad beyond recovery: but observe him,
And look to yourselves.
*Over.* Why, is not the whole world
Included in myself? to what use then
Are friends and servants? Say there were a squadron
Of pikes, lined through with shot, when I am mounted
Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge them?
No: I'll through the battalia, and that routed,
[*Flourishing his sword sheathed.*
I'll fall to execution.—Ha! I am feeble:
Some undone widow sits upon my arm,
And takes away the use of't; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wrong'd orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn. Ha! what are these? sure, hangmen,
That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me
Before the judgment-seat: now they are new shapes,
And do appear like furies, with steel whips
To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then fall
Ingloriously, and yield? no; spite of fate
I will be forced to hell like to myself.

Though you were legions of accursed spirits,
Thus would I fly among you. [*Rushes forward.*
*Well.* There's no help;
Disarm him first, then bind him.
*Greedy.* Take a mittimus,
And carry him to Bedlam.
*Lov.* How he foams!
*Well.* And bites the earth!
*Willdo.* Carry him to some dark room,
There try what art can do for his recovery.
*Marg.* O my dear father!
[*They force Overreach off**.
*All.* You must be patient, mistress.
*Lov.* Here is a precedent to teach wicked men,
That when they leave religion, and turn atheists,
Their own abilities leave them. Pray you take comfort,
I will endeavour you shall be his guardians
In his distractions: and for your land, master Wellborn,
Be it good or ill in law, I'll be an umpire
Between you, and this, the undoubted heir
Of sir Giles Overreach; for me, here's the anchor
That I must fix on.
*All.* What you shall determine,
My lord, I will allow of.
*Well.* 'Tis the language
That I speak too; but there is something else
Beside the repossession of my land,
And payment of my debts, that I must practise.
I had a reputation, but 'twas lost
In my loose course; and until I redeem it
Some noble way, I am but half made up.
It is a time of action; if your lordship
Will please to confer a company upon me
In your command, I doubt not, in my service
To my king, and country, but I shall do something
That may make me right again.
*Lov.* Your suit is granted,
And you loved for the motion.
*Well.* Nothing wants then
But your allowance—— [*To the Spectators.*

## EPILOGUE.

But your allowance—and in that our all
Is comprehended; it being known, nor we,
Nor he that wrote the comedy, can be free
Without your manumission; which if you
Grant willingly, as a fair favour due
To the poet's, and our labours, (as you may),
For we despair not, gentlemen, of the play:
We jointly shall profess your grace hath might
To teach us action, and him how to write*.

* As this is the last appearance of Sir Giles, it may not be amiss to advert to the catastrophe of his real history. "Sir Giles Mompesson was summoned to appear before the House of Commons to the charges made against him; by the House he was committed to the custody of the serjeant at arms, from whose charge, by stratagem, or connivance, he escaped. On the 3d of March, 1620, a proclamation was issued for his apprehension (Rymer's *Fœdera*, Tom. xvii., 284). He effected his flight over sea, and this proclamation was followed by another on the 30th of the same month, expelling and banishing him the king's dominions, he being degraded of the order of knighthood (*Fœdera*, Tom. xvii., 289)."

GILCHRIST.

With respect to his associate and abettor, Sir Francis Michel (Justice Greedy), he also was degraded, then fined a thousand pound, carried on horseback through the principal streets, with his face to the tail, and imprisoned for life.

* We find that the players in Massinger's age did "not despair" of the success of this Comedy: and the continuance of the public favour has justified their confidence in its merit. Indeed it possesses many qualifications for the stage. The principal event, though subject to an objection which will be presently noticed, is conceived with much novelty and humour. During its progress many entertaining incidents arise, and a strong and lively picture is presented of domestic manners. Its useful tendency is also as prominent as the amusement which it confessedly brings. No Play of Massinger is marked with more variety of seriousness of moral; from Wellborn we learn, that he who squanders his substance on the unworthy, shall be rewarded with ingratitude and insult; and that the return of wealth brings but little satisfaction unless it be accompanied with a returning sense of honour:—from the associates of Overreach, that vicious friendships are but treacheries, false in their principle, even while they last, and spurned alike by virtue, both while they last, and when they fall:—and from Overreach himself, that there is a secret hand which counteracts injustice, infatuates subtlety, and turns the arts of selfishness into folly and ruin. His madness is judicial: and Massinger holds him out to the world,

"———— a precedent to teach wicked men
That when they leave religion, and turn atheists,
Their own abilities leave them.————"

This character is drawn with great force; and as the story proceeds, Overreach takes place of Wellborn in the attention of the reader. He is divided between avarice and vanity; avarice which grows from his nature as its proper fruit; and vanity which is grafted upon the success of his avarice. In this part we meet with strong marks of a disposition basely aspiring. He betrays his vulgar joy on account of the expected alliance, to those from whom prudence and delicacy would equally conceal it: and he glories in the prospect even of his own humiliation in the presence of his daughter, and looks with satisfaction to the moment when his very prerogatives as a father shall be kept in awe by her superior rank.

The other characters extend their influence beyond themselves. The mild dignity of lord Lovell and lady Allworth agreeably relieves the harshness of Overreach; and a similar effect is produced by the attractive innocence and simplicity of Margaret and her lover. But here an observation must be made, of a less favourable nature; by a practice too common with Massinger, the better characters forget their delicacy, and are degraded. Lovell might secretly promote the views of Allworth: but while he does this, he ought not to treat with Overreach on his own account. Lady Allworth is equally faulty, and her unexpected and whimsical adoption of Wellborn ill agrees either with her retirement, her principles, or her express reprobation of his character. The two lovers also lose their simplicity; and when the father is to be deceived, they suddenly become crafty beyond their years, their nature, and knowledge of the world. But all this was well known to Massinger; and he has provided certain acknowledgments for it. Lovell and the lady call each other to account for the apparent strangeness of their proceedings, and are mutually excused by the motives on which they act; and the spleen of Massinger seems to have been so strong against Overreach, that he thought a departure from character not unpardonable, provided he could have the satisfaction of showing him outwitted by "two weak innocents," and "gulled by children." The editor has produced sufficient proof that a real person was aimed at in Overreach. The circumstance just mentioned is one of the many internal marks of such a design. The reprehension is vehement and incessant; and consistency is disregarded, while ignominy or ridicule is heaped upon the obnoxious person. This secret purpose seems to have been the real occasion of the severity which marks some of the scenes: they are more passionate than playful; and have rather the properties of direct and urgent satire, than the sportiveness and versatility of comic wit. DR. IRELAND.

# THE CITY MADAM.

THE CITY MADAM.] This "Comedy," of which it is not easy to speak in appropriate terms of praise was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert, May 25th, 1632, and acted by the king's company.

"The plot, the business, the conduct, and the language of the piece," as the *Companion to the Playhouse* justly observes, "are all admirable;" yet I do not know that it was ever revived till the year 1771, when the late Mr. Love made some changes in it, and procured it to be acted at Richmond.

Mr. Waldron, of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, is in possession of a very old alteration of this Play, in which, as usual, not only the titles, but the names of the dramatis personæ are changed. I have looked through it, but can find nothing to commend: it is called *The Cure of Pride*. This gentleman informs me that Mr. Love, who was the manager of the Richmond Theatre, played the part of Luke with great success, and that he afterwards prevailed on Mr. Garrick to bring the play forward at Drury Lane.

A short time since it was reproduced with considerable alterations by Sir J. B. Burges, under the name of *The Wife and Brother*, and acted for a few nights at the Lyceum. But the drift of the original was totally mistaken, and the failure was, of course, complete.

*The City Madam* was received, as the quarto says, with great applause; it was, however, kept in the players' hands till 1659*, when it was given to the press by Andrew Pennycuicke, one of the actors.

TO THE TRULY NOBLE AND VIRTUOUS

## LADY ANN COUNTESS OF OXFORD†.

HONOURED LADY,

IN that age when wit and learning were not conquered by injury and violence, this poem was the object of love and commendations, it being composed by an infallible pen, and censured by an unerring auditory. In this epistle I shall not need to make an apology for plays in general, by exhibiting their antiquity and utility: in a word, they are mirrors or glasses which none but deformed faces and fouler consciences fear to look into. The encouragement I had to prefer this dedication to your powerful protection proceeds from the universal fame of the deceased author, who (although he composed many) wrote none amiss, and this may justly be ranked among his best. I have redeemed it from the teeth of Time, by committing of it to the press, but more in imploring your patronage. I will not slander it with my praises; it is commendation enough to call it MASSINGER'S; if it may gain your allowance and pardon, I am highly gratified, and desire only to wear the happy title of,

Madam,
Your most humble servant,
ANDREW PENNYCUICKE.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD LACY.
SIR JOHN FRUGAL‡, *a merchant.*
SIR MAURICE LACY‡, *son to lord* Lacy.
MR. PLENTY, *a country gentleman.*
LUKE FRUGAL, *brother to sir* John.
GOLDWIRE *senior*, } *two gentlemen.*
TRADEWELL *senior*, }
GOLDWIRE *junior*, } *their sons, apprentices to sir*
TRADEWELL *junior*, } John Frugal.
STARGAZE, *an astrologer.*
HOYST, *a decayed gentleman.*
FORTUNE, } *decayed merchants.*
PENURY, }
HOLDFAST, *steward to sir* John Frugal.
RAMBLE, } *two hectors.*
SCUFFLE, }
DING'EM, *a pimp.*
GETTALL§, *a box-keeper.*
*Page, Sheriff, Marshal, Serjeants.*

LADY FRUGAL.
ANNE, } *her daughters.*
MARY, }
MILLISCENT, *her woman.*
SHAVE'EM, *a courtezan.*
SECRET, *a bawd.*
*Orpheus, Charon, Cerberus, Chorus, Musicians, Porters, Servants.*

SCENE, London.

* This is the date of all the copies which I have seen, with the exception of one, that lately fell into my hands: this has the year 1658 on the title-page. It was probably thrown off in 1658-9.

† Daughter of Paul Viscount Dinnyng, and wife of Aubrey de Vere Earl of Oxford.

‡ In the old list of dramatis personæ these two characters are named Sir John Rich and Sir John Lacy, notwithstanding the former is called Sir John *Frugal* in every part of the play, and the latter Sir *Maurice* Lacy, in the only two places in which his christian name is mentioned.

§ Gettall, *a box-keeper.*] Or, as we say now, *groom-porter* to a gambling house. This important character I am told never plays, but is seated in a *box* or elevated chair, "whence he declares the state of the game, the odds, and the success of the parties."

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Sir* John Frugal's *House.*

*Enter* Goldwire *junior, and* Tradewell *junior.*

*Gold.* The ship is safe in the Pool then?
*Trade.* And makes good,
In her rich fraught, the name she bears, *The Speedwell*:
My master will find it; for, on my certain knowledge,
For every hundred that he ventured in her
She hath returned him five.
*Gold.* And it comes timely;
For, besides a payment on the nail for a manor
Late purchased by my master, his young daughters
Are ripe for marriage.
*Trade.* Who? Nan and Mall?
*Gold.* Mistress Anne and Mary, and with some addition,
Or 'tis more punishable in our house
Than *scandalum magnatum.*
*Trade.* 'Tis great pity
Such a gentleman as my master (for that title
His being a citizen cannot take from him)
Hath no male heir to inherit his estate,
And keep his name alive.
*Gold.* The want of one,
Swells my young mistresses, and their madam-mother,
With hopes above their birth, and scale: their dreams are
Of being made countesses, and they take state
As they were such already. When you went
To the Indies, there was some shape and proportion
Of a merchant's house in our family; but since
My master, to gain precedency for my mistress
Above some elder merchants' wives, was knighted,
'Tis grown a little court in bravery,
Variety of fashions, and those rich ones:
There are few great ladies going to a mask
That do outshine ours in their every-day habits.
*Trade.* 'Tis strange, my master in his wisdom can
Give the reins to such exorbitance.
*Gold.* He must,
Or there's no peace nor rest for him at home:
I grant his state will bear it; yet he's censured
For his indulgence, and, for Sir John Frugal
By some styled Sir John Prodigal.
*Trade.* Is his brother,
Master Luke Frugal, living?
*Gold.* Yes; the more
His misery, poor man!
*Trade.* Still in the Counter?
*Gold.* In a worse place. He was redeem'd from the hole,
To live, in our house, in hell*; since his base usage
Consider'd, 'tis no better. My proud lady
Admits him to her table, marry, ever
Beneath the salt*, and there he sits the subject
Of her contempt and scorn; and, dinner ended,
His courteous nieces find employment for him
Fitting an under-prentice, or a footman,
And not an uncle.
*Trade.* I wonder, being a scholar
Well read and travell'd, the world yielding means
For men of such desert, he should endure it.
*Gold.* He does, with a strange patience; and to us,
The servants, so familiar nay humble!

*Enter* Stargaze, *Lady* Frugal, Anne, Mary, *and* Milliscent, *in several postures with looking glasses at their girdles.*

I'll tell you—but I am cut off. Look these
Like a citizen's wife and daughters?
*Trade.* In their habits
They appear other things: but what are the motives
Of this strange preparation?
*Gold.* The young wagtails
Expect their suitors: the first, the son and heir
Of the Lord Lacy, who needs my master's money,
As his daughter does his honour; the second, Mr. Plenty,
A rough-hewn gentleman, and newly come
To a great estate; and so all aids of art
In them's excusable.
*L. Frug.* You have done your parts here:
To your study, and be curious in the search
Of the nativities. [*Exit Stargaze.*
*Trade.* Methinks the mother,

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* ——— *He was redeem'd from the* hole,
*To live, in our house, in* hell;] This passage alludes to a pastime called Barley-brake. M. Mason.
Never did so strange a conceit enter mortal head. What is there in the miserable situation of Luke that could possibly put Goldwire, or rather Mr. M. Mason, in mind of a pastime? The *hole* was one of the wretched departments of a gaol, in which prisoners, who could not afford to pay for better accommodations, were obliged to take up their residence. It is frequently mentioned by our old writers. Thus Wilkins: Can it "accord with the state of gentry to submit myself from the feather-bed in the master's side, or the flock-bed in the knight's ward, to the straw-bed in the *hole?*" *Miseries of Inforced Marriage.*
*Hell* was a spot yet more wretched than the *hole:*
" For in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threaten'd to devour."
It was a cant name for the darkest part of the *hole*, or for an obscure dungeon in some of our prisons, for which the former appellation appeared too favourable a term. Thus in *The Counter-rat*, 1658:
" In Wood-street's *hole*, or Poultry's *hell.*"
And to this sense of the word Goldwire alludes. The Counter, from the *hole* of which Luke *was redeemed*, stood in Wood-street.

* ——— — *marry, ever*
Beneath the salt,] Thus Cartwright:
" ——— Where you are best esteem'd,
You only pass under the favourable name
Of humble cousins that sit *beneath the salt.*"
*Love's Convert.*
Massinger generally opens his plots with great ingenuity; but here he is particularly happy. We are at once admitted into the interior of the merchant's family, and prepared for the conduct of the different branches of it, before they appear, by a dialogue as natural as it is easy and unforced.

† ——— *with* looking-glasses at their girdles.] It appears from innumerable passages in our old writers, that it was customary, not only for ladies, but for gentlemen, to carry mirrors about them. The former, we see, wore them at their girdles. Thus Jonson:
" I confess all, I replied,
And the *glass hangs by her side*,
And the girdle 'bout her waist,
All is Venus, save unchaste." *Underwoods.*
The latter, I hope, like the fine gentlemen of the present day, kept them in their pockets:—and yet there are instances of their displaying them as ostentatiously as the vainest of the fair sex. Thus Jonson again:
" Where is your page? call for your casting bottle and place *your mirror in your hat*, as I told you." *Cynthia's Revels.*

As if she could renew her youth, in care,
Nay curiosity*, to appear lovely,
Comes not behind her daughters.
*Gold.* Keeps the first place;
And though the church-book speak her fifty, they
That say she can write thirty, more offend her
Than if they tax'd her honesty: t'other day
A tenant of hers, instructed in her humour,
But one she never saw, being brought before her,
For saying only, *Good young mistress, help me*
*To the speech of your lady-mother*, so far pleased her,
That he got his lease renew'd for't.
*Trade.* How she bristles!
Prithee, observe her.
*Mill.* As I hope to see
A country knight's son and heir walk bare before you
When you are a countess, as you may be one
When my master dies, or leaves trading; and I, continuing
Your principal woman, take the upper hand
Of a squire's wife, though a justice, as I must
By the place you give me; you look now as young
As when you were married.
*L. Frug.* I think I bear my years well.
*Mill.* Why should you talk of years? Time hath not plough'd
One furrow in your face; and were you not known
The mother of my young† ladies, you might pass
For a virgin of fifteen.
*Trade.* Here's no gross flattery!
Will she swallow this?
*Gold.* You see she does, and glibly.
*Mill.* You never can be old; wear but a mask
Forty years hence, and you will still seem young
In your other parts. What a waist is here? O Venus!
That I had been born a king! and here a hand
To be kiss'd ever;—pardon my boldness, madam.
Then, for a leg and foot you will be courted
When a great grandmother.
*L. Frug.* These, indeed, wench, are not
So subject to decayings as the face;
Their comeliness lasts longer.
*Mill.* Ever, ever!
Such a rare-featured and proportion'd madam
London could never boast of.
*L. Frug.* Where are my shoes?
*Mill.* Those that your ladyship gave order
Should be made of the Spanish perfumed skins?
*L. Frug.* The same.
*Mill.* I sent the prison-bird this morning for them,
But he neglects his duty.
*Anne.* He is grown
Exceeding careless.
*Mary.* And begins to murmur
At our commands, and sometimes grumbles to us,
He is, forsooth, our uncle!
*L. Frug.* He is your slave,
And as such use him.
*Anne.* Willingly; but he is grown
Rebellious, madam.
*Gold.* Nay, like hen, like chicken.
*L. Frug.* I'll humble him.

*Enter* LUKE, *with shoes, garters, fans, and roses.*

*Gold.* Here he comes, sweating all over:
He shows like a walking frippery*.
*L. Frug.* Very good, sir:
Were you drunk last night, that you could rise no sooner
With humble diligence, to do what my daughters
And woman did command you?
*Luke.* Drunk! an't please you?
*L. Frug.* Drunk, I said, sirrah! dar'st thou in a look
Repine or grumble? thou unthankful wretch,
Did our charity redeem thee out of prison
(Thy patrimony spent), ragged and lousy,
When the sheriff's basket, and his broken meat†
Were your festival-exceedings! and is this
So soon forgotten?
*Luke.* I confess I am
Your creature, madam.
*L. Frug.* And good reason why
You should continue so.
*Anne.* Who did new clothe you?
*Mary.* Admitted you to the dining-room?
*Mill.* Allow'd you
A fresh bed in the garret?
*L. Frug.* Or from whom
Received you spending money?
*Luke.* I owe all this
To your goodness, madam; for it you have my prayers,
The beggar's satisfaction: all my studies
(Forgetting what I was, but with all duty
Remembering what I am) are how to please you.
And if in my long stay I have offended,
I ask your pardon; though you may consider,
Being forced to fetch these from the Old Exchange,
These from the Tower, and these from Westminster,
I could not come much sooner.
*Gold.* Here was a walk
To breathe a footman!
*Anne.* 'Tis a curious fan.
*Mary.* These roses will show rare: would 'twere in fashion
That the garters might be seen too!
*Mill.* Many ladies [you;
That know they have good legs, wish the same with
Men that way have the advantage.

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* *Nay* curiosity, *to appear lovely.*] *Curiosity* here, as in many other passages of these plays, signifies scrupulous attention, anxiety, &c.

† *The mother of* my young *ladies.*] So the old copy; the modern editors, in compassion to the author's *irregularities*, have reformed his text, and printed, *The mother of* these *ladies:* in the preceding line too, they have interposed their aid, and removed the copulative! Seriously, these impertinent deviations cannot be too strongly reprobated. Massinger's ear was so exquisitely touched, that I could almost venture to affirm he never made use of his ten fingers in the construction of a single verse; and his bungling editors, therefore, who try his poetry by such coarse mechanism, will more frequently injure his sense, than improve his metre.

* *He shows, like a walking* frippery.] A *frippery* is an old clothes shop; the word is pure French, but occurs in most of our ancient dramatists:

"If I carry——any lady of the laundry,
Chambering or wantonness behind my gelding,
With all her streamers, knapsacks, glasses, gewgaws,
As if I were a *running frippery*,
I'll give them leave," &c. *Wit without Money.*

The *roses* mentioned among the articles brought by Luke, were not the flowers of that name, but knots of ribands to be fixed on the shoes: it appears from old paintings, and, indeed, from the description of them in various authors, that they were of a preposterous size. Thus Jonson:

"Service! 'fore hell, my heart was at my mouth,
Till I had view'd his shoes well, for these *roses*
*Were big enough* to hide a cloven foot." *Devil's an Ass.*

† *When the sheriff's* basket, &c.] "The poorer sort of prisoners," says Stowe, "as well in this Counter, as in that in Wood-street, receive daily relief from the *sheriff's table* of all the *broken* bread and meat." B. III. p. 51.

For *festival-exceedings*, see *The Picture*. Act. V. Sc. 1.

*Luke.* I was with
The lady, and delivered her the satin
For her gown, and velvet for her petticoat;
This night she vows she'll pay you.
[*Aside to Goldwire.*
*Gold.* How I am bound
To your favour, master Luke!
*Mill.* As I live, you will
Perfume all rooms you walk in.
*L. Frug.* Get your fur*,
You shall pull them on within. [*Exit Luke.*
*Gold.* That servile office
Her pride imposes on him.
*Sir John* [*within*]. Goldwire! Tradewell!
*Trade.* My master calls. We come, sir.
[*Exeunt Goldwire and Tradewell.*

*Enter* Holdfast, *with Porters.*

*L. Frug.* What have you brought there?
*Hold.* The cream o' the market;
Provision enough to serve a garrison.
I weep to think on't: when my master got
His wealth, his family fed on roots and livers,
And necks of beef on Sundays.——
But now I fear it will be spent in poultry;
Butcher's-meat will not go down.
*L. Frug.* Why, you rascal, is it
At your expense? what cooks have you provided?
*Hold.* The best of the city: they've wrought at my lord mayor's.
*Anne.* Fie on them! they smell of Fleet-lane, and Pie-corner,
*Mary.* And think the happiness of man's life consists
In a mighty shoulder of mutton.
*L. Frug.* I'll have none
Shall touch what I shall eat, you grumbling cur,
But Frenchmen and Italians; they wear satin,
And dish no meat but in silver.
*Hold.* You may want, though,
A dish or two when the service ends.
*L. Frug.* Leave prating;
I'll have my will: do you as I command you.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*The Street before* Frugal's *House.*

*Enter Sir* Maurice Lacy *and* Page.

*Sir Maur.* You were with Plenty?
*Page.* Yes, sir.
*Sir Maur.* And what answer
Return'd the clown?
*Page.* Clown, sir! he is transform'd,
And grown a gallant of the last edition†;
More rich than gaudy in his habit; yet
The freedom and the bluntness of his language
Continues with him. When I told him that
You gave him caution, as he loved the peace
And safety of his life, he should forbear
To pass the merchant's threshold, until you
Of his two daughters had made choice of her
Whom you design'd to honour as your wife,
He smiled in scorn.
*Sir Maur.* In scorn!

* L. Frug. *Get your* fur.] To put under her feet while he tried on her shoes. M. Mason.

† *And grown a gallant* of the last edition;] i. e. of the newest fashion. It was the application of this common phrase to Edwards (who misunderstood it) which provoked that gentleman so highly against Warburton.

*Page.* His words confirm'd it;
They were few, but to this purpose: *Tell your master,*
*Though his lordship in reversion were now his,*
*It cannot save me. I was born a freeman,*
*And will not yield, in the way of affection,*
*Precedence to him: I will visit them,*
*Though he sate porter to deny my entrance:*
*When I meet him next, I'll say more to his face.*
*Deliver thou this:* then gave me a piece,
To help my memory, and so we parted.
*Sir Maur.* Where got he this spirit?
*Page.* At the academy of valour,
Newly erected for the institution
Of elder brothers: where they are taught the ways,
Though they refuse to seal for a duellist,
How to decline a challenge. He himself
Can best resolve you.

*Enter* Plenty *and three Servants.*

*Sir Maur.* You, sir!
*Plenty.* What with me, sir?
How big you look! I will not loose a hat
To a hair's breadth: move your beaver, I'll move mine;
Or if you desire to prove your sword, mine hangs
As near my right hand, and will as soon out, though I keep not
A fencer to breathe me. Walk into Moorfields—
I dare look on your Toledo. Do not show
A foolish valour in the streets, to make
Work for shopkeepers and their clubs,* 'tis scurvy,
And the women will laugh at us.
*Sir Maur.* You presume
On the protection of your hinds.
*Plenty.* I scorn it:
Though I keep men, I fight not with their fingers,
Nor make it my religion to follow
The gallant's fashion, to have my family
Consisting in a footman and a page,
And those two sometimes hungry. I can feed these,
And clothe them too, my gay sir.
*Sir Maur.* What a fine man
Hath your tailor made you!
*Plenty.* 'Tis quite contrary,
I have made my tailor, for my clothes are paid for
As soon as put on; a sin your man of title
Is seldom guilty of; but Heaven forgive it!
I have other faults, too, very incident
To a plain gentleman: I eat my venison
With my neighbours in the country, and present not
My pheasants, partridges, and grouse to the usurer;
Nor ever yet paid brokage to his scrivener.
I flatter not my mercer's wife nor feast her
With the first cherries, or peascods, to prepare me
Credit with her husband, when I come to London.
The wool of my sheep, or a score or two of fat oxen
In Smithfield, give me money for my expenses.
I can make my wife a jointure of such lands too
As are not encumber'd; no annuity
Or statute lying on them. This I can do,
An it please your future honour, and why, therefore,
You should forbid my being suitor with you,
My dullness apprehends not.
*Page.* This is bitter.

* *Work for shopkeepers and their* clubs.] See *The Renegado*, Act 1. Sc. III.

*Sir Maur.* I have heard you, sir, and in my patience shown
Too much of the stoic. But to parley further,
Or answer your gross jeers, would write me coward.
This only,—thy great grandfather was a butcher*,
And his son a grazier; thy sire, constable
Of the hundred, and thou the first of your dunghill
Created gentleman. Now you may come on, sir,
You and your thrashers.
*Plenty.* Stir not, on your lives.
This for the grazier,—this for the butcher. [*They fight.*
*Sir Maur.* So, sir!
*Page.* I'll not stand idle. Draw! My little rapier
Against your bumb blades! I'll one by one dispatch you,
Then house this instrument of death and horror.

*Enter Sir* John Frugal, Luke, Goldwire *junior, and* Tradewell *junior.*

*Sir John.* Beat down their weapons. My gate ruffians' hall!
What insolence is this?
*Luke.* Noble Sir Maurice,
Worshipful master Plenty—
*Sir John.* I blush for you.
Men of your quality expose your fame
To every vulgar censure; this at midnight,
After a drunken supper in a tavern
(No civil man abroad to censure it)*,
Had shown poor in you; but in the day, and view
Of all that pass by, monstrous!
*Plenty.* Very well, sir;
You look'd for this defence.
*Sir Maur.* 'Tis thy protection;
But it will deceive thee.
*Sir John.* Hold, if you proceed thus,
I must make use of the next justice' power,
And leave persuasion: and in plain terms tell you,

*Enter Lady* Frugal, Anne, Mary, *and* Millisent.

Neither your birth, Sir Maurice, nor your wealth,
Shall privilege this riot. See whom you have drawn
To be spectators of it! can you imagine
It can stand with the credit of my daughters,
To be the argument of your swords? i' the street too?
Nay, ere you do salute, or I give way
To any private conference, shake hands
In sign of peace: he that draws back, parts with
My good opinion. [*They shake hands.*] This is as it should be.
Make your approaches, and if their affection
Can sympathize with yours, they shall not come,
On my credit, beggars to you. I will hear
What you reply within.
*Sir Maur.* May I have the honour
To support you, lady? [*To Anne.*
*Plenty.* I know not what's supporting,
But by this fair hand, glove and all, I love you.
[*To Mary.*
[*Exeunt all but Luke.*

*Enter* Hoyst, Penury, *and* Fortune.

*Luke.* You are come with all advantage. I will help you
To the speech of my brother.
*For.* Have you moved him for us?
*Luke.* With the best of my endeavours, and I hope
You'll find him tractable.
*Pen.* Heaven grant he prove so!
*Hoyst.* Howe'er, I'll speak my mind

*Enter Lord* Lacy.

*Luke.* Do so, master Hoyst.
Go in: I'll pay my duty to this lord,
And then I am wholly yours.
[*Exeunt Hoyst, Penury, and Fortune.*
Heaven bless your honour!
*L. Lacy.* Your hand, master Luke: the world's much changed with you
Within these few months; then you were the gallant:
No meeting at the horse-race, cocking, hunting,
Shooting, or bowling, at which master Luke
Was not a principal gamester, and companion
For the nobility.
*Luke.* I have paid dear
For those follies, my good lord: and 'tis but justice
That such as soar above their pitch, and will not
Be warn'd by my example, should, like me,
Share in the miseries that wait upon it.
Your honour, in your charity, may do well
Not to upbraid me with those weaknesses
Too late repented.
*L. Lacy.* I nor do, nor will;
And you shall find I'll lend a helping hand
To raise your fortunes; how deals your brother with you?
*Luke.* Beyond my merit, I thank his goodness for't.
I am a freeman, all my debts discharged,
Nor does one creditor, undone by me,
Curse my loose riots. I have meat and clothes,
Time to ask Heaven remission for what's past;
Cares of the world by me are laid aside,
My present poverty's a blessing to me;
And though I have been long, I dare not say
I ever lived till now.
*L. Lacy.* You bear it well;
Yet as you wish I should receive for truth
What you deliver, with that truth acquaint me
With your brother's inclination. I have heard,
In the acquisition of his wealth, he weighs not
Whose ruins he builds upon.
*Luke.* In that, report
Wrongs him, my lord. He is a citizen,
And would increase his heap, and will not lose
What the law gives him: such as are worldly wise
Pursue that track, or they will ne'er wear scarlet*.
But if your honour please to know his temper,
You are come opportunely. I can bring you
Where you, unseen, shall see and hear his carriage
Towards some poor men, whose making, or undoing,
Depends upon his pleasure†.

* *This only,—thy great grandfather was a butcher,* &c.] Massinger did not intend Lacy for a fool, and yet his reply to the high-spirited and characteristic speech of his competitor savours strongly of fatuity. It must be confessed that the young gentleman is warm, yet he should not, for that, have adopted the language and sentiments of a fish-woman.

† *No* civil *man abroad.*] No citizen, or perhaps, no man invested with civil authority.

* ——— *or they will ne'er wear* scarlet.] i. e. never rise to city honours. Our old writers have innumerable allusions to the *scarlet* gowns of the mayors and aldermen of London,

† The old copy has a marginal direction here, to *set out a table, count book, standish, chair and stool.* Nothing can more fully demonstrate the poverty of our ancient theatres,

*L. Lacy.* To my wish:
I know no object that could more content me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Counting-room in* Frugal's *House.*

*Enter Sir* John Frugal, Hoyst, Fortune, Penury, *and* Goldwire *junior.*

*Sir John.* What would you have me do? reach me a chair.
When I lent my monies I appear'd an angel;
But now I would call in mine own, a devil.
*Hoy.* Were you the devil's dam, you must stay till I have it,
For as I am a gentleman——

*Re-enter* Luke, *behind, with Lord* Lacy.

*Luke.* There you may hear all.
*Hoy.* I pawn'd you my land for the tenth part of the value:
Now, 'cause I am a gamester, and keep ordinaries,
And a livery punk or so, and trade not with
The money-mongers' wives, not one will be bound for me:
'Tis a hard case; you must give me longer day,
Or I shall grow very angry.
*Sir John.* Fret, and spare not.
I know no obligation lies upon me
With my honey to feed drones. But to the purpose,
How much owes Penury?
*Gold.* Two hundred pounds:
His bond three times since forfeited.
*Sir John.* Is it sued?
*Gold.* Yes, sir, and execution out against him.
*Sir John.* For body and goods?
*Gold.* For both, sir.
*Sir John.* See it served.
*Pen.* I am undone; my wife and family
Must starve for want of bread.
*Sir John.* More infidel thou,
In not providing better to support them.
What's Fortune's debt?
*Gold.* A thousand, sir.
*Sir John.* An estate
For a good man! You were the glorious trader,
Embraced all bargains; the main venturer
In every ship that launch'd forth; kept your wife
As a lady; she had her caroch, her choice
Of summer-houses, built with other men's monies
Ta'en up at interest; the certain road
To Ludgate in a citizen*. Pray you acquaint me,
How were my thousand pounds employ'd?
*For.* Insult not
On my calamity; though, being a debtor,
And a slave to him that lends, I must endure it.
Yet hear me speak thus much in my defence;
Losses at sea, and those, sir, great and many,
By storms and tempests, not domestical riots
In soothing my wife's humour, or mine own,
Have brought me to this low ebb.
*Sir John.* Suppose this true,
What is't to me? I must and will have my money,
Or I'll protest you first, and, that done, have
The statute made for bankrupts served upon you.
*For.* 'Tis in your power, but not in mine to shun it.
*Luke.* [*comes forward.*] Not as a brother, sir, but with such duty,
As I should use unto my father, since
Your charity is my parent, give me leave
To speak my thoughts.
*Sir John* What would you say?
*Luke.* No word, sir,
I hope, shall give offence; nor let it relish
Of flattery, though I proclaim aloud,
I glory in the bravery of your mind,
To which your wealth's a servant. Not that riches
Is or should be contemn'd, it being a blessing
Derived from heaven, and by your industry
Pull'd down upon you; but in this, dear sir,
You have many equals: such a man's possessions
Extend as far as yours: a second hath
His bags as full; a third in credit flies
As high in the popular voice: but the distinction
And noble difference by which you are
Divided from them, is, that you are styled
Gentle in your abundance, good in plenty;
And that you feel compassion in your bowels
Of others' miseries, (I have found it, sir,
Heaven keep me thankful for't!) while they are curs'd
As rigid and inexorable.
*Sir John.* I delight not
To hear this spoke to my face.
*Luke.* That shall not grieve you.
Your affability, and mildness, clothed
In the garments of your [thankful] debtors' breath*,
Shall everywhere, though you strive to conceal it,
Be seen and wonder'd at, and in the act
With a prodigal hand rewarded. Whereas, such
As are born only for themselves, and live so,
Though prosperous in worldly understandings,
Are but like beasts of rapine, that, by odds
Of strength, usurp, and tyrannize o'er others
Brought under their subjection.
*L. Lacy.* A rare fellow!
I am strangely taken with him.
*Luke.* Can you think, sir,
In your unquestion'd wisdom, I beseech you,
The goods of this poor man sold at an outcry†,
His wife turn'd out of doors, his children forced
To beg their bread, this gentleman's estate,
By wrong extorted, can advantage you?

than these hints to the property-man. Of what we now call *scenery*, there is not the slightest indication in any of these dramas; what was the street before the merchant's house, is converted, by simply thrusting forward a table, into a counting-room: Luke and lord Lacy go out, the others take their places, and then the former two re-enter behind them.

* ——— *the certain road*
*To* Ludgate *in a citizen.*] This prison was anciently appropriated to the freemen of the city, and to clergymen: it is, says *The Companion for Debtors* (a book of Massinger's age), the best prison about London, both in regard to its endowment and government.

* *In the garments of your* [thankful,] *debtor's breath*] A foot is wanting in the former editions. I do not flatter myself that the genuine word was that which is here enclosed between brackets, though it was not improbably somewhat similar to it.

† *The goods of this poor man sold at an* outcry.] i. e. at a public auction. So Jonson:
" Their houses and fine gardens given away,
And all their goods, under the spear, at *outcry.*"
*Catiline*
Again,
" Ay, that was when the nursery's self was noble,
And only virtue made it, not the market,
That titles were not vented at the *drum*,
Or common *outcry.*" *The New Inn*

*Hoy.* If it thrive with him, hang me, as it will damn him,
If he be not converted.
*Luke.* You are too violent.—
Or that the ruin of this once brave merchant,
For such he was esteem'd, though now decay'd,
Will raise your reputation with good men?
But you may urge (pray you pardon me, my zeal
Makes me thus bold and vehement), in this
You satisfy your anger, and revenge
For being defeated. Suppose this, it will not
Repair your loss, and there was never yet
But shame and scandal in a victory
When the rebels unto reason, passions, fought it.
Then for revenge, by great souls it was ever
Contemn'd, though offered; entertain'd by none
But cowards, base and abject spirits, strangers
To moral honesty, and never yet
Acquainted with religion.
*L. Lacy.* Our divines
Cannot speak more effectually.
*Sir John.* Shall I be
Talk'd out of my money?
*Luke.* No, sir, but entreated
To do yourself a benefit, and preserve
What you possess entire.
*Sir John.* How, my good brother?
*Luke.* By making these your beadsmen*.
When they eat,
Their thanks, next heaven, will be paid to your mercy;
When your ships are at sea, their prayers will swell
The sails with prosperous winds, and guard them from
Tempests and pirates; keep your warehouses
From fire, or quench them with their tears—
*Sir John.* No more.
*Luke.* Write you a good man in the people's hearts;
Follow you everywhere.
*Sir John.* If this could be—
*Luke.* It must, or our devotions are but words.
I see a gentle promise in your eye,
Make it a blessed act, and poor me rich,
In being the instrument.
*Sir John.* You shall prevail;
Give them longer day: but do you hear, no talk of't,
Should this arrive at twelve on the Exchange,
I shall be laugh'd at for my foolish pity,
Which money-men hate deadly. Take your own time
But see you break not. Carry them to the cellar;
Drink a health, and thank your orator.
*Pen.* On our knees, sir.
*For.* Honest master Luke!
*Hoy.* I bless the Counter, where
You learn'd this rhetoric.
*Luke.* No more of that, friends.
[*Exeunt Luke, Hoyst, Fortune, and Penury.*
*Lord Lacy comes forward.*
*Sir John.* My honourable lord.
*L. Lacy.* I have seen and heard all.
Excuse my manners, and wish heartily
You were all of a piece. Your charity to your debtors
I do commend; but where you should express
Your piety to the height, I must boldly tell you
You show yourself an atheist.
*Sir John.* Make me know
My error, and for what I am thus censured,
And I will purge myself, or else confess
A guilty cause.
*L. Lacy.* It is your harsh demeanour
To your poor brother.
*Sir John.* Is that all?
*L. Lacy.* 'Tis more
Than can admit defence. You keep him as
A parasite to your table, subject to
The scorn of your proud wife; an underling
To his own nieces: and can I with mine honour
Mix my blood with his, that is not sensible
Of his brother's miseries?
*Sir John.* Pray you, take me with you;
And let me yield my reasons why I am
No opener-handed to him. I was born
His elder brother, yet my father's fondness
To him, the younger, robb'd me of my birthright:
He had a fair estate, which his loose riots
Soon brought to nothing; wants grew heavy on him,
And when laid up for debt, of all forsaken,
And in his own hopes lost, I did redeem him.
*L. Lacy.* You could not do less.
*Sir John.* Was I bound to it, my lord?
What I possess I may with justice call
The harvest of my industry. Would you have me,
Neglecting mine own family, to give up
My estate to his disposure?
*L. Lacy.* I would have you,
What's pass'd forgot, to use him as a brother;
A brother of fair parts, of a clear soul,
Religious, good, and honest.
*Sir John.* Outward gloss
Often deceives, may it not prove so in him!
And yet my long acquaintance with his nature
Renders me doubtful; but that shall not make
A breach between us: let us in to dinner,
And what trust, or employment you think fit,
Shall be conferr'd upon him: if he prove
True gold in the touch, I'll be no mourner for it.
*L. Lacy.* If counterfeit, I'll never trust my judgment. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in* Frugal's *House.*

*Enter* Luke, Holdfast, Goldwire *junior, and* Tradewell *junior.*

*Hold.* The like was never seen.
*Luke.* Why in this rage, man
*Hold.* Men may talk of country-christmasses and court-gluttony,
Their thirty-pound butter'd eggs, their pies of carps'-tongues,
Their pheasants drench'd with ambergris, the carcases

* Luke. *By making these your* beadsmen.] *Beadsmen* is pure Saxon, and means prayersmen; i. e. such as are engaged, in consequence of past or present favours, to pray for their benefactors. The name was formerly given with great propriety to the inhabitants of alms-houses, in general, to the objects of our public charities.

Of three fat wethers bruised for gravy, to
Make sauce for a single peacock; yet their feasts
Were fasts, compared with the city's.
*Trade.* What dear dainty
Was it thou murmur'st at?
*Hold.* Did you not observe it?
There were three sucking pigs served up in a dish,
Ta'en from the sow as soon as farrowed,
A fortnight fed with dates, and muskadine,
That stood my master in twenty marks apiece,
Besides the puddings in their bellies, made
Of I know not what.—I dare swear the cook that dress'd it
Was the devil, disguised like a Dutchman.
*Gold.* Yet all this
Will not make you fat, fellow Holdfast.
*Hold.* I am rather
Starved to look on't. But here's the mischief—though
The dishes were raised one upon another,
As woodmongers do billets, for the first,
The second, and third course, and most of the shops
Of the best confectioners in London ransack'd
To furnish out a banquet*; yet my lady
Call'd me penurious rascal, and cried out,
There was nothing worth the eating.
*Gold.* You must have patience,
This is not done often.
*Hold.* 'Tis not fit it should;
Three such dinners more would break an alderman,
And make him give up his cloak: I am resolved
To have no hand in't. I'll make up my accompts,
And since my master longs to be undone,
The great fiend be his steward; I will pray,
And bless myself from him! [*Exit.*
*Gold.* The wretch shows in this
An honest care.
*Luke.* Out on him! with the fortune
Of a slave he has the mind of one. However
She bears me hard, I like my lady's humour,
And my brother's suffrage to it. They are now
Busy on all hands; one side eager for
Large portions, the other arguing strictly
For jointures and security; but this
Being above our scale, no way concerns us.
How dull you look! in the mean time, how intend you
To spend the hours?
*Gold.* We well know how we would,
But dare not serve our wills.
*Trade.* Being prentices,
We are bound to attendance.

* ——— *most of the shops*
*Of the best confectioners in London ransack'd*
*To furnish out a* banquet;] A *banquet* was what we now call a *dessert;* it was composed of fruit, sweetmeats, &c.:
" ——— your citizen
Is a most fierce devourer, sir, of plums;
Six will destroy as many as might make
A *banquet* for an army." *The Wits.*
The *banquet* was usually placed in a separate room, to which the guests removed as soon as they had dined: thus, in *The Unnatural Combat*, Beaufort says:
" We'll *dine* in the great room, but let the music
And *banquet* be prepared here."
The common place of banqueting, or of eating the dessert, among our ancestors, was the garden-house, or arbour, with which almost every dwelling was once furnished: to this Shallow alludes in a simple passage, which has had a great deal of impertinent matter written to confound it:
*Shall.* " Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, *in an arbour*, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of carraways," (a small kind of comfit) " and so forth." *Henry IV.* Part II.

*Luke.* Have you almost served out
The term of your indentures, yet make conscience
By starts to use your liberty? Hast thou traded [*To Tradewell.*
In the other world*, exposed unto all dangers,
To make thy master rich, yet dar'st not take
Some portion of the profit for thy pleasure?
Or wilt thou [*To Goldw.*], being keeper of the cash,
Like an ass that carries dainties, feed on thistles?
Are you gentlemen born, yet have no gallant tincture
Of gentry in you? you are no mechanics,
Nor serve some needy shopkeeper, who surveys
His every-day takings: you have in your keeping
A mass of wealth, from which you may take boldly,
And no way be discover'd. He's no rich man
That knows all he possesses, and leaves nothing
For his servants to make prey of. I blush for you,
Blush at your poverty of spirit; you,
The brave sparks of the city!
*Gold.* Master Luke,
I wonder you should urge this, having felt
What misery follows riot.
*Trade.* And the penance
You endur'd for't in the Counter.
*Luke.* You are fools,
The case is not the same; I spent mine own money,
And my stock being small, no marvel 'twas soon wasted;
But you, without the least doubt or suspicion,
If cautelous, may make bold with your master's.
As, for example, when his ships come home,
And you take your receipts, as 'tis the fashion,
For fifty bales of silk you may write forty;
Or for so many pieces of cloth of bodkin,
Tissue, gold, silver, velvets, satins, taffetas,
A piece of each deducted from the gross,
Will ne'er be miss'd, a dash of a pen will do it.
*Trade.* Ay, but our father's bonds, that lie in pawn
For our honesties, must pay for't.
*Luke.* A mere bugbear,
Invented to fright children! As I live,
Were I the master of my brother's fortunes,
I should glory in such servants. Didst thou know
What ravishing lechery it is to enter
An ordinary, cap-à-pié, trimm'd like a gallant,
For which in trunks conceal'd be ever furnish'd;
The reverence, respect, the crouches, cringes,
The musical chime of gold in your cramm'd pockets,
Commands from the attendants, and poor porters—
*Trade.* O rare!
*Luke.* Then sitting at the table with
The braveries of the kingdom, you shall hear
Occurrents from all corners of the world,
The plots, the counsels, the designs of princes,
And freely censure them; the city wits
Cried up, or decried, as their passions lead them;
Judgment having nought to do there.
*Trade.* Admirable!
*Luke.* My lord no sooner shall rise out of his chair,
The gaming lord I mean, but you may boldly,
By the privilege of a gamester, fill his room,
For in play you are all fellows; have your knife
As soon in the pheasant; drink your health as freely,

* *In the* other world.] *i. e.* the East Indies, from whence, as the first scene informs us, Tradewell was just returned.

And striking in a lucky hand or two,
Buy out your time.
*Trade.* This may be; but suppose
We should be known?
*Luke.* Have money and good clothes,
And you may pass invisible. Or, if
You love a madam-punk, and your wide nostril
Be taken with the scent of cambric smocks,
Wrought and perfumed——
*Gold.* There, there, master Luke,
There lies my road of happiness!
*Luke.* Enjoy it.
And pleasures stolen being sweetest, apprehend
The raptures of being hurried in a coach
To Brentford, Staines, or Barnet.
*Gold.* 'Tis enchanting;
I have proved it.
*Luke.* Hast thou?
*Gold.* Yes, in all these places
I have had my several pagans billeted
For my own tooth, and after ten-pound suppers,
The curtains drawn, my fiddlers playing all night
*The shaking of the sheets*, which I have danced
Again and again with my cockatrice:—master Luke,
You shall be of my counsel, and we two sworn brothers;
And therefore I'll be open. I am out now
Six hundred in the cash; yet, if on a sudden
I should be call'd to account, I have a trick
How to evade it, and make up the sum.
*Trade.* Is't possible?
*Luke.* You can instruct your tutor.
How, how, good Tom?
*Gold.* Why, look you. We cash-keepers
Hold correspondence, supply one another
On all occasions: I can borrow for a week
Two hundred pounds of one, as much of a second,
A third lays down the rest; and, when they want,
As my master's monies come in I do repay it:
*Ka me, ka thee* !*
*Luke.* An excellent knot! 'tis pity
It e'er should be unloosed; for me it shall not.
You are shown the way, friend Tradewell, you may make use on't,
Or freeze in the warehouse and keep company
With the cater †, Holdfast.
*Trade.* No, I am converted.
A Barbican broker will furnish me with outside,
And then, a crash at the ordinary!
*Gold.* I am for
The lady you saw this morning, who, indeed, is
My proper recreation.
*Luke.* Go to, Tom;
What did you make me?
*Gold.* I'll do as much for you,
Employ me when you please.
*Luke.* If you are enquired for,
I will excuse you both.
*Trade.* Kind master Luke!
*Gold.* We'll break my master, to make you. You know——
*Luke.* I cannot love money. Go, boys! when time serves,
It shall appear I have another end in't. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter Sir* JOHN FRUGAL, *Lord* LACY, *Sir* MAURICE LACY, PLENTY, *Lady* FRUGAL, ANNE, MARY, *and* MILLISCENT.

*Sir John.* Ten thousand pounds a piece I'll make their portions,
And after my decease it shall be double,
Provided you assure them for their jointures
Eight hundred pounds per annum, and entail
A thousand more upon the heirs* male
Begotten on their bodies.
*L. Lacy.* Sir, you bind us
To very strict conditions.
*Plenty.* You, my lord,
May do as you please: but to me it seems strange
We should conclude of portions, and of jointures,
Before our hearts are settled.
*L. Frug.* You say right:
There are counsels of more moment and importance
On the making up of marriages, to be
Consider'd duly, than the portion or the jointures,
In which a mother's care must be exacted;
And I by special privilege may challenge
A casting voice.
*L. Lacy.* How's this?
*L. Frug.* Even so, my lord;
In these affairs I govern.
*L. Lacy.* Give you way to't?
*Sir John.* I must, my lord.
*L. Frug.* 'Tis fit he should, and shall:
You may consult of something else, this province
Is wholly mine.
*Sir Maur.* By the city custom, madam?
*L. Frug.* Yes, my young sir; and both must look my daughters
Will hold it by my copy.
*Plenty.* Brave, i'faith!
*Sir John.* Give her leave to talk, we have the power to do;
And now touching the business we last talk'd of,
In private, if you please.
*L. Lacy.* 'Tis well remember'd:
You shall take your own way, madam.
[*Exeunt Lord Lacy and Sir John Frugal.*
*Sir Maur.* What strange lecture
Will she read unto us?

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* *Ka me, ka thee!*] This I believe, is a Scottish proverb, and means, indulge, or serve me, and I'll serve thee in my turn. It is not uncommon in our old dramas. Thus in *Ram Alley*:

"*Ka me, ka thee*, one thing must rub another."

Again, in *Eastward Hoe*:

"Thou art pander to me, for my wench: and I to thee for thy couzenage. *Ka me, ka thee*, runs through court and country."

† *With the* cater, *Holdfast.*] i. e. the purveyor. This word was in very general use in Massinger's time: though the editors of some of our old dramatists do not seem to be aware of it. Thus Jonson:

"He is my wardrobe-man, my *cater* cook,
Butler, and steward." *Devil's an Ass.*

Here Mr. Whalley reads, with sufficient harshness,

"He is my wardrobe-man, *m'acater* cook," &c.

And Fletcher:

"See, sweet, I'm cook myself, and mine own *cater*."
*Women pleased.*

Here the editors propose to read *caterer*, which they say is the more probable word! I suppose—because it spoils the metre.

* *A thousand more upon the* heirs *male.*] *Heirs* must be pronounced (as they say) as a dissyllable, though I do not profess to know how it can be done.

*L. Frug.* Such as wisdom warrants
From the superior bodies. Is Stargaze ready
With his several schemes?
*Mill.* Yes, madam, and attends
Your pleasure.
*Sir Maur.* Stargaze! lady: what is he?
*L. Frug.* Call him in.—[*Exit Milliscent.*]—You shall first know him, then admire him
For a man of many parts, and those parts rare ones.
He's every thing, indeed; parcel physician,
And as such prescribes my diet, and foretels
My dreams when I eat potatoes; parcel poet,
And sings encomiums to my virtues sweetly;
My antecedent, or my gentleman-usher,
And as the stars move, with that due proportion
He walks before me: but an absolute master
In the calculation of nativities;
Guided by that ne'er erring science, call'd
Judicial astrology.
*Plenty.* Stargaze! sure
I have a penny almanack about me
Inscribed to you, as to his patroness,
In his name publish'd.
*L. Frug.* Keep it as a jewel.
Some statesmen that I will not name are wholly
Govern'd by his predictions; for they serve
For any latitude in Christendom,
As well as our own climate.

*Re-enter* Milliscent, *followed by* Stargaze, *with two schemes.*

*Sir Maur.* I believe so.
*Plenty.* Must we couple by the almanack?
*L. Frug.* Be silent;
And ere we do articulate, much more
Grow to a full conclusion, instruct us
Whether this day and hour, by the planets, promise
Happy success in marriage.
Star. *In omni*
*Parte, et toto.*
*Plenty.* Good learn'd sir, in English;
And since it is resolved we must be coxcombs,
Make us so in our own language.
*Star.* You are pleasant:
Thus in our vulgar tongue then:—
*L. Frug.* Pray you observe him.
*Star.* Venus, in the west angle, the house of marriage the seventh house, in trine of Mars, in conjunction of Luna; and Mars almuthen, or lord of the horoscope.
*Plenty.* Hey-day!
*L. Frug.* The angels' language! I am ravish'd: forward.
*Star.* Mars, as I said, lord of the horoscope, or geniture, in mutual reception of each other; she in her exaltation, and he in his triplicate trine, and face, assure a fortunate combination to Hymen, excellent, prosperous, and happy.
*L. Frug.* Kneel, and give thanks.
[*The Women kneel.*
*Sir Maur.* For what we understand not?
*Plenty.* And have as little faith in?
*L. Frug.* Be incredulous*;
To me 'tis oracle.
*Star.* Now for the sovereignty of my future ladies, your daughters, after they are married.
*Plenty.* Wearing the breeches, you mean?
*L. Frug.* Touch that point home:
It is a principal one, and, with London ladies,
Of main consideration.
*Star.* This is infallible: Saturn out of all dignities in his detriment and fall, combust: and Venus in the south angle elevated above him, lady of both their nativities, in her essential and accidental dignities; occidental from the sun, oriental from the angle of the east, in cazini of the sun, in her joy, and free from the malevolent beams of infortunes; in a sign commanding, and Mars in a constellation obeying; she fortunate, and he dejected: the disposers of marriage in the radix of the native in feminine figures, argue, foretel, and declare rule, pre-eminence, and absolute sovereignty in women*.
*L. Frug.* Is't possible!
*Star.* 'Tis drawn, I assure you, from the aphorisms of the old Chaldeans, Zoroastes the first and greatest magician, Mercurius, Trismegistus, the later Ptolemy, and the everlasting prognosticator, old Erra Pater.
*L. Frug.* Are you yet satisfied?
*Plenty.* In what?
*L. Frug.* That you
Are bound to obey your wives: it being so
Determined by the stars, against whose influence
There is no opposition.
*Plenty.* Since I must
Be married by the almanack, as I may be,
'Twere requisite the services and duties
Which, as you say, I must pay to my wife,
Were set down in the calendar.
*Sir Maur.* With the date
Of my apprenticeship.
*L. Frug.* Make your demands;
I'll sit as moderatrix, if they press you
With over-hard conditions.
*Sir Maur.* Mine hath the van:
I stand your charge, sweet.
*Star.* Silence.
*Anne.* I require, first,
And that since 'tis in fashion with kind husbands,
In civil manners you must grant, my will
In all things whatsoever, and that will
To be obey'd, not argued.
*L. Frug.* And good reason.
*Plenty.* A gentle *imprimis!*
*Sir Maur.* This in gross contains all:
But your special items, lady.
*Anne.* When I am one,
And you are honour'd to be styled my husband,
To urge my having my page, my gentleman-usher,
My woman sworn to my secrets, my caroch
Drawn by six Flanders mares, my coachman, grooms,
Postillion, and footmen.
*Sir Maur.* Is there aught else
To be demanded?
*Anne.* Yes, sir, mine own doctor,
French and Italian cooks, musicians, songsters,
And a chaplain that must preach to please my fancy:
A friend at court to place me at a mask;
The private box ta'en up at a new play,

* L. Frug. *Be incredulous;*] This is the reading of Mr. M. Mason. The old copy has *Be* credulous, meaning, perhaps, follow my example, and believe; and so may be right; though incredulous is better adapted to the measure.

* I have contented myself with correcting the errors of the former editors in printing the obsolete jargon of this ignorant impostor, without attempting to explain any part of it. If the reader will follow my example, and not waste thought on it, he will lose nothing by his negligence.

For me and my retinue; a fresh habit,
Of a fashion never seen before, to draw
The gallants' eyes, that sit on the stage, upon me;
Some decayed lady for my parasite,
To flatter me, and rail at other madams;
And there ends my ambition.
*Sir Maur.* Your desires
Are modest, I confess!
*Anne.* These toys subscrib'd to,
And you continuing an obedient husband,
Upon all fit occasions you shall find me
A most indulgent wife.
*L. Frug.* You have said; give place,
And hear your younger sister.
*Plenty.* If she speak
Her language, may the great fiend*, booted and spurr'd,
With a scythe at his girdle, as the Scotchman says,
Ride headlong down her throat!
*Sir Maur.* Curse not the judge
Before you hear the sentence.
*Mary.* In some part
My sister hath spoke well for the city pleasures,
But I am for the country's; and must say,
Under correction, in her demands
She was too modest.
*Sir Maur.* How like you this exordium?
*Plenty.* Too modest, with a mischief!
*Mary.* Yes, too modest:
I know my value, and prize it to the worth,
My youth, my beauty——
*Plenty.* How your glass deceives you!
*Mary.* The greatness of the portion I bring with me,
And the sea of happiness that from me flows to you.
*Sir Maur.* She bears up close.
*Mary.* And can you, in your wisdom,
Or rustical simplicity, imagine
You have met some innocent country girl, that never
Look'd further than her father's farm, nor knew more
Than the price of corn in the market; or at what rate
Beef went a stone? that would survey your dairy,
And bring in mutton out of cheese and butter?
That could give directions at what time of the moon
To cut her cocks for capons against Christmas,
Or when to raise up goslings?
*Plenty.* These are arts
Would not misbecome you, though you should put in
Obedience and duty.
*Mary.* Yes, and patience,
To sit like a fool at home, and eye your thrashers;
Then make provision for your slavering hounds,
When you come drunk from an alehouse, after hunting
With your clowns and comrades, as if all were yours,
You the lord paramount, and I the drudge!
The case, sir, must be otherwise.
*Plenty.* How, I beseech you?
*Mary.* Marry, thus: I will not, like my sister, challenge
What's useful or superfluous from my husband,
That's base all o'er; mine shall receive from me
What I think fit; I'll have the state convey'd
Into my hands, and he put to his pension,
Which the wise viragos of our climate practise;—
I will receive your rents;—
*Plenty.* You shall be hang'd first.
*Mary.* Make sale or purchase: nay I'll have my neighbours
Instructed, when a passenger shall ask,
Whose house is this? (though you stand by) to answer,
The lady Plenty's. Or who owns this manor?
The lady Plenty. Whose sheep are these, whose oxen?
The lady Plenty's.
*Plenty.* A plentiful pox upon you!
*Mary.* And, when I have children, if it be enquired
By a stranger, whose they are?—they shall still echo,
My lady Plenty's, the husband never thought on
*Plenty.* In their begetting: I think so.
*Mary.* Since you'll marry
In the city for our wealth, in justice, we
Must have the country's sovereignty.
*Plenty.* And we nothing.
*Mary.* A nag of forty shillings, a couple of spaniels,
With a sparhawk, is sufficient, and these, too,
As you shall behave yourself, during my pleasure,
I will not greatly stand on. I have said, sir,
Now if you like me, so*.

* ——— *may the great fiend*, &c.] This is one of Ray's Proverbs. It is found in *The Tamer Tamed:* "A Sedgley curse light on him! which is, Pedro, The fiend ride through him booted and spurr'd, with a sithe at his back." And also in *The Goblins*, by Sir John Suckling.

* ——— *I have said, sir, Now if you like me, so.*] Before we accuse the poet of abusing the license of comedy in these preposterous stipulations, it may not be improper to look back for a moment on the period in which he wrote, and enquire if no examples of a similar nature were then to be found in real life. It was an age of profusion and vanity; and the means of enjoying them both, as they persuaded to condescension on the one side, so they engendered rapacity on the other: it is not, therefore, a very improbable conjecture, that Massinger has but slightly taxed our credulity, and but little overcharged his glaring description of female extravagance and folly! The reader who is still inclined to hesitate may peruse the extract here subjoined. A short time before this play was written, Elizabeth Spencer, daughter and heir of Sir John Spencer, Lord Mayor of London (whom I once considered as the prototype of Sir Giles Overreach), was married to William Lord Compton. With less integrity and candour than the daughters of Sir John Frugal, she made few previous stipulations, but not long after the conclusion of the nuptial ceremony, sent her husband a modest and consolatory letter, which is yet extant; and from which the following *items*, among many others, are verbally taken:
"Alsoe, I will have 3 horses for my owne saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrowe, none lend but I, none borrowe but you. Alsoe, I would have two gentlewomen, leaste one should be sicke, or have some other lett. Alsoe beleeve yt, it is an undecent thinge for a gentlewoman to stand mumpinge alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a greate estate. Alsoe, when I ride a huntinge or a kawkeinge, or travayle from one howse to another, I will have them attendinge; soe for either of those said women, I must and will have for either of them a horse. Alsoe, I will have 6 or 8 gentlemen: and I will have my twoe coaches, one lyned with velvett to myself, wth 4 very fayre horses, and a coache for my woemen, lyned wth sweete cloth, one laced wth gold, the other wth scarlett, and laced with watched lace and silver, with 4 good horses. Alsoe, I will have twoe coachmen, one for my own coache, the other for my women. Alsoe, att any tyme when I travayle, I will be allowed not only carroches, and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carryadgs, as shal be fittinge for all orderly; not pestringe my things with my woemens, nor theirs wth either chambermayds, or theirs with wase maids. Alsoe, for laundresses, when I travayle I will have them sent away before wth the carryadgs to see all safe, and the chambermayds I will have

*L. Frug.* At my entreaty,
The articles shall be easier.
*Plenty.* Shall they, i'faith?
Like bitch, like whelps.
*Sir Maur.* Use fair words.
*Plenty.* I cannot;
I have read of a house of pride, and now I have found one:
A whirlwind overturn it!
*Sir Maur.* On these terms,
Will your minxship be a lady?
*Plenty.* A lady in a morris:
I'll wed a pedlar's punk first,—
*Sir Maur.* Tinker's trull,
A beggar without a smock.
*Plenty.* Let monsieur almanack,
Since he is so cunning with his Jacob's staff,
Find you out a husband in a bowling-alley.
*Sir Maur.* The general pimp to a brothel.
*Plenty.* Though that now
All the loose desires of man were raked up in me,
And no means but thy maidenhead left to quench them,
I would turn cinders, or the next sow-gelder,
On my life, should lib me, rather than embrace thee.
*Anne.* Wooing do you call this!
*Mary.* A bear-baiting rather.
*Plenty.* Were you worried, you deserve it, and I hope
I shall live to see it.
*Sir Maur.* I'll not rail, nor curse you:
Only this, you are pretty peats, and your great portions
Add much unto your handsomeness; but as
You would command your husbands, you are beggars,
Deform'd and ugly.
*L. Frug.* Hear me.
*Plenty.* Not a word more.
[*Exeunt Sir Maurice Lacy and Plenty.*
*Anne.* I ever thought it would come to this.
*Mary.* We may
Lead apes in hell for husbands, if you bind us
T' articulate thus with our suitors.
[*Both speak weeping.*
*Star.* Now the cloud breaks,
And the storm will fall on me.
*L. Frug.* You rascal, juggler!
[*She breaks Stargaze's head and beats him.*
*Star.* Dear madam.
*L. Frug.* Hold you intelligence with the stars,
And thus deceive me!
*Star.* My art cannot err;
If it does, I'll burn my astrolabe. In mine own star
I did foresee this broken head, and beating;
And now your ladyship sees, as I do feel it,
It could not be avoided.
*L. Frug.* Did you?
*Star.* Madam,
Have patience but a week, and if you find not
All my predictions true, touching your daughters,
And a change of fortune to yourself, a rare one,
Turn me out of doors. These are not the men the planets
Appointed for their husbands; there will come
Gallants of another metal.
*Mill.* Once more trust him.
*Anne. Mary.* Do, lady-mother.
*L. Frug.* I am vex'd, look to it;
Turn o'er your books; if once again you fool me,
You shall graze elsewhere; come, girls.
*Star.* I am glad I 'scaped thus. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter Lord* Lacy *and Sir* John Frugal.

*L. Lacy.* The plot shows very likely*.
*Sir John.* I repose
My principal trust in your lordship; 'twill prepare
The physic I intend to minister
To my wife and daughters.
*L. Lacy.* I will do my parts
To set it off to the life.

*Enter Sir* Maurice Lacy, *and* Plenty.

*Sir John,* It may produce
A scene of no vulgar mirth. Here come the suitors;
When we understand how they relish my wife's humours,
The rest is feasible.
*L. Lacy.* Their looks are cloudy.
*Sir John.* How sits the wind? are you ready to launch forth
Into this sea of marriage?
*Plenty.* Call it rather
A whirlpool of afflictions.
*Sir Maur.* If you please
To enjoin me to it, I will undertake
To find the north passage to the Indies sooner*
Than plough with your proud heifer.
*Plenty.* I will make
A voyage to hell first,—
*Sir John.* How sir!
*Plenty.* And court Proserpine
In the sight of Pluto, his three-headed porter,
Cerberus, standing by, and all the furies
With their whips to scourge me for't, than say, I, Jeffrey,
Take you, Mary, for my wife.
*L. Lacy.* Why what's the matter?
*Sir Maur.* The matter is, the mother (with your pardon,
I cannot but speak so much) is a most insufferable,
Proud, insolent lady.
*Plenty.* And the daughters worse.
The dam in years had the advantage to be wicked,
But they were so in her belly.

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goe before wth the groomes, that a chamber may be ready, sweete and cleane. Alsoe, for that yt is undecent to croud upp myself wth my gentl. usher in my coache, I will have him to have a convenyent horse to attend me either in citty or countty. And I must have 2 footemen. And my desire is, that you defray all the chardges for me."—*Ex. Antog in Bibl. Harl.*

It may not be impertinent to add, that Lord Compton, as might reasonably be conjectured, after such a letter as this, reaped little comfort from his wife, and less from her immense fortune. This scene (as much of it at least as relates to the two young ladies and their lovers) is imitated with infinite pleasantry by Glapthorne, in that admirable comedy, *Wit in a Constable.*

* L. Lacy. *The plot shows very likely.*] It appears from this that Sir John had instilled his suspicions of his brother into Lord Lacy. It is finely contrived, to confirm them in the execution of their design by a new instance of unfeeling pride in his family.

† *To find the* north passage to the Indies *sooner,*] This was the grand object of our maritime expeditions in those days, and was prosecuted with a boldness, dexterity, and perseverance which, though since equalled, perhaps, in the same fruitless pursuit, have not yet been surpassed.

*Sir Maur.* I must tell you,
With reverence to your wealth, I do begin
To think you of the same leaven.
*Plenty.* Take my counsel;
'Tis safer for your credit to profess
Yourself a cuckold, and upon record,
Than say they are your daughters.
*Sir John.* You go too far, sir.
*Sir Maur.* They have so articled with us!
*Plenty.* And will not take us
For their husbands, but their slaves; and so aforehand
They do profess they'll use us.
*Sir John.* Leave this heat:
Though they are mine, I must tell you, the perverseness
Of their manners (which they did not take from me,
But from their mother) qualified, they deserve
Your equals.
*Sir Maur.* True; but what's bred in the bone
Admits no hope of cure,
*Plenty.* Though saints and angels
Were their physicans.
*Sir John.* You conclude too fast.
*Plenty.* God be wi' you*! I'll travel three years, but I'll bury
This shame that lives upon me.
*Sir Maur.* With your license,
I'll keep him company.
*L. Lacy.* Who shall furnish you
For your expenses?
*Plenty.* He shall not need your help,
My purse is his; we were rivals, but now friends,
And we live and die so.
*Sir Maur.* Ere we go, I'll pay
My duty as a son.
*Plenty.* And till then leave you.
[*Exeunt Sir Maurice Lacy and Plenty.*
*L. Lacy.* They are strangely moved.
*Sir John.* What's wealth, accompanied
With disobedience in a wife and children?
My heart will break.
*L. Lacy.* Be comforted, and hope better:
We'll ride abroad; the fresh air and discourse
May yield us new inventions.
*Sir John.* You are noble,
And shall in all things, as you please, command me.
[*Exeunt.*

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## ACT. III.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in* Secret's *House.*

*Enter* Shave'em *and* Secret.

*Secret.* Dead doings, daughter.
*Shave.* Doings! sufferings, mother:
[For poor] men have forgot* what doing is;
And such as have to pay for what they do,
Are impotent, or eunuchs.
*Secret.* You have a friend yet,
And a striker too, I take it.
*Shave.* Goldwire is so, and comes
To me by stealth, and, as he can steal, maintains me
In clothes, I grant; but alas! dame, what's one friend?
I would have a hundred;—for every hour and use,
And change of humour I am in, a fresh one.
'Tis a flock of sheep that makes a lean wolf fat,
And not a single lambkin. I am starved,
Starved in my pleasures; I know not what a coach is,
To hurry me to the Burse†, or Old Exchange:
The neat-house for musk-melons, and the gardens
Where we traffic for asparagus, are, to me,
In the other world.
*Secret.* There are other places, lady,
Where you might find customers.
*Shave.* You would have me foot it
To the dancing of the ropes, sit a whole afternoon there
In expectation of nuts and pippins;
Gape round about me, and yet not find a chapman
That in courtesy will bid a chop of mutton,
Or a pint of drum-wine for me†.
*Secret.* You are so impatient!
But I can tell you news will comfort you,
And the whole sisterhood.
*Shave.* What's that?
*Secret.* I am told
Two ambassadors are come over: a French monsieur,
And a Venetian, one of the clarissimi,
A hot-rein'd marmoset‡. Their followers,
For their countries' honour, after a long vacation,
Will make a full term with us.
*Shave.* They indeed are
Our certain and best customers:—[*knocking within.*]
—Who knocks there?
*Ramb.* [*within.*] Open the door.
*Secret.* What are you?

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* [For poor] *men have forgot*, &c.] A foot is lost in the original: I have substituted the words between brackets in the hope of restoring the sense of the passage.

† *To hurry me to the* Burse,] To the New Exchange, which was then full of shops, where all kinds of finery for the ladies, trinkets, ornaments, &c., were sold. It was as much frequented by the fashionable world in James's days, as Exeter Change in those of Charles II.

* Plenty. *God be wi' you!*] For this valedictory phrase, so common in our old writers, the modern editors with equal elegance and judgment have substituted, *Good-by to you!*

† *Or a pint of* drum-wine *for me.*] So the old copy; meaning perhaps sutler's wine, or such sophisticated stuff as is disposed of at the drum head. Thus Shirley:

"What we have more than to supply our wants,
Consumes on the *drum* head."

Or it may signify such wine as is to be found at common auctions, or *outcries*, to which the people were, at this time, usually summoned by beat of drum. Coxeter and M. Mason read *strum*-wine; Dodsley, *stum*-wine.

‡ *A hot rein'd marmoset.*] i. e. a monkey, a libidinous animal.

*Ramb.* [*within.*] Ramble.
*Scuff.* [*within.*] Scuffle.
*Ramb.* [*within.*] Your constant visitants.
*Shave.* Let them not in;
I know them, swaggering, suburbian roarers,
Sixpenny truckers.
*Ramb.* [*within.*] Down go all your windows,
And your neighbours' too shall suffer.
*Scuff.* [*within.*] Force the doors!
*Secret.* They are outlaws, mistress Shave'em, and there is
No remedy against them. What should you fear?
They are but men; lying at your close ward,
You have foil'd their betters.
*Shave.* Out, you bawd! you care not
Upon what desperate service you employ me,
Nor with whom, so you have your fee.
*Secret.* Sweet lady-bird,
Sing in a milder key.

*Exit, and Re-enters with* Ramble *and* Scuffle.

*Scuff.* Are you grown proud?
*Ramb.* I knew you a waistcoateer in the garden alleys*,
And would come to a sailor's whistle.
*Secret.* Good sir Ramble,
Use her not roughly; she is very tender.
*Ramb.* Rank and rotten, is she not?
[*Shave'em draws her knife.*
*Shave.* Your spittle rogueships†
[*Ramble draws his sword.*
Shall not make me so.
*Secret.* As you are a man, squire Scuffle,
Step in between them: a weapon of that length
Was never drawn in my house.
*Shave.* Let him come on:
I'll scour it in your guts, you dog!
*Ramb.* You brache‡!
Are you turn'd mankind? you forgot I gave you,
When we last join'd issue, twenty pound—
*Shave.* O'er night,
And kick'd it out of me in the morning. I was then
A novice, but I know to make my game now.
Fetch the constable.

*Enter* Goldwire *junior, disguised like a Justice of Peace,* Dino'em *like a Constable, and Musicians like Watchmen.*

*Secret.* Ah me! here's one unsent for,
And a justice of peace too,
*Shave.* I'll hang you both, you rascals!
I can but ride:*—you for the purse you cut
In Paul's at a sermon; I have smok'd you, ha!
And you for the bacon you took on the highway,
From the poor marketwoman, as she rode
From Rumford.
*Ramb.* Mistress Shave'em.
*Scuff.* Mistress Secret,
On our knees we beg your pardon.
*Ramb.* Set a ransome on us.
*Secret.* We cannot stand trifling: if you mean to save them,
Shut them out at the back door.
*Shave.* First, for punishment,
They shall leave their cloaks behind them; and in sign
I am their sovereign, and they my vassals,
For homage kiss my shoe-sole, rogues, and vanish!
[*Exeunt Ramble and Scuffle.*
*Gold.* My brave virago! The coast's clear; strike up.
[*Goldwire and the rest discover themselves.*
*Shave.* My Goldwire made a justice!
*Secret.* And your scout
Turn'd constable, and the musicians watchmen!
*Gold.* We come not to fright you, but to make you merry:
A light lavolta.† [*They dance.*
*Shave.* I am tired; no more.
This was your device?
*Ding.* Wholly his own? he is
No pig-sconce, mistress.
*Secret.* He has an excellent headpiece.
*Gold.* Fie! no, not I; your jeering gallants say
We citizens have no wit.
*Ding.* He dies that says so:
This was a masterpiece.
*Gold.* A trifling stratagem,
Not worth the talking of.
*Shave,* I must kiss thee for it
Again, and again.
*Ding.* Make much of her. Did you know
What suitors she had since she saw you——
*Gold.* I'the way of marriage?
*Ding.* Yes, sir; for marriage, and the other thing too,

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* Ramb. *I knew you a* waistcoateer, &c.] It appears from innumerable passages in our old plays, that *waistcoateer* was a cant term for a strumpet of the lowest kind; probably given to them from their usually appearing, either through choice or necessity, in a succinct habit. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher:

"——— Do you think you are here, sir,
Amongst your *waistcoateers*, your base wenches,
That scratch on such occasions?"—*Wit without Money.*

Again:

"This is the time of night, and this the haunt,
In which I use to catch my *waistcoateers:*
I hope they have not left their walk."
*The Noble Gentleman.*

† *Your* spittle *rogueships*, &c.] Mr. M. Mason, following his usual practice of altering what he dislikes or misunderstands, changed *spittle* into spital, which he, probably, conceived to be an abridgment of hospital. But our old writers carefully distinguished between these two words; with them an hospital or spital always signified a charitable institution for the advantage of poor, infirm, and aged persons, an alms house, in short; while *spittles* were mere lazar-houses, receptacles for wretches in the leprosy, and other loathsome diseases, the consequence of debauchery and vice. "Dishonest women," says Barnaby Rich, in his *English Hue and Crie*, "thrive so ill, that if they do not turne bawdes, when they be some foure or five and thirty yeeres of age, they must either be turned into some hospitall, or end the rest of their days in a *spittle*."

‡ Ramb. *You* brache!
*Are you turn'd* mankind?] i. e. are you become masculine? is your nature changed into that of a man? This is the common acceptation of the word, though, as Upton observes, it sometimes bears a stronger sense, and signifies violent, ferocious, wicked. It is singular, however, that not one of Upton's examples justifies his position, or means more than masculine, or mannish; he is, notwithstanding, correct in his assertion. Thus Chapman:

*Cor.* I will hear thee no more, I will take *no compassion* on thee.
"*Page.* Good signior Cornelio, be not too *mankind* against your wife."—*All Fools.*
And Hall:
"I ask't phisitians what their counsell was
For a mad dogge, or for a *mankind* asse."
*Brache* has been already explained.

* *I can but* ride.] i. e. I know the worst of my punishment; I can but be carted for a strumpet.

† *A light* lavolta.] See Great Duke of Florence, Act IV. sc. 2.

The commodity is the same. An Irish lord offer'd her
Five pound a week.
*Secret.* And a cashier'd captain, half
Of his entertainment.
*Ding.* And a new-made courtier,
The next suit he could beg*.
*Gold.* And did my sweet one
Refuse all this for me?
*Shave.* Weep not for joy;
'Tis true. Let others talk of lords and commanders,
And country heirs for their servants; but give me
My gallant prentice: he parts with his money
So civilly, and demurely, keeps no account
Of his expenses, and comes ever furnish'd.—
I know thou hast brought money to make up
My gown and petticoat, with the appurtenances.
*Gold.* I have it here, duck; thou shalt want for nothing.
*Shave.* Let the chamber be perfumed; and get you, sirrah,
His cap and pantofles ready.
*Gold.* There's for thee,
And thee: that for a banquet.
*Secret.* And a caudle
Again you rise.
*Gold.* There.
*Shave.* Usher us up in state.
*Gold.* You will be constant?
*Shave.* Thou art the whole world to me.
[*Exeunt Gold. and Shave. embracing, music playing before them.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Sir* John Frugal's *House.*

*Enter* LUKE.

*Anne.* [*within.*] Where is this uncle?
*L. Frug.* [*within.*] Call this beadsman-brother*;
He hath forgot attendance.
*Mary.* [*within.*] Seek him out;
Idleness spoils him.
*Luke.* I deserve much more
Than their scorn can load me with, and 'tis but justice
That I should live the family's drudge, design'd
To all the sordid offices their pride
Imposes on me; since, if now I sat
A judge in mine own cause, I should conclude
I am not worth their pity. Such as want
Discourse, and judgment, and through weakness fall,
May merit man's compassion; but I,
That knew profuseness of expense the parent
Of wretched poverty, her fatal daughter,
To riot out mine own, to live upon
The alms of others, steering on a rock
I might have shunn'd! Oh Heaven! it is not fit
I should look upward, much less hope for mercy.†

*Enter Lady* FRUGAL, ANNE, MARY, SUARGAZE, *and* MILLISCENT.

*L. Frug.* What are you devising, sir?
*Anne.* My uncle is much given
To his devotion.
*Mary.* And takes time to mumble
A paternoster to himself.
*L. Frug.* Know you where
Your brother is? it better would become you
(Your means of life depending wholly on him)
To give your attendance.
*Luke.* In my will I do:
But since he rode forth yesterday with lord Lacy,
I have not seen him.
*L. Frug.* And why went not you
By his stirrup? How! do you look! Were his eyes closed,
You'd be glad of such employment.
*Luke.* 'Twas his pleasure
I should wait your commands, and those I am ever
Most ready to receive.
*L. Frug.* I know you can speak well;
But say and do.

*Enter Lord Lacy.*

*Luke.* Here comes my Lord.
*L. Frug.* Further off:
You are no companion for him, and his business
Aims not at you, as I take it.
*Luke.* Can I live
In this base condition?
*L. Frug.* I hoped, my lord,
You had brought master Frugal with you; for I must ask
An account of him from you.
*L. Lacy.* I can give it, lady;
But with the best discretion of a woman,
And a strong fortified patience, I deisre you
To give it hearing.
*Luke.* My heart beats.
*L. Frug.* My lord, you much amaze me. [chant,
*L. Lacy.* I shall astonish you. The noble mer-
Who, living, was, for his integrity
And upright dealing (a rare miracle
In a rich citizen), London's best honour;
Is————I am loth to speak it.
*Luke.* Wonderous strange!
*L. Frug.* I do suppose the worst; not dead, I hope?
*L. Lacy.* Your supposition's true, your hopes are false;
He's dead.
*L. Frug.* Ah me!
*Anne.* My father!
*Mary.* My kind father!
*Luke.* Now they insult not.
*L. Lacy.* Pray hear me out.
He's dead; dead to the world and you, and now
Lives only to himself.
*Luke.* What riddle's this?
*L. Frug.* Act not the torturer in* my afflictions;
But make me understand the sum of all
That I must undergo.
*L. Lacy.* In few words take it:

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* *The next* suit *he could beg.*] *Omnia cum pretio!* Justice was extremely venal in this age:—but the allusion, perhaps, is to the crying grievance of the times, monopolies. A favourite, who could obtain a grant of these from the easy monarch, considered his fortune as established by the vast sums at which he disposed of them to rapacious adventurers, who oppressed the people without shame, and without pity.

† L. Frug. [within.] *Call this* beadsman-*brother*:] i. e. this poor dependent on our charity.

‡ This penitential speech of Luke is introduced with admirable artifice, at the period of his breaking forth in his true character; nor is the insolence of lady Frugal and her daughters less judiciously timed.

* L. Frug. *Act not the torturer in my afflictions;*] Mr. M. Mason reads, it is impossible to say why,
*Act not the torturer of my afflictions.*

He is retired into a monastery,
Where he resolves to end his days.
*Luke.* More strange.
*L. Lacy.* I saw him take post for Dover, and the wind
Sitting so fair, by this he's safe at Calais,
And ere long will be at Lovain.
*L. Frug.* Could I guess
What were the motives that induced him to it,
'Twere some allay to my sorrows.
*L. Lacy.* I'll instruct you,
And chide you into that knowledge; 'twas your pride
Above your rank, and stubborn disobedience
Of these your daughters, in their milk sucked from you:
At home the harshness of his entertainment,
You wilfully forgetting that your all
Was borrow'd from him; and to hear abroad
The imputations dispersed upon you,
And justly too, I fear, that drew him to
This strict retirement: and thus much said for him,
I am myself to accuse you.
*L. Frug.* I confess
A guilty cause to him, but in a thought,
My lord, I ne'er wrong'd you.
*L. Lacy.* In fact you have.
The insolent disgrace you put upon
My only son, and Plenty, men that loved
Your daughters in a noble way, to wash off
The scandal, put a resolution in them
For three years' travel.
*L. Frug.* I am much grieved for it.
*L. Lacy.* One thing I had forgot; your rigour to
His decay'd brother, in which your flatteries,
Or sorceries, made him a co-agent with you,
Wrought not the least impression.
*Luke.* Hum! this sounds well.
*L. Frug.* 'Tis now past help: after these storms, my lord,
A little calm, if you please.
*L. Lacy.* If what I have told you
Show'd like a storm, what now I must deliver
Will prove a raging tempest. His whole estate,
In lands and leases, debts and present monies,
With all the moveables he stood possess'd of,
With the best advice which he could get for gold
From his learned counsel, by this formal will
Is pass'd o'er to his brother.—[*Giving the will to Luke*].—With it take
The key of his counting-house. Not a groat left you,
Which you can call your own.
*L. Frug.* Undone for ever!
*Anne. Mary.* What will become of us?
*Luke.* Hum!
*L. Lacy.* The scene is changed,
And he that was your slave, by fate appointed
[*Lady Frugal, Mary, and Anne kneel.*
Your governor: you kneel to me in vain,
I cannot help you; I discharge the trust
Imposed upon me. This humility
From him may gain remission, and perhaps
Forgetfulness of your barbarous usage to him.
*L. Frug.* Am I come to this!
*L. Lacy.* Enjoy your own, good sir,
But use it with due reverence. I once heard you
Speak most divinely in the opposition
Of a revengeful humour; to these show it,
And such who then depended on the mercy
Of your brother, wholly now at your devotion,
And make good the opinion I held of you,
Of which I am most confident.
*Luke.* Pray you rise. [*Raises them.*
And rise with this assurance, I am still
As I was of late, your creature; and if raised
In any thing, 'tis in my power to serve you;
My will is still the same. O my good lord!
This heap of wealth which you possess me of,
Which to a worldly man had been a blessing,
And to the messenger might with justice challenge
A kind of adoration, is to me
A curse I cannot thank you for; and much less
Rejoice in that tranquillity of mind
My brother's vows must purchase. I have made
A dear exchange with him: he now enjoys
My peace and poverty, the trouble of
His wealth conferr'd on me, and that a burthen
Too heavy for my weak shoulders.
*L. Lacy.* Honest soul,
With what feeling he receives it!
*L. Frug.* You shall have
My best assistance, if you please to use it,
To help you to support it.
*Luke.* By no means:
The weight shall rather sink me, than you part
With one short minute from those lawful pleasures
Which you were born to, in your care to aid me:
You shall have all abundance. In my nature
I was ever liberal; my lord, you know it;
Kind, affable.—And now methinks I see
Before my face the jubilee of joy,
When 'tis assured my brother lives in me,
His debtors, in full cups crown'd to my health,
With pæans to my praise, will celebrate!
For they well know 'tis far from me to take
The forfeiture of a bond: nay, I shall blush,
The interest never paid after three years,
When I demand my principal: and his servants,
Who from a slavish fear paid their obedience,
By him exacted, now, when they are mine,
Will grow familiar friends, and as such use me;
Being certain of the mildness of my temper,
Which my change of fortune, frequent in most men,
Hath not the power to alter.
*L. Lacy.* Yet take heed, sir,
You ruin not, with too much lenity,
What his fit severity raised.
*L. Frug.* And we fall from
That height we have maintain'd.
*Luke.* I'll build it higher,
To admiration higher. With disdain
I look upon these habits, no way suiting
The wife and daughters of a knighted citizen
Bless'd with abundance.
*L. Lacy.* There, sir, I join with you;
A fit decorum must be kept, the court
Distinguish'd from the city.
*Luke.* With your favour,
I know what you would say; but give me leave
In this to be your advocate. You are wide,
Wide the whole region*, in what I purpose.

* ——— *You are wide,*
*Wide the whole region, in what I purpose.*] This is a most admirable stroke, and shows with what exquisite judgment Massinger discriminates his character. Lord Lacy had touched a discordant string, and the vanity of Luke, already raised to an inordinate pitch by his recent glimpse of wealth, is irritated and alarmed. The expression, *You are wide, wide the whole region*, is a Latinism, *toto cælo, tota regione oberras.*

Since all the titles, honours, long descents,
Borrow their gloss from wealth, the rich with reason
May challenge their prerogatives: and it shall be
My glory, nay a triumph, to revive,
In the pomp that these shall shine, the memory
Of the Roman matrons, who kept captive queens
To be their handmaids. And when you appear
Like Juno in full majesty, and my nieces
Like Iris, Hebe, or what deities else
Old poets fancy (your cramm'd wardrobes richer
Than various nature's), and draw down the envy
Of our western world upon you; only hold me
Your vigilant Hermes with aërial wings
(My caduceus, my strong zeal to serve you),
Prest* to fetch in all rarities may delight you,
And I am made immortal.

*L. Lacy.* A strange frenzy!

*Luke.* Off with these rags, and then to bed; there dream
Of future greatness, which, when you awake,
I'll make a certain truth: but I must be
A doer, not a promiser. The performance
Requiring haste, I kiss your hands, and leave you.
[*Exit.*

*L. Lacy.* Are we all turn'd statues? have his strange words charm'd us?
What muse you on, lady?

*L. Frug.* Do not trouble me.

*L. Lacy.* Sleep you too, young ones?

*Anne.* Swift-wing'd time, till now,
Was never tedious to me. Would 'twere night!

*Mary.* Nay, morning rather.

*L. Lacy.* Can you ground your faith
On such impossibilities? have you so soon
Forgot your good husband?

*L. Frug.* He was a vanity
I must no more remember.

*L. Lacy.* Excellent!
You, your kind father?

*Anne.* Such an uncle never
Was read of in story!

*L. Lacy.* Not one word in answer
Of my demands?

*Mary.* You are but a lord; and know,
My thoughts soar higher.

*L. Lacy.* Admirable! I'll leave you
To your castles in the air.—When I relate this
It will exceed belief, but he must know it. [*Exit.*

*Star.* Now I may boldly speak. May it please you, madam,
To look upon your vassal; I foresaw this,
The stars assured it.

*L. Frug.* I begin to feel
Myself another woman.

*Star.* Now you shall find
All my predictions true, and nobler matches
Prepared for my young ladies.

*Mill.* Princely husbands.

*Anne.* I'll go no less†.

*Mary.* Not a word more;
Provide my night-rail‡.

*Mill.* What shall we be to-morrow! [*Exeunt.*

* Prest *to fetch in*, &c.] i. e. ready, prepared, to fetch in. The word occurs so frequently in this sense, that it is unnecessary to produce any example of it.

† Anne. *I'll go no less.*] This is a gaming phrase, and means, I will not play for a smaller stake.

‡ *Provide my* night-rail,] "Enter Crowstitch with a *night-rail*. *Crow.* Pray madam does this belong to you or miss? O la! Mr. Semibrief here! *(folds up the* night-shift *hastily).*" *Love for Money.*

## SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter* LUKE.

*Luke.* 'Twas no fantastic object, but a truth,
A real truth; nor dream: I did not slumber,
And could wake ever with a brooding eye
To gaze upon't! it did endure the touch,
I saw and felt it! Yet what I beheld
And handled oft, did so transcend belief
(My wonder and astonishment pass'd o'er),
I faintly could give credit to my senses.
Thou dumb magician,—[*Taking out a key*].—that without a charm
Didst make my entrance easy, to possess
What wise men wish, and toil for! Hermes' moly,
Sibylla's golden bough, the great elixir,
Imagined only* by the alchymist,
Compared with thee are shadows—thou the substance,
And guardian of felicity! No marvel,
My brother made thy place of rest his bosom,
Thou being the keeper of his heart, a mistress
To be hugg'd ever! In by-corners of
This sacred room, silver in bags, heap'd up
Like billets saw'd and ready for the fire,
Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright gold
That flow'd about the room, conceal'd itself.
There needs no artificial light; the splendour
Makes a perpetual day there, night and darkness
By that still-burning lamp for ever banish'd!
But when, guided by that, my eyes had made
Discovery of the caskets, and they open'd,
Each sparkling diamond from itself shot forth
A pyramid of flames, and in the roof
Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the place
Heaven's abstract, or epitome!—rubies, sapphires,
And ropes of orient pearl, these seen, I could not
But look on with contempt†. And yet I found
What weak credulity could have no faith in,
A treasure far exceeding these: here lay
A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment,
The wax continuing hard, the acres melting;
Here a sure deed of gift for a market-town,
If not redeem'd this day, which is not in
The unthrift's power: there being scarce one shire
In Wales or England, where my monies are not
Lent out at usury, the certain hook

* *Imagined* only *by the alchymist*,] i. e. which *only* exists in the imagination of the alchymist.

† ——— *and made the place*
*Heaven's abstract, or epitome:—rubies, sapphires,*
*And ropes of orient pearl, these seen, I could not*
*But look on with contempt.*] For these most beautiful lines, which I have faithfully taken from the old copies, the modern editors give us,

——— *and made the place*
*Heaven's abstract, or epitome. Rubies, sapphires,*
*And ropes of* oriental *pearl; these seen, I could not*
*But look on* gold *with contempt!!*

These vile and senseless interpolations utterly subvert not only the metre, but the meaning of the passage: indeed it is evident that neither Coxeter nor Mr. M. Mason (I am loth to speak of Dodsley), understood a syllable of what they were mangling under the idea of reforming. The sense now is clear enough: the diamonds, which are described by one of the most magnificent figures to be found in all poetry, so ravished his sight, that he looked upon the other *precious stones*, rubies, sapphires, and pearls (not the *gold*, which he had already dismissed from his thoughts), with contempt. Errors of this nature are the more to be regretted, as they have induced many critics (and among them Dr. Ferriar*) to complain of a want of harmony in a speech rhythmical and melodious almost beyond example.

* See *The Essay on Massinger.*

To draw in more. I am sublimed! gross earth
Supports me not; I walk on air!—Who's there?

*Enter Lord* Lacy, *with Sir* John Frugal, *Sir* Maurice Lacy, *and* Plenty, *disguised as Indians.*

Thieves! raise the street! thieves!
*L. Lacy.* What strange passion's this!
Have you your eyes? do you know me?
*Luke.* You, my lord!
I do: but this retinue, in these shapes too,
May well excuse my fears. When 'tis your pleasure
That I should wait upon you, give me leave
To do it at your own house, for I must tell you,
Things as they now are with me well consider'd,
I do not like such visitants.
*L. Lacy.* Yesterday,
When you had nothing, praise your poverty for't,
You could have sung secure before a thief;
But now you are grown rich, doubts and suspicions,
And needless fears, possess you. Thank a good brother;
But let not this exalt you.
*Luke.* A good brother* !
Good in his conscience, I confess, and wise,
In giving o'er the world. But his estate,
Which your lordship may conceive great, no way answers
The general opinion: alas!
With a great charge, I am left a poor man by him.
*L. Lacy.* A poor man, say you?
*Luke.* Poor, compared with that
'Tis thought I do possess. Some little land,
Fair household furniture, a few good debts,
But empty bags, I find: yet I will be
A faithful steward to his wife and daughters;
And, to the utmost of my power, obey
His will in all things.
*L. Lacy.* I'll not argue with you
Of his estate, but bind you to performance
Of his last request, which is, for testimony
Of his religious charity, that you would
Receive these Indians, lately sent him from
Virginia, into your house; and labour
At any rate, with the best of your endeavours,
Assisted by the aids of our divines,
To make them Christians.
*Luke.* Call you this, my lord,
Religious charity; to send infidels,
Like hungry locusts, to devour the bread
Should feed his family? I neither can
Nor will consent to't.
*L. Lacy.* Do not slight it; 'tis
With him a business of such consequence,
That should he only hear 'tis not embraced,
And cheerfully, in this his conscience aiming
At the saving of three souls, 'twill draw him o'er
To see it himself accomplish'd.
*Luke.* Heaven forbid
I should divert him from his holy purpose
To worldly cares again! I rather will
Sustain the burthen, and with the converted
Feast the converters, who, I know, will prove
The greater feeders.
Sir John. *Oh, ha, enewah Chrish bully leika.*
Plenty. *Enaulo.*
Sir Maur. *Harrico botikia bonnery.*
*Luke.* Ha! in this heathen language,
How is it possible our doctors should
Hold conference with them, or I use the means
For their conversion?
*L. Lacy.* That shall be no hindrance
To your good purposes* : they have lived long
In the English colony, and speak our language
As their own dialect; the business does concern you:
Mine own designs command me hence. Continue,
As in your poverty you were, a pious
And honest man. [*Exit.*
*Luke.* That is, interpreted,
A slave and beggar.
*Sir John.* You conceive it right;
There being no religion, nor virtue,
But in abundance, and no vice but want.
All deities serve Plutus.
*Luke.* Oracle!
*Sir John.* Temples raised to ourselves in the increase
Of wealth and reputation, speak a wise man;
But sacrifice to an imagined Power,
Of which we have no sense but in belief,
A superstitious fool.
*Luke.* True worldly wisdom!
*Sir John.* All knowledge else is folly.
*Sir Maur.* Now we are yours,
Be confident your better angel is
Enter'd your house.
*Plenty.* There being nothing in
The compass of your wishes, but shall end
In their fruition to the full.
*Sir John.* As yet,
You do not know us; but when you understand
The wonders we can do, and what the ends were
That brought us hither, you will entertain us
With more respect.
*Luke.* There's something whispers to me
These are no common men;—my house is yours,
Enjoy it freely: only grant me this,
Not to be seen abroad till I have heard
More of your sacred principles. Pray enter.
You are learned Europeans, and we worse
Than ignorant Americans.
*Sir John.* You shall find it. [*Exeunt.*

* Luke. *A good brother!*
Good *in his conscience, I confess,* &c.] Luke alludes here to the mercantile sense of the word *good*, i. e. rich. In Lord Lacy's speech, there is an allusion to the well known verse:

*Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.*

* *To your* good *purposes* :] Mr. M. Mason omits *good*; and, what is of more importance, the *exit* at the conclusion of the speech.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in* Frugal's *House.*

*Enter* Ding'em, Gettall, *and* Holdfast.

*Ding.* Not speak with him! with fear survey me better,
Thou figure of famine!
*Gett.* Coming, as we do,
From his quondam patrons, his dear ingles now*,
The brave spark Tradewell,—
*Ding.* And the man of men
In the service of a woman, gallant Goldwire!

*Enter* Luke.

*Hold.* I know them for his prentices, without
These flourishes.—Here are rude fellows, sir.
*Ding.* Not yours, you rascal!
*Hold.* No, don pimp; you may seek them
In Bridewell, or the hole; here are none of your comrogues†.
*Luke.* One of them looks as he would cut my throat:
Your business, friends?
*Hold.* I'll fetch a constable;
Let him answer him in the stocks.
*Ding.* Stir an thou dar'st:
Fright me with Bridewell and the stocks! they are fleabitings
I am familiar with. [*Draws.*
*Luke.* Pray you put up;
And, sirrah, hold your peace.
*Ding.* Thy word's a law,
And I obey. Live, scrape-shoe, and be thankful.
Thou man of muck and money, for as such
I now salute thee, the suburbian gamesters
Have heard thy fortunes, and I am in person
Sent to congratulate.
*Gett.* The news hath reach'd
The ordinaries, and all the gamesters are
Ambitious to shake the golden golls‡
Of worshipful master Luke. I come from Tradewell,
Your fine facetious factor.
*Ding.* I from Goldwire;
He and his Helen have prepared a banquet,
With the appurtenances, to entertain thee;
For I must whisper in thine ear, thou art
To be her Paris: but bring money with thee
To quit old scores.
*Gett.* Blind chance hath frown'd upon
Brave Tradewell: he's blown up, but not without
Hope of recovery, so you supply him
With a good round sum. In my house, I can assure you,
There's half a million stirring.
*Luke.* What hath he lost?
*Gett.* Three hundred.
*Luke.* A trifle.
*Gett.* Make it up a thousand,
And I will fit him with such tools as shall
Bring in a myriad
*Luke.* They know me well,
Nor need you use such circumstances for them:
What's mine is theirs. They are my friends, not servants,
But in their care to enrich me; and these courses
The speeding means. Your name, I pray you?
*Gett.* Gettall.
I have been many years an ordinary-keeper,
My box my poor revenue.
*Luke.* Your name suits well
With your profession. Bid him bear up, he shall not
Sit long on Penniless-Bench.
*Gett.* There spake an angel.
*Luke.* You know mistress Shave'em?
*Gett.* The pontifical punk?
*Luke.* The same. Let him meet me there some two hours hence:
And Tell Tom Goldwire I will then be with him
Furnish'd beyond his hopes; and let your mistress
Appear in her best trim.
*Ding.* She will make thee young,
Old Æson: she is ever furnish'd with
Medæa's drugs, restoratives. I fly
To keep them sober till thy worship come;
They will be drunk with joy else.
*Gett.* I'll run with you.
[*Exeunt Ding'em and Gettall.*
*Hold.* You will not do as you say, I hope?
*Luke.* Enquire not;
I shall do what becomes me.—[*Knocking within.*]—To the door. [*Exit Holdfast.*
New visitants!

*Re-enter* Holdfast.

What are they?
*Hold.* A whole batch, sir,
Almost of the same leaven: your needy debtors,
Penury, Fortune, Hoyst.
*Luke.* They come to congratulate
The fortune fallen upon me.
*Hold.* Rather, sir,
Like the others, to prey on you.
*Luke.* I am simple; they
Know my good nature: but let them in, however.
*Hold.* All will come to ruin! I see beggary
Already knocking at the door.—You may enter—
[*Speaking to those without.*
But use a conscience, and do not work upon
A tender-hearted gentleman too much;
'Twill show like charity in you.

*Enter* Fortune, Penury, *and* Hoyst.

*Luke.* Welcome, friends:
I know your hearts, and wishes; you are glad
You have changed your creditor.

---

* ——— *his dear* ingles *now,*] i. e. his bosom friends, his associates; *enghle,* which the commentators sometimes confound with this word, differs from it altogether, both in its derivation and its meaning.

† *Here are none of your* comrogues:] This is absurdly changed in the modern editions into *comrades,* a very superfluous word after *fellows.*

‡ ——— *the golden* golls, &c.] *Golls* is a cant word for hands, or rather fists: it occurs continually in our old poets. Thus Decker: "Hold up thy hands; I have seen the day when thou didst not scorn to hold up thy *golls.*" *Satiromastix.*

"Bid her tie up her head, and wish her
To wash her *hands* in bran or flower,
And do you in like manner scour
Your dirty *golls.*" Cotton's *Virgil,* B. IV.

*Pen.* I weep for joy
To look upon his worship's face.
*For.* His worship's!
I see lord mayor written on his forehead;
The cap of maintenance, and city sword,
Borne up in state before him.
*Hoyst.* Hospitals,
And a third Burse, erected by his honour.
*Pen.* The city poet on the pageant day
Preferring him before Gresham.
*Hoyst.* All the conduits
Spouting canary sack.
*For.* Not a prisoner left,
Under ten pounds.
*Pen.* We, his poor beadsmen, feasting
Our neighbours on his bounty.
*Luke.* May I make good
Your prophecies, gentle friends, as I'll endeavour
To the utmost of my power!
*Hold.* Yes, for one year,
And break the next.
*Luke.* You are ever prating, sirrah.
Your present business, friends?
*For.* Were your brother present,
Mine had been of some consequence; but now
The power lies in your worship's hand, 'tis little,
And will, I know, as soon as ask'd, be granted.
*Luke.* 'Tis very probable.
*For.* The kind forbearance
Of my great debt, by your means, Heaven be prais'd for't!
Hath raised my sunk estate. I have two ships,
Which I long since gave for lost, above my hopes
Return'd from Barbary, and richly freighted.
*Luke.* Where are they?
*For.* Near Gravesend.
*Luke.* I am truly glad of it.
*For.* I find your worship's charity, and dare swear so.
Now may I have your license, as I know
With willingness I shall, to make the best
Of the commodities, though you have execution,
And after judgment, against all that's mine,
As my poor body, I shall be enabled
To make payment of my debts to all the world,
And leave myself a competence.
*Luke.* You much wrong me,
If you only doubt it. Yours, Mr. Hoyst?
*Hoyst.* 'Tis the surrendering back the mortgage of
My lands, and on good terms, but three days patience;
By an uncle's death I have means left to redeem it,
And cancel all the forfeited bonds I seal'd to,
In my riots, to the merchant; for I am
Resolved to leave off play, and turn good husband.
*Luke.* A good intent, and to be cherish'd in you.
Yours, Penury?
*Pen.* My state stands as it did, sir:
What I owed I owe, but can pay nothing to you.
Yet, if you please to trust me with ten pounds more,
I can buy a commodity of a sailor
Will make me a freeman. There, sir, is his name;
And the parcels I am to deal for.
[*Gives him a paper.*
*Luke.* You are all so reasonable
In your demands, that I must freely grant them.
Some three hours hence meet me on the Exchange,
You shall be amply satisfied.
*Pen.* Heaven preserve you!
*For.* Happy were London, if within her walls
She had many such rich men!
*Luke.* No more; now leave me;
I am full of various thoughts.—[*Exeunt Fortune, Hoyst, and Penury.*]—Be careful, Holdfast:
I have much to do.
*Hold.* And I something to say
Would you give me hearing.
*Luke.* At my better leisure.
Till my return look well unto the Indians;
In the mean time do you as this directs you.
[*Gives him a paper.* *Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*A Room in* Shave'em's *House.*

*Enter* Goldwire *junior*, Tradewell *junior*, Shave'em, Secret, Gettall, *and* Ding'em.

*Gold. All that is mine is theirs.* Those were his words?
*Ding.* I am authentical.
*Trade.* And that *I should not*
*Sit long on Penniless-Bench?*
*Gett.* But suddenly start up
A gamester at the height, and cry, *At all!*
*Shave.* And did he seem to have an inclination
To toy with me?
*Ding.* He wish'd you would put on
Your best habiliments, for he resolved
To make a jovial day on't.
*Gold.* Hug him close, wench,
And thou may'st eat gold and amber. I well know him
For a most insatiate drabber; he hath given,
Before he spent his own estate, which was
Nothing to the huge mass he's now possess'd of,
A hundred pound a leap.
*Shave.* Hell take my doctor!
He should have brought me some fresh oil of talc;
These ceruses are common*.
*Secret.* 'Troth, sweet lady,
The colours are well laid on.
*Gold.* And thick enough,
I find that on my lips.
*Shave.* Do you so, Jack Sauce!
I'll keep them further off.
*Gold.* But be assured first
Of a new maintainer ere you cashier the old one.
But bind him fast by thy sorceries, and thou shalt
Be my revenue; the whole college study
The reparation of thy ruin'd face;
Thou shalt have thy proper and bald-headed coachman;
Thy tailor and embroiderer shall kneel
To thee, their idol: Cheapside and the Exchange
Shall court thy custom, and thou shalt forget

* *He should have brought me some fresh* oil of talc; *These* ceruses *are common.*] *Talc* is a fossil easily divisible into thin laminæ. From its smoothness, unctuosity, and brightness, it has been greatly celebrated as a *cosmetic*, and the chymists have submitted it to a variety of operations for procuring from it *oils*, salts, tinctures, magisteries, &c., for that purpose: but all their labours have been in vain, and all the preparations sold under the name of *oil of talc*, &c., have either contained nothing of that mineral, or only a fine powder of it. To this information, which I owe to the Encyclopædia Britannica, I have only to add, that a deleterious composition, under this name, was sold by the quacks of Massinger's time, as a wash for the complexion, and is mentioned by all his contemporaries *Ceruse*, I fear, is yet in use.

There e'er was a St. Martin's*: thy procurer
Shall be sheath'd in velvet, and a reverend veil
Pass her for a grave matron. Have an eye to the door,
And let loud music, when this monarch enters,
Proclaim his entertainment.
*Ding.* That's my office. [*Flourish of cornets within.*
The consort's ready.
*Enter* Luke.
*Trade.* And the god of pleasure,
Master Luke, our Comus, enters.
*Gold.* Set your face in order,
I will prepare him.—Live I to see this day,
And to acknowledge you my royal master?
*Trade.* Let the iron chests fly open, and the gold,
Rusty for want of use, appear again!
*Gett.* Make my ordinary flourish!
*Shave.* Welcome, sir,
To your own palace! [*The music plays.*
*Gold.* Kiss your Cleopatra,
And show yourself, in your magnificent bounties,
A second Antony!
*Ding.* All the nine worthies!
*Secret.* Variety of pleasures wait upon you,
And a strong back!
*Luke.* Give me leave to breathe, I pray you.
I am astonished! all this preparation
For me? and this choice modest beauty wrought
To feed my appetite?
*All.* We are all your creatures.
*Luke.* A house well furnish'd!
*Gold.* At your own cost, sir,
Glad I the instrument. I prophesied
You should possess what now you do, and therefore
Prepared it for your pleasure. There's no rag
This Venus wears, but, on my knowledge, was
Derived from your brother's cash; the lease of the house,
And furniture, cost near a thousand, sir.
*Shave.* But now you are master both of it and me,
I hope you'll build elsewhere.
*Luke.* And see you placed,
Fair one, to your desert. As I live, friend Tradewell,
I hardly knew you, your clothes so well become you.
What is your loss? speak truth.
*Trade.* Three hundred, sir.
*Gett.* But on a new supply he shall recover
The sum told twenty times o'er.
*Shave.* There's a banquet,
And after that a soft couch, that attends you.
*Luke.* I couple not in the daylight. Expectation
Heightens the pleasure of the night, my sweet one!
Your music's harsh, discharge it; I have provided
A better consort, and you shall frolic it
In another place. [*The music ceases.*
Gold. *But have you brought gold, and store, sir†?*
*Trade.* I long to wear the caster‡.

*Gold.* I to appear
In a fresh habit.
*Shave.* My mercer and my silkman
Waited me two hours since.
*Luke.* I am no porter
To carry so much gold as will supply
Your vast desires, but I have ta'en order for you:
*Enter* Sheriff, Marshal, *and Officers.*
You shall have what is fitting, and they come here
Will see it perform'd.—Do your offices: you have
My lord chief-justice's warrant for't.
*Sher.* Seize them all.
*Shave.* The city marshal!
*Gold.* And the sheriff! I know him.
*Secret.* We are betrayed.
*Ding.* Undone.
*Gett.* Dear master Luke.
*Gold.* You cannot be so cruel; your persuasion
Chid us into these courses, oft repeating,
*Show yourselves city-sparks, and hang up money!*
*Luke.* True; when it was my brother's, I contemn'd it;
But now it is mine own, the case is altered.
*Trade.* Will you prove yourself a devil? tempt us to mischief,
And then discover it!
*Luke.* Argue that hereafter;
In the meantime, Master Goldwire, you that made
Your ten-pound suppers; kept your punks at livery
In Brentford, Staines, and Barnet, and this, in London;
Held correspondence with your fellow-cashiers,
*Ka me, ka thee!* and knew in your accompts
To cheat my brother, if you can, evade me.
If there be law in London, your father's bonds
Shall answer for what you are out.

---

* ——*Thou shalt forget*
*There e'er was a St. Martin's:*] The parish of St. Martin appears from the old histories of London, to have been distinguished, successively, for a sanctuary, a bridewell, a spittle, and an alms-house. Which of them was to be driven from the mind of mistress Shave'em, by the full tide of prosperity which is here anticipated, must be left to the sagacity of the reader.

† Gold. *But have you brought gold, and store, sir?*] This, as I have already observed, is a line of an old ballad.

‡ Trade. *I long to wear the* caster.] Tradewell is anxious for a supply of money, to return to the ordinary or gambling-house. For *caster* Mr. M. Mason chooses to read *castor:* he then observes on his own sophistication, "alluding to the throwers of dice at hazard, *and* to the cloth made of the beaver's hair." The last supposition is unlikely, the former is probably right. The difficulty, however, is not in the word *caster*, but *wear*. Whether *wear the caster*, signified in the language of gaming, to *tire the caster*, or had any other meaning more appropriate to the profession, I know not; but am willing to suppose so, in preference to tampering with the text. 1805.

I have suffered this note, which I trust is sufficiently modest, to remain as a memento to those who, like myself, may have to treat of technical terms, in an art to which they are strangers. While I was gravely labouring to reason on a printer's blunder, and to explain a text which, if correct, I should not have understood, a reference to the *Monthly Mirror* set all right in an instant.

"Ware the caster!" (for so it should be and not *wear*). "When the setter supposes himself to possess more money than the caster, it is usual for him, on putting his stake into the ring, to cry *Ware caster!* the caster then declares *at all* under such a sum, ten, twenty, or fifty pounds, for instance; or else to place against the stakes of certain setters, the corresponding sums, and cry, *Ware* cover'd only!" This explanation undoubtedly adds greatly to the force and humour of this character. "The ambitious Tradewell expects by the assistance of Luke, to be lord-paramount of the gaming-table: as caster to be *at all!* and as setter, *to ware the caster!*"

Mr. M. Mason's observation on caster, led me to observe that this was also a cant term for a *Plymouth cloak*, i. e. a *staff*, which I mention, because it gives me an opportunity of adding the following lively and pleasing passage, from Shirley, which the reader may, if he pleases, add to what has been already advanced on this term,

"———— a *reed*
But waved discreetly, has so many pores,
It sucks up all the rain that falls about one.
With this defence, when other men have been
Wet to the skin through all their cloaks, I have
Defied a tempest, and walked by the taverns
Dry as a bone."—*Lady of Pleasure.* Act. IV.

*Gold.* You often told us
It was a bugbear.
*Luke.* Such a one as shall fright them
Out of their estates, to make me satisfaction
To the utmost scruple. And for you, madam,
My Cleopatra, by your own confession,
Your house, and all your moveables, are mine;
Nor shall you nor your matron need to trouble
Your mercer, or your silkman; a blue gown,
And a whip to boot, as I will handle it,
Will serve the turn in Bridewell; and these soft hands,
When they are inured to beating hemp, be scour'd
In your penitent tears, and quite forget their powders
And bitter almonds.
*Shave. Secret. Ding.* Will you show no mercy?
*Luke.* I am inexorable.
*Gett.* I'll make bold
To take my leave; the gamesters stay my coming.
*Luke.* We must not part so, gentle master Gettall.
Your box, your certain income, must pay back
Three hundred, as I take it, or you lie by it.
There's half a million stirring in your house,
This a poor trifle.—Master Shrieve and master Marshal,
On your perils do your offices.
*Gold.* Dost thou cry now [*To Tradewell.*
Like a maudlin gamester after loss? I'll suffer
Like a boman†, and now in my misery,
In scorn of all thy wealth, to thy teeth tell thee
Thou wert my pander.
*Luke.* Shall I hear this from
My prentice?
*Mar.* Stop his mouth.
*Sher.* Away with them.

[*Exeunt Sheriff, Marshal, and Officers, with Gold. Trade. Shave. Secret. Gett. and Ding.*

*Luke.* A prosperous omen in my entrance to
My alter'd nature; these house-thieves remov'd,
And what was lost, beyond my hopes recover'd,
Will add unto my heap: increase of wealth
Is the rich man's ambition, and mine
Shall know no bounds. The valiant Macedon
Having in his conceit subdued one world,
Lamented that there were no more to conquer:
In my way, he shall be my great example.
And when my private house, in cramm'd abundance,
Shall prove the chamber of the city poor,
And Genoa's bankers shall look pale with envy
When I am mentioned, I shall grieve there is
No more to be exhausted in one kingdom.
Religion, conscience, charity, farewell!
To me you are words only, and no more;
All human happiness consists in store. [*Exit.*

---

* ——— *I'll suffer*
*Like* a boman,] "A *boman*, in the language of Alsatia" (White Friars, of fraudulent debtors, gamblers, thieves), "means a gallant fellow." M. Mason.—It does so; but I doubt whether this was the author's word. Goldwire is not a gambler, nor does he affect the cant of one. *Boman*, in the quarto, is given with the capital letter, and is not improbably a misprint for *Roman*. To die or to suffer like a *Roman*, occurs perpetually in our old plays, and, generally, in a kind of mock-heroic. Thus Lazarillo, in *The Woman-Hater*, "I will die bravely, *and like a Roman!*"

## SCENE III.—*A Street.*

*Enter* Serjeants *with* Fortune, Hoyst, *and* Penury.

*For.* At master Luke's suit*! the action twenty thousand!
1 *Serj.* With two or three executions, which shall grind you
To powder when we have you in the counter.
*For.* Thou dost belie him, varlet! he, good gentleman,
Will weep when he hears how we are used.
1 *Serj.* Yes, millstones.
*Pen.* He promised to lend me ten pound for a bargain,
He will not do it this way.
2 *Serj.* I have warrant
For what I have done. You are a poor fellow,
And there being little to be got by you,
In charity, as I am an officer,
I would not have seen you, but upon compulsion,
And for mine own security.
3 *Serj.* You are a gallant,
And I'll do you a courtesy, provided
That you have money: for a piece an hour,
I'll keep you in the house till you send for bail.
2 *Serj.* In the mean time, yeoman, run to the other counter†,
And search if there be aught else out against him.
3 *Serj.* That done, haste to his creditors: he's a prize,
And as we are city pirates by our oaths,
We must make the best on't.
*Hoyst.* Do your worst, I care not.
I'll be removed to the Fleet, and drink and drab there
In spite of your teeth. I now repent I ever
Intended to be honest.

*Enter* Luke.

3. *Serj.* Here he comes
You had best tell so‡.
*For.* Worshipful sir,
You come in time to free us from these bandogs.
I know you gave no way to't.
*Pen.* Or if you did,
'Twas but to try our patience.
*Hoy.* I must tell you
I do not like such trials.
*Luke.* Are you serjeants
Acquainted with the danger of a rescue,
Yet stand here prating in the street? the counter
Is a safer place to parley in.
*For.* Are you in earnest?

---

* *At master Luke's suit! The action twenty thousand!*" The old copy reads, *At* M. *Luke's suit!* &c., which I only notice for the sake of observing that our old writers assumed to themselves the privilege of abridging the word *master*, and pronouncing only the initial letter of it (em), as in the line before us. Of this there are too many instances in this single play to admit a doubt; since without some license of this sort, many lines could not be spoken as verse.

† 2 Serj. *In the mean time, yeoman, run to the other counter*, &c.] Fielding has closely followed Massinger in his *Amelia*; indeed, he has done little more than copied him, or rather perhaps nature, which each of them had in view. The dialogue before us might have been written yesterday.

‡ 3 Serj. *Here he comes*
*You had best tell so.*] Mr. M. Mason reads,
*Here he comes;*
*You had best* him *tell so.*
His false pointing made his barbarous interpolation necessary: the old copy is evidently right.

*Luke.* Yes, faith; I will be satisfied to a token*,
Or, build upon't, you rot there.
*For.* Can a gentleman
Of your soft and silken temper speak such language?
*Pen.* So honest, so religious?
*Hoy.* That preached
So much of charity for us to your brother?
*Luke.* Yes, when I was in poverty it showed well;
But I inherit with his state, his mind,
And rougher nature. I grant then I talked,
For some ends to myself concealed, of pity,
The poor man's orisons, and such like nothings:
But what I thought you shall all feel, and with rigour;
Kind master Luke says it. Who pays for your attendance?
Do you wait gratis?
*For.* Hear us speak.
*Luke.* While I,
Like the adder, stop mine ears: or did I listen,
Though you spake with the tongues of angels to me,
I am not to be altered.
*For.* Let me make the best
Of my ships, and their freight.
*Pen.* Lend me the ten pounds you promised.
*Hoy.* A day or two's patience to redeem my mortgage,
And you shall be satisfied.
*For.* To the utmost farthing.
*Luke.* I'll show some mercy; which is, that I will not
Torture you with false hopes, but make you know
What you shall trust to. Your ships to my use
Are seized on. I have got into my hands
Your bargain from the sailor, 'twas a good one
For such a petty sum. I will likewise take
The extremity of your mortgage, and the forfeit
Of your several bonds; the use and principal
Shall not serve. Think of the basket, wretches,
And a coal-sack for a winding-sheet.
*For.* Broker!
*Hoy.* Jew!
*For.* Impostor!
*Hoy.* Cut-throat!
*For.* Hypocrite!
*Luke.* Do, rail on;
Move mountains with your breath, it shakes not me.
*Pen.* On my knees I beg compassion. My wife and children
Shall hourly pray for your worship.
*For.* Mine betake thee
To the devil, thy tutor*.
*Pen.* Look upon my tears.
*Hoy.* My rage.
*For.* My wrongs.
*Luke.* They are all alike to me;
Entreaties, curses, prayers, or imprecations.
Do your duties, serjeants, I am elsewhere look'd for. [*Exit.*
3 *Serj.* This your kind creditor!
2 *Serj.* A vast villain, rather.
*Pen.* See, see, the serjeants pity us! yet he's marble.
*Hoy.* Buried alive!
*For.* There's no means to avoid it. [*Exeunt.*

* Luke. *Yes, faith, I will be satisfied to a* token,] i. e. to a farthing.
† For. *Mine* betake thee *To the devil, thy tutor.*] That is, says Mr. Davies, "may the earth open to swallow thee up, or mayst thou be *undermined*"! Why, this "is the best fooling of all." To *betake* is to recommend, to consign, to give over: My wife and children, says Penury, shall pray for you. *Mine* (i. e. my wife and children), adds Fortune, shall consign you to the devil, your tutor.

## SCENE IV.—*A Room in Sir* John Frugal's *House.*

*Enter* HOLDFAST, STARGAZE, *and* MILLISCENT.

*Star.* Not wait upon my lady?
*Hold.* Nor come at her;
You find it not in your almanack.
*Mill.* Nor I have license
To bring her breakfast?
*Hold.* My new master hath
Decreed this for a fasting-day. She hath feasted long,
And after a carnival Lent ever follows.
*Mill.* Give me the key of her wardrobe. You'll repent this;
I must know what gown she'll wear.
*Hold.* You are mistaken,
Dame president of the sweetmeats; she and her daughters
Are turn'd philosophers, and must carry all
Their wealth about them: they have clothes laid in their chamber,
If they please to put them on, and without help too,
Or they may walk naked. You look, master Stargaze,
As you had seen a strange comet, and had now foretold
The end of the world, and on what day: and you,
As the wasps had broke into the gallipots,
And eaten up your apricots.
*L. Frug.* [*within.*] Stargaze! Milliscent!
*Mill.* My lady's voice.
*Hold.* Stir not, you are confined here.
Your ladyship may approach them if you please,
But they are bound in this circle.
*L. Frug.* [*within*] Mine own bees
Rebel against me*! When my kind brother knows this,
I will be so revenged!
*Hold.* The world's well alter'd.
He's your kind brother now; but yesterday
Your slave and jesting-stock.

*Enter Lady* FRUGAL, ANNE, *and* MARY, *in coarse habits, weeping.*

*Mill.* What witch hath transform'd you?
*Star.* Is this the glorious shape your cheating brother
Promised you should appear in?
*Mill.* My young ladies
In buffin gowns, and green aprons! tear them off;
Rather show all than be seen thus.
*Hold.* 'Tis more comely,
I wis, than their other whim-whams.

* L. Frug. *Mine own* bees *Rebel against me,*] This is a strange expression; but it is probably right: the lady seems still to consider herself as the *queen* of the hive.

*Mill.* A French hood too,
Now 'tis out of fashion! a fool's cap would show better.
*L. Frug.* We are fool'd indeed: by whose command are we used this?

*Enter* Luke.

*Hold.* Here he comes that can best resolve you.
*L. Frug.* O, good brother!
Do you thus preserve your protestation to me?
Can queens envy this habit? or did Juno
E'er feast in such a shape?
*Anne.* You talk'd of Hebe.
Of Iris, and I know not what; but were they
Dress'd as we are? they were sure some chandlers' daughters
Bleaching linen in Moorfields.
*Mary.* Or exchange wenches,
Coming from eating pudding-pies on a Sunday
At Pimlico, or Islington.
*Luke.* Save you, sister!
I now dare style you so: you were before
Too glorious to be look'd on, now you appear
Like a city matron, and my pretty nieces
Such things as were born and bred there. Why should you ape
The fashions of court-ladies, whose high titles,
And pedigrees of long descent, give warrant
For their superfluous bravery? 'twas monstrous:
'Till now you ne'er look'd lovely.
*L. Frug.* Is this spoken
In scorn?
*Luke.* Fie! no; with judgment. I make good
My promise, and now show you like yourselves,
In your own natural shapes, and stand resolved
You shall continue so.
*L. Frug.* It is confess'd, sir.*
*Luke* Sir! sirrah: use your old phrase, I can bear it.
*L. Frug.* That, if you please, forgotten, we acknowledge
We have deserved ill from you, yet despair not,
Though we are at your disposure, you'll maintain us
Like your brother's wife and daughters.
*Luke.* 'Tis my purpose.
*L. Frug.* And not make us ridiculous.
*Luke.* Admired rather,
As fair examples for our proud city dames,
And their proud brood to imitate. Do not frown;
If you do, I laugh, and glory that I have
The power, in you, to scourge a general vice,
And rise up a new satirist: but hear gently,
And in a gentle phrase I'll reprehend
Your late disguised deformity, and cry up
This decency and neatness, with the advantage
You shall receive by't.
*L. Frug.* We are bound to hear you.
*Luke.* With a soul inclined to learn. Your father was
An honest country farmer, goodman Humble,
By his neighbours ne'er call'd Master. Did your pride
Descend from him? but let that pass: your fortune,
Or rather your husband's industry, advanced you
To the rank of a merchant's wife. He made a knight,
And your sweet mistress-ship ladyfied, you wore
Satin on solemn days, a chain of gold,
A velvet hood, rich borders, and sometimes
A dainty miniver cap*, a silver pin
Headed with a pearl worth three-pence, and thus far
You were privileged, and no man envied it;
It being for the city's honour that
There should be a distinction between
The wife of a patrician, and plebeian.
*Mill.* Pray you, leave preaching, or choose some other text;
Your rhetoric is too moving, for it makes
Your auditory weep.
*Luke.* Peace, chattering magpie!
I'll treat of you anon; but when the height
And dignity of London's blessings grew
Contemptible, and the name lady mayoress
Became a by-word, and you scorn'd the means
By which you were raised, my brother's fond indulgence
Giving the reins to it; and no object pleased you
But the glittering pomp and bravery of the court;
What a strange, nay monstrous, metamorphosis followed!
No English workman then could please your fancy,
The French and Tuscan dress your whole discourse;
This bawd to prodigality, entertain'd
To buzz into your ears what shape this countess
Appear'd in the last mask, and how it drew
The young lords' eyes upon her; and this usher
Succeeded in the eldest prentice' place
To walk before you——
*L. Frug.* Pray you end.
*Hold.* Proceed, sir;
I could fast almost a prenticeship to hear you,
You touch them so to the quick.
*Luke.* Then, as I said,
The reverend hood cast off, your borrow'd hair,
Powder'd and curl'd, was by your dresser's art
Form'd like a coronet, hang'd with diamonds,
And the richest orient pearl; your carcanets
That did adorn your neck, of equal value†:
Your Hungerford bands, and Spanish quellio ruffs;
Great lords and ladies feasted to survey
Embroider'd petticoats; and sickness feign'd
That your night-rails of forty pounds a piece
Might be seen with envy of the visitants;
Rich pantofles in ostentation shown,

* L. Frug. *It is confess'd, sir.*] A speech of Luke's appears to be lost here, for in that to which this forms the reply, no accusation of Lady Frugal is brought forward; nor does it at all appear, what she so meekly admits.

* *A dainty* miniver *cap,*] *Miniver*, as I learn from Cotgrave, is the fur of the ermine mixed with that of the small weasel *(menu vair)*, called gris or gray. In the days of our author, and indeed, long before, the use of furs was almost universal. The nobility had them of ermine and sable, the wealthy merchants, of vair and gray (the *dainty miniver* of Luke), and the lower order of people of such home materials as were easiest supplied, squirrel, lamb, and above all, rabbit's skins. For this last article the demand was anciently so great, that innumerable rabbit warrens were established in the vicinity of the metropolis.

† ——*your carcanets,*
*That did adorn your necks, of equal value:*]——with what he had mentioned before. I should not have noticed this, had not Mr. M. Mason, to spoil the sense of a plain passage, read, *with* equal value. *Quellio* (a corruption of *cuello*); *ruffs*, are ruffs for the *neck*. Luke furnishes the most complete picture of the dress, manners, &c., of the different classes of citizens' wives, at that time, that is to be found on the ancient stage.

And roses worth a family*; you were served in plate,
Stirr'd not a foot without your coach, and going
To church, not for devotion, but to show
Your pomp, you were tickled when the beggars cried,
Heaven save your honour! this idolatry
Paid to a painted room.
*Hold.* Nay, you have reason
To blubber, all of you.
*Luke.* And when you lay
In childbed, at the christening of this minx,
I well remember it, as you had been
An absolute princess, since they have no more,
Three several chambers hung, the first with arras,
And that for waiters; the second crimson satin,
For the meaner sort of guests; the third of scarlet
Of the rich Tyrian dye; a canopy
To cover the brat's cradle; you in state
Like Pompey's Julia.
*L. Frug.* No more, I pray you.
*Luke.* Of this, be sure, you shall not. I'll cut off
Whatever is exorbitant in you,
Or in [your] daughters, and reduce you to
Your natural forms and habits; not in revenge
Of your base usage of me, but to fright
Others by your example: 'tis decreed
You shall serve one another, for I will
Allow no waiter to you. Out of doors
With these useless drones!
*Hold.* Will you pack?
*Mill.* Not till I have
My trunks along with me.
*Luke.* Not a rag; you came
Hither without a box.
*Star.* You'll show to me
I hope, sir, more compassion.
*Hold.* Troth I'll be
Thus far a suitor for him: he hath printed
An almanack for this year at his own charge;
Let him have the impression with him, to set up with.
*Luke.* For once I'll be entreated; let it be
Thrown to him out of the window.
*Star.* O cursed stars
That reigned at my nativity! how have you cheated
Your poor observer!
*Anne.* Must we part in tears?
*Mary.* Farewell, good Milliscent!
*L. Frug.* I am sick, and meet with
A rough physician. O my pride and scorn!
How justly am I punish'd!
*Mary.* Now we suffer
For our stubbornness and disobedience
To our good father.
*Anne.* And the base conditions
We imposed upon our suitors.
*Luke.* Get you in,
And catterwaul in a corner.
*L. Frug.* There's no contending.
[*L. Frugal, Anne, and Mary, go off at one door, Stargaze and Milliscent at the other.*
*Luke.* How
Lik'st thou my carriage, Holdfast?
*Hold.* Well in some part,
But it relishes, I know not how, a little
Of too much tyranny.
*Luke.* Thou art a fool:
He's cruel to himself, that dares not be
Severe to those that used him cruelly. [*Exeunt*

* *And roses worth a family:*] I have already said that these *roses* (knots of ribands) were enormously large; and it appears from Stow (who, as Mr. Gilchrist justly observes, is frequently the best commentator on Massinger) that they were extremely dear. "Concerning *shoe-roses* either of silke or what stuffe soever, they were not then (in the reign of queen Elisabeth) used nor known; nor was there any *garters* above the price of five shillings a payre, altho at this day (James I.) men of meane rank weare *garters* and *shoe-roses* of more than five pounds price." P. 1039 fol. 1631.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Sir* John Frugal's *House.*

*Enter* Luke, *Sir* John Frugal, *Sir* Maurice Lacy, *and* Plenty.

*Luke.* You care not then, as it seems, to be converted
To our religion?
*Sir John.* We know no such word,
Nor power but the devil, and him we serve for fear,
Not love.
*Luke.* I am glad that charge is saved.
*Sir John.* We put
That trick upon your brother, to have means
To come to the city. Now to you we'll discover
The close design that brought us, with assurance,
If you lend your aids to furnish us with that
Which in the colony was not to be purchased,
No merchant ever made such a return
For his most precious venture, as you shall
Receive from us; far, far above your hopes,
Or fancy, to imagine.
*Luke.* It must be
Some strange commodity, and of a dear value,
(Such an opinion is planted in me
You will deal fairly), that I would not hazard:
Give me the name of it.
*Sir Maur.* I fear you will make
Some scruple in your conscience to grant it.
*Luke.* Conscience! no, no; so it may be done with safety,
And without danger of the law.
*Plenty.* For that
You shall sleep securely: nor shall it diminish,
But add unto your heap such an increase,
As what you now possess shall appear an atom,
To the mountain it brings with it.

*Luke.* Do not rack me
With expectation.
*Sir John.* Thus then in a word:
The devil—why start you at his name? if you
Desire to wallow in wealth and worldly honours,
You must make haste to be familiar with him,—
This devil, whose priest I am, and by him made
A deep magician (for I can do wonders),
Appear'd to me in Virginia, and commanded,
With many stripes, for that's his cruel custom,
I should provide, on pain of his fierce wrath,
Against the next great sacrifice, at which
We, grovelling on our faces, fall before him,
Two Christian virgins, that with their pure blood
Might dye his horrid altars; and a third,
In his hate to such embraces as are lawful,
Married, and with your ceremonious rites,
As an oblation unto Hecaté,
And wanton Lust, her favourite.
*Luke.* A devilish custom!
And yet why should it startle me!—There are
Enough of the sex fit for this* use; but virgins,
And such a matron as you speak of, hardly
To be wrought to it.
*Plenty.* A mine of gold, for a fee,
Waits him that undertakes it and performs it.
*Sir Maur.* Know you no distressed widow, or poor maids,
Whose want of dower, though well born, makes them weary
Of their own country†?
*Sir John.* Such as had rather be
Miserable in another world, than where
They have surfeited in felicity?
*Luke.* Give me leave——
I would not lose this purchase. A grave matron!
[*Aside.*
And two pure virgins! Umph! I think my sister,
Though proud, was ever honest; and my nieces
Untainted yet. Why should not they be shipp'd
For this employment? they are burthensome to me,
And eat too much; and if they stay in London,
They will find friends that to my loss will force me
To composition: 'twere a masterpiece,
If this could be effected. They were ever
Ambitious of title: should I urge,
Matching with these they shall live Indian queens,
It may do much: but what shall I feel here,
Knowing to what they are design'd? They absent,
The thought of them will leave me. It shall be so.——
I'll furnish you, and, to endear the service,
In mine own family, and my blood too.
*Sir John.* Make this good, and your house shall not contain
The gold we'll send you.
*Luke.* You have seen my sister,
And my two nieces?
*Sir John.* Yes, sir.
*Luke.* These persuaded
How happily they shall live, and in what pomp,
When they are in your kingdoms, for you must
Work them a belief that you are kings——
*Plenty.* We are so.
*Luke.* I'll put it in practice instantly*. Study you
For moving language. Sister! Nieces!

*Enter Lady* Frugal, Anne, *and* Mary.

How!
Still mourning! dry your eyes, and clear these clouds
That do obscure your beauties. Did you believe
My personated reprehension, though
It show'd like a rough anger, could be serious?
Forget the fright I put you in: my end,
In humbling you, was to set off the height
Of honour, principal honour, which my studies,
When you least expect it, shall confer upon you!
Still you seem doubtful: be not wanting to
Yourselves, nor let the strangeness of the means,
With the shadow of some danger, render you
Incredulous.
*L. Frug.* Our usage hath been such,
As we can faintly hope that your intents
And language are the same.
*Luke.* I'll change those hopes
To certainties.
*Sir John.* With what art he winds about them.
*Luke.* What will you say, or what thanks shall I look for,

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* *Enough of the sex fit for* this *use;*] So the old copy, and rightly. The modern editors read, *fit for* his *use.*

† Sir Maur. *Know you no distressed widow, or poor maids, Whose want of dower, though well born, makes them weary Of their own country?*] I have silently reformed the metre of this (and indeed of every other) Play, in innumerable places: the reader, however, may not be unamused with a specimen, now and then, of the manner in which this most harmonious poet has been hitherto printed. The lines above are thus divided by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason:

*Know you no distressed widow, or poor*
*Maids, whose want of dower, though well born,*
*Makes 'em weary of their own country?*

* Luke. *I'll put it in practice instantly.*] Hitherto the character of Luke has been supported with matchless judgment and dexterity; the present design, however, of sacrificing his brother's wife and daughters to *Lust* and *Hecaté* has always struck the critics as unnatural and improbable in the highest degree. "Bloody, indeed, it is, but is it out of character? Luke is the creature of no ordinary hand, and he who conducted him thus far with such unexampled skill, was little likely to desert him at the end. It appears that Massinger was desirous of showing, in the person of Luke, the hideous portraiture of avarice personified. The love of money is the ruling passion of his soul; it gathers strength with indulgence; and the prospect of such unbounded wealth as is here held out to him, is properly calculated to overcome the fear of law, and the remonstrances of the few scruples of conscience which yet torment him.

History furnishes examples of men who have sacrificed friends, kindred, all, to the distant view of wealth; and we might have known, without the instance of Luke, that avarice, while it depraves the feelings, enfeebles the judgment, and renders its votaries at once credulous and unnatural.

With respect to another objection which has been raised, that "Luke is too much of a man of the world to be so grossly imposed upon," it is more easily obviated. Instead of going back to the age of the poet, we inconsiderately bring him forward to our own, and invest him with all our knowledge. This is an evil as common as it is grievous. That the Indians do not worship the devil, we know; but did Massinger know it? Our old writers partook of the general credulity, and believed the wonders they told; they would not else have told them so well. All the first discoverers of America were themselves fully persuaded, and earnestly laboured to persuade others, that the natives worshipped the devil. Every shapeless block, every rude stone painfully battered by the poor savages into a distant resemblance of animated nature, and therefore prized by them, was, by their more savage visitors, taken for a representation of some misshapen fiend to whom they offered human sacrifices: nay, so rooted was this opinion, that the author of the *New English Canaan* (printed not many years before this play), a man well disposed towards the Indians, says, "some correspondency they have with the devil, *out of all doubt*"! (p. 34.) and, indeed, I scarcely know a writer of Massinger's time, who was not of the same belief.

If now I raise you to such eminence, as
The wife and daughters of a citizen
Never arrived at! many, for their wealth, I grant,
Have written ladies of honour, and some few
Have higher titles, and that's the furthest rise
You can in England hope for. What think you
If I should mark you out a way to live
Queens in another climate?
*Anne.* We desire
A competence.
*Mary.* And prefer our country's smoke
Before outlandish fire.
*L. Frug.* But should we listen
To such impossibilities, 'tis not in
The power of man to make it good.
*Luke.* I'll do it:
Nor is this seat of majesty far removed;
It is but to Virginia.
*L. Frug.* How! Virginia!
High heaven forbid! Remember, sir, I beseech you,
What creatures are shipp'd thither.
*Anne.* Condemned wretches,
Forfeited to the law.
*Mary.* Strumpets and bawds,
For the abomination of their life,
Spew'd out of their own country.
*Luke.* Your false fears
Abuse my noble purposes. Such indeed
Are sent as slaves to labour there, but you
To absolute sovereignty. Observe these men,
With reverence observe them; they are kings of
Such spacious territories and dominions,
As our Great Britain measured will appear
A garden to it.
*Sir Maur.* You shall be adored there
As goddesses.
*Sir John.* Your litters made of gold,
Supported by your vassals, proud to bear
The burthen on their shoulders.
*Plenty.* Pomp and ease,
With delicates that Europe never knew,
Like pages shall wait on you.
*Luke.* If you have minds
To entertain the greatness offer'd to you,
With outstretched arms, and willing hands embrace it.
But this refused, imagine what can make you
Most miserable here, and rest assured,
In storms it falls upon you: take them in,
And use your best persuasion. If that fail,
I'll send them aboard in a dry fat.

[*Exeunt all but Sir John Frugal and Luke.*

*Sir John.* Be not moved, sir;
We'll work them to your will. Yet, ere we part,
Your worldly cares deferr'd, a little mirth
Would not misbecome us.
*Luke.* You say well: and now
It comes into my memory, 'tis my birthday,
Which with solemnity I would observe,
But that it would ask cost.
*Sir John.* That shall not grieve you.
By my art I will prepare you such a feast,
As Persia, in her height of pomp and riot,
Did never equal; and such ravishing music
As the Italian princes seldom heard
At their greatest entertainments. Name your guests.
*Luke.* I must have none.
*Sir John.* Not the city senate?
*Luke.* No;
Nor yet poor neighbours: the first would argue me
Of foolish ostentation, and the latter
Of too much hospitality; a virtue
Grown obsolete, and useless. I will sit
Alone, and surfeit in my store, while others
With envy pine at it; my genius pamper'd
With the thought of what I am, and what they suffer
I have mark'd out to misery.
*Sir John.* You shall:
And something I will add you yet conceive not,
Nor will I be slow-paced.
*Luke.* I have one business,
And that dispatch'd I am free.
*Sir John.* About it, sir,
Leave the rest to me.
*Luke.* Till now I ne'er loved magic. [*Exeunt*

## SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter Lord* LACY, GOLDWIRE *senior, and* TRADEWELL *senior.*

*L. Lacy.* Believe me, gentlemen, I never was
So cozen'd in a fellow. He disguised
Hypocrisy in such a cunning shape
Of real goodness, that I would have sworn
This devil a saint. *M. Goldwire, and M. Tradewell,
What do you mean to do? Put on†.
*Gold.* With your lordship's favour.
*L. Lacy.* I'll have it so.
*Trade.* Your will, my lord, excuses
The rudeness of our manners.
*L. Lacy.* You have received
Penitent letters from your sons, I doubt not?
*Trade.* They are our only sons.
*Gold.* And as we are fathers,
Remembering the errors of our youth,
We would pardon slips in them.
*Trade.* And pay for them
In a moderate way.
*Gold.* In which we hope your lordship
Will be our mediator.
*L. Lacy.* All my power

*Enter* LUKE.

You freely shall command; 'tis he! You are well met,
And to my wish,—and wonderous brave! your habit
Speaks you a merchant royal.
*Luke.* What I wear,
I take not upon trust.
*L. Lacy.* Your betters may,
And blush not for't.
*Luke.* If you have nought else with me
But to argue that, I will make bold to leave you.
*L. Lacy.* You are very peremptory; pray you stay:
I once held you an upright honest man.
*Luke.* I am honester now
By a hundred thousand pound, I thank my stars for't,
Upon the Exchange; and if your late opinion

* ——M. *Goldwire, and* M. *Tradewell,*] See Act IV., sc. iii.
† ——Put on.] i. e. be covered: an expression that frequently occurs.

Be alter'd, who can help it? Good my lord,
To the point; I have other business than to talk
Of honesty, and opinions.
*L. Lacy.* Yet you may
Do well, if you please, to show the one, and merit
The other from good men, in a case that now
Is offer'd to you.
*Luke.* What is it? I am troubled.
*L. Lacy.* Here are two gentlemen, the fathers of
Your brother's prentices.
*Luke.* Mine, my lord, I take it.
*L. Lacy.* Goldwire, and Tradewell.
*Luke.* They are welcome, if
They come prepared to satisfy the damage
I have sustain'd by their sons.
*Gold.* We are, so you please
To use a conscience.
*Trade.* Which we hope you will do,
For your own worship's sake.
*Luke.* Conscience, my friends,
And wealth, are not always neighbours. Should I part
With what the law gives me, I should suffer mainly
In my reputation; for it would convince me
Of indiscretion: nor will you, I hope, move me
To do myself such prejudice.
*L. Lacy.* No moderation?
*Luke.* They cannot look for't, and preserve in me
A thriving citizen's credit. Your bonds lie
For your sons' truth, and they shall answer all
They have run out: the masters never prosper'd
Since gentlemen's sons grew prentices: when we look
To have our business done at home, they are
Abroad in the tennis-court, or in Partridge-alley,
In Lambeth Marsh, or a cheating ordinary,
Where I found your sons. I have your bonds: look to't.
A thousand pounds apiece, and that will hardly
Repair my losses.
*L. Lacy.* Thou dar'st not show thyself
Such a devil!
*Luke.* Good words.
*L. Lacy.* Such a cut-throat! I have heard of
The usage of your brother's wife and daughters;
You shall find you are not lawless, and that your monies
Cannot justify your villanies.
*Luke.* I endure this.
And, good my lord, now you talk in time of monies,
Pay in what you owe me. And give me leave to wonder
Your wisdom should have leisure to consider
The business of these gentlemen, or my carriage
To my sister, or my nieces, being yourself
So much in my danger*.
*L. Lacy.* In thy danger?
*Luke.* Mine.
I find in my counting-house a manor pawn'd,
Pawn'd, my good lord; Lacy manor, and that manor
From which you have the title of a lord,
An it please your good lordship! You are a nobleman;
Pray you pay in my monies: the interest
Will eat faster in't, than aquafortis in iron.
Now though you bear me hard, I love your lordship.
I grant your person to be privileged
From all arrests; yet there lives a foolish creature
Call'd an under-sheriff, who, being well-paid, will serve
An extent* on lords or lowns' land. Pay it in;
I would be loth your name should sink, or that
Your hopeful son, when he returns from travel,
Should find you my lord-without-land. You are angry
For my good cousel: look you to your bonds; had I known
Of your coming, believe't, I would have had serjeants ready.
Lord, how you fret! but that a tavern's near
You should taste a cup of muscadine in my house,
To wash down sorrow; but there it will do better:
I know you'll drink a health to me. [*Exit.*
*L. Lacy.* To thy damnation.
Was there ever such a villain! heaven forgive me
For speaking so unchristianly, though he deserves it.
*Gold.* We are undone.
*Trade.* Our families quite ruin'd.
*L. Lacy.* Take courage, gentlemen; comfort may appear,
And punishment overtake him, when he least expects it. [*Exeunt.*

* *So much* in my danger.] i. e. in my debt. See *Fatal Dowry*, Act. I. sc. ii.

* *An* extent *on lords or lowns' land.*] To *extend*, as has been already observed, is a legal term for "laying an execution on." Thus Shadwell, in *The Virtuoso*:
"Niece, my land in the country is *extended*, and all my goods seized on."

## SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter Sir* John Frugal *and* Holdfast.

*Sir John.* Be silent on your life.
*Hold.* I am o'erjoyed.
*Sir John.* Are the pictures placed as I directed?
*Hold.* Yes, sir.
*Sir John.* And the musicians ready?
*Hold.* All is done
As you commanded.
*Sir John.* [*at the door.*] Make haste; and be careful;
You know your cue, and postures?
*Plenty.* [*within.*] We are perfect.
*Sir John.* 'Tis well: the rest are come too?
*Hold.* And disposed of
To your own wish.
*Sir John.* Set forth the table: So!
*Enter Servants with a rich banquet.*
A perfect banquet. At the upper end,
His chair in state; he shall feast like a prince.
*Hold.* And rise like a Dutch hangman.

*Enter* Luke.

*Sir John.* Not a word more.——
How like you the preparation? Fill your room,
And taste the cates; then in your thought consider
A rich man, that lives wisely to himself,
In his full height of glory.
*Luke.* I can brook
No rival in this happiness. How sweetly
These dainties, when unpaid for, please my palate!
Some wine. Jove's nectar! brightness to the star
That governed at my birth! shoot down thy influence,
And with a perpetuity of being
Continue this felicity, not gained
By vows to saints above, and much less purchased

By thriving industry; nor fallen upon me
As a reward to piety, and religion,
Or service to my country: I owe all
This to dissimulation, and the shape
I wore of goodness. Let my brother number
His beads devoutly, and believe his alms
To beggars, his compassion to his debtors,
Will wing his better part, disrobed of flesh,
To soar above the firmament. I am well;
And so I surfeit here in all abundance,
Though styled a cormorant, a cut-throat, Jew,
And prosecuted with the fatal curses
Of widows, undone orphans, and what else
Such as malign my state can load me with,
I will not envy it. You promised music.

*Sir John.* And you shall hear the strength and power of it,
The spirit of Orpheus raised to make it good,
And in those ravishing strains with which he moved
Charon and Cerberus to give him way
To fetch from hell his lost Eurydice.
Appear! swifter than thought!

*Music. Enter at one door, Cerberus, at the other,* Charon, Orpheus, *and Chorus.*

*Luke.* 'Tis wonderous strange!

*Sir John.* Does not the object and the accent take you?

*Luke.* A pretty fable*.

[*Exeunt Orpheus and the rest*

But that music should
Alter in fiends their nature, is to me
Impossible; since in myself I find,
What I have once decreed shall know no change.

*Sir John.* You are constant to your purposes; yet I think
That I could stagger you.

*Luke.* How?

*Sir John.* Should I present
Your servants, debtors, and the rest that suffer
By your fit severity, I presume the sight
Would move you to compassion.

*Luke.* Not a mote.
The music that your Orpheus made was harsh,
To the delight I should receive in hearing
Their cries and groans: if it be in your power,
I would now see them.

*Sir John.* Spirits, in their shapes,
Shall show them as they are: but if it should move you?—

*Luke.* If it do, may I ne'er find pity!

*Sir John.* Be your own judge.
Appear! as I commanded.

*Sad Music. Enter* GOLDWIRE *junior, and* TRADEWELL *junior, as from prison;* FORTUNE, HOYST, *and* PENURY; *Serjeants with* TRADEWELL *senior, and* GOLDWIRE *senior;—these followed by* SHAVE'EM, *in a blue gown*†, SECRET *and* DING'EM; *they all kneel to* LUKE, *lifting up their hands.* STARGAZE *is seen with a pack of almanacks, and* MILLISCENT.

*Luke.*—Ha, ha, ha!
This move me to compassion, or raise
One sign of seeming pity in my face!
You are deceived: it rather renders me
More flinty and obdurate. A south wind
Shall sooner soften marble, and the rain,
That slides down gently from his flaggy wings
O'erflow the Alps, than knees, or tears, or groans
Shall wrest compunction from me. 'Tis my glory
That they are wretched, and by me made so:
It sets my happiness off: I could not triumph
If these were not my captives.—Ha! my tarriers,
As it appears, have seized on these old foxes,
As I gave order; new addition to
My scene of mirth: ha, ha!—they now grow tedious,
Let them be removed.

[*Exeunt Gold. and the rest.*

Some other object, if
Your art can show it.

*Sir John.* You shall perceive 'tis boundless.
Yet one thing real, if you please?

*Luke.*—What is it?

*Sir John.* Your nieces, ere they put to sea, crave humbly,
Though absent in their bodies, they may take leave
Of their late suitors' statues.

*Enter Lady* FRUGAL, ANNE, *and* MARY.

*Luke.* There they hang;
In things indifferent I am tractable.

*Sir John.* There pay your vows, you have liberty.

*Anne.* O sweet figure
Of my abused Lacy*! when removed
Into another world, I'll daily pay
A sacrifice of sighs to thy remembrance;
And with a shower of tears strive to wash off
The stain of that contempt my foolish pride
And insolence threw upon thee.

*Mary.* I had been
Too happy, if I had enjoyed the substance;
But far unworthy of it, now I fall
Thus prostrate to thy statue.

*L. Frug.* My kind husband
(Bless'd in my misery), from the monastery
To which my disobedience confined thee,
With thy soul's eye, which distance cannot hinder,
Look on my penitence. O, that I could
Call back time past! thy holy vow dispensed,
With what humility would I observe
My long-neglected duty!

*Sir John.* Does not this move you?

*Luke.* Yes, as they do the statues, and her sorrow
My absent brother. If, by your magic art,
You can give life to these, or bring him hither

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* From this it appears that the fable of Orpheus and Eurydice was acted in dumb show. Few of Massinger's plays are without an interlude of some kind or other.

† SHAVE'EM *in a* blue gown,] i. e. in the livery of *Bridewell.* It appears from many passages in our old plays, particularly from the second part of Decker's *Honest Whore*, that this was the dress in which prostitutes were compelled to do penance there.

* Anne. *O sweet figure*
*Of my beloved Lacy!*] There is some difficulty in understanding the mechanism of this scene. Massinger, like his contemporaries, confounds statue with picture, and this creates confusion:—it seems as if Lacy and Plenty, by some contrivance behind, stood within the frames, and in the exact dress and attitudes of their respective portraits, which Sir John appears to have procured, and hung up in the back part of the room; from whence, at a preconcerted signal, they descend, and come forward. The direction, in the quarto, is, *Plenty and Lacy ready behind.* The attempt to mark the stage arrangements of this interesting scene will, I hope, be received with that indulgence to which, from the wretched assistance afforded by the old copies, it is, in some measure, entitled.

To witness her repentance, I may have,
Perchance, some feeling of it.
*Sir John.* For your sport
You shall see a master-piece. Here's nothing but
A superficies; colours, and no substance.
Sit still, and to your wonder and amazement,
I'll give these organs. This the sacrifice
To make the great work perfect.

[*Makes mystical gesticulations. Sir Maurice Lacy and Plenty give signs of animation.*

*Luke.* Prodigious!
*Sir John.* Nay, they have life, and motion. Descend!

[*Sir Maurice Lacy and Plenty descend and come forward.*

And for your absent brother,—this wash'd off,
Against your will you shall know him.

*Enter Lord* Lacy, *with* Goldwire *senior and junior,* Tradewell *senior and junior, the Debtors, &c. &c.*

*Luke.* I am lost.
Guilt strikes me dumb.
*Sir John.* You have seen, my lord, the pageant?
*L. Lacy.* I have, and am ravish'd with it.
*Sir John.* What think you now
Of this clear soul? this honest pious man?
Have I stripp'd him bare, or will your lordship have
A further trial of him? 'Tis not in
A wolf to change his nature.
*L. Lacy.* I long since
Confess'd my error.
*Sir John.* Look up; I forgive you,
And seal your pardons thus.

[*Embraces Lady Frugal, Anne, and Mary.*

*L. Frug.* I am too full
Of joy to speak it.
*Anne.* I am another creature;
Not what I was.
*Mary.* I vow to show myself,
When I am married, an humble wife,
Not a commanding mistress.
*Plenty.* On those terms,
I gladly thus embrace you. [*To Mary.*
*Sir Maur.* Welcome to
My bosom: as the one half of myself,
I'll love and cherish you. [*To Anne.*
*Gold. jun.* Mercy!
*Trade. jun. and the rest.* Good sir, mercy!
*Sir John.* This day is sacred to it. All shall find me,
As far as lawful pity can give way to't,
Indulgent to your wishes, though with loss
Unto myself. My kind and honest brother,
Looking into yourself, have you seen the Gorgon?
What a golden dream you have had in the possession
Of my estate!—but here's a revocation
That wakes you out of it. Monster in nature!
Revengeful, avaricious atheist,
Transcending all example!—but I shall be
A sharer in thy crimes, should I repeat them—
What wilt thou do? turn hypocrite again,
With hope dissimulation can aid thee?
Or that one eye will shed a tear in sign
Of sorrow for thee? I have warrant to
Make bold with mine own, pray you uncase: this key too
I must make bold with. Hide thyself in some desert,
Where good men ne'er may find thee; or in justice
Pack to Virginia, and repent; not for
Those horrid ends to which thou didst design these.
*Luke.* I care not where I go: what's done, with words
Cannot be undone.

[*Exit.*

*L. Frug.* Yet, sir, show some mercy;
Because his cruelty to me and mine
Did good upon us.
*Sir John.* Of that at better leisure,
As his penitency shall work me. Make you good
Your promised reformation, and instruct
Our city dames, whom wealth makes proud, to move
In their own spheres; and willingly to confess,
In their habits, manners, and their highest port,
A distance 'twixt the city and the court.

[*Exeunt**.

* Every friend to the reputation of Massinger must cherish the remembrance of this Play. It exhibits equal power of thought and copiousness of matter. The circumstantial detail of the manners of the age (though some part of it is to be regretted), the impression with which the moral lessons are conveyed, and the strong incidents with which the scenes abound, fill the mind with variety of excellence. It is a powerful and a pregnant composition, and has the effect of history, satire, and comedy united.

The object of the Play is formally stated at the conclusion: but it is observable, that the person who incidentally partakes in the promotion of it, becomes the most marked character, and obscures those who are originally concerned. The effect is stronger through its own surprise; and the address of Massinger is proved in proportion as he produces so important an agency from so indirect a promise. There is another mark of his address. The real character of Luke is unusually suspended; and even when suspicion begins, it is balanced by a new contrivance of regard. The final disclosure of the villain becomes, in this instance too, more striking, through the previous concealment, and we hate him the more on account of the good opinion we have wasted upon him. The character of Luke is so predominant that it well deserves the particular attention of the reader.

He is originally self-indulgent, idle, riotous, prodigal, and vicious; supported by his brother, he appears penitent, pious, unusually humble, compassionate, charitable, and draws much of our pity and esteem. When he hears of his supposed fortune, he assumes the most imposing hypocrisy, offers protection that he may betray, talks of kindness, that he may be finally severe, and masks a decided cruelty with the most deceitful promises of liberality. Every restraint being at length removed, the appearance of his soft feeling is changed into a savage and ferocious avarice; his glossy deceit becomes avowed and daring villany: he is insolent, oppressive, insatiable, obdurate, inexorable, and impious. The character is true, though some of its parts are opposite. The sufferings from his former profuseness, and perhaps the exhaustion of its pleasures, might well prepare him for future avarice: nor are such changes unfrequent in common life. His intermediate show of goodness is easily reconciled with the unextinguished viciousness of his mind. His penitence is deceit, his piety is hypocrisy, his strange humility an inbred baseness, and his talk of liberality a genuine disregard of money that is not his own.—In short, the character is at once bold and natural, and is described with uncommon art and effect.

The other characters lose part of their importance through the ascendency of Luke. Yet the women are well represented; and their ignorance and vulgarity, their admiration of the unintelligible jargon of Stargaze, and their contented forgetfulness of Frugal amidst the new promises of Luke, are very amusing. Nor is the outrageous treatment of the suitors unnatural, though the desire of getting them as husbands might have been expected to teach some caution. It appears that the predictions of Stargaze had convinced them of the certain submission of Lacy, &c., and therefore caution was unnecessary. The unexampled impudence of the demands is only explained by the blind credulity of the mother. Stargaze himself is humorously treated. In *The Picture*, Sophia speaks with all the seriousness of religion

against the practice of magic. Ridicule alone is bestowed on judicial astrology. After various failures and renewals of credit, the wretched professor is driven off the stage, disgraced, poor, beaten, and, worse than all, compelled to acknowledge the futility of his art. In the midst of this excellence, there is an inadvertence not wholly unimportant. The moral purpose of the play is accomplished, even upon moral principles, by its most flagitious character. Luke is a declared villain, and a reformer too! He allows revenge to be the motive of his cruelty, yet he rises up a "new satirist" against the vices of the city!—It is obvious that Massinger has forgot himself. He has confounded in the same person his own general and patriotic views with the private malice of Luke: and in this mixture of design. Luke talks alternatively for himself and for the poet!

An instructive moral yet remains to be drawn from the apparent humility of Luke. It is the excess of this quality which gives the reader the first suspicion of hypocrisy.

We must not administer to the follies or vices of others by a base subserviency; nor must we console the disgrace of present submission with the prospect of future revenge. Humility, well understood, has true purity and true elevation. It raises us above all moral meanness; and, while it prescribes an unaffected lowliness of service, it dignifies the obscurest actions through the principle from which they flow. DR. IRELAND.

# THE GUARDIAN.

The Guardian.] This "Comical History" was licensed by the Master of the Revels, October 31st, 1633; but not printed till 1655, when it was put to the press, together with *The Bashful Lover*, and *The Very Woman*, by Humphrey Moseley, the general publisher of that age.

Its plot is singularly wild and romantic; the most interesting and probable part of it is, perhaps, the poet's own; the incident of Iölante and Calipso is borrowed. The original tale is in *The Heetopades*; whence it was transferred to the *Fables* of Pilpay; it was translated into Greek about the end of the eleventh century, by Simeon Seth, a learned Orientalist; and thus found its way into Latin, and made a part of those quaint collections of ribald morality, which, in Massinger's time, were in every one's hands. A sneer at miracles was not likely to escape the wits of Italy; it was therefore inserted by Boccaccio in his *Decameron*, where it is but poorly told. Beaumont and Fletcher have introduced it with some degree of dexterity into the plot of *Women Pleased*; and it has been versified (from a translation of the Sanscrit) with exquisite humour, by my ingenious friend Mr. Hoppner.

It would be a miserable waste of time to examine from what specific work Massinger derived an adventure which probably existed in a hundred different publications, and which was scarcely worth the picking up any where: those, however, who wish for more on the subject, may consult the late Mr. Hole's *Remarks on the Arabian Nights Entertainments*.

This popular Drama was produced at the "Private-house in Black-fryers." From a memorandum in the Office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, we learn, that, shortly after its appearance, it was acted before the king. "*The Guardian*, a play of Mr. Massinger's, was performed at court on Sunday the 12 January, 1633, by the king's players, *and well likte*." *Malone's Historical Account of the English Stage.*

## PROLOGUE.

After twice putting forth to sea*, his fame
Shipwrecked in either†, and his once-known name
In two years' silence buried, perhaps lost
In the general opinion; at our cost
(A zealous sacrifice to Neptune made
For good success in his uncertain trade)
Our author weighs up anchors, and once more
Forsaking the security of the shore,
Resolves to prove his fortune: what 'twill be,
Is not in him, or us, to prophesie;
You only can assure us: yet he prayed
This little in his absence might be said,
Designing me his orator. He submits
To the grave censure of those abler wits
His weakness; nor dares he profess that when
The critics laugh, he'll laugh at them agen.
(Strange self-love in a writer!) He would know
His errors as you find them, and bestow
His future studies to reform from this,
What in another might be judged amiss.
And yet despair not, gentlemen; though he fear
His strengths to please, we hope that you shall hear
Some things so writ, as you may truly say
He hath not quite forgot to make a play,
As 'tis with malice rumoured: his intents
Are fair; and though he want the compliments
Of wide-mouth'd promisers, who still engage,
Before their works are brought upon the stage,
Their parasites to proclaim them: this last birth,
Deliver'd without noise, may yield such mirth,
As, balanced equally, will cry down the boast
Of arrogance, and regain his credit lost.

* *After twice putting forth*, &c.] I scarcely know whether I understand this rightly or not, but it seems to me that the players allude to two pieces of Massinger, which were condemned on the first representation. This ill fortune appears to have induced the modest poet to give up all further thoughts of writing for the stage; the players, however, who knew his worth, prevailed on him to try his fate once more; and to obviate his objections to the uncertainty of popular favour, purchased the piece outright: this, indeed, was no uncommon circumstance. The event proved that they had made no wrong estimate of his talents, for *The Guardian* is said to "have been often acted with great applause."

A difficulty yet remains. The prologue speaks of *two years' silence*, yet *The City Madam* was licensed on the 25th of May, 1632, and the present Comical History, on the last day of October in the following year, an interval of only seventeen months: but, perhaps, accuracy of computation is not to be looked for in these occasional productions.

† ——— *his fame*
*Shipwreck'd* in either,] Mr. M. Mason chooses to read, *in neither*! but, according to his usual custom, assigns no reason for the variation, though it be important enough to require one, as it makes the passage arrant nonsense.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alphonso, *king of* Naples.
*Duke* Montpensier, *general of* Milan.
Severino, *a banished nobleman.*
Monteclaro, *his brother-in-law (supposed dead), disguised under the name of* Laval.
Durazzo, The Guardian.
Caldoro, *his nephew and ward, in love with* Calista.
Adorio, *a young libertine.*
Camillo, Lentulo, Donato, } Neapolitan *gentlemen.*
Cario, *cook to* Adorio.

Claudio, *a confidential servant to* Severino.
*Captain.*
*Banditti.*
*Servants.*

Iölante, *wife to* Severino.
Calista, *her daughter, in love with* Adorio.
Mirtilla, Calista's *maid.*
Calipso, *the confidant of* Iölante.

*Singers, Countrymen.*

SCENE—*Partly at* Naples, *and partly in the adjacent country.*

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—Naples. *A Grove.*

*Enter* Durazzo, Camillo, Lentulo, Donato, *and two Servants.*

*Dur.* Tell me of his expenses! Which of you
Stands bound for a gazet? he spends his own;
And you impertinent fools or knaves (make choice
Of either title, which your signiorships please),
To meddle in't.
*Camil.* Your age gives privilege
To this harsh language.
*Dur.* My age! do not use
That word again; if you do, I shall grow young,
And swinge you soundly: I would have you know
Though I write fifty odd, I do not carry
An almanack in my bones to pre-declare
What weather we shall have; nor do I kneel
In adoration, at the spring and fall,
Before my doctor, for a dose or two
Of his restoratives, which are things, I take it,
You are familiar with.
*Camil.* This is from the purpose.
*Dur.* I cannot cut a caper, or groan like you
When I have done, nor run away so nimbly
Out of the field: but bring me to a fence-school,
And crack a blade or two for exercise,
Ride a barb'd horse, or take a leap after me,
Following my hounds or hawks (and, by your leave,
At a gamesome mistress), and you shall confess
I am in the May of my abilities,
And you in your December.
*Lent.* We are glad you bear
Your years so well.
*Dur.* My years! no more of years;
If you do, at your peril.
*Camil.* We desire not
To prove your valour.
*Dur.* 'Tis your safest course.
*Camil.* But as friends to your fame and reputation,
Come to instruct you: your too much indulgence
To the exorbitant waste of young Caldoro.
Your nephew and your ward, hath rendered you
But a bad report among wise men in Naples.
*Dur.* Wise men!—in your opinion; but to me
That understand myself and them, they are
Hide-bounded money-mongers: they would have me
Train up my ward a hopeful youth, to keep
A merchant's book; or at the plough, and clothe him
In canvass or coarse cotton; while I fell
His woods *, grant leases, which he must make good
When he comes to age, or be compell'd to marry
With a cast whore and three bastards; let him know
No more than how to cipher well, or do
His tricks by the square root; grant him no pleasure
But quoits and nine-pins; suffer him to converse
With none but clowns and cobblers: as the Turk says.
Poverty, old age, and aches of all seasons,
Light on such heathenish guardians!
*Don.* You do worse
To the ruin of his state, under your favour,
In feeding his loose riots.
*Dur.* Riots! what riots?
He wears rich clothes, I do so;—keeps horses, games, and wenches;

---

* ——————— *while I* fell
His woods, *grant leases*, &c.] This is by no means an exaggerated description of the tyranny which was sometimes exercised by a *guardian* over the *ward* whom law had put into his power. Thus Falconbridge threatens young Scarborow, who had fallen in love without his consent:

"My steward too;—Post you to Yorkshire,
Where lies my youngster's land: and, sirrah,
*Fell me his wood*, make havock, spoil and waste:
Sir, you shall know that you are *ward* to me,
I'll make you poor enough:—then mend yourself."
*Miseries of Inforced Marriage.*

*Wardship*, which was a part of the royal prerogative under the feudal system, and another name for the most oppressive slavery, was happily abolished under Charles II. Before that time *wardships* were sold, with all their advantages (which are detailed in Blackstone, Vol. II.), and sometimes *begged* by the favourite courtier of the day. Our old poets are full of allusions to these iniquitous transactions.

'Tis not amiss, so it be done with decorum:
In an heir 'tis ten times more excusable
Than to be over-thrifty. Is there aught else
That you can charge him with?
*Camil.* With what we grieve for,
And you will not approve.
*Dur.* Out with it, man.
*Camil.* His rash endeavour, without your consent,
To match himself into a family
Not gracious with the times.
*Dur.* 'Tis still the better;
By this means he shall scape court-visitants,
And not be eaten out of house and home
In a summer progress*: but does he mean to marry?
*Camil.* Yes, sir, to marry.
*Dur.* In a beardless chin
'Tis ten times worse then wenching. Family!
whose family?
*Camil.* Signior Severino's.
*Dur.* How! not he that kill'd
The brother of his wife, as it is rumour'd,
Then fled upon it; since proscribed, and chosen
Captain of the banditti; the king's pardon
On no suit to be granted?
*Lent.* The same, sir.
*Dur.* This touches near: how is his love return'd
By the saint he worships?
*Don.* She affects him not,
But dotes upon another.
*Dur.* Worse and worse.
*Camil.* You know him, young Adorio.
*Dur.* A brave gentleman!
What proof of this?
*Lent.* I dogg'd him to the church;
Where he, not for devotion, as I guess,
But to make his approaches to his mistress,
Is often seen.
*Camil.* And would you stand conceal'd
Among these trees, for he must pass this green,
The matins ended, as she returns home,
You may observe the passages.
*Dur.* I thank you:
This torrent must be stopt.
*Don.* They come.
*Camil.* Stand close. [*They retire.*

*Enter* Adorio, Calista, Mirtilla, *and* Caldoro, *muffled.*

*Calis.* I know I wrong my modesty.
*Ador.* And wrong me,
In being so importunate for that
I neither can nor must grant.
*Calis.* A hard sentence!

And to increase my misery, by you,
Whom fond affection hath made my judge,
Pronounced without compassion. Alas, sir,
Did I approach you with unchaste desires,
A sullied reputation; were deform'd,
As it may be I am, though many affirm
I am something more than handsome——
*Dur.* I dare swear it.
*Calis.* Or if I were no gentlewoman, but bred coarsely,
You might, with some pretence of reason, slight
What you should sue for.
*Dur.* Were he not an eunuch,
He would, and sue again; I am sure I should.
Pray look in my collar, a flea troubles me:
Hey day! there are a legion of young Cupids
At barley-break in my breeches.
*Calis.* Hear me, sir;
Though you continue, nay increase your scorn,
Only vouchsafe to let me understand
What my defects are; of which once convinced,
I will hereafter silence my harsh plea,
And spare your further trouble.
*Ador.* I will tell you,
And bluntly, as my usual manner is.
Though I were a woman-hater, which I am not,
But love the sex; for my ends, take me with you;
If in my thought I found one taint or blemish
In the whole fabric of your outward features,
I would give myself the lie. You are a virgin
Possess'd of all your mother could wish in you;
Your father Severino's dire disaster
In killing of your uncle, which I grieve for,
In no part taking from you. I repeat it,
A noble virgin, for whose grace and favours
The Italian princes might contend as rivals:
Yet unto me, a thing far, far beneath you
(A noted libertine I profess myself),
In your mind there does appear one fault so gross,
Nay, I might say unpardonable at your years,
If justly you consider it, that I cannot
As you desire, affect you.
*Calis.* Make me know it,
I'll soon reform it.
*Ador.* Would you'd keep your word!
*Calis.* Put me to the test.
*Ador.* I will. You are too honest,
And, like your mother, too strict and religious,
And talk too soon of marriage; I shall break,
If at that rate I purchase you. Can I part with
My uncurb'd liberty, and on my neck
Wear such a heavy yoke? hazard my fortunes,
With all the expected joys my life can yield me,
For one commodity, before I prove it?
Venus forbid on both sides! let crook'd hams,
Bald heads, declining shoulders, furrow'd cheeks,
Be awed by ceremonies: if you love me
In the way young people should, I'll fly to meet it:
And we'll meet merrily.
*Calis.* 'Tis strange such a man
Can use such language.
*Ador.* In my tongue my heart
Speaks freely, fair one. Think on't, a close friend,
Or private mistress, is court rhetoric;
A wife, mere rustic solecism: so good morrow!

[*Adorio offers to go, Caldoro comes forward and stops him.*

*Camil.* How like you this?
*Dur* A well-bred gentleman!

* *By this means he shall scape court-visitants,*
*And not be eaten out of house and home*
*In a summer* progress.] This stroke of satire must have been peculiarly well received; as many of the gentry had found those *summer progresses* of the court almost too expensive for them to bear.
Puttenham, who was well acquainted with these matters, tells us, that Henry VII. was offended with his host if he undertook to defray "the charge of his dyet if he passed moe meales than one." P. 247. And of Elizabeth he says, that "her majestie hath been knowne often times to mislike the superfluous expense of her subjects bestowed upon her in times of her progresses."
James was not so delicate: it appears from many scattered passages in the publications of those times, that he abused this part of the royal prerogative to a great degree, and lay heavy upon his subjects. Charles, who was now on the throne, was less burthensome; and in the succeeding reign, these predatory excursions, together with other oppressive claims of barbarous times, were entirely done away.

I am thinking now if ever in the dark,
Or drunk, I met his mother: he must have
Some drops of my blood in him, for at his years
I was much of his religion.
*Camil.* Out upon you!
*Don.* The colt's tooth still in your mouth!
*Dur.* What means this whispering?
*Ador.* You may perceive I seek not to displant you,
Where you desire to grow; for further thanks,
'Tis needless compliment.
*Cald.* There are some natures
Which blush to owe a benefit, if not
Received in corners; holding it an impairing
To their own worth, should they acknowledge it.
I am made of other clay, and therefore must
Trench so far on your leisure, as to win you
To lend a patient ear, while I profess
Before my glory, though your scorn, Calista,
How much I am your servant.
*Ador.* My designs
Are not so urgent, but they can dispense
With so much time.
*Camil.* Pray you now observe your nephew.
*Dur.* How he looks! like a school-boy that had play'd the truant,
And went to be breech'd.
*Cald.* Madam!
*Calis.* A new affliction:
Your suit offends as much as his repulse,
It being not to be granted.
*Mirt.* Hear him, madam;
His sorrow is not personated; he deserves
Your pity, not contempt.
*Dur.* He has made the maid his;
And, as the master of *The Art of Love*
Wisely affirms*, it is a kind of passage
To the mistress' favour.
*Cald.* I come not to urge
My merit to deserve you, since you are,
Weigh'd truly to your worth, above all value:
Much less to argue you of want of judgment
For following one that with wing'd feet flies from you.
While I, at all parts, without boast, his equal,
In vain pursue you: bringing those flames with me,
Those lawful flames (for, madam, know with other
I never shall approach you), which Adorio,
In scorn of Hymen and religious rites,
With atheistical impudence contemns;
And in his loose attempt to undermine
The fortress of your honour, seeks to ruin
All holy altars by clear minds erected
To virgin honour.
*Dur.* My nephew is an ass;
What a devil hath he to do with virgin honour,
Altars, or lawful flames, when he should tell her
They are superstitious nothings; and speak to the purpose,
Of the delight to meet in the old dance,
Between a pair of sheets; my grandam call'd it
The Peopling of the World.
*Calis.* How, gentle sir!
To vindicate my honour? that is needless;
I dare not fear the worst aspersion malice
Can throw upon it.

* *And as the master of the Art of Love*
*Wisely affirms, &c.*
*Sed prius ancillam captandæ nosse puellæ*
*Cura sit: accessus molliat illa tuos.*
*Hanc tu pollicitis, hanc tu corrumpe rogando:*
*Quod petis, è facili, si volet illa, feres.* Lib. i. 35:

*Cald.* Your sweet patience, lady,
And more than dove-like innocence, render you
Insensible of an injury, for which
I deeply suffer. Can you undergo
The scorn of being refused! I must confess
It makes for my ends; for had he embraced
Your gracious offers tender'd him, I had been
In my own hopes forsaken; and if yet
There can breathe any air of comfort in me,
To his contempt I owe it: but his ill
No more shall make way for my good intents,
Than virtue, powerful in herself can need
The aids of vice.
*Ador.* You take that license, sir,
Which yet I never granted.
*Cald.* I'll force more;
Nor will I for my own ends undertake it,
As I will make apparent, but to do
A justice to your sex, with mine own wrong
And irrecoverable loss*. To thee I turn,
Thou goatish ribald, in whom lust is grown
Defensible†, the last descent to hell,
Which gapes wide for thee: look upon this lady,
And on her fame (if it were possible,
Fairer than she is), and if base desires
And beastly appetite will give thee leave,
Consider how she sought thee; how this lady,
In a noble way, desired thee. Was she fashion'd
In an inimitable mould (which Nature broke,
The great work perfected‡), to be made a slave
To thy libidinous twines, and when commanded,
To be used as physic after drunken surfeits!
Mankind should rise against thee: what even now
I heard with horror, showed like blasphemy,
And as such I will punish it.

[*Strikes Adorio; the rest rush forward; they all draw.*

*Calis.* Murder!
*Mirt.* Help!
*Dur.* After a whining prologue, who would have look'd for
Such a rough catastrophe? Nay, come on, fear nothing:
Never till now my nephew! and do you hear, sir
(And yet I love thee too)? if you take the wench now,
I'll have it posted first, then chronicled,
Thou wert beaten to it.
*Ador.* You think you have shown
A memorable masterpiece of valour
In doing this in public, and it may
Perhaps deserve her shoe-string for a favour:
Wear it without my envy; but expect
For this affront, when time serves, I shall call you
To a strict accompt. [*Exit.*
*Dur.* Hook on, follow him, harpies!

* *And* irrecoverable *loss.*] So the old copy. Mr. M. Mason discards it from the text, for an improvement of his own; he reads, *irrevocable!*

† ——*in whom lust is grown*
Defensible,] i. e. as Mr. M. Mason observes, an object of his justification, rather than of his shame.

‡ ——*which Nature broke,*
*The great work perfected,*] We have had this thought in several of the preceding plays: indeed, I know no idea so common: scarce a sonnetteer or playwright from Surrey to Shadwell being without it. It must have had considerable charms in the eyes of our forefathers, since neither its triteness nor its folly could prevent its eternal repetition. *Twines*, which occurs in the next line, is constantly used by the writers of Massinger's time for *embraces*, in a bad sense.

You may feed upon this business for a month,
If you manage it handsomely:
[*Exeunt Camillo, Lentulo, and Donato.*
When two heirs quarrel*,
The swordmen of the city shortly after
Appear in plush, for their grave consultations
In taking up the difference: some, I know,
Make a set living on't. Nay let him go,
Thou art master of the field: enjoy thy fortune
With moderation: for a flying foe,
Discreet and provident conquerors build up
A bridge of gold. To thy mistress, boy! if I were
In thy shirt, how I could nick it!
*Cald.* You stand, madam,
As you were rooted, and I more than fear
My passion hath offended: I perceive
The roses frighted from your cheeks, and paleness
To usurp their room; yet you may please to ascribe it
To my excess of love, and boundless ardour
To do you right; for myself I have done nothing.
I will not curse my stars, howe'er assured
To me you are lost for ever: for suppose
Adorio slain, and by my hand, my life
Is forfeited to the law, which I contemn,
So with a tear or two you would remember
I was your martyr, and died in your service.
*Calis.* Alas, you weep! and in my just compassion
Of what you suffer, I were more than marble
Should I not keep you company: you have sought
My favours nobly, and I am justly punish'd
In wild Adorio's contempt and scorn,
For my ingratitude, it is no better,
To your deservings: yet such is my fate,
Though I would, I cannot help it. O Caldoro!
In our misplaced affection I prove
Too soon, and with dear-bought experience, Cupid
Is blind indeed, and hath mistook his arrows†.
If it be possible, learn to forget
(And yet that punishment is too light), to hate,
A thankless virgin: practise it: and may
Your due consideration that I am so,
In your imagination disperse
Loathsome deformity upon this face
That hath bewitch'd you! more I cannot say,
But that I truly pity you, and wish you
A better choice, which, in my prayers, Caldoro,
I ever will remember.
[*Exeunt Calista, and Mirtilla.*
*Dur.* 'Tis a sweet rogue.
Why, how now! thunderstruck?
*Cald.* I am not so happy.
Oh that I were but master of myself,
You soon should see me nothing.
*Dur.* What would you do?
*Cald.* With one stab give a fatal period
To my woes and life together.
*Dur.* For a woman!
Better the kind were lost, and generation
Maintain'd a new way.
*Cald.* Pray you, sir, forbear
This profane language.
*Dur.* Pray you, be you a man,
And whimper not like a girl: all shall be well,
As I live it shall; this is no hectic fever,
But a lovesick ague, easy to be cured,
And I'll be your physician, so you subscribe
To my directions. First, you must change
This city whorish air, for 'tis infected,
And my potions will not work here; I must have you
To my country villa: rise before the sun,
Then make a breakfast of the morning dew,
Serv'd up by nature on some grassy hill;
You'll find it nectar, and far more cordial
Than cullises, cock-broth, or your distillations
Of a hundred crowns a quart.
*Cald.* You talk of nothing.
*Dur.* This ta'en as a preparative to strengthen
Your queasy stomach, vault into your saddle;
With all this flesh I can do it without a stirrup:—
My hounds uncoupled, and my huntsmen ready,
You shall hear such music from their tuneable mouths,
That you shall say the viol, harp, theorbo,
Ne'er made such ravishing harmony; from the groves
And neighbouring woods, with frequent iterations,
Enamour'd of the cry, a thousand echoes
Repeating it.
*Cald.* What's this to me?
*Dur.* It shall be,
And you give thanks for't. In the afternoon,
For we will have variety of delights,
We'll to the field again; no game shall rise,
But we'll be ready for't; if a hare, my greyhounds
Shall make a course; for the pie or jay, a spar-hawk
Flies from the fist; the crow so near pursued,
Shall be compell'd to seek protection under
Our horses' bellies; a hern put from her siege,
And a pistol shot off in her breech, shall mount
So high, that, to your view, she'll seem to soar
Above the middle region of the air:
A cast of haggard falcons, by me mann'd,
Eying the prey at first, appear as if
They did turn tail; but with their labouring wings
Getting above her, with a thought their pinions
Cleaving the purer element, make in,
And by turns bind with her*; the frighted fowl,
Lying at her defence upon her back,
With her dreadful beak awhile defers her death,
But, by degrees forced down, we part the fray,
And feast upon her.
*Cald.* This cannot be, I grant,
But pretty pastime.
*Dur.* Pretty pastime, nephew!
'Tis royal sport. Then, for an evening flight,
A tiercel gentle, which I call, my masters,
As he were sent a messenger to the moon,

* *When two heirs quarrel*, &c.] See Maid of Honour, Act I. sc. i.

† ——— ——*Cupid*
*Is blind indeed, and hath mistook his arrows.*] See Virgin Martyr, Act I. sc. i.

* *And by turns* bind *with her*;] This exquisite description of rural amusements is from the hand of a great master. I lament that it is so technical; but, in Massinger's time this language was perfectly familiar to the audience who heard it, in a greater or less degree, in every play that came before them. To *bind with*, as I learn from that authentic treatise, *the Gentlemen's Recreation*, "is the same as to *tire* or *seize*. A hawk is said to *bind* when she *seizeth* her prey."

There is a striking similarity between this description and a passage in Spenser:

"As when a cast of Faulcons make their flight
At an henshaw, that lies aloft on wing.
The whiles they strike at him with heedless might,
The warie foule his bill doth backward wring;
On which the first, whose force her first doth bring,
Herselfe quite through the body doth engore
And falleth downe to ground like senselesse thing:"
Faerie Queene, B. VI., c. 7.

In such a place flies*, as he seems to say,
See me, or see me not! the partridge sprung,
He makes his stoop; but wanting breath, is forced
To cancelier†; then, with such speed as if
He carried lightning in his wings, he strikes
The trembling bird, who even in death appears
Proud to be made his quarry.
*Cald.* Yet all this
Is nothing to Calista.
*Dur.* Thou shalt find
Twenty Calistas there, for every night
A fresh and lusty one; I'll give thee a ticket,
In which my name, Durazzo's name, subscribed,
My tenants' nut-brown daughters, wholesome girls,
At midnight shall contend to do thee service.
I have bred them up to't; should their fathers murmur,
Their leases are void, for that is a main point
In my indentures; and when we make our progress,
There is no entertainment perfect, if
This last dish be not offer'd.
*Cald.* You make me smile.
*Dur.* I'll make thee laugh outright.—My horses, knaves!
'Tis but six short hours' riding: yet ere night
Thou shalt be an altered man.
*Cald.* I wish I may, sir. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*A Room in* Severino's *House.*

*Enter* Iölante, Calista, Calipso, *and* Mirtilla.

*Iol.* I had spies upon you, minion; the relation
Of your behaviour was at home before you:
My daughter to hold parley, from the church too,
With noted libertines! her fame and favours
The quarrel of their swords!
*Calis.* 'Twas not in me
To help it, madam.
*Iol.* No! how have I lived?
My neighbour knows my manners have been such,
That I presume I may affirm, and boldly,
In no particular action of my life
I can be justly censured.
*Calip.* Censured, madam!
What lord or lady lives, worthy to sit
A competent judge on you?
*Calis.* Yet black detraction
Will find faults where they are not.
*Calip.* Her foul mouth
Is stopp'd, you being the object: give me leave
To speak my thoughts, yet still under correction;
And if my young lady and her woman hear
With reverence, they may be edified.
You are my gracious patroness and supportress,
And I your poor observer, nay, your creature,
Fed by your bounties; and but that I know
Your honour detests flattery, I might say,
And with an emphasis, you are the lady
Admired and envied at, far, far above
All imitation of the best of women
That are or ever shall be. This is truth:
I dare not be obsequious; and 'twould ill
Become my gravity, and wisdom glean'd
From your oraculous ladyship, to act
The part of a she-parasite.
*Iol.* If you do,
I never shall acknowledge you.
*Calis.* Admirable!
This is no flattery!
*Mirt.* Do not interrupt her;
'Tis such a pleasing itch to your lady-mother,
That she may peradventure forget us,
To feed on her own praises.
*Iol.* I am not
So far in debt to age, but if I would
Listen to men's bewitching sorceries,
I could be courted.
*Calip.* Rest secure of that.
All the braveries of the city run mad for you,
And yet your virtue's such, not one attempts you.
*Iol.* I keep no mankind servant in my house,
In fear my chastity may be suspected:
How is that voiced in Naples?
*Calip.* With loud applause,
I assure your honour.
*Iol* It confirms I can
Command my sensual appetites.
*Calip.* As vassals to
Your more than masculine reason, that commands them:
Your palace styled a nunnery of pureness,
In which not one lascivious thought dares enter,
Your clear soul standing centinel.
*Mirt.* Well said, Echo!
*Iol.* Yet I have tasted those delights which women
So greedily long for, know their titillations;
And when, with danger of his head, thy father
Comes to give comfort to my widow'd sheets,
As soon as his desires are satisfied,
I can with ease forget them.
*Calip.* Observe that,
It being indeed remarkable: 'tis nothing
For a simple maid, that never had her hand
In the honey-pot of pleasure, to forbear it;
But such as have lick'd there, and lick'd there often,
And felt the sweetness of't———
*Mirt.* How her mouth runs o'er
With rank imagination!
*Calip.* If such can,
As urged before, the kickshaw being offer'd,
Refuse to take it, like my matchless madam
They may be sainted.

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* *In such a* place *flies,*] So the old copy, and so, indeed, Coxeter. Mr. M. Mason, who, without ceremony, alters every thing that he does not comprehend (which, by the bye, is no small matter,) corrupts it into *pace*: a most injudicious attempt at improvement; for who ever heard of the *pace* of a bird, except, perhaps, of an ostrich! But *place* is the genuine word; and means, in falconry, the greatest elevation which a bird of prey attains in its flight. "Eagles," says Col. Thornton (who, probably, had no intention of becoming a commentator on Massinger), "can have no speed except when at their *place*; then, to be sure, their weight increases their velocity, and they aim with an incredible swiftness, seldom missing their quarry." *Sporting Tour.* And Lord Cecil, in a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, "and so I end, with a release to you for field hawke, if you can help me to a river hawke" (this is the hawk of which Durazzo speaks), "that will fly in a *high place*, stick not to give gold so she fly high, but not else."
*Lodge's Illustrations*, Vol. III. 187.
This too is the meaning of the expression in Macbeth, which has escaped the commentators. "A faulcon, tow'ring in his pride of *place*." "Finely expressed," says Warburton, "for *confidence* in its quality." "In a place of which she" (i. e. he), "seemed proud"—adds Mr. Malone. It is, as the reader now sees, a technical phrase for the "highest pitch."

† *To* cancelier.] "Cancelier is when the high-flown hawk, in her stooping, turneth two or three times on the wing, to recover herself before she seizeth her prey." *Gent. Recreation.*

*Iöl.* I'll lose no more breath
In fruitless reprehension; look to it:
I'll have thee wear this habit of my mind,
As of my body.

*Calip.* Seek no other precedent:
In all the books of *Amadis de Gaul*,
The *Palmerins*, and that true Spanish story,
*The Mirror of Knighthood*, which I have read often,
Read feelingly, nay more, I do believe in't,
My lady has no parallel*.

*Iöl.* Do not provoke me:
If from this minute, thou e'er stir abroad,
Write letter, or receive one; or presume
To look upon a man, though from a window,
I'll chain thee like a slave in some dark corner;
Prescribe thy daily labour, which omitted,
Expect the usage of a fury from me,
Not an indulgent mother. Come, Calipso.

*Calip.* Your ladyship's injunctions are so easy,
That I dare pawn my credit my young lady
And her woman shall obey them.

[*Exeunt Iölante and Calipso.*

*Mirt.* You shall fry first
For a rotten piece of touchwood, and give fire
To the great fiend's nostrils, when he smokes tobacco!
Note the injustice, madam; they would have us,
Being young and hungry, keep perpetual Lent,
And the whole year to them a carnival.
Easy injunctions, with a mischief to you!
Suffer this and suffer all.

*Calis.* Not stir abroad!
The use and pleasure of our eyes denied us!

*Mirt.* Insufferable.

*Calis.* Nor write, nor yet receive
An amorous letter!

*Mirt.* Not to be endured.

*Calis.* Nor look upon a man out of a window!

*Mirt.* Flat tyranny. insupportable tyranny
To a lady of your blood.

*Calis.* She is my mother†,
And how should I decline it?

*Mirt.* Run away from't?
Take any course.

*Calis.* But without means, Mirtilla,
How shall we live?

*Mirt.* What a question's that! as if
A buxom lady could want maintenance
In any place in the world, where there are men,
Wine, meat, or money stirring.

*Calis.* Be you more modest,
Or seek some other mistress: rather than
In a thought or dream I will consent to aught
That may take from my honour, I'll endure
More than my mother can impose upon me.

*Mirt.* I grant your honour is a specious dressing
But without conversation of men,
A kind of nothing. I will not persuade you
To disobedience: yet my confessor told me
(And he, you know, is held a learned clerk),
When parents do enjoin unnatural things,
Wise children may evade them. She may as well
Command when you are hungry, not eat,
Or drink, or sleep: and yet all these are easy,
Compared with the not seeing of a man,
As I persuade no further; but to you
There is no such necessity, you have means
To shun your mother's rigour.

*Calis.* Lawful means?

*Mirt.* Lawful, and pleasing too; I will not urge
Caldoro's loyal love, you being averse to't;
Make trial of Adorio.

*Calis.* And give up
My honour to his lust!

*Mirt.* There's no such thing
Intended, madam; in few words, write to him
What slavish hours you spend under your mother;
That you desire not present marriage from him,
But as a noble gentleman to redeem you
From the tyranny you suffer. With your letter
Present him some rich jewel; you have one,
In which the rape of Proserpine, in little
Is to the life express'd: I'll be the messenger
With any hazard, and at my return,
Yield you a good account of't.

*Calis.* 'Tis a business
To be consider'd of.

*Mirt.* Consideration,
When the converse of your lover is in question,
Is of no moment: if she would allow you
A dancer in the morning to well breathe you,
A songster in the afternoon, a servant
To air you in the evening*; give you leave
To see the theatre twice a week, to mark
How the old actors decay, the young sprout up
(A fitting observation), you might bear it;
But not to see, or talk, or touch a man,
Abominable!

*Calis.* Do not my blushes speak
How willingly I would assent?

*Mirt.* Sweet lady,
Do something to deserve them, and blush after.

[*Exeunt.*

---

* Calipso might pass for a pattern of perseverance even in these novel-reading days. Most of those old romances would outweigh a score of the flimsy productions of modern times: and *that true Spanish story, The Mirror of Knighthood*, which she had read often, consists of three ponderous tomes in quarto!

† *She is my mother*, &c.] The language of this play is surprisingly beautiful, even for Massinger: it is every where modulated with the nicest attention to rhythm, and laboured into an exactness of which I know not where to find another example: yet it is in this very play that the modern editors have chosen to evince their sovereign contempt of their author's characteristic excellencies, and to turn his sweetest metre into weak and hobbling prose. The reader, who compares this with the former editions, will see that I have reformed what has already past of this act in numberless instances. A short quotation will give those who wish to decline that ungrateful trouble, a sufficient specimen of the disgraceful negligence to which I allude.

Calis. *She is my mother, and how should I decline it?*
Mirt. *Run away from't, take any course.*
Calis. *But without means, Mirtilla, how shall we live?*

* ——*a servant*
*To air you in the evening;* &c.] It has been already observed that *servant* was the authorised term for a lover. From a subsequent passage it appears that this forward young lady was barely sixteen. Juliet, however, still more forward, is still younger.

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*The same. A Street near* Severino's *House.*

*Enter* Iölante *and* Calipso.

*Iöl.* And are these Frenchmen, as you say, such gallants?
*Calip.* Gallant and active; their free breeding knows not
The Spanish and Italian preciseness
Practised among us; what we call immodest,
With them is styled bold courtship: they dare fight
Under a velvet ensign at fourteen.
*Iöl.* A petticoat, you mean?
*Calip.* You are in the right;
Let a mistress wear it under an armour of proof,
They are not to be beaten off.
*Iöl.* You are merry, neighbour.
*Calip.* I fool to make you so; pray you observe them,
They are the forward'st monsieurs: born physicians
For the malady of young wenches, and ne'er miss:
I own my life to one of them, when I was
A raw young thing, not worth the ground I trod on,
And long'd to dip my bread in tar, my lips
As blue as salt-water, he came up roundly to me,
And cured me in an instant, Venus be praised for't!

*Enter* Alphonso, Montpensier, Laval, Captain, *Attendants.*

*Iöl.* They come, leave prating.
*Calip.* I am dumb, an't like your honour.
*Alph.* We will not break the league confirm'd between us
And your great master: the passage of his army
Through all our territories lies open to him;
Only we grieve that your design for Rome
Commands such haste, as it denies us means
To entertain you as your worth deserves,
And we would gladly tender.
*Mont.* Royal Alphonso,
The king my master, your confederate,
Will pay the debt he owes, in fact which I
Want words t'express. I must remove to night;
And yet, that your intended favours may not
Be lost, I leave this gentleman behind me,
To whom you may vouchsafe them, I dare say,
Without repentance. I forbear to give
Your majesty his character; in France
He was a precedent for arts and arms,
Without a rival, and may prove in Naples
Worthy the imitation.
[*Introduces Laval to the king.*
*Calip.* Is he not, madam,
A monsieur in print? what a garb was there! O rare!
Then, how he wears his clothes! and the fashion of them!
A main assurance that he is within
All excellent: by this, wise ladies ever
Make their conjectures.
*Iöl.* Peace, I have observed him
From head to foot.
*Calip.* Eye him again, all over.
*Lav.* It cannot, royal sir, but argue me
Of much presumption, if not impudence,
To be a suitor to your majesty,
Before I have deserved a gracious grant,
By some employment prosperously achieved.
But pardon, gracious sir: when I left France
I made a vow to a bosom friend of mine
(Which my lord general, if he please, can witness),
With such humility as well becomes
A poor petitioner, to desire a boon
From your magnificence. [*He delivers a petition.*
*Calip.* With what punctual form
He does deliver it!
*Iöl.* I have eyes: no more.
*Alph.* For Severino's pardon!—you must excuse me,
I dare not pardon murder.
*Lav.* His fact, sir,
Ever submitting to your abler judgment,
Merits a fairer name: he was provoked,
As by unanswerable proofs it is confirm'd,
By Monteclaro's rashness; who repining
That Severino, without his consent,
Had married Iölante, his sole sister
(It being conceal'd almost for thirteen years),
Though the gentleman, at all parts, was his equal,
First challeng'd him, and, that declined, he gave him
A blow in public.
*Mont.* Not to be endured,
But by a slave.
*Lav.* This, great sir, justly weigh'd,
You may a little, if you please, take from
The rigour of your justice, and express
An act of mercy.
*Iol.* I can hear no more,
This opens an old wound, and makes a new one.
Would it were cicatrized! wait me.
*Calip.* As your shadow.
[*Exeunt Iölante and Calipso.*
*Alph.* We grant you these are glorious pretences,
Revenge appearing in the shape of valour,
Which wise kings must distinguish: the defence
Of reputation, now made a bawd
To murder; every trifle falsely styled
An injury, and not to be determined
But by a bloody duel: though this vice
Hath taken root and growth beyond the mountains
(As France, and, in strange fashions, her ape,
England, can dearly witness with the loss
Of more brave spirits than would have stood the shock
Of the Turk's army), while Alphonso lives
It shall not here be planted. Move me no further
In this; in what else suiting you to ask,
And me to give, expect a gracious answer:
However, welcome to our court. Lord General,
I'll bring you out of the ports, and then betake you
To your good fortune.
*Mont.* Your grace overwhelms me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Severino's *House.*

*Enter* Calipso *and* Iölante.

*Calip.* You are bound to favour him: mark you how he pleaded
For my lord's pardon.

*Iöl.* That's indeed a tie;
But I have a stronger on me.
*Calip.* Say you love
His person, be not asham'd of't; he's a man,
For whose embraces, though Endymion
Lay sleeping by, Cynthia would leave her orb,
And exchange kisses with him.
*Iöl.* Do not fan
A fire that burns already too hot in me;
I am in my honour sick, sick to the death,
Never to be recovered.
*Calip.* What a coil's here
For loving a man! It is no Afric wonder!
If, like Pasiphaë, you doted on a bull,
Indeed 'twere monstrous; but in this you have
A thousand thousand precedents to excuse you.
A seaman's wife may ask relief of her neighbour,
When her husband's bound to the Indies, and not blam'd for't;
And many more besides of higher calling,
Though I forbear to name them. You have a husband;
But, as the case stands with my lord, he is
A kind of no husband; and your ladyship
As free as a widow can be. I confess,
If ladies should seek change, that have their husbands
At board and bed, to pay their marriage duties,
(The surest bond of concord), 'twere a fault,
Indeed it were: but for your honour, that
Do lie alone so often—body of me!
I am zealous in your cause—let me take breath.
*Iöl.* I apprehend what thou wouldst say, I want all
As means to quench the spurious fire that burns here.
*Calip.* Want means, while I, your creature, live! I dare not
Be so unthankful.
*Iöl.* Wilt thou undertake it,
And, as an earnest of much more to come,
Receive this jewel, and purse cramm'd full of crowns?——
How dearly I am forced to buy dishonour!
*Calip.* I would do it gratis, but 'twould ill become
My breeding to refuse your honour's bounty;
Nay, say no more, all rhetoric in this
Is comprehended; let me alone to work him.
He shall be yours*; that's poor, he is already
At your devotion. I will not boast
My faculties this way, but suppose he were
Coy as Adonis, or Hippolytus,
And your desires more hot than Cytherea's,
Or wanton Phædra's, I will bring him chain'd
To your embraces, glorying in his fetters:
I have said it.
*Iöl.* Go, and prosper; and imagine
A salary beyond thy hopes.
*Calip.* Sleep you
Secure on either ear*; the burthen's yours
To entertain him, mine to bring him hither. [*Exeunt*

* *He* shall be *yours; that's poor, he* is already *At your devotion.*] This is parodied with some humour from a spirited passage in *Hercules Furens*:
——*Ni novi Herculem,*
*Lycus Creonti debitas pœnas dabit:*
*Lentum est, dabit; dat: hoc quoque lentum est; dedit.*
Ver. 644.
which Jonson has thus closely imitated in his *Catiline*:
" ——He *shall die;*
*Shall,* was too slowly said: *he's dying;* that
Is yet too slow: *he's dead*

* Calip. *Sleep you*
Secure on either ear;] Calipso seems to have joined the classics to *Amadis de Gaul, Palmerin,* and *The Mirrour of Knighthood. To sleep on either ear,* is from *The Heautontimorumenos* of Terence,—*in aurem utramvis dormire,*—and means, to sleep soundly, free from care, &c. It is used by Jonson, in his beautiful *Masque of Oberon*:
" ——Sirs, you keep
Proper watch, that thus do lie
Drown'd in sloth!
*Sat.* 1. They have no eye
To wake withal.
*Sat.* 2. Nor sense, I fear,
For they *sleep on either ear.*"
In Acerbi's *Travels to the North of Europe,* there is an extract from the bishop of Drontheim's *Account of the Laplanders,*—"*in utramvis dormiunt aurem, nec plumis indormire mollibus magni æstimant.*" This Acerbi, or rather the English manufacturer of his work, translates, "they sleep equally on both sides!" He then remarks, with an appearance of great sagacity, "Some physicians recommend sleeping on the right side, or right ear, the good bishop seems, however, to think that to sleep casually on either ear is the most conducive to health." The "good bishop" knew what he was saying very well, though his flippant translator did not:—but thus it is that we are disgraced in the eyes of Europe by needy adventurers, who set up for critics in literature with no other qualifications than ignorance and impudence!

## SCENE III.—*A Room in* Adorio's *House.*

*Enter* Adorio, Camillo, Lentulo, *and* Donato.

*Don.* Your wrong's beyond a challenge, and you deal
Too fairly with him, if you take that way
To right yourself.
*Lent.* The least that you can do,
In the terms of honour, is, when next you meet him,
To give him the bastinado.
*Cam.* And that done,
Draw out his sword to cut your own throat! No,
Be ruled by me, show yourself an Italian,
And having received one injury, do not put off
Your hat for a second; there are fellows that
For a few crowns will make him sure, and so,
With your revenge, you prevent future mischief.
*Ador.* I thank you, gentlemen, for your studied care
In what concerns my honour; but in that
I'll steer my own course. Yet, that you may know
You are still my cabinet counsellors, my bosom
Lies open to you; I begin to feel
A weariness, nay, satiety of looseness,
And something tells me here, I should repent
My harshness to Calista.

*Enter* Cario *in haste.*

*Camil.* When you please,
You may remove that scruple.
*Ador.* I shall think on't.
*Car.* Sir, sir, are you ready?
*Ador.* To do what?
I am sure 'tis not yet dinner-time.
*Car.* True; but I usher
Such an unexpected dainty bit for breakfast,
As yet I never cook'd: 'tis not botargo,
Fried frogs, potatoes marrow'd, caveare,
Carps' tongues, the pith of an English chine of beef,
Nor our Italian delicate oil'd mushrooms,

And yet a drawer-on, too; and if you show not
An appetite, and a strong one, I'll not say
To eat it, but devour it, without grace too,
For it will not stay a preface, I am shamed,
And all my past provocatives will be jeer'd at.
*Ador.* Art thou in thy wits? what new-found rarity
Hast thou discover'd?
*Car.* No such matter, sir;
It grows in our own country.
*Don.* Serve it up,
I feel a kind of stomach.
*Camil.* I could feed too.
*Car.* Not a bit upon a march; there's other lettuce
For your coarse lips; this is peculiar, only
For my master's palate; I would give my whole year's wages,
With all my vails, and fees due to the kitchen,
But to be his carver.
*Ador.* Leave your fooling, sirrah,
And bring in your dainty.
*Car.* 'Twill bring in itself,
It has life and spirit in it; and for proof,
Behold! Now fall to boldly, my life on't
It comes to be tasted.

*Enter* Mirtilla.

*Camil.* Ha! Calista's woman.
*Lent.* A handsome one, by Venus.
*Ador.* Pray you forbear:
You are welcome, fair one.
*Don.* How that blush becomes her!
*Ador.* Aim your designs at me?
*Mirt.* I am trusted, sir,
With a business of near consequence, which I would
To your private ear deliver.
*Car.* I told you so.
Give her audience on your couch; it is fit state
To a she-ambassador.
*Ador.* Pray you, gentlemen,
For awhile dispose of yourselves, I'll straight attend you.
[*Exeunt Camillo, Lentulo, and Donato.*
*Car.* Dispatch her first for your honour, the quickly doing ——
You know what follows.
*Ador.* Will you please to vanish? [*Exit Cario.*
Now, pretty one, your pleasure; you shall find me
Ready to serve you; if you'll put me to
My oath, I'll take it on this book.
*Mirt.* O, sir,
The favour is too great, and far above
My poor ambition, I must kiss your hand
In sign of humble thankfulness.
*Ador.* So modest!
*Mirt.* It well becomes a maid, sir. Spare those blessings
For my noble mistress, upon whom with justice,
And, with your good allowance, I might add
With a due gratitude, you may confer them;
But this will better speak her chaste desires,
[*Delivers a letter.*
Than I can fancy what they are, much less
With moving language, to their fair deserts,
Aptly express them. Pray you read, but with
Compassion, I beseech you: if you find
The paper blurr'd with tears fallen from her eyes,
While she endeavour'd to set down that truth
Her soul did dictate to her, it must challenge
A gracious answer.
*Ador.* O the powerful charms
By that fair hand writ down here! not like those
Which dreadfully pronounced by Circe, changed
Ulysses' followers into beasts; these have
An opposite working: I already feel,
But reading them, their saving operations,
And all those sensual, loose, and base desires,
Which have too long usurp'd, and tyrannized
Over my reason, of themselves fall off.
Most happy metamorphosis! in which
The film of error that did blind my judgment
And seduced understanding, is removed.
What sacrifice of thanks can I return
Her pious charity, that not alone
Redeems me from the worst of slavery,
The tyranny of my beastly appetites,
To which I long obsequiously have bow'd;
But adds a matchless favour to receive
A benefit from me, nay, puts her goodness
In my protection?
*Mirt.* Transform'd! it is [*Aside.*
A blessed metamorphosis, and works
I know not how on me.
*Ador.* My joys are boundless,
Curb'd with no limits; for her sake, Mirtilla,
Instruct me how I presently may seal
To those strong bonds of loyal love, and service
Which never shall be cancell'd.
*Mirt.* She'll become
Your debtor, sir, if you vouchsafe to answer
Her pure affection.
*Ador.* Answer it, Mirtilla!
With more than adoration I kneel to it
Tell her, I'll rather die a thousand deaths
Than fail, with punctuality, to perform
All her commands.
*Mirt.* I am lost on this assurance. [*Aside.*
Which, if 'twere made to me, I should have faith in't,
As in an oracle: ah me! She presents you
This jewel, her dead grandsire's gift, in which,
As by a true Egyptian hieroglyphic
(For so I think she call'd it), you may be
Instructed what her suit is you should do,
And she with joy will suffer.
*Ador.* Heaven be pleased
To qualify this excess of happiness
With some disaster, or I shall expire
With a surfeit of felicity. With what art
The cunning* lapidary hath here express'd
The rape of Proserpine! I apprehend
Her purpose, and obey it; yet not as
A helping friend, but a husband: I will meet
Her chaste desires with lawful heat, and warm
Our Hymeneal sheets with such delights
As leave no sting behind them.
*Mirt.* I despair then. [*Aside.*
*Ador.* At the time appointed say, wench, I'll attend her,
And guard her from the fury of her mother,
And all that dare disturb her.
*Mirt.* You speak well,
And I believe you.

* *And yet a* drawer-on *too;*] i. e. an incitement to appetite: the phrase is yet in use.

* ——*With what art*
*The* cunning *lapidary*, &c.] *Cunning* is the Scriptural term for *ingenuity* in the arts.

*Ador.* Would you aught else?
*Mirt.* I would carry
Some love-sign to her; and now I think on it,
The kind salute you offer'd at my entrance,
Hold it not impudence that I desire it,
I'll faithfully deliver it.
*Ador.* O, a kiss!
You must excuse me; I was then mine own,
Now wholly hers: the touch of other lips
I do abjure for ever: but there's gold
To bind thee still my advocate.
[*Exit.*

*Mirt.* Not a kiss!
I was coy when it was offered, and now justly
When I beg one am denied. What scorching fires
My loose hopes kindle in me! shall I be
False to my lady's trust, and from a servant
Rise up her rival? His words have bewitch'd me,
And something I must do, but what?—'tis yet
An embryon, and how to give it form,
Alas, I know not. Pardon me, Calista,
I am nearest to myself, and time will teach me
To perfect that which yet is undetermined.
[*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.—*The Country. A Forest.*

*Enter* Claudio *and* Severino.

*Claud.* You are master of yourself; yet, if I may
As a tried friend in my love and affection,
And a servant in my duty, speak my thoughts,
Without offence, i'the way of counsel to you;
I could allege, and truly, that your purpose
For Naples, cover'd with a thin disguise,
Is full of danger.
*Sev.* Danger, Claudio!
'Tis here, and every where, our forced companion;
The rising and the setting sun beholds us
Environ'd with it; our whole life a journey
Ending in certain ruin.
*Claud.* Yet we should not,
Howe'er besieged, deliver up our fort
Of life, till it be forced.
*Sev.* 'Tis so indeed
By wisest men concluded, which we should
Obey as Christians; but when I consider
How different the progress of our actions
Is from religion, nay, morality,
I cannot find in reason, why we should
Be scrupulous that way only; or like meteors
Blaze forth prodigious terrors, till our stuff
Be utterly consumed, which once put out,
Would bring security unto ourselves,
And safety unto those we prey upon.
O Claudio! since by this fatal hand
The brother of my wife, bold Monteclaro,
Was left dead in the field, and I proscribed
After my flight, by the justice of the king,
My being hath been but a living death,
With a continued torture.
*Claud.* Yet in that
You do delude their bloody violence
That do pursue your life.
*Sev.* While I by rapines
Live terrible to others as myself.
What one hour can we challenge as our own,
Unhappy as we are, yielding a beam
Of comfort to us? Quiet night, that brings
Rest to the labourer, is the outlaw's day,
In which he rises early to do wrong,
And when his work is ended, dares not sleep:
Our time is spent in watches to entrap
Such as would shun us, and to hide ourselves
From the ministers of justice, that would bring us
To the correction of the law. O, Claudio,
Is this a life to be preserved*, and at
So dear a rate? But why hold I discourse
On this sad subject, since it is a burthen
We are mark'd to bear, and not to be shook off
But with our human frailty? In the change
Of dangers there is some delight, and therefore
I am resolved for Naples.
*Claud.* May you meet there
All comforts that so fair and chaste a wife
(As fame proclaims her without parallel)
Can yield to ease your sorrows!
*Sev.* I much thank you;
Yet you may spare those wishes, which with joy
I have proved certainties, and from their want
Her excellencies take lustre.
*Claud.* Ere you go yet,
Some charge unto your squires not to fly out
Beyond their bounds were not impertinent:
For though that with a look you can command them,
In your absence they'll be headstrong.
*Sev.* 'Tis well thought on,
I'll touch my horn,—[*Blows his horn.*]—they know my call.
*Claud.* And will,
As soon as heard, make in to't from all quarters,
As the flock to the shepherd's whistle.

*Enter* Banditti.

1 *Ban.* What's your will?
2 *Ban.* Hail, sovereign of these woods!
3 *Ban.* We lay our lives
At your highness' feet.
4 *Ban.* And will confess no king,
Nor laws but what come from your mouth; and those
We gladly will subscribe to.
*Sev.* Make this good,
In my absence, to my substitute, to whom
Pay all obedience as to myself;
The breach of this in one particular
I will severely punish: on your lives,
Remember upon whom with our allowance
You may securely prey, with such as are
Exempted from your fury.
*Claud.* 'Twere not amiss,
If you please, to help their memory; besides,
Here are some newly initiated.
*Sev.* To these
Read you the articles; I must be gone:
Claudio, farewell!

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* ——— *O, Claudio,*
*Is this a life to be preserved,* &c.] A state of insecurity and perpetual alarm was never described with more energy and beauty than in this scene. I know not whether Massinger ever reached Germany; but certainly many parts of Charles *The Robber* bear a striking resemblance to the character of Severino. There is a fine passage in Marston, which is not altogether unlike the opening of this speech:
" ——— O thou pale, sober night,
Thou that in sluggish fumes all sense dost steep;
Thou that giv'st all the world full leave to play,
Unbend'st the feeble veins of sweaty labour," &c.
*The Malecontent.* Act III. sc. ii.
Colman has laid this scene under heavy contributions in his *Battle of Hexham.*

*Claud.* May your return be speedy!
1 *Ban.* Silence; out with your table-books.
2 *Ban.* And observe.
Claud. [reads.] *The cormorant that lives in expectation*
*Of a long wish'd-for dearth, and smiling grinds*
*The faces of the poor, you may make spoil of;*
*Even theft to such is justice.*
3 *Ban.* He's in my tables.
Claud. *The grand encloser of the commons, for*
*His private profit or delight, with all*
*His herds that graze upon't, are lawful prize.*
4 *Ban.* And we will bring them in, although the devil
Stood roaring by to guard them.
Claud. *If a usurer,*
*Greedy, at his own price to make a purchase,*
*Taking advantage upon bond or mortgage*
*From a prodigal, pass through our territories,*
*In the way of custom, or of tribute to us,*
*You may ease him of his burthen.*
2 *Ban.* Wholesome doctrine.
Claud. *Builders of iron mills, that grub up forests**
*With timber trees for shipping.*
1 *Ban.* May we not
Have a touch at lawyers?
*Claud.* By no means; they may
Too soon have a gripe at us; they are angry hornets,
Not to be jested with.
3 *Ban.* This is not so well.
Claud. *The owners of dark shops, that vent their wares*
*With perjuries; cheating vintners, not contented*
*With half in half in their reckonings, yet cry out,*
*When they find their guests want coin, 'Tis late, and bed-time.*
*These ransack at your pleasures.*
3 *Ban.* How shall we know them?
*Claud.* If they walk on foot, by their rat-colour'd stockings,
And shining shoes†; if horsemen, by short boots,
And riding furniture of several counties.
2 *Ban.* Not one of the list escapes us.
Claud. *But for scholars,*
*Whose wealth lies in their heads, and not their pockets,*
*Soldiers that have bled in their country's service;*
*The rent-rack'd farmer; needy market folks;*
*The sweaty labourer; carriers that transport*
*The goods of other men, are privileged;*
*But, above all, let none presume to offer*
*Violence to women, for our king hath sworn,*
*Who that way's a delinquent, without mercy*
*Hangs for't by martial law.*

*All.* Long live Severino,
And perish all such cullions as repine*
At his new monarchy!
*Claud.* About your business,
That he may find, at his return, good cause
To praise your care and discipline.
*All.* We'll not fail, sir. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—Naples. *A Street.*

*Enter* LAVAL *and* CALIPSO.

*Lav.* Thou art sure mistaken; 'tis not possible
That I can be the man thou art employ'd to.
*Calip.* Not you the man! you are the man of men,
And such another, in my lady's eye,
Never to be discover'd.
*Lav.* A mere stranger
Newly arrived!
*Calip.* Still the more probable;
Since ladies, as you know, affect strange dainties,
And brought far to them†. This is not an age
In which saints live; but women, knowing women,
That understand their *summum bonum* is
Variety of pleasures in the touch,
Derived from several nations; and if men would
Be wise by their example—
*Lav.* As most are,
'Tis a coupling age!
*Calip.* Why, sir, do gallants travel?
Answer that question, but, at their return,
With wonder to the hearers, to discourse of
The garb and difference in foreign females,
As the lusty girl of France, the sober German,
The plump Dutch frow, the stately dame of Spain,
The Roman libertine, and sprightful Tuscan,
The merry Greek, Venetian courtezan,
The English fair companion, that learns something
From every nation, and will fly at all:
I say again, the difference betwixt these
And their own country gamesters.
*Lav.* Aptly urged.
Some make that their main end: but may I ask,
Without offence to your gravity, by what title
Your lady, that invites me to her favours,
Is known in the city?
*Calip.* If you were a true-born monsieur,
You would do the business first, and ask that after.
If you only truck with her title, I shall hardly
Deserve thanks for my travail; she is, sir,
No single ducat-trader, nor a beldam
So frozen up, that a fever cannot thaw her;
No lioness by her breath.
*Lav.* Leave these impertinencies,
And come to the matter.
*Calip.* Would you'd be as forward
When you draw for the upshot! she is, sir, a lady,
A rich, fair, well-complexioned, and what is
Not frequent among Venus' votaries,
Upon my credit, which good men have trusted,

---

* Claud. *Builders of iron mills, that grub up forests With timber trees for shipping.*] Did this evil really exist in Massinger's days? or did the poet, in prophetic vision, visit the "well wooded" mountains that overhang the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland? These *articles* are extremely curious, as they show us what were accounted the chief grievances of the nation at that fortunate period.

† *And* shining *shoes;*] Our old dramatists make themselves very merry with these *shining shoes*, which appear, in their time, to have been one of the characteristic marks of a spruce citizen. Thus Newcut, rallying Plotwell for becoming a merchant, exclaims:

"Slid! his *shoes shine* too!" *The City Match.*

And Kitely observes that Wellbred's acquaintance

"——— mock him all over,
From his flat cap unto his *shining shoes.*"
*Every Man in his Humour.*

* *And perish all such* cullions] A term taken from the Italians and strongly expressive of contempt:—all such *abject wretches.* It frequently occurs in the old poets.

† *Since ladies,* as you know, *affect strange dainties, And brought far to them.*] This is proverbial: but it may, perhaps, allude to the title of a play, by Thomas Hacket, "*Farre Fetched and DearBought ys Good for Ladies.*" It was entered at Stationers' Hall, 1566.

A sound and wholesome lady, and her name is
Madonna Iölante.
*Lav.* Iölante!
I have heard of her; for chastity, and beauty,
The wonder of the age.
*Calip.* Pray you, not too much
Of chastity; fair and free I do subscribe to,
And so you'll find her.
*Lav.* Come, you are a base creature;
And covering your foul ends with her fair name,
Give me just reason to suspect you have
A plot upon my life.
*Calip.* A plot! very fine!
Nay, 'tis a dangerous one, pray you beware of't;
'Tis cunningly contrived: I plot to bring you
Afoot, with the travel of some forty paces,
To those delights which a man not made of snow
Would ride a thousand miles for. You shall be
Received at a postern door, if you be not cautious,
By one whose touch would make old Nestor young,
And cure his hernia; a terrible plot!
A kiss then ravished from you by such lips
As flow with nectar, a juicy palm more precious
Than the famed Sibylla's bough, to guide you safe
Through mists of perfumes to a glorious room,
Where Jove might feast his Juno; a dire plot
A banquet I'll not mention, that is common:
But I must not forget, to make the plot
More horrid to you, the retiring bower,
So furnished as might force the Persian's envy,
The silver bathing-tub the cambric rubbers,
The embroidered quilt, the bed of gossamer
And damask roses; a mere powder-plot
To blow you up! and last, a bed-fellow,
To whose rare entertainment all these are
But foils and settings off.
*Lav.* No more; her breath
Would warm an eunuch.
*Calip.* I knew I should heat you:
Now he begins to glow.
*Lav.* I am flesh and blood,
And I were not man if I should not run the hazard,
Had I no other ends in't. I have considered
Your motion, matron.
*Calip.* My plot, sir, on your life,
For which I am deservedly suspected
For a base and dangerous woman! Fare you well, sir,
I'll be bold to take my leave.
*Lav.* I will along too.
Come, pardon my suspicion, I confess
My error; and eying you better, I perceive
There's nothing that is ill that can flow from you;
I am serious, and for proof of it I'll purchase
Your good opinion. [*Gives her his purse.*
*Calip.* I am gentle natured,
And can forget a greater wrong upon
Such terms of satisfaction.
*Lav.* What's the hour?
*Calip.* Twelve.
*Lav.* I'll not miss a minute.
*Calip.* I shall find you
At your lodging?
*Lav.* Certainly; return my service,
And for me kiss your lady's hands.
*Calip.* At twelve
I'll be your convoy.
*Lav.* I desire no better.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*The Country.*

*Enter* Durazzo, Caldoro, *and Servant.*

*Dur.* Walk the horses down the hill; I have a lit
To speak in private. [*Exit Servant.*
*Cald.* Good sir, no more anger.
*Dur.* Love do you call it! madness, wilful madness;
And since I cannot cure it, I would have you
Exactly mad. You are a lover already,
Be a drunkard too, and after turn small poet,
And then you are mad, katexokên the madman*.
*Cald.* Such as are safe on shore may smile at tempests;
But I, that am embark'd, and every minute
Expect a shipwreck, relish not your mirth;
To me it is unseasonable.
*Dur.* Pleasing viands
Are made sharp by sick palates. I affect
A handsome mistress in my gray beard, as well
As any boy of you all; and on good terms
Will venture as far i'the fire, so she be willing
To entertain me; but ere I would dote,
As you do, where there is no flattering hope
Ever t'enjoy her, I would forswear wine,
And kill this letcherous itch with drinking water,
Or live, like a Carthusian, on poor John,
Then bathe myself night by night in marble dew,
And use no soap but camphire-balls.
*Cald.* You may
(And I must suffer it), like a rough surgeon,
Apply these burning caustics to my wounds
Already gangren'd, when soft unguents would
Better express an uncle with some feeling
Of his nephew's torments.
*Dur.* I shall melt, and cannot
Hold out if he whimper. O that this young fellow,
Who, on my knowledge, is able to beat a man,
Should be baffled by this blind imagined boy,
Or fear his bird-bolts*!
*Cald.* You have put yourself already
To too much trouble in bringing me thus far:
Now, if you please, with your good wishes, leave me
To my my hard fortunes.

* *And then you are mad,* katexokên *the madman.*] Κατὲξοχην i. e. *super-eminently* the madman.

* *Or fear his* bird-bolts!] i. e. his blunt, pointless, arrows; for with such birds were brought down.

*Dur.* I'll forsake myself first.
Leave thee! I cannot, will not; thou shalt have
No cause to be weary of my company,
For I'll be useful; and, ere I see thee perish,
Dispensing with my dignity and candour*,
I will do something for thee, though it savour
Of the old squire of Troy†. As we ride, we will
Consult of the means: bear up.
*Cald.* I cannot sink,
Having your noble aids to buoy me up;
There was never such a guardian.
*Dur.* How is this?
Stale compliments to me! When my work's done,
Commend the artificer, and then be thankful.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Naples. *A Room in* Severino's *House.*

*Enter* Calista *richly habited, and* Mirtilla *in the gown which* Calista *first wore.*

*Calis.* How dost thou like my gown?
*Mirt.* Tis rich and courtlike.
*Calis.* The dressings too are suitable
*Mirt.* I must say so,
Or you might blame my want of care.
*Calis.* My mother
Little dreams of my intended flight, or that
These are my nuptial ornaments.
*Mirt.* I hope so.
*Calis.* How dully thou repliest! thou dost not envy
Adorio's noble change, or the good fortune
That it brings to me?
*Mirt.* My endeavours that way
Can answer for me.
*Calis.* True; you have discharged
A faithful servant's duty, and it is
By me rewarded like a liberal mistress:
I speak it not to upbraid you with my bounties,
Though they deserve more thanks and ceremony
Than you have yet express'd.
*Mirt.* The miseries
Which, from your happiness, I am sure to suffer,
Restrain my forward tongue; and, gentle madam,
Excuse my weakness, though I do appear
A little daunted with the heavy burthen
I am to undergo: when you are safe,
My dangers, like to roaring torrents, will
Gush in upon me; yet I would endure
Your mother's cruelty, but how to bear
Your absence, in the very thought confounds me.
Since we were children I have loved and served you;
I willingly learn'd to obey, as you
Grew up to knowledge, that you might command me;
And now to be divorced from all my comforts!—
Can this be borne with patience?
*Calis.* The necessity
Of my strange fate commands it; but I vow
By my Adorio's love, I pity thee.
*Mirt.* Pity me, madam! a cold charity;
You must do more, and help me.
*Calis.* Ha! what said you?
I must! Is this fit language for a servant?
*Mirt.* For one that would continue your poor servant,
And cannot live that day in which she is
Denied to be so. Can Mirtilla sit
Mourning alone, imagining those pleasures
Which you this blessed Hymeneal night
Enjoy in the embraces of your lord,
And my lord too, in being your's? (already
As such I love and honour him). Shall a stranger
Sew you in a sheet, to guard that maidenhead
You must pretend to keep; and 'twill become you?
Shall another do those bridal offices
Which time will not permit me to remember*,
And I pine here with envy? pardon me,
I must and will be pardon'd,—for my passions
Are in extremes; and use some speedy means
That I may go along with you, and share
In those delights, but with becoming distance;
Or by his life, which as a saint you swear by,
I will discover all.
*Calis.* Thou canst not be
So treacherous and cruel, in destroying
The building thou hast raised.
*Mirt.* Pray you do not tempt me,
For 'tis resolved.
*Calis.* I know not what to think of't.
In the discovery of my secrets to her, [her,
I have made my slave my mistress: I must sooth
There's no evasion else.—Prithee, Mirtilla,
Be not so violent, I am strangely taken
With thy affection for me; 'twas my purpose
To have thee sent for.
*Mirt.* When?
*Calis.* This very night;
And I vow deeply I shall be no sooner
In the desired possession of my lord,
But by some of his servants I will have thee
Convey'd unto us.
*Mirt.* Should you break?
*Calis.* I dare not.
Come, clear thy looks, for instantly we'll prepare
For our departure.
*Mirt.* Pray you, forgive my boldness,
Growing from my excess of zeal to serve you.
*Calis.* I thank thee for't.
*Mirt.* You'll keep your word?
*Calis.* Still doubtful?
*Mirt.* 'Twas this I aim'd at, and leave the rest to fortune. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Adorio's *House.*

*Enter* Adorio, Camillo, Lentulo, Donato, Cario, *and Servants.*

*Ador.* Haste you unto my villa, and take all

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* *Dispensing with my dignity and* candour,] This expression reconciles me to a passage in *The Parliament of Love*, of which, though copied with my best care, I was extremely doubtful;

"And might I but persuade you to dispense
"A little with your *candour*, &c." Act IV. sc. iii.

It now appears that Massinger uses *candour* in both places as synonymous with honour, or fairness of reputation.

† *Of the old* squire of Troy.] The Pandarus of Shakspeare. This uncle is a most pleasant character; it is impossible not to be delighted with him, notwithstanding the freedom of his language. As Caldoro justly observes,

*There was never such a guardian.*

* *Which time will not permit me to* remember,] i. e to bring to your remembrance, to remind you of: so the word is frequently used.

This scene, and indeed the whole of this play, is scandalously edited by Coxeter as well as Mr. M. Mason; in the line before us, the former omits *me*, and the latter, *time*, so that the metre halts miserably in both.

Provision along with you, and for use
And ornament, the shortness of the time
Can furnish you; let my best plate be set out,
And costliest hangings; and, if 't be possible,
With a merry dance to entertain the bride,
Provide an epithalamium.
*Car.* Trust me
For belly timber: and for a song I have
A paper-blurrer, who on all occasions,
For all times, and all seasons, hath such trinkets
Ready in the deck*: it is but altering
The names, and they will serve for any bride
Or bridegroom in the kingdom.
*Ador.* But for the dance?
*Car.* I will make one myself, and foot it finely;
And summoning your tenants at my dresser,
Which is, indeed, my drum†, make a rare choice
Of the able youth, such as shall sweat sufficiently,
And smell too, but not of amber, which you know is
The grace of the country hall.
*Ador.* About it, Cario,
And look you be careful.
*Car.* For mine own credit, sir.
[*Exeunt Cario and Servants.*
*Ador.* Now, noble friends, confirm your loves, and think not
Of the penalty of the law, that does forbid
The stealing away an heir: I will secure you,
And pay the breach of 't.
*Camil.* Tell us what we shall do,
We'll talk of that hereafter.
*Ador.* Pray you be careful
To keep the west gate of the city open,
That our passage may be free, and bribe the watch
With any sum; this is all.
*Don.* A dangerous business!
*Camil.* I'll make the constable, watch, and porter drunk,
Under a crown.
*Lent.* And then you may pass while they snore,
Though you had done a murder.
*Camil.* Get but your mistress,
And leave the rest to us,
*Ador.* You much engage me:
But I forget myself.
*Camil.* Pray you in what, sir?
*Ador.* Yielding too much to my affection,
Though lawful now, my wounded reputation
And honour suffer: the disgrace in taking
A blow in public from Caldoro, branded
With the infamous mark of coward, in delaying
To right myself, upon my cheek grows fresher;
That's first to be consider'd.
*Camil.* If you dare
Trust my opinion (yet I have had
Some practice and experience in duels),
You are too tender that way: can you answer
The debt you owe your honour till you meet
Your enemy from whom you may exact it?
Hath he not left the city, and in fear
Conceal'd himself, for aught I can imagine?
What would you more?
*Ador.* I should do.
*Camil.* Never think on't,
Till fitter time and place invite you to it:
I have read Caranza*, and find not in his grammar
Of quarrels, that the injured man is bound
To seek for reparation at an hour;
But may, and without loss, till he hath settled
More serious occasions that import him,
For a day or two defer it.
*Ador.* You'll subscribe
Your hand to this?
*Camil.* And justify't with my life,
Presume upon't.
*Ador.* On, then; you shall o'er-rule me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Severino's *House.*

*Enter* Iölante *and* Calipso.

*Iöl.* I'll give thee a golden tongue, and have it hung up
Over thy tomb for a monument.
*Calip.* I am not prepared yet
To leave the world, there are many good pranks
I must dispatch in this kind before I die:
And I had rather, if your honour please,
Have the crowns in my purse.
*Iöl.* Take that.
*Calip.* Magnificent lady!
May you live long, and every moon love change,
That I may have fresh employment. You know what
Remains to be done.
*Iöl.* Yes, yes; I will command
My daughter and Mirtilla to their chamber.
*Calip.* And lock them up: such liquorish kitlings are not
To be trusted with our cream. Ere I go, I'll help you
To set forth the banquet, and place the candied eringoes
Where he may be sure to taste them; then undress you,
For these things are cumbersome, when you should be active:
A thin night mantle to hide part of your smock,
With your pearl-embroidered pantofles on your feet,
And then you are armed for service! nay, no trifling,

---

* *Ready in the* deck.] Mr. M. Mason reads, in the *desk*; and, doubtless, applauded himself for the emendation; but *deck* is right; it means the *heap*, or, technically speaking, the *gross*. In our old poets, a *pack* of cards is called a *deck*: Thus, in *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, 1594:

"Well, if I chance but once to get the *deck*,
To deal about and shuffle as I would."

† *And summoning your tenants at my* dresser, *Which is, indeed, my* drum,] Thus, the servant, in *The Unnatural Combat*:

"When the *dresser*, the *cook's drum*, thunders, come on!"
Act III. sc. i.

And thus Suckling:

"Just in the nick the *cook knock'd thrice*,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train'd band,
Presented, and away." *The Wedding.*

* *I have read* Caranza.] This great man—"great let me call him," for he has obtained the praise of Bobadil, wrote a systematic treatise on duelling, which seems to have been the *Vade Mecum* of the punctilious gallants about the court of James I. He is frequently mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher, Jonson, and our author, and generally with the ridicule which he deserves. From a passage in *The New Inn*, it should seem that his reputation did not long outlive their sarcasms:

"*Host.* They had their times, and we can say, *they were*:
So had *Caranza* his."

We are alone, and you know 'tis a point of folly
To be coy to eat when meat is set before you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Street before* Severino's *House.*

*Enter* ADORIO *and* Servant.

*Ador.* 'Tis eleven by my watch, the hour appointed.
Listen at the door—hear'st thou any stirring?
*Serv.* No, sir;
All's silent here.
*Ador.* Some cursed business keeps
Her mother up. I'll walk a little circle,
And show where you shall wait us with the horses,
And then return. This short delay afflicts me,
And I presume to her it is not pleasing. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* DURAZZO *and* CALDORO.

*Dur.* What's now to be done? prithee let's to bed, I am sleepy;
And here's my hand on't, without more ado,
By fair or foul play we'll have her to-morrow
In thy possession.
*Cald.* Good sir, give me leave
To taste a little comfort in beholding
The place by her sweet presence sanctified.
She may perhaps, to take air, ope the casement,
And looking out, a new star to be gazed on
By me with adoration, bless these eyes,
Ne'er happy but when she is made the object.
*Dur.* Is not here fine fooling!
*Cald.* Thou great queen of love,
Or real or imagined, be propitious
To me, thy faithful votary! and I vow
To erect a statue to thee, equal to
Thy picture by Apelles' skilful hand,
Left as the great example of his art;
And on thy thigh I'll hang a golden Cupid,
His torches flaming, and his quiver full,
For further honour!
*Dur.* End this waking dream,
And let's away.

*Enter* CALISTA *and* MIRTILLA.

*Calis.* Mirtilla!
*Cald.* 'Tis her voice!
*Calis.* You heard the horses' footing?
*Mirt.* Certainly.
*Calist.* Speak low. My lord Adorio.
*Cald.* I am dumb.
*Dur.* The darkness friend us too! Most honour'd madam,
Adorio, your servant.
*Calis.* As you are so,
I do command your silence till we are
Further removed; and let this kiss assure you
(I thank the sable night that hides my blushes)
I am wholly yours.
*Dur.* Forward, you micher!
*Mirt.* Madam,
Think on Mirtilla. [*Exit.*
*Dur.* I'll not now enquire
The mystery of this, but bless kind fortune
Favouring us beyond our hopes: yet, now I think on't,
I had ever a lucky hand in such smock night-work.
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* ADORIO *and* Servant.

*Ador.* This slowness does amaze me; she's not alter'd
In her late resolution!
*Iöl.* [*within.*] Get you to bed,
And stir not on your life, till I command you.
*Ador.* Her mother's voice! listen.
*Serv.* Here comes the daughter.

*Enter* MIRTILLA *hastily.*

*Mirt.* Whither shall I fly for succour?
*Ador.* To these arms,
Your castle of defence, impregnable,
And not to be blown up: how your heart beats!
Take comfort, dear Calista, you are now
In his protection that will ne'er forsake you:
Adorio, your changed Adorio, swears
By your best self, an oath he dares not break,
He loves you, loves you in a noble way,
His constancy firm as the poles of heaven.
I will urge no reply, silence becomes you;
And I'll defer the music of your voice
Till we are in a place of safety.
*Mirt.* O blest error! [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* SEVERINO.

*Sev.* 'Tis midnight: how my fears of certain death,
Being surprised, combat with my strong hopes
Raised on my chaste wife's goodness! I am grown
A stranger in the city, and no wonder
I have too long been so unto myself:
Grant me a little truce, my troubled soul——
I hear some footing, ha!

*Enter* LAVAL *and* CALIPSO.

*Calip.* That is the house,
And there's the key: you'll find my lady ready
To entertain you; 'tis not fit I should
Stand gaping by while you bill: I have brought you on,
Charge home, and come off with honour. [*Exit.*
*Sev.* It makes this way.
*Lav.* I am much troubled, and know not what to think
Of this design.
*Sev.* It still comes on.
*Lav.* The watch!
I am betray'd.
*Sev.* Should I now appear fearful,
It would discover me: there's no retiring.
My confidence must protect me; I'll appear
As if I walk'd the round*. Stand!
*Lav.* I am lost.
*Sev.* The word!
*Lav.* Pray you forbear; I am a stranger,
And missing, this dark stormy night, my way
To my lodging, you shall do a courteous office
To guide me to it.
*Sev.* Do you think I stand here
For a page or a porter?
*Lav.* Good sir, grow not so high:
I can justify my being abroad; I am
No pilfering vagabond, and what you are
Stands yet in supposition; and I charge you
If you are an officer, bring me before your captain;
For if you do assault me, though not in fear

* ——————*I'll appear*
*As if I* walk'd the round.] i. e. As if I was one of the watch. See *The Picture*, Act II. sc. i.

Of what you can do alone, I will cry murder,
And raise the streets.
*Sev.* Before my captain, ha!
And bring my head to the block. Would we were parted,
I have greater cause to fear the watch than he.
*Lav.* Will you do your duty?
*Sev.* I must close with him:—
Troth, sir, whate'er you are (yet by your language
I guess you a gentleman), I'll not use the rigour
Of my place upon you: only quit this street,
For your stay here will be dangerous; and good night!
*Lav.* The like to you, sir; I'll grope out my way
As well as I can. O damn'd bawd!—Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*
*Sev.* I am glad he's gone; there is a secret passage,
Unknown to my wife, through which this key will guide me
To her desired embraces, which must be,
My presence being beyond her hopes, most welcome. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*A Room in* Severino's *House.*

Iölante *is heard speaking behind a curtain.*

*Iöl.* I am full of perplex'd thoughts. Imperious blood,
Thou only art a tyrant; judgment, reason,
To whatsoever thy edicts proclaim
With vassal fear subscribe against themselves.
I am yet safe in the port, and see before me,
If I put off, a rough tempestuous sea,
The raging winds of infamy from all quarters
Assuring my destruction; yet my lust
Swelling the wanton sails (my understanding
Stow'd under hatches), like a desperate pilot,
Commands me to urge on. My pride, my pride,
Self-love, and over-value of myself,
Are justly punish'd: I, that did deny
My daughter's youth allow'd and lawful pleasures,
And would not suffer in her those desires
She suck'd in with my milk, now in my waning
Am scorch'd and burnt up with libidinous fire,
That must consume my fame; yet still I throw
More fuel on it.

*Enter* Severino *before the curtain.*

*Sev.* 'Tis her voice, poor turtle:
She's now at her devotions, praying for
Her banish'd mate; alas, that for my guilt
Her innocence should suffer! But I do
Commit a second sin in my deferring
The ecstacy of joy that will transport her
Beyond herself, when she flies to my lips,
And seals my welcome.—[*Draws the curtain.*]—Iölante!
*Iöl.* Ha!
Good angels guard me!
*Sev.* What do I behold!
Some sudden flash of lightning strike me blind,
Or cleave the centre of the earth, that I
May living find a sepulchre to swallow
Me and my shame together!
*Iöl.* Guilt and horror
Confound me in one instant; thus surprised,
The subtlety of all wantons, though abstracted,
Can show no seeming colour of excuse,
To plead in my defence.
*Sev.* Is this her mourning?
O killing object! The imprison'd vapours
Of rage and sorrow make an earthquake in me:
This little world, like to a tottering tower,
Not to be underpropp'd;—yet in my fall
I'll crush thee with my ruins. [*Draws a poinard.*
*Iöl.* [*kneeling.*] Good sir, hold:
For, my defence unheard, you wrong your justice,
If you proceed to execution,
And will too late repent it.
*Sev.* Thy defence!
To move it, adds (could it receive addition)
Ugliness to the loathsome leprosy
That, in thy being a strumpet, hath already
Infected every vein, and spreads itself
Over this carrion, which would poison vultures
And dogs, should they devour it. Yet, to stamp
The seal of reprobation on thy soul,
I'll hear thy impudent lies, borrow'd from hell,
And prompted by the devil, thy tutor, whore!
Then send thee to him. Speak.
*Iöl.* Your Gorgon looks
Turn me to stone, and a dead palsy seizes
My silenced tongue.
*Sev.* O Fate, that the disease
Were general in women, what a calm
Should wretched men enjoy! Speak, and be brief,
Or thou shalt suddenly feel me.
*Iöl.* Be appeased, sir,
Until I have delivered reasons for
This solemn preparation.
*Sev.* On, I hear thee.
*Iöl.* With patience ask your memory; 'twill instruct you,
This very day of the month, seventeen years since,
You married me.
*Sev.* Grant it, what canst thou urge
From this?
*Iöl.* That day, since your proscription, sir,
In the remembrance of it annually,
The garments of my sorrow laid aside,
I have with pomp observed.
*Sev.* Alone!
*Iöl.* The thoughts
Of my felicity then, my misery now,
Were the invited guests; imagination
Teaching me to believe that you were present,
And a partner in it.
*Sev.* Rare! this real banquet
To feast your fancy: fiend! could fancy drink off
These flagons to my health, or the idle thought
Like Baal devour these delicates? the room
Perfumed to take his nostrils! this loose habit,
Which Messalina would not wear, put on
To fire his lustful eyes! Wretch, am I grown
So weak in thy opinion, that it can
Flatter credulity that these gross tricks
May be foisted on me? Where's my daughter? where
The bawd your woman? answer me.—Calista!
Mirtilla! they are disposed of, if not murdered,
To make all sure; and yet methinks your neighbour,
Your whistle, agent, parasite, Calipso,
Should be within call, when you hem, to usher in
The close adulterer. [*Lays hands on her.*
*Iöl.* What will you do?
*Sev.* Not kill thee, do not hope it; I am not
So near to reconcilement. Ha! this scarf,

The intended favour to your stallion, now
Is useful: do not strive;—[*He binds her.*] thus bound, expect
All studied tortures my assurance, not
My jealousy, thou art false, can pour upon thee.
In darkness howl thy mischiefs; and if rankness
Of thy imagination can conjure
The ribald [hither*], glut thyself with him;
I will cry Aim, and in another room
Determine of my vengeance. Oh, my heartstrings!
[*Exit with the tapers.*

*Iöl.* Most miserable woman! and yet sitting
A judge in mine own cause upon myself,
I could not mitigate the heavy doom
My incensed husband must pronounce upon me.
In my intents I am guilty, and for them
Must suffer the same punishment, as if
I had in fact offended.

*Calip.* [*within.*] Bore my eyes out
If you prove me faulty: I'll but tell my lady
What caused your stay, and instantly present you.

*Enter* Calipso.

How's this? no lights! What new device? will she play
At blindman's-buff? Madam!

*Iol.* Upon thy life,
Speak in a lower key.

*Calip.* The mystery
Of this, sweet lady? where are you?

*Iöl.* Here, fast bound.

*Calip.* By whom?

*Iol.* I'll whisper that into thine ear,
And then farewell for ever.——

*Calip.* How! my lord?
I am in a fever: horns upon horns grow on him!
Could he pick no hour but this to break a bargain
Almost made up?

*Iol.* What shall we do?

*Calip.* Betray him;
I'll instantly raise the watch.

*Iol.* And so make me
For ever infamous.

*Calip.* The gentleman,
The rarest gentleman, is at the door,
Shall he lose his labour? Since that you must perish,
'Twill show a woman's spleen in you to fall
Deservedly; give him his answer, madam.
I have on the sudden in my head a strange whim;
But I will first unbind you.

*Iöl.* Now what follows?

*Calip.* I will supply your place: and, bound, give me
Your mantle, take my night-gown; send away
The gentleman satisfied. I know my lord
Wants power to hurt you, I perhaps may get
A kiss by the bargain, and all this may prove
But some neat love-trick; if he should grow furious,
And question me, I am resolved to put on
An obstinate silence. Pray you dispatch the gentleman,
His courage may cool.

*Iöl.* I'll speak with him, but if
To any base or lustful end, may mercy
At my last gasp forsake me! [*Exit.*

*Calip.* I was too rash,
And have done what I wish undone: say he should kill me?
I have run my head in a fine noose, and I smell
The pickle I am in! 'las, how I shudder
Still more and more! would I were a she Priapus,
Stuck up in a garden to fright away the crows,
So I were out of the house! she's at her pleasure,
Whate'er she said; and I must endure the torture—
He comes; I cannot pray, my fears will kill me.

*Re-enter* Severino *with a knife in his hand, throwing open the doors violently.*

*Sev.* It is a deed of darkness, and I need
No light to guide me; there is something tells me
I am too slow-paced in my wreak, and trifle
In my revenge. All hush'd! no sigh nor groan
To witness her compunction! can guilt sleep,
And innocence be open-eyed? even now,
Perhaps, she dreams of the adulterer,
And in her fancy hugs him. Wake, thou strumpet,
And instantly give up unto my vengeance
The villain that defiles my bed; discover
Both what and where he is, and suddenly,
That I may bind you face to face, then sew you
Into one sack, and from some steep rock hurl you
Into the sea together: do not play with
The lightning of my rage; break stubborn silence,
And answer my demands; will it not be?
I'll talk no longer; thus I mark thee for
A common strumpet. [*Strikes at her with the knife.*

*Calip.* Oh!

*Sev.* Thus stab these arms
That have stretch'd out themselves to grasp a stranger.

*Calip.* Oh!

*Sev.* This is but an induction; I will draw
The curtains of the tragedy hereafter:
Howl on, 'tis music to me. [*Exit.*

*Calip.* He is gone.
A kiss, and love-tricks! he hath villanous teeth,
May sublimed mercury draw them! if all dealers
In my profession were paid thus, there would be
A dearth of cuckolds. Oh my nose! I *had* one:
My arms, my arms! I dare not cry for fear;
Cursed desire of gold, how art thou punish'd!

*Re-enter* Iölante.

*Iöl.* Till now I never truly knew myself,
Nor by all principles and lectures read
In chastity's cold school, was so instructed
As by her contrary, how base and deform'd
Loose appetite is; as in a few short minutes
This stranger hath, and feelingly, deliver'd.
Oh! that I could recal my bad intentions,
And be as I was yesterday, untainted
In my desires, as I am still in fact,
I thank his temperance! I could look undaunted
Upon my husband's rage, and smile at it,
So strong the guards and sure defences are
Of armed innocence; but I will endure
The penance of my sin, the only means
Is left to purge it. The day-breaks. Calipso!

*Calip.* Here, madam, here.

*Iöl.* Hath my lord visited thee?

*Calip.* Hell take such visits! these stabb'd arms, and loss
Of my nose you left fast on, may give you a relish
What a night I have had of't, and what you had suffered,
Had I not supplied your place.

* *The ribald* [hither,] *glut thyself with him;*] The word inclosed in brackets, or one of a similar meaning, seems necessary to complete the sense as well as the metre.

*Iöl.* I truly grieve for't;
Did not my husband speak to thee?
*Calip.* Yes, I heard him,
And felt him, *ecce signum*, with a mischief!
But he knew not me; like a true-bred Spartan boy*
With silence I endured it, he could not get
One syllable from me.
*Iöl.* Something may be fashion'd
From this; invention help me! I must be sudden.
[*Unbinds her.*
Thou art free, exchange, quick, quick! now bind me sure,
And leave me to my fortune.
*Calip.* Pray you consider
The loss of my nose; had I been but carted for you,
Though wash'd with mire and chamber-lie, I had
Examples to excuse me; but my nose,
My nose, dear lady!
*Iöl.* Get off, I'll send to thee. [*Exit Calipso.*
If so, it may take; if it fail, I must
Suffer whatever follows.

*Re-enter* Severino *with a taper.*

*Sev.* I have searched
In every corner of the house, yet find not
My daughter, nor her maid; nor any print
Of a man's footing, which, this wet night, would
Be easily discern'd, the ground being soft,
At his coming in or going out.
*Iöl.* 'Tis he†,
And within hearing; heav'n forgive this feigning†,
I being forced to't to preserve my life,
To be better spent hereafter!
*Sev.* I begin
To stagger, and my love, if it knew how
(Her piety heretofore, and fame remembered),
Would plead in her excuse.
*Iöl.* You blessed guardians
Of matrimonial faith, and just revengers
Of such as do in fact offend against
Your sacred rites and ceremonies; by all titles
And holy attributes you do vouchsafe
To be invoked, look down with saving pity
Upon my matchless sufferings!
*Sev.* At her devotions:
Affliction makes her repent.
*Iöl.* Look down
Upon a wretched woman, and as I
Have kept the knot of wedlock, in the temple
By the priest fasten'd, firm (though in loose wishes
I yield I have offended); to strike blind
The eyes of jealousy, that see a crime
I never yet committed, and to free me
From the unjust suspicion of my lord,
Restore my martyr'd face and wounded arms
To their late strength and beauty.
*Sev.* Does she hope
To be cured by miracle?
*Iöl.* This minute I
Perceive with joy my orisons heard and granted:
You ministers of mercy, who unseen,
And by a supernatural means, have done
This work of heavenly charity, be ever
Canonized for't!
*Sev.* I did not dream, I heard her,
And I have eyes, too; they cannot deceive me:
If I have no belief in their assurance*,
I must turn sceptic. Ha! this is the hand,
And this the fatal instrument: these drops
Of blood, that gush'd forth from her face and arms,
Still fresh upon the floor. This is something more
Than wonder or amazement; I profess
I am astonish'd.
*Iöl.* Be incredulous still,
And go on in your barbarous rage, led to it
By your false guide, suspicion; have no faith
In my so long tried loyalty, nor believe
That which you see; and for your satisfaction,
My doubted innocence clear'd by miracle.
Proceed, these veins have now new blood, if you
Resolve to let it out.
*Sev.* I would not be fool'd
With easiness of belief, and faintly give [*Aside,*
Credit to this strange wonder: 'tis now thought on:
In a fitter place and time I'll sound this further.
[*Unties her.*
How can I expiate my sin? or hope,
Though now I write myself thy slave, the service
Of my whole life can win thee to pronounce
Despair'd-of pardon? Shall I kneel? that's poor,
Thy mercy must urge more in my defence,
Than I can fancy; wilt thou have revenge?
My heart lies open to thee.
*Iöl.* This is needless
To me, who in the duty of a wife,
Know I must suffer.
*Sev.* Thou art made up of goodness,
And from my confidence that I am alone
The object of thy pleasures, until death
Divorce us, we will know no separation.
Without inquiring why, as sure thou wilt not,
Such is thy meek obedience, thy jewels
And choicest ornaments pack'd up, thou shalt
Along with me, and as a queen be honour'd
By such as style me sovereign. Already
My banishment is repeal'd, thou being present:
The Neapolitan court a place of exile
When thou art absent: my stay here is mortal,
Of which thou art too sensible, I perceive it;
Come, dearest Iölante, with this breath
All jealousy is blown away. [*Embraces her.*
*Iöl.* Be constant. [*Exeunt.*

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* ——— *like a true-bred Spartan* boy.] The old copy reads *fox*. The amendment by Mr. M. Mason.

† Iöl. *'Tis he,*
*And within hearing; heav'n forgive this feigning.*] All the editions read:
*'Tis he*
*And I'm within hearing; heaven,* &c.
The unmetrical turn of the line shows that something is wrong; and, indeed, what Iölante wanted was, that her husband should be within hearing, that she might begin her adjurations. "To remark," as Johnson says (on another occasion), "the improbability of the fiction, or the absurdity of the conduct of this strange interlude, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility."

* *If I have no belief in their* assurance,] So the quarto, Coxeter misprinted it—in their *assistance*; and Mr. M. Mason ridiculously followed him.

## ACT IV

### SCENE I.—*The Country.*

*A Noise within;—then enter* Durazzo, Caldoro, *and* Servant, *with* Calista *in their arms.*

*Dur.* Hell take the stumbling jade!
*Cald.* Heaven help the lady!
*Serv.* The horse hath broke his neck.
*Dur.* Would thine were crack'd too,
So the lady had no harm! Give her fresh air,
'Tis but a swoon.
*Cald.* 'Tis more, she's dead.
*Dur.* Examine
Her limbs if they be whole: not too high, not too high,
You ferret: this is no coney-borough for you.
How do you find her?
*Cald.* No breath of comfort, sir: too cruel fate!
Had I still pined away, and lingered under
The modesty of just and honest hopes,
After a long consumption, sleep and death
To me had been the same; but now, as 'twere,
Possess'd of all my wishes, in a moment
To have them ravish'd from me! suffer shipwreck
In view of the port! and, like a half-starved beggar,
No sooner in compassion clothed, but coffin'd!—
Malevolent destinies, too cunning in
Wretched Caldoro's tortures! O Calista,
If thy immortal part hath not already
Left this fair palace, let a beam of light
Dawn from thine eye, in this Cimmerian darkness,
To guide my shaking hand to touch the anchor
Of hope in thy recovery.
*Calis.* Oh!
*Dur.* She lives;
Disturb her not; she is no right-bred woman
If she die with one fall; some of my acquaintance
Have ta'en a thousand merrily, and are still
Excellent wrestlers at the close hug.
*Cald.* Good sir—
*Dur.* Prithee be not angry, I should speak thus if
My mother were in her place.
*Cald.* But had you heard
The music of the language which she used
To me, believed Adorio, as she rode
Behind me; little thinking that she did
Embrace Caldoro—
*Calis.* Ah, Adorio!
*Dur.* Leave talking, I conceive it.
*Calis.* Are you safe?
*Cald.* And raised, like you, from death to life, to hear you.
*Calis.* Hear my defence then, ere I take my veil off,
A simple maid's defence, which, looking on you,
I faintly could deliver; willingly
I am become your prize, and therefore use
Your victory nobly; heaven's bright eye, the sun,
Draws up the grossest vapours, and I hope
I ne'er shall prove an envious cloud to darken
The splendour of your merits. I could urge
With what disdain, nay scorn, I have declined
The shadows of insinuating pleasures
Tendered by all men else, you only being
The object of my hopes: that cruel prince
To whom the olive-branch of peace is offered,
Is not a conqueror, but a bloody tyrant,
If he refuse it; nor should you wish a triumph,
Because Calista's humble: I have said,
And now expect your sentence.
*Dur.* What a throng
Of clients would be in the court of Love,
Were there many such she-advocates! art thou dumb?
Canst thou say nothing for thyself?
*Cald.* Dear lady,
Open your eyes, and look upon the man,
The man you have elected for your judge,
Kneeling to you for mercy.
*Calis.* I should know
This voice, and something more than fear I am
Deceived; but now I look upon his face,
I am assured I am wretched.
*Dur.* Why, good lady?
Hold her up, she'll fall again before her time else;
The youth's a well-timbered youth, look on his making;
His hair curled naturally; he's whole-chested too,
And will do his work as well, and go through-stitch with't,
As any Adorio in the world, my state on't!
A chicken of the right kind; and if he prove not
A cock of the game, cuckold him first, and after
Make a capon of him.
*Calis.* I'll cry out a rape,
If thou unhand me not: would I had died
In my late trance, and never lived to know
I am betray'd!
*Dur.* To a young and active husband!
Call you that treachery? there are a shoal of
Young wenches i'the city, would vow a pilgrimage
Beyond Jerusalem, to be so cheated.—
To her again, you milk-sop! violent storms
Are soon blown over.
*Calis.* How could'st thou, Caldoro,
With such a frontless impudence arm thy hopes
So far, as to believe I might consent
To this lewd practice? have I not often told thee
Howe'er I pitied thy misplaced affection,
I could not answer it; and that there was
A strong antipathy between our passions,
Not to be reconciled?
*Cald.* Vouchsafe to hear me
With an impartial ear, and it will take from
The rigour of your censure. Man was mark'd
A friend in his creation to himself,
And may with fit ambition conceive
The greatest blessings, and the highest honours
Appointed for him, if he can achieve them
The right and noble way: I grant you were
The end of my design, but still pursued
With a becoming modesty, heaven at length
Being pleased, and not my arts, to further it.
*Dur.* Now he comes to her: on, boy.
*Cald.* I have served you
With a religious zeal, and borne the burthen
Of your neglect, if I may call it so,
Beyond the patience of a man: to prove this,

I have seen those eyes with pleasant glances play*
Upon Adorio's, like Phœbe's shine,
Gilding a crystal river; and your lip
Rise up in civil courtship to meet his,
While I bit mine with envy: yet these favours,
Howe'er my passions raged, could not provoke me
To one act of rebellion against
My loyalty to you, the sovereign
To whom I owe obedience.
*Calis.* My blushes
Confess this for a truth.
*Dur.* A flag of truce is
Hung out in this acknowledgment.
*Cald.* I could add,
But that you may interpret what I speak
The malice of a rival, rather than
My due respect to your deserts, how faintly
Adorio hath return'd thanks to the bounty
Of your affection, ascribing it
As a tribute to his worth, and not in you
An act of mercy: could he else, invited
(As by your words I understood) to take you
To his protection, grossly neglect
So gracious an offer, or give power
To fate itself to cross him? O, dear madam,
We are all the balls of time, toss'd to and fro,
From the plough unto the throne, and back again:
Under the swing of destiny mankind suffers,
And it appears, by an unchanged decree,
You were appointed mine; wise nature always
Aiming at due proportion: and if so,
I may believe with confidence, heaven, in pity
Of my sincere affection, and long patience,
Directed you, by a most blessed error,
To your vow'd servant's bosom.
*Dur.* By my holidam,
Tickling philosophy!
*Calis.* I am, sir, too weak
To argue with you; but my stars have better,
I hope, provided for me.
*Cald.* If there be
Disparity between us, 'tis in your
Compassion to level it.
*Dur.* Give fire
To the mine, and blow her up.
*Calis.* I am sensible
Of what you have endured; but on the sudden,
With my unusual travel, and late bruise,
I am exceeding weary; in yon grove,
While I repose myself, be you my guard;
My spirits with some little rest revived,
We will consider further: for my part
You shall receive modest and gentle answers
To your demands, though short, perhaps, to make you
Full satisfaction.

* *I have seen those eyes with pleasant glances play Upon Adorio's,* &c.] This is a most beautiful simile; in *The Winter's Tale* we have one very much like it:—

"——. He says, he loves my daughter;
I think so too: for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes." COXETER.

I would not deprive the reader of these pretty lines; though I cannot avoid observing, that they present an image totally distinct from that which they are cited to exemplify. One is the picture of complacent affection, the other of rapturous delight: the language of both is singularly happy.

*Cald.* I am exalted
In the employment; sleep secure, I'll be
Your vigilant centinel.
*Calis.* But I command you,
And as you hope for future grace, obey me,
Presume not with one stolen kiss to disturb
The quiet of my slumbers; let your temperance,
And not your lust, watch o'er me,
*Cald.* My desires
Are frozen, till your pity shall dissolve them.
*Dur.* Frozen! think not of frost, fool, in the dog days.
Remember the old adage, and make use of't,
*Occasion's bald behind.*
*Calis.* Is this your uncle?
*Cald.* And guardian, madam; at your better leisure,
When I have deserved it, you may give him thanks
For his many favours to me.
*Calis.* He appears
A pleasant gentleman.
[*Exeunt Caldoro and Calista.*
*Dur.* You should find me so,
But that I do hate incest. I grow heavy;
Sirrah, provide fresh horses; I'll seek out
Some hollow tree, and dream till you return,
Which I charge you to hasten.
*Serv.* With all care, sir. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*The Country. A Room in* Adorio's *House.*

*Enter* CARIO *with several Villagers.*

*Car.* Let your eyes be rivetted to my heels, and miss not
A hair's breadth of my footing; our dance has
A most melodious note, and I command you
To have ears like hares this night, for my lord's honour,
And something for my worship: your reward is
To be drunk-blind like moles, in the wine-cellar;
And though you ne'er see after, 'tis the better;
You were born for this night's service. And do you hear,
Wire-string and cat-gut men, and strong-breath'd hoboys,
For the credit of your calling, have not your instruments
To tune when you should strike up; but twang it perfectly,
As you would read your neck-verse: and you, warbler,
Keep your wind-pipe moist, that you may not spit and hem,
When you should make division. How I sweat!
Authority is troublesome:—[*A horn within.*]—they are come,
I know it by the cornet that I placed
On the hill to give me notice: marshal yourselves
I'the rear, the van is yours.

*Enter* ADORIO, MIRTILLA, CAMILLO, LENTULO, *and* DONATO.

Now chant it sprightly.

A SONG*.

* See this SONG, with that in Act V. sc. i., at the conclusion of the play.

*Ador.* A well-penn'd ditty.
*Camil.* Not ill sung.
*Ador.* What follows?
*Car.* Use your eyes; if ever, now your masterpiece.

A DANCE.

*Ador.* 'Tis well perform'd: take that, but not from me,
'Tis your new lady's bounty, thank her for it;
All that I have is her's.
*Car.* I must have three shares
For my pains and properties, the rest shall be
Divided equally. [*Exeunt Cario and Villagers.*
*Mirt.* My real fears
Begin, and soon my painted comforts vanish
In my discovery.
*Ador.* Welcome to your own!
You have (a wonder in a woman) kept
Three long hours' silence; and the greater, holding
Your own choice in your arms, a blessing for which
I will be thankful to you: nay, unmask,
And let mine eye and ears together feast,
Too long by you kept empty. Oh, you want
Your woman's help, I'll do her office for you.
[*Takes off her mask.*
Mirtilla!
*Camil.* It is she, and wears the habit
In which Calista three days since appeared
As she came from the temple.
*Lent.* All this trouble
For a poor waiting maid!
*Don.* We are grossly gull'd.
*Ador.* Thou child of impudence, answer me, and truly,
Or, though the tongues of angels pleaded mercy,
Tortures shall force it from thee.
*Mirt.* Innocence
Is free and open-breasted; of what crime
Stand I accused, my lord?
*Ador.* What crime! no language
Can speak it to the height; I shall become
Discourse for fools and drunkards. How was this
Contrived? who help'd thee in the plot? discover:
Were not Calista's aids in't?
*Mirt.* No, on my life;
Nor am I faulty.
*Ador.* No! what May-game's this?
Didst thou treat with me for thy mistresss' favours,
To make sale of thine own?
*Mirt.* With her and you
I have dealt faithfully*: you had her letter
With the jewel I presented: she received
Your courteous answer, and prepared herself
To be removed by you: and howsoever
You take delight to hear what you have done,
From my simplicity, and make my weakness
The subject of your mirth, as it suits well
With my condition, I know you have her
In your possession.
*Ador.* How! has she left
Her mother's house?
*Mirt.* You drive this nail too far.
Indeed she deeply vow'd at her departure
To send some of your lordship's servants for me
(Though you were pleased to take the pains yourself),
That I might still be near her, as a shadow
To follow her, the substance.
*Ador.* She is gone then?
*Mirt.* This is too much; but, good my lord, forgive me,
I come a virgin hither to attend
My noble mistress, though I must confess
I look with sore eyes upon her good fortune,
And wish it were mine own.
*Ador.* Then, as it seems,
You do yourself affect me?
*Mirt.* Should she hear me,
And in her sudden fury kill me for't,
I durst not, sir, deny it; since you are
A man so form'd, that not poor I alone,
But all our sex, like me, I think, stand bound
To be enamour'd of you.
*Ador.* O my fate!
How justly am I punish'd, in thee punish'd,
For my defended wantonness*! I, that scorn'd
The mistress when she sought me, now I would
Upon my knees receive her, am become
A prey unto her bondwoman, my honour too
Neglected for this purchase. Art thou one of those
Ambitious serving women, who contemning
The embraces of their equals, aim to be
The wrong way ladyfied by a lord? was there
No forward page or footman in the city
To do the feat, that in thy lust I am chosen
To be the executioner? Dar'st thou hope
I can descend so low?
*Mirt.* Great lords sometimes
For change leave calver'd salmon, and eat sprats†:
In modesty I dare speak no more.
*Camil.* If 'twere
A fish-day, though you like it not, I could say
I have a stomach, and would content myself
With this pretty whiting-mop‡.
*Ador.* Discover yet
How thou cam'st to my hands.
*Mirt.* My lady gone,
Fear of her mother's rage, she being found absent,
Moved me to fly; and quitting of the house,
You were pleas'd, unask'd, to comfort me (I used
No sorceries to bewitch you); then vouchsafed
(Thanks ever to the darkness of the night!)
To hug me in your arms; and I had wrong'd
My breeding near the court, had I refused it.
*Ador.* This is still more bitter; canst thou guess to whom
Thy lady did commit herself?
*Mirt.* They were
Horsemen, as you are.
*Ador.* In the name of wonder,

* *I have dealt* faithfully:] So the old copy. Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read *faithful*, which utterly destroys the metre: but there is no end of these blunders.

* *For my* defended *wantonness!* [i. e. forbidden, interdicted.

† Mirt. *Great lords sometimes*
*For change leave* calver'd salmon, *and eat sprats:*] See *Maid of Honour*, Act III. sc. i.
——— *and would content myself*
*With this pretty* whiting-mop.] This word occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher, in the sublime strains of Bustopha:
"The wandering seas, whose watery fire
Washes the *whiting-mops.*" *Maid in the Mill.*
"A *whiting-mop*," says their editor, "is a *sort of fish* so called!" but whether it is a seal or a soland-goose, he does not determine. And so notes are written! A *whiting-mop* is a young whiting. Puttenham, in his *Art of English Poesie*, illustrates the figure "meiosis, or the disabler," by terming his muse *his prettie moppe*; understanding, he says, "by this *moppe* a little prety lady, or tender young thing. For so we call little fishes, *that be not come to their full growth, moppes*; as, *whiting moppes*, gurnard-*moppes*, &c." p. 184.

How could they pass the port, where you expected
My coming?
*Camil.* Now I think upon't, there came
Three mounted by, and behind one a woman
Embracing fast the man that rode before her.
*Lent.* I knew the men, but she was veil'd.
*Ador.* What were they?
*Lent.* The first the lord Durazzo, and the second
Your rival, young Caldoro; it was he
That carried the wench behind him.
*Don.* The last a servant,
That spurr'd fast after them.
*Ador.* Worse and worse! 'twas she!
Too much assurance of her love undid me.
Why did you not stay them?
*Don.* We had no such commission.
*Camil.* Or say we had, who durst lay fingers on
The angry old ruffian?
*Lent.* For my part, I had rather
Take a baited bull by the horns.
*Ador.* You are sure friends
For a man to build on!
*Camil.* They are not far off,
Their horses appear'd spent too; let's take fresh ones
And coast the country, ten to one we find them.
*Ador.* I will not eat nor sleep, until I have them:
Moppet, you shall along too.
*Mirt.* So you please
I may keep my place behind you, I'll sit fast,
And ride with you all the world o'er.
*Camil.* A good girl. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Naples. *A Street.*

*Enter* Laval *and* Calipso.

*Lav.* Her husband? Severino?
*Calip.* You may see
His handiwork by my flat face; no bridge
Left to support my organ, if I had one:
The comfort is, I am now secure from the crincomes,
I can lose nothing that way *.
*Lav.* Dost thou not know
What became of the lady?
*Calip.* A nose was enough to part with,
I think, in the service; I durst stay no longer,
But I am full assured the house is empty,
Neither poor lady, daughter, servant, left there.
I only guess he hath forced them to go with him
To the dangerous forest, where he lives like a king
Among the banditti, and how there he hath used them,
Is more than to be fear'd.
*Lav.* I have played the fool,
And kept myself too long concealed, sans question,
With the danger of her life. Leave me.——The king!

*Enter* Alphonso *and* Captain.

*Calip.* The surgeon must be paid.
*Lav.* Take that.
*Calip.* I thank you;
I have got enough by my trade, and I will build
An hospital only for noseless bawds
('Twill speak my charity), and be myself
The governess of the sisterhood. [*Exit.*
*Alph.* I may
Forget this in your vigilance hereafter;
But as I am a king, if you provoke me
The second time with negligence of this kind,
You shall deeply smart for't.
*Lav.* The king's moved.
*Alph.* To suffer
A murderer, by us proscribed, at his pleasure
To pass and repass through our guards!
*Capt.* Your pardon
For this, my gracious lord, binds me to be
More circumspect hereafter.
*Alph.* Look you be so.
Monsieur Laval, you were a suitor to me
For Severino's pardon.
*Lav.* I was so, my good lord.
*Alph.* You might have met him here, to have thanked you for't,
As now I understand.
*Lav.* So it is rumoured;
And hearing in the city of his boldness,
I would not say contempt of your decrees,
As then I pleaded mercy, under pardon,
I now as much admire the slowness of
Your justice (though it force you to some trouble)
In fetching him in.
*Alph.* I have considered it.
*Lav.* He hath of late, as 'tis suspected, done
An outrage on his wife, forgetting nature
To his own daughter, in whom, sir, I have
Some nearer interest than I stand bound to
In my humanity, which I gladly would
Make known unto your highness.
*Alph.* Go along,
You shall have opportunity as we walk:
See you what I committed to your charge
In readiness, and without noise.
*Capt.* I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Country. A Forest.*

*Enter* Claudio *and all the Banditti, making a guard;* Severino *and* Iölante *with oaken-leaved garlands; Singers.*

A SONG.

*Sev.* Here, as a queen, share in my sovereignty.
The iron toils pitch'd by the law to take
The forfeiture of my life, I have broke through,
And secure in the guards of these few subjects,
Smile at Alphonso's fury; though I grieve for
The fatal cause, in your good brother's loss,
That does compel me to this course.
*Iöl.* Revive not
A sorrow long since dead, and so diminish
The full fruition of those joys, which now

* —— *I am now secure from the* crincomes,
*I can lose nothing that way.*] This passage scarcely deserves a note: but Calipso's meaning is, that, by the previous loss of her nose, she is secured from one of the evils attendant on the disease, yet known among the vulgar by the name which she assigns to it.

I stand possess'd of: womanish fear of danger
That may pursue this, I shake off, and with
A masculine spirit.
*Sev.* 'Tis well said.
*Iöl.* In you, sir,
I live; and when, or by the course of nature,
Or violence, you must fall, the end of my
Devotions is, that one and the same hour
May make us fit for heaven.
*Sev.* I join with you
In my votes that way*: but how, Iölante,
You that have spent your past days, slumbering in
The down of quiet, can endure the hardness
And rough condition of our present being,
Does much disturb me.
*Iöl.* These woods, Severino,
Shall more than seem to me a populous city,
You being present; here are no allurements
To tempt my frailty, nor the conversation
Of such whose choice behaviour or discourse
May nourish jealous thoughts.
*Sev.* True, Iölante,
Nor shall suspected chastity stand in need here
To be clear'd by miracle.
*Iöl.* Still on that string.
It yields harsh discord.
*Sev.* I had forgot myself,
And wish I might no more remember it.
The day wears, sirs, without one prize brought in
As tribute to your queen: Claudio, divide
Our squadron in small parties, let them watch
All passages, that none escape without
The payment of our customs.
*Claud.* Shall we bring in
The persons with the pillage?
*Sev.* By all means,
Without reply, about it: we'll retire
[*Exeunt Claudio and the rest.*
Into my cave, and there at large discourse
Our fortunes past, and study some apt means
To find our daughter; since, she well disposed of,
Our happiness were perfect.
*Iöl.* We must wait
With patience heaven's pleasure.
*Sev* 'Tis my purpose. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter* Lentulo *and* Camillo.

*Lent.* Tet the horses graze, they are spent.
*Camil.* I am sure I'm sleepy,
And nodded as I rode; here was a jaunt
I' the dark through thick and thin, and all to no purpose!
What a dulness grows upon me!
*Lent.* I can hardly
Hold ope mine eyes to say so. How did we lose Adorio? [*They sit down.*
*Camil.* He, Donato, and the wench,
That cleaves to him like birdlime, took the right hand;
But this place is our rendezvous.
*Lent.* No matter,
We'll talk of that anon——heigh ho! [*Falls asleep.*

* *In my* votes *that way*] i. e. in my prayers; I know not who led the way to this pedantic adoption of the Latin word, *votum*, but I find it in Jonson, and others.

*Camil.* He's fast already.
Lentulo! I'll take a nap too. [*Falls asleep.*

*Enter* Adorio, Mirtilla, *and* Donato.

*Ador.* Was ever man so crost?
*Mirt.* So blest; this is
The finest wild-goose chase!
*Ador* What's that you mutter?
*Mirt.* A short prayer, that you may find your wish'd-for love,
Though I am lost for ever.
*Don.* Pretty fool!
Who have we here?
*Ador.* This is Camillo.
*Mirt.* This signior Lentulo.
*Ador.* Wake them.
*Don.* They'll not stir,
Their eyelids are glued, and mine too; by your favour,
I'll follow their example. [*Lies down.*
*Ador.* Are you not weary?
*Mirt.* I know not what the word means, while travel
To do you service.
*Ador.* You expect to reap
The harvest of your flattery; but your hopes
Will be blasted, I assure you.
*Mirt.* So you give leave
To sow it, as in me a sign of duty,
Though you deny your beams of gracious favour
To ripen it, with patience I shall suffer.
*Ador.* No more; my resolution to find
Calista, by what accident lost I know not,
Binds me not to deny myself what nature
Exacteth from me: to walk alone afoot
(For my horse is tired) were madness, I must sleep.
You could lie down too?
*Mirt.* Willingly; so you please
To use me——
*Ador.* Use thee!
*Mirt.* As your pillow, sir;
I dare presume no further. Noble sir,
Do not too much contemn me; generous feet
Spurn not a fawning spaniel.
*Ador.* Well; sit down.
*Mirt.* I am ready, sir.
*Ador.* So nimble!
*Mirt.* Love is active,
Nor would I be a slow thing: rest secure, sir;
On my maidenhead, I'll not ravish you.
*Ador.* For once,
So far I'll trust you. [*Lays his head on her lap.*
*Mirt.* All the joys of rest
Dwell on your eyelids; let no dream disturb
Your soft and gentle slumbers! I cannot sing,
But I'll talk you asleep; and I beseech you
Be not offended, though I glory in
My being thus employ'd; a happiness
That stands for more than ample satisfaction
For all I have, or can endure.—He snores,
And does not hear me; would his sense of feeling
Were bound up too! I should——I am all fire.
Such heaps of treasure offer'd as a prey
Would tempt a modest thief; I can no longer
Forbear—I'll gently touch his lips, and leave
No print of mine:—[*Kisses him.*] ah!—I have heard of nectar,
But till now never tasted it; these rubies
Are not clouded by my breath: if once again
I steal from such a full exchequer, trifles

Will not be miss'd;—[*Kisses him again.*]—I am
entranced: our fancy,
Some say, in sleep works stronger; I will prove
How far my ——— [*Falls asleep.*

*Enter* Durazzo.

*Dur.* My bones ache,
I am exceeding cold too, I must seek out
A more convenient truckle-bed. Ha! do I dream?
No, no, I wake. Camillo, Lentulo,
Donato this, and, as I live, Adorio
In a handsome wench's lap! a whoreson; you are
The best accommodated. I will call
My nephew and his mistress to this pageant;
The object may perhaps do more upon her,
Than all Caldoro's rhetoric. With what
Security they sleep! sure Mercury
Hath travell'd this way with his charming-rod.
Nephew! Calista! Madam!

*Enter* Caldoro *and* Calista.

*Cald.* Here, sir; is
Your man return'd with horses?
*Dur.* No, boy, no;
But here are some you thought not of.
*Calis.* Adorio!
*Dur.* The idol that you worshipped.
*Calis.* This Mirtilla!
I am made a stale.
*Dur.* I knew 'twould take.
*Calis.* False man!
But much more treacherous woman! 'Tis apparent
They jointly did conspire against my weakness,
And credulous simplicity, and have
Prevail'd against it.
*Cald.* I'll not kill them sleeping;
But if you please, I'll wake them first, and after
Offer them as a fatal sacrifice
To your just anger.
*Dur.* You are a fool; reserve
Your blood for better uses.
*Calis.* My fond love
Is changed to an extremity of hate;
His very sight is odious.
*Dur.* I have thought of
A pretty punishment for him and his comrades,
Then leave him to his harlotry; if she prove not
Torture enough, hold me an ass. Their horses
Are not far off, I'll cut the girts and bridles,
Then turn them into the wood; if they can run,
Let them follow us as footmen. Wilt thou fight
For what's thine own already!
*Calis.* In his hat
He wears a jewel*, which this faithless strumpet,
As a salary of her lust, deceived me of;
He shall not keep't to my disgrace, nor will I
Stir till I have it.
*Dur.* I am not good at nimming†;
And yet that shall not hinder us: by your leave, sir;
'Tis restitution: pray you all bear witness
I do not steal it; here 'tis.
[*Takes off his hat, and removes the jewel.*
*Calis.* Take it, not
As a mistress' favour, but a strong assurance
I am your wife.
*Cald.* O heaven!
*Dur.* Pray in the church.
Let us away. Nephew, a word; have you not
Been billing in the brakes, ha! and so deserved
This unexpected favour?
*Cald.* You are pleasant
[*Exeunt Durazzo, Caldoro, and Calista.*
*Ador.* As thou art a gentleman, kill me not basely; [*Starts up; the rest awake.*
Give me leave to draw my sword.
*Camil.* Ha! what's the matter?
*Lent.* He talk'd of's sword.
*Don.* I see no enemy near us,
That threatens danger.
*Mirt.* Sure 'twas but a dream.
*Ador.* A fearful one. Methought Caldoro's sword
Was at my throat, Calista frowning by,
Commanding him, as he desired her favour,
To strike my head off.
*Camil.* Mere imagination
Of a disturbed fancy.
*Mirt.* Here's your hat, sir.
*Ador.* But where's my jewel?
*Camil.* By all likelihood lost
This troublesome night.
*Don.* I saw it when we came
Unto this place.
*Mirt.* I looked upon't myself,
When you reposed.
*Ador.* What is become of it?
Restore it, for thou hast it; do not put me
To the trouble to search you.
*Mirt.* Search me!
*Ador.* You have been,
Before your lady gave you entertainment,
A night-walker in the streets.
*Mirt.* How, my good lord!
*Ador.* Traded in picking pockets, when tame gulls,
Charmed with your prostituted flatteries,
Deigned to embrace you.
*Mirt.* Love, give place to anger.
Charge me with theft, and prostituted baseness!
Were you a judge, nay more, the king, thus urged,
To your teeth I would say, 'tis false.
*Ador.* This will not do.
*Camil.* Deliver it in private.
*Mirt.* You shall be
In public hanged first, and the whole gang of you.
I steal what I presented!
*Lent.* Do not strive.
*Ador.* Though thou hast swallowed it, I'll rip thy entrails,
But I'll recover it.
*Mirt.* Help, help!
*Ador.* A new plot.

Claudio *and two* Banditti *rush upon them with pistols.*

*Claud.* Forbear, libidinous monsters! if you offer
The least resistance, you are dead. If one
But lay his hand upon his sword, shoot all.

---

* ——— *In his hat*
*He wears a* jewel,] This is in conformity to the custom which then prevailed of wearing brooches (gems set in gold or silver) in the hat. Our ancestors gave the name of *jewel*, not so much to a single stone, as to a cluster of them set in order by the lapidary, and, in general, to any little trinket or ornament of gold and precious stones.

† Durаz. *I am not good at* nimming;] i. e. *stealing*. The word is pure Saxon, and means to *take*, to *seize*. It is found in all our old writers; and, indeed, is still in use, as a cant term for stealing.

*Ador.* Let us fight for what we have, and if you can
Win it, enjoy it.
*Claud.* We come not to try
Your valour, but for your money; throw down your sword,
Or I'll begin with you: so! if you will
Walk quietly without bonds, you may, if not
We'll force you.—[Fear not,] thou shalt have no wrong*,
But justice against these. [*To Mirtilla.*
1 *Ban.* We'll teach you, sir,
To meddle with wenches in our walks.
2 *Ban.* It being
Against our canons.
*Camil.* Whither will you lead us?
*Claud.* You shall know that hereafter.—Guard them sure. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter* ALPHONSO *disguised as an old Man,* LAVAL, *and* Captain.

*Alph.* Are all the passages stopp'd?
*Capt.* And strongly mann'd;
They must use wings, and fly, if they escape us.
*Lav.* But why, great sir, you should expose your person
To such apparent danger, when you may
Have them brought bound before you, is beyond
My apprehension.
*Alph.* I am better arm'd
Than you suppose: besides, it is confirm'd
By all that have been robb'd, since Severino
Commanded these banditti (though it be
Unusual in Italy), imitating
The courteous English thieves, for so they call them,
They have not done one murder: I must add too,
That, from a strange relation I have heard
Of Severino's justice, in disposing
The preys brought in, I would be an eye-witness
Of what I take up now but on report:
And therefore 'tis my pleasure that we should,
As soon as they encounter us, without
A show of opposition yield.
*Lav.* Your will
Is not to be disputed.
*Alph.* You have placed
Your ambush so, that, if there be occasion,
They suddenly may break in?
*Capt.* My life upon't.
*Alph.* We cannot travel far, but we shall meet
With some of these good fellows; and be sure
You do as I command you.
*Lav.* Without fear, sir. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter* SEVERINO *and* IÖLANTE.

*Sev.* 'Tis true; I did command Calista should not,
Without my knowledge and consent, assisted
By your advice, be married; but your
Restraint, as you deliver it, denying
A grown-up maid the modest conversation
Of men, and warrantable pleasures, relish'd
Of too much rigour, which, no doubt, hath driven her
To take some desperate course.
*Iöl.* What then I did
Was in my care thought best.
*Sev.* So I conceive it;
But where was your discretion to forbid
Access, and fit approaches, when you knew
Her suitors noble, either of which I would
Have wish'd my son-in-law? Adorio,
However wild, a young man of good parts,
But better fortunes: his competitor,
Caldoro, for his sweetness of behaviour,
Staidness, and temperance, holding the first place
Among the gallants most observed in Naples;
His own revenues of a large extent,
But in the expectation of his uncle
And guardian's entradas*, by the course
Of nature to descend on him, a match
For the best subject's blood, I except none
Of eminence in Italy.
*Iöl.* Your wishes,
Howe'er awhile delay'd, are not, I hope,
Impossibilities.
*Sev.* Though it prove so,
Yet 'tis not good to give a check to fortune
When she comes smiling to us. Hark! this cornet [*Cornet within.*
Assures us of a prize; there sit in state,
'Tis thy first tribute.
*Iöl.* Would we might enjoy
Our own as subjects!
*Sev.* What's got by the sword,
Is better than inheritance: all those kingdoms
Of Alexander were by force extorted†,
Though gilded o'er with glorious styles of conquest:
His victories but royal robberies,
And his true definition a thief,
When circled with huge navies, to the terror
Of such as plough'd the ocean, as the pirate,
Who, from a narrow creek, puts off for prey
In a small pinnace:—[*Cornet within*]—from a second place
New spoil brought in!—[*Cornet within.*] from a third party! brave!
This shall be register'd a day of triumph
Design'd by fate to honour thee.——

*Enter* CLAUDIO.

Welcome, Claudio!
Good booty, ha?

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* *We'll force you.—[Fear not] thou shalt have no wrong,]* I have added the words in brackets to supply a foot which was probably lost at the press.

* *And guardian's* entradas,] So the old copy. Coxeter (not understanding the word, perhaps,) discarded it for *estates*, which utterly destroys the metre. Mr. M. Mason implicitly relies on his guidance, *sequiturque patrem*, as usual. *Entradas* are rents, revenues.

† *Of Alexander were by force extorted.*] As this line stands in the old copy, it is evidently corrupt:
Subdued by *Alexander, were by force extorted.*
This does not read to me like Massinger's: the small change which I have hazarded restores it, at least to metre. The remark which follows is taken from history, and is said to have been actually made to this prince, by a pirate whom he was about to execute.

*Enter, at different sides, various parties of the* Banditti; *one with* Adorio, Lentulo, Donato, Camillo, Mirtilla; *another with* Durazzo, Caldoro, Calista; *and the rest with* Alphonso, Laval, *and* Captain.

*Claud.* Their outsides promise so;
But yet they have not made discovery
Of what they stand possest of.
*Sev.* Welcome all;
Good boys; you have done bravely, if no blood
Be shed in the service.
1 *Ban.* On our lives, no drop, sir,
*Sev.* 'Tis to my wish.
*Iöl.* My lord!
*Sev.* No more; I know them.
*Iöl.* My daughter, and her woman too!
*Sev.* Conceal
Your joys.
*Dur.* Fallen in the devil's mouth!
*Calis.* My father,
And mother! to what fate am I reserved?
*Cald.* Continue mask'd; or grant that you be known,
From whom can you expect a gentle sentence,
If you despair a father's?
*Ador.* I perceive now
Which way I lost my jewel.
*Mirt.* I rejoice
I'm clear'd from theft; you have done me wrong but I,
Unask'd, forgive you.
*Dur.* 'Tis some comfort yet,
The rivals, men and women, friends and foes, are
Together in one toil.
*Sev.* You all look pale,
And by your private whisperings and soft murmurs
Express a general fear: pray you shake it off,
For understand you are not fallen into
The hands of a Busiris or a Cacus,
Delighted more in blood than spoil, but given up
To the power of an unfortunate gentleman
Not born to these low courses, howsoever
My fate, and just displeasure of the king,
Design'd me to it: you need not to doubt
A sad captivity here, and much less fear
For profit to be sold for slaves, then shipp'd
Into another country: in a word,
You know the proscribed Severino, he,
Not unacquainted, but familiar with
The most of you.—Want in myself I know not,
But for the pay of these, my squires, who eat
Their bread with danger purchas'd, and must be
With others' fleeces clothed, or live exposed
To the summer's scorching heat and winter's cold;
To these, before you be compell'd (a word
I speak with much unwillingness), deliver
Such coin as you are furnish'd with.
*Dur.* A fine method!
This is neither begging, borrowing, nor robbery,
Yet it hath a twang of all of them: but one word, sir.
*Sev.* Your pleasure.
*Dur.* When we have thrown down our muck,
What follows?
*Sev.* Liberty, with a safe convoy,
To any place you choose.
*Dur.* By this hand you are
A fair fraternity; for once I'll be
The first example to relieve your convent.
There's a thousand crowns, my vintage, harvest, profits,
Arising from my herds, bound in one bag;
Share it among you.
*Sev.* You are still the jovial
And good Durazzo.
*Dur.* To the offering; nay,
No hanging an a—, this is their wedding-day:
What you must do spite of your hearts, do freely
For your own sakes.
*Camil.* There's mine.
*Lent.* Mine.
*Don.* All that I have.
*Cald.* This to preserve my jewel.
*Ador.* Which I challenge:
Let me have justice, for my coin I care not.
*Lav.* I will not weep for mine.
*Capt.* Would it were more.
[*They all throw down their purses.*
*Sev.* Nay, you are privileged; but why, old father,
Art thou so slow? thou hast one foot in the grave,
And, if desire of gold do not increase
With thy expiring lease of life, thou should'st
Be forwardest.
*Alph.* In what concerns myself,
I do acknowledge it; and I should lie,
A vice I have detested from my youth,
If I denied my present store, since what
I have about me now weighs down in value,
Almost a hundred fold, whatever these
Have laid before you: see! I do groan under
[*Throws down three bags.*
The burthen of my treasure; nay, 'tis gold;
And if your hunger of it be not sated
With what already I have shown unto you,
Here's that shall glut it. In this casket are
Inestimable jewels, diamonds
Of such a piercing lustre as struck blind
The amazed lapidary, while he labour'd
[*Opens the casket.*
To honour his own art in setting them:
Some orient pearls too, which the Queen of Spain
Might wear as ear-rings, in remembrance of
The day that she was crown'd.
*Sev.* The spoils, I think,
Of both the Indies!
*Dur.* The great sultan's poor,
If parallel'd with this Crœsus.
*Sev.* Why dost thou weep?
*Alph.* From a most fit consideration of
My poverty; this, though restored, will not
Serve my occasions.
*Sev.* Impossible!
*Dur.* Maybe he would buy his passport up to heaven,
And then this is too little, though in the journey
It were a good viaticum.
*Alph.* I would make it
A means to help me thither: not to wrong you
With tedious expectation, I'll discover
What my wants are, and yield my reasons for them:
I have two sons, twins, the true images
Of what I was at their years; never father
Had fairer or more promising hopes in his
Posterity: but, alas! these sons, ambitious
Of glittering honour, and an after-name,
Achieved by glorious, and yet pious actions
(For such were their intentions), put to sea.
They had a well-rigg'd bottom, fully manned,

An old experienced master, lusty sailors,
Stout landsmen, and what's something more than rare,
They did agree, had one design, and that was
In charity to redeem the Christian slaves
Chained in the Turkish servitude.
*Sev.* A brave aim!
*Dur.* A most heroic enterprise; I languish
To hear how they succeeded.
*Alph.* Prosperously,
At first, and to their wishes: divers gallies
They boarded, and some strong forts near the shore
They suddenly surprised; a thousand captives,
Redeemed from the oar, paid their glad vows and prayers
For their deliverance: their ends acquired,
And making homeward in triumphant manner,
For sure the cause deserved it—
*Dur.* Pray you end here;
The best, I fear, is told, and that which follows
Must conclude ill.
*Alph.* Your fears are true, and yet
I must with grief relate it. Prodigal fame,
In every place, with her loud trump, proclaiming
The greatness of the action, the pirates
Of Tunis and Algiers laid wait for them
At their return: to tell you what resistance
They made, and how my poor sons fought, would but
Increase my sorrow, and, perhaps, grieve you
To hear it passionately described unto you.
In brief, they were taken, and for the great loss
The enemy did sustain, their victory
Being with much blood bought, they do endure
The heaviest captivity wretched men
Did ever suffer. O my sons! my sons!
To me for ever lost! lost, lost for ever!
*Sev.* Will not these heaps of gold, added to thine,
Suffice for ransom?
*Alph.* For my sons it would;
But they refuse their liberty if all
That were engaged with them, have not their irons
With theirs struck off, and set at liberty with them;
Which these heaps cannot purchase.
*Sev.* Ha! the toughness
Of my heart melts. Be comforted, old father;
I have some hidden treasure, and if all
I and my squires these three years have laid up,
Can make the sum up, freely take't.
*Dur.* I'll sell
Myself to my shirt, lands, moveables, and thou
Shalt part with thine too, nephew, rather than
Such brave men shall live slaves.
*2 Ban.* We will not yield to't.
*3 Ban.* Nor lose our parts.
*Sev.* How's this!
*2 Ban.* You are fitter far
To be a churchman, than to have command
Over good fellows*.
*Sev.* Thus I ever use [*Strikes them down.*
Such saucy rascals; second me, Claudio.—
Rebellious! do you grumble? I'll not leave
One rogue of them alive.

*Alph.* Hold;—give the sign. [*Discovers himself.*
*All.* The king!
*Sev.* Then I am lost.
*Claud.* The woods are full
Of armed men.
*Alph.* No hope of your escape
Can flatter you.
*Sev.* Mercy, dread sir! [*Kneels.*
*Alph.* Thy carriage
In this unlawful course appears so noble,
Especially in this last trial, which
I put upon you, that I wish the mercy
You kneel in vain for might fall gently on you:
But when the holy oil was poured upon
My head, and I anointed king, I swore
Never to pardon murder. I could wink at
Your robberies, though our laws call them death,
But to dispense with Monteclaro's blood
Would ill become a king; in him I lost
A worthy subject, and must take from you
A strict account of't. 'Tis in vain to move;
My doom's irrevocable.
*Lav.* Not, dread sir,
If Monteclaro live.
*Alph.* If! good Laval.
*Lav.* He lives in him, sir, that you thought Laval. [*Discovers himself.*
Three years have not so altered me but you may
Remember Monteclaro.
*Dur.* How!
*Iöl.* My brother!
*Calis.* Uncle!
*Mont.* Give me leave; I was
Left dead in the field, but by the duke Montpensier,
Now General at Milan, taken up,
And with much care recovered.
*Alph.* Why lived you
So long concealed?
*Mont.* Confounded with the wrong
I did my brother, in provoking him
To fight, I spent the time in France that I
Was absent from the court, making my exile
The punishment imposed upon myself
For my offence.
*Iöl.* Now, sir, I dare confess all;
This was the guest invited to the banquet
That drew on your suspicion.
*Sev.* Your intent,
Though it was ill in you, I do forgive;
The rest I'll hear at leisure. Sir, your sentence.
*Alph.* It is a general pardon unto all,
Upon my hopes, in your fair lives hereafter,
You will deserve it.
*Sev. Claud. and the rest.* Long live great Alphonso!
*Dur.* Your mercy shown in this, now, if you please,
Decide these lovers' difference.
*Alph.* That is easy;
I'll put it to the women's choice, the men
Consenting to it.

---

* *Over* good fellows.] A cant name by which highwaymen and thieves have been long pleased to denominate themselves; and which has been given them, in courtesy, by others. Thus Heywood

*King.* If thou be a *good fellow*, let me borrow a word.
*Hobbe.* I am no good fellow, and I pray heaven thou be'st not one.
*King.* Why? dost thou not love good fellows?
*Hobbe.* No 'tis a bye-word: *good fellows* be *thieves*
*Edward IV. Part I.*

*Calis.* Here I fix, then, never
To be removed.
*Cald.* 'Tis my *nil ultra*, sir.
*Mirt.* O that I had the happiness to say
So much to you! I dare maintain my love
Is equal to my lady's.
*Ador.* But my mind
A pitch above yours: marry with a servant
Of no descent or fortune!
*Sev.* You are deceived:
Howe'er she has been train'd up as a servant,
She is the daughter of a noble captain,
Who, in his voyage to the Persian gulf,
Perish'd by shipwreck; one I dearly loved.
He to my care entrusted her, having taken
My word, if he return'd not like himself,
I never should discover what she was;
But it being for her good, I will dispense with't.
So much, sir, for her blood; now for her portion:
So dear I hold the memory of my friend,
It shall rank with my daughter's.
*Ador.* This made good,
I will not be perverse.
*Dur.* With a kiss comfirm it.
*Ador.* I sign all concord here; but must to you, sir,
For reparation of my wounded honour,
The justice of the king consenting to it,
Denounce a lawful war.
*Alph.* This in our presence!
*Ador.* The cause, dread sir, commands it; though your edicts
Call private combats, murders; rather than
Sit down with a disgrace, arising from
A blow, the bonds of my obedience shook off,
I'll right myself.
*Cald.* I do confess the wrong,
Forgetting the occasion, and desire
Remission from you, and upon such terms
As by his sacred majesty shall be judged
Equal on both parts.
*Ador.* I desire no more.
*Alph.* All then are pleased; it is the glory of
A king to make and keep his subjects happy:
For us, we do approve the Roman maxim,
To save one citizen is a greater prize
Than to have kill'd in war ten enemies. [*Exeunt.*

---

Song, between Juno and Hymen.

Juno to the Bride.

*Enter a maid; but made a bride,*
*Be bold, and freely taste*
*The marriage banquet, ne'er denied*
*To such as sit down chaste.*
*Though he unloose thy virgin zone,*
*Presumed against thy will,*
*Those joys reserved to him alone,*
*Thou art a virgin still.*

Hymen to the Bridegroom.

*Hail, bridegroom, hail! thy choice thus made,*
*As thou wouldst have her true,*
*Thou must give o'er thy wanton trade,*
*And bid loose fires adieu.*
*That husband who would have his wife*
*To him continue chaste,*
*In her embraces spends his life,*
*And makes abroad no waste.*

Hymen and Juno.

*Sport then like turtles, and bring forth*
*Such pledges as may be*
*Assurance of the father's worth,*
*And mother's purity*.*
*Juno doth bless the nuptial bed;*
*Thus Hymen's torches burn.*
*Live long, and may, when both are dead,*
*Your ashes fill one urn!*

Song, Entertainment of the Forest's Queen.

*Welcome, thrice welcome to this shady green,*
*Our long-wish'd Cynthia, the forest's queen,*
*The trees begin to bud, the glad birds sing*
*In winter, changed by her into the spring.*
*We know no night,*
*Perpetual light*
*Dawns from your eye.*
*You being near,*
*We cannot fear,*
*Though Death stood by.*
*From you our swords take edge, our hearts grow bold;*
*From you in fee their lives your liegemen hold.*
*These groves your kingdom, and our law your will;*
*Smile, and we spare; but if you frown, we kill.*
*Bless then the hour*
*That gives the power*
*In which you may,*
*At bed and board,*
*Embrace your lord*
*Both night and day.*
*Welcome, thrice welcome to this shady green,*
*Our long-wish'd Cynthia, the forest's queen!*

## EPILOGUE.

I am left to enquire, then to relate
To the still-doubtful author, at what rate
His merchandise are valued. If they prove
Staple commodities, in your grace and love,
To this last birth of his Minerva, he
Vows (and we do believe him) seriously,
Sloth cast off, and all pleasures else declined,
He'll search with his best care, until he find
New ways, and make good in some labour'd song:
Though he grow old, Apollo still is young.
Cherish his good intentions, and declare
By any signs of favour, that you are
Well pleased, and with a general consent;
And he desires no more encouragement†.

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* *Assurance of the father's worth,*
*And mother's purity.*] Meaning, like their parents: the thought is from Catullus:

*Sit suo similis patri*
*Manlio, et facile inscite*
*Noscitetur ab omnibus,*
*Et pudicitiam suæ*
*Matris indicet ore.*

There is little to be said for this song, (which is to be referred to Act IV. sc. ii.) or for that immediately following it: they are, however, among the best scattered through the plays of Massinger, who, as Mr. M. Mason justly observed, is a wretched ballad-maker.

† It is not improbable that, after a temporary suspension of his unsuccessful labours for the stage, Massinger might hope to secure himself against future disappointment by writing for the taste of the public rather than his own. Whatever be the cause, this comedy is distinguished by a few new features, which show themselves sometimes in an excess of his usual manner, and sometimes in a departure from it. An instance or two of each will be sufficient. In general, when he determines to introduce any change not yet matured by circumstances, he endeavours to reconcile us through

an opinion or wish dropped by one of the speakers in a preceding scene. This method is profusely indulged in the present Play; and these brief anticipations of unexpected incidents seem to be regarded by him as sufficient apologies for the extraordinary precipitation of the business of the stage.

Again, in his other Plays, he is often irregular, and sometimes involved: the present piece is conceived with unusual wildness of plot, and intricacy of management. One event thrusts out another with little intermission or probability; and the change of situations is so rapid and strange, that the reader is in danger of mistaking the object to which they tend. And here occurs a departure from his usual manner. By pushing these surprising incidents too far, he has straitened himself in the development of his plot. The consequence is, that the conclusion of the piece is brief and forced, and presents little else than a sudden and violent solution of difficulties too luxuriantly created. I wish it were not necessary to mention a novelty of another kind. Too much laxity is indulged in his other plays: the peculiarity here is, that though it abounds, and forms a considerable part of the story itself, it is not punished at the conclusion with that justice for which Massinger is generally to be commended, and with that remembrance of the claims of virtue for which he elsewhere assumes a proper credit.

These improprieties may, perhaps, be attributed to the circumstances under which the Play was written. Yet it contains scattered beauties of no ordinary value. The style of it, indeed, is almost every where flowing and harmonious, and there are occasional scenes which will charm the imagination and touch the heart. Durazzo's description of his rural sports is highly beautiful and enlivening, and has been commended by others. I do not know that proper praise has been bestowed on another scene, at which the reader of sensibility will certainly stop with delight. There is a moral melancholy in Severino's appearance, Act II. sc. iv., which is extremely touching. In *The Picture*, Massinger has made Mathias express some just sentiments against too great a fondness for perishable life. Here we see a weariness of existence, and a contempt of danger, heightened by the peculiar situation of Severino, yet mixed with tenderness and compunction. In other parts of the Play, we find maxims justly conceived and beautifully expressed. They may be easily separated from the incidents which give rise to them, and be advantageously remembered for our prudential or moral guidance.

DR. IRELAND.

# A VERY WOMAN.

A VERY WOMAN.] This Tragi-Comedy, as it is called, was licensed for the stage June 6th, 1634. From the prologue it appears to be a revision of a former play, which had been well received, and which the author modestly insinuates that he was induced to review by the command of his patron. If this patron was, as it has been supposed, the Earl of Pembroke, we are indebted to him for one of the most delightful compositions in the English language.

We learn from the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, that a play of Massinger's called *The Spanish Viceroy*, was acted in 1624: this was not improbably the piece alluded to in the prologue. But this is not all. In the MS. Register of Lord Stanhope of Harrington, the play of *Cardenes*, or *Cardenio*, is said to have been performed at court, in 1613. Mr. Malone, who furnishes me with this notice, conjectures that this might have been the first sketch of what Massinger improved and brought out in 1624, and finally completed as we now have it. Change of name is no argument against this conclusion; for, besides that nothing was more common upon the revival of plays, it should be recollected, that those who spoke of them, seldom concerned themselves with the author's titles, but gave them such names as pleased themselves, and which were generally assumed from one or other of the more prominent characters.

However this may be, the present play was most favourably received, and often acted, the old title-page says, "at the private house in Blackfriars, by his late Majesty's servants, with great applause." Its popularity seems to have tempted the author's good friend, Sir Aston Cockaine, to venture on an imitation of it, which he has executed, not very happily, in his comedy of *The Obstinate Lady*.

## PROLOGUE.

To such, and some there are, no question, here,
Who, happy in their memories, do bear
This subject, long since acted, and can say,
Truly, we have seen something like this play,
Our author, with becoming modesty
(For in this kind he ne'er was bold), by me,
In his defence thus answers, By command
He undertook this task, nor could it stand
With his low fortune to refuse to do
What by his patron he was call'd unto:
For whose delight and yours, we hope, with care
He hath review'd it; and with him we dare
Maintain to any man, that did allow
'Twas good before, it is much bettered now:
Nor is it, sure, against the proclamation
To raise new piles upon an old foundation*,
So much to them deliver'd; to the rest,
To whom each scene is fresh, he doth protest,
Should his muse fail now a fair flight to make,
He cannot fancy what will please or take.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*Viceroy of* SICILY.
*Don* PEDRO *his son.*
*Duke of* MESSINA.
*Don* MARTINO CARDENES, *his son.*
*Don* JOHN ANTONIO, *prince of* TARENT.
*Captain of the castle of* PALERMO.
PAULO, *a physician.*
CUCULO, *the Viceroy's steward.*
*Two Surgeons.*
*Apothecary.*
*Citizens.*
*Slave-merchant.*
*Servant.*
*Page.*
*An* English *Slave.*
*Slaves.*
*Moors.*
*Pirates.*
*Sailors.*

ALMIRA, *the Viceroy's daughter.*
LEONORA, *duke of* MESSINA'S *niece.*
BORACHIA, *wife to* Cuculo, *governess of* Leonora *and* Almira.
*Two Waiting Women.*
*A good and evil Genius, Servants, Guard, Attendants, &c.*

SCENE, Palermo.

* This seems to allude to King James's Proclamation, to forbid the increase of building of London.—DAVIES

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in the* Viceroy's *Palace.*

*Enter* PEDRO *and* LEONORA.

*Pedro.* My worthiest mistress! this day cannot end
But prosperous to Pedro, that begins
With this so wish'd encounter.
*Leon.* Only, servant,
To give you thanks in your own courtly language
Would argue me more ceremonious
Than heartily affected; and you are
Two well assured, or I am miserable,
Our equal loves have kept one rank too long
To stand at distance now.
*Pedro.* You make me happy
In this so wise reproof, which I receive
As a chaste favour from you, and will ever
Hold such a strong command o'er my desires,
That though my blood turn rebel to my reason,
I never shall presume to seek aught from you,
But what (your honour safe) you well may grant me,
And virtue sign the warrant.
*Leon.* Your love to me
So limited, will still preserve your mistress
Worthy her servant, and in your restraint
Of loose affections, bind me faster to you;
But there will be a time when we may welcome
Those wish'd for pleasures, as heaven's greatest blessings,
When that the viceroy, your most noble father,
And the duke my uncle, and to that, my guardian,
Shall by their free consent, confirm them lawful.
*Pedro.* You ever shall direct, and I obey you:
Is my sister stirring yet?
*Leon.* Long since.
*Pedro.* Some business
With her, join'd to my service to yourself,
Hath brought me hither; pray you vouchsafe the favour
To acquaint her with so much.
*Leon.* I am prevented.

*Enter* ALMIRA *and two Waiting Women.*

*Alm.* Do the rest here, my cabinet is too hot;
This room is cooler. Brother!
*Pedro.* 'Morrow sister;
Do I not come unseasonably?
*Alm.* Why, good brother?
*Pedro.* Because you are not yet fully made up,
Nor fit for visitation. There are ladies,
And great ones, that will hardly grant access,
On any terms, to their own fathers, as
They are themselves, nor willingly be seen
Before they have ask'd counsel of their doctor
How the ceruse will appear, newly laid on,
When they ask blessing.
*Alm.* Such, indeed, there are
That would be still young, in despite of time;
That in the wrinkled winter of their age
Would force a seeming April of fresh beauty,
As if it were within the power of art
To frame a second nature: but for me,
And for your mistress I dare say as much,
The faces, and the teeth you see, we slept with.
*Pedro.* Which is not frequent, sister, with some ladies.
*Alm.* You spy no sign of any night-mask here
(Tie on my carcanet*), nor does your nostril
Take in the scent of strong perfumes, to stifle
The sourness of our breaths as we are fasting:
You're in a lady's chamber, gentle brother,
And not in your apothecary's shop.
We use the women, you perceive, that serve us,
Like servants, not like such as do create us:—
Faith search our pockets, and, if you find there
Comfits of ambergris to help our kisses,
Conclude us faulty.
*Pedro.* You are pleasant, sister,
And I am glad to find you so disposed;
You will the better hear me.
*Alm.* What you please, sir.
*Pedro.* I am entreated by the prince of Tarent,
Don John Antonio—
*Alm.* Would you would choose
Some other subject.
*Pedro.* Pray you, give me leave,
For his desires are fit for you to hear,
As for me to prefer. This prince of Tarent
(Let it not wrong him that I call him friend)
Finding your choice of don Cardenes liked of
By both your fathers, and his hopes cut off,
Resolves to leave Palermo.
*Alm.* He does well;
That I hear gladly.
*Pedro.* How this prince came hither,
How bravely furnished, how attended on,
How he hath borne himself here, with what charge
He hath continued; his magnificence
In costly banquets, curious masks, rare presents,
And of all sorts, you cannot but remember.
*Alm.* Give me my gloves.
*Pedro.* Now, for reward of all
His cost, his travel, and his duteous service,
He does entreat that you will please he may
Take his leave of you, and receive the favour
Of kissing of your hands.
*Alm.* You are his friend,
And shall discharge the part of one to tell him
That he may spare the trouble; I desire not
To see or hear more of him.
*Pedro.* Yet grant this,
Which a mere stranger, in the way of courtship†,
Might challenge from you.
*Alm.* And obtain it sooner.
*Pedro.* One reason for this would do well.
*Alm.* My will
Shall now stand for a thousand. Shall I lose

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* *Tie on my* carcanet,] *Carcanet* (dimin. of *carcan*, a chain) is a necklace, in which sense it occurs in most of our old writers:

"I'll clasp that *neck*, where should be set
A rich and orient *carcanet*:——
But swains are poor, admit of then,
More natural *chains*, the arms of men."
*Randolph's Poems.*

† ———— *In the way* of courtship,] i. e. as has been more than once observed, in the way of good breeding, of civility, &c.

The privilege of my sex, which is my will,
To yield a reason like a man? or you,
Deny your sister that which all true women
Claim as their first prerogative, which nature
Gave to them for a law, and should I break it,
I were no more a woman?
*Pedro.* Sure, a good one
You cannot be, if you put off that virtue
Which best adorns a good one, courtesy
And affable behaviour. Do not flatter
Yourself with the opinion that your birth,
Your beauty, or whatever false ground else
You raise your pride upon, will stand against
The censure of just men.
*Alm.* Why, let it fall then;
I still shall be unmoved.
*Leon.* And, pray you, be you so.
*Alm.* What jewel's that?
1 *Wom.* That which the prince of Tarent——
*Alm.* Left here, and you received without my knowledge:
I have use of't now. Does the page wait without,
My lord Cardenes sent to inquire my health?
1 *Wom.* Yes, madam.
*Alm.* Give it him, and with it pray him
To return my service to his lord, and mine.
*Pedro.* Will you so undervalue one that has
So truly loved you, to bestow the pledge
Of his affection, being a prince, upon
The servant of his rival?
*Leon.* 'Tis not well.
Faith, wear it, lady: send gold to the boy,
'Twill please him better.
*Alm.* Do as I command you.
I will keep nothing that may put me in mind
Don John Antonio ever loved, or was;
Being wholly now Cardenes'.
*Pedro.* In another
This were mere barbarism, sister; and in you
(For I'll not sooth you), at the best 'tis rudeness.
*Alm.* Rudeness!
*Pedro.* Yes, rudeness; and what's worse, the want
Of civil manners; nay, ingratitude
Unto the many and so fair deservings
Of don Antonio. Does this express
Your breeding in the court, or that you call
The viceroy father? A poor peasant's daughter,
That ne'er had conversation but with beasts,
Or men bred like them, would not so far shame
Her education.
*Alm.* Pray you, leave my chamber;
I know you for a brother, not a tutor.
*Leon.* You are too violent, madam.
*Alm.* Were my father
Here to command me (as you take upon you
Almost to play his part), I would refuse it.
Where I love, I profess it; where I hate,
In every circumstance I dare proclaim it:
Of all that wear the shapes of men, I loath
That prince you plead for; no antipathy
Between things most averse in nature, holds
A stronger enmity than his with mine;
With which rest satisfied:—if not, your anger
May wrong yourself, not me.
*Leon.* My lord Cardenes!
*Pedro.* Go; in soft terms if you persist thus, you
Will be one——

*Enter* CARDENES.

*Alm.* What one? pray you, out with it.
*Pedro.* Why, one that I shall wish a stranger to me,
That I might curse you; but——
*Car.* Whence grows this heat?
*Pedro.* Be yet advised, and entertain him fairly,
For I will send him to you, or no more
Know me a brother.
*Alm.* As you please.
*Pedro.* Good morrow. [*Exit.*
*Car.* Good morrow, and part thus! you seem moved too:
What desperate fool durst raise a tempest here,
To sink himself?
*Alm.* Good sir, have patience;
The cause, though I confess I am not pleased,
No way deserves your anger.
*Car.* Not mine, madam!
As if the least offence could point at you,
And I not feel it: as you have vouchsafed me
The promise of your heart, conceal it not,
Whomsoever it concerns.
*Alm.* It is not worth
So serious an enquiry: my kind brother
Had a desire to learn me some new courtship,
Which I distasted; that was all.
*Car.* Your brother!
In being yours, with more security
He might provoke you; yet, if he hath past
A brother's bounds——
*Leon.* What then, my lord?
*Car.* Believe it,
I'll call him to account for't.
*Leon.* Tell him so.
*Alm.* No more.
*Leon.* Yes, thus much; though my modesty
Be call'd in question for it, in his absence
I will defend him: he hath said nor done
But what Don Pedro well might say or do;
Mark me, Don Pedro! in which understand
As worthy, and as well as can be hoped for
Of those that love him best—from Don Cardenes.
*Car.* This to me, cousin!
*Alm.* You forget yourself.
*Leon.* No, nor the cause in which you did so, lady
Which is so just that it needs no concealing
On Pedro's part.
*Alm.* What mean you?
*Leon.* I dare speak it,
If you dare hear it, sir: he did persuade
Almira, your Almira, to vouchsafe
Some little conference with the Prince of Tarent,
Before he left the court; and, that the world
Might take some notice, though he prosper'd not
In his so loved design, he was not scorn'd,
He did desire the kissing of her hand,
And then to leave her:—this was much!
*Car.* 'Twas more
Than should have been urged by him; well denied
On your part, madam, and I thank you for't.
Antonio had his answer, I your grant;
And why your brother should prepare for him
An after-interview, or private favour,
I can find little reason.
*Leon.* None at all
Why you should be displeased with't.
*Car.* His respect
To me, as things now are, should have weigh'd down
His former friendship: 'twas done indiscreetly,
I would be loath to say, maliciously,

To build up the demolish'd hopes of him
That was my rival. What had he to do,
If he view not my happiness in your favour
With wounded eyes, to take upon himself
An office so distasteful?
*Leon.* You may ask
As well, what any gentleman has to do
With civil courtesy.
*Alm.* Or you, with that
Which at no part concerns you. Good my lord,
Rest satisfied, that I saw him not, nor will;
And that nor father, brother, nor the world
Can work me unto any thing but what
You give allowance to—in which assurance,
With this, I leave you,
*Leon.* Nay, take me along;
You are not angry too?
*Alm.* Presume on that.
[*Exit, followed by Leonora.*
*Car.* Am I assured of her, and shall again
Be tortured with suspicion to lose her,
Before I have enjoyed her! the next sun
Shall see her mine; why should I doubt, then? yet,
To doubt is safer than to be secure*.
But one short day! Great empires in less time
Have suffer'd change: she's constant—but a woman;
And what a lover's vows, persuasions, tears,
May, in a minute, work upon such frailty,
There are too many and too sad examples.
The prince of Tarent gone, all were in safety;
Or not admitted to solicit her,
My fears would quit me: 'tis my fault, if I
Give way to that; and let him ne'er desire
To own what's hard [to win‡,] that dares not guard it.——
Who waits there?

*Enter* Servants *and* Page.

*Serv.* Would your lordship aught?
*Car.* 'Tis well
You are so near.

*Enter* Antonio *and a* Servant.

*Ant.* Take care all things be ready
For my remove.
*Serv.* They are. [*Exit.*
*Car.* We meet like friends,
No more like rivals now: my emulation
Puts on the shape of love and service to you.
*Ant.* It is return'd.
*Car.* 'Twas rumour'd in the court
You were to leave the city, and that wan me
To find you out. Your excellence may wonder
That I, that never saw you till this hour
But that I wish'd you dead, so willingly
Should come to wait upon you to the ports,
And there, with hope you never will look back,
Take my last farewell of you.
*Ant.* Never look back!
*Car.* I said so; neither is it fit you should;
And may I prevail with you as a friend,
You never shall, nor, while you live, hereafter
Think of the viceroy's court, or of Palermo,
But as a grave, in which the prince of Tarent
Buried his honour.
*Ant.* You speak in a language
I do not understand.
*Car.* No! I'll be plainer.
What madman, that came hither with that pomp
Don John Antonio did, that exact courtier
Don John Antonio, with whose brave fame only,
Great princesses have fall'n in love, and died;
That came with such assurance as young Paris
Did to fetch Helen, being sent back, contemn'd,
Digraced, and scorn'd, his large expense laugh'd at,
His bravery scoff'd, the lady that he courted
Left quietly in possession of another
(Not to be named that day a courtier
Where he was mentioned), the scarce-known Cardenes,
And he to bear her from him!—that would ever
Be seen again (having got fairly off)
By such as will live ready witnesses
Of his repulse, and scandal?
*Ant.* The grief of it,
Believe me, will not kill me; all man's honour
Depends not on the most uncertain favour
Of a fair mistress.
*Car.* Troth, you bear it well.
You should have seen some that were sensible
Of a disgrace, that would have raged, and sought
To cure their honour with some strange revenge:
But you are better temper'd; and they wrong
The Neapolitans in their report,
That say they are fiery spirits, uncapable
Of the least injury, dangerous to be talk'd with
After a loss; where nothing can move you*,
But, like a stoic, with a constancy
Words nor affronts can shake, you still go on,
And smile when men abuse you.
*Ant.* If they wrong
Themselves, I can; yet, I would have you know,
I dare be angry.
*Car.* 'Tis not possible.
A taste of't would do well; and I'd make trial
What may be done. Come hither, boy.—You have seen
This jewel, as I take it?
*Ant.* Yes; 'tis that
I gave Almira.
*Car.* And in what esteem
She held it, coming from your worthy self,
You may perceive, that freely hath bestow'd it
Upon my page.
*Ant.* When I presented it,
I did not indent with her, to what use
She should employ it.
*Car.* See the kindness of
A loving soul! who after this neglect,
Nay, gross contempt, will look again upon her,
And not be frighted from it.
*Ant.* No, indeed, sir;
Nor give way longer—give way, do you mark,
To your loose wit to run the wild-goose chase

* *To doubt is safer than to be secure,* &c.] This speech is so arranged, and so pointed by Mr. M. Mason, who has improved upon the errors of Coxeter, as to be little better than nonsense.

† *To own what's hard* [to win,] *that dares not guard it.*] A foot is lost here, which I have endeavoured to supply, by the addition of the words in brackets. The defect was noticed by Mr. M. Mason, who proposed to complete the line by reading, *to keep.*

* *After a loss;* where *nothing can move you,*] *Where,* for *whereas,* occurs so frequently in these Plays, that it seems scarcely possible to escape the notice of the most incurious reader; yet the last editor has overlooked it, and, in his attempt to make the author speak English, produced a line of unparalleled harmony:—

*After a loss;* for whereas *noth'ng can move you!*

Six syllables further. I will see the lady,
That lady that dotes on you, from whose hate
My love increases, though you stand elected
Her porter to deny me.
*Car.* Sure you will not.
*Ant.* Yes, instantly: your prosperous success
Hath made you insolent; and for her sake
I have thus long forborne you, and can yet
Forget it and forgive it, ever provided,
That you end here; and, for what's past recalling,
That she make intercession for your pardon,
Which, at her suit, I'll grant.
*Car.* I am much unwilling
To move her for a trifle—bear that too, [*Strikes him.*
And then she shall speak to you.
*Ant.* Men and angels,
Take witness for me, that I have endured
More than a man!— [*They fight; Cardenes falls.*
O do not fall so soon,
Stand up—take my hand—so! when I have printed,
For every contumelious word, a wound here,
Then sink for ever.
*Car.* Oh, I suffer justly!
1 *Serv.* Murder! murder! murder! [*Exit.*
2 *Serv.* Apprehend him.
3 *Serv.* We'll all join with you.
*Ant.* I do wish you more;
My fury will be lost else, if it meet not
Matter to work on; one life is too little
For so much injury.

*Re-enter* Almira, Leonora, *and* Servant.

*Alm.* O my Cardenes!
Though dead, still my Cardenes! Villains, cowards,
What do ye check at? can one arm, and that
A murderer's, so long guard the curs'd master,
Against so many swords made sharp with justice?
1 *Serv.* Sure he will kill us all; he is a devil.
2 *Serv.* He is invulnerable.
*Alm.* Your base fears
Beget such fancies in you. Give me a sword,
[*Snatches a sword from the Servant.*
This my weak arm, made strong in my revenge,
Shall force a way to't. [*Wounds Antonio.*
*Ant.* Would it were deeper, madam!
The thrust, which I would not put by, being yours,
Of greater force, to have pierced through that heart
Which still retains your figure!—weep still, lady;
For every tear that flows from those grieved eyes,
Some part of that which maintains life, goes from me;
And so to die were in a gentle slumber
To pass to paradise: but you envy me
So quiet a departure from my world,
My world of miseries; therefore, take my sword,
And, having kill'd me with it, cure the wounds
It gave Cardenes.

*Re-enter* Pedro.

*Pedro.* 'Tis too true: was ever
Valour so ill employed!
*Ant.* Why stay you, lady?
Let not soft pity work on your hard nature;
You cannot do a better office to
The dead Cardenes, and I willingly
Shall fall a ready sacrifice to appease him,
Your fair hand offering it.
*Alm.* Thou couldst ask nothing
But this, which I would grant.
*Leon.* Flint-hearted lady!
*Pedro.* Are you a woman, sister!
[*Takes the sword from her.*
*Alm.* Thou art not
A brother, I renounce that title to thee;
Thy hand is in this bloody act, 'twas this
For which that savage homicide was sent hither.
Thou equal Judge of all things*! if that blood,
And innocent blood——
*Pedro.* [Best sister.]
*Alm.* Oh, Cardenes!
How is my soul rent between rage and sorrow,
That it can be that such an upright cedar
Should violently be torn up by the roots,
Without an earthquake in that very moment
To swallow them that did it!
*Ant.* The hurt's nothing†;
But the deep wound is in my conscience, friend,
Which sorrow in death only can recover.
*Pedro.* Have better hopes.

*Enter* Viceroy, *Duke of* Messina, Captain, Guards, *and* Servants.

*Duke.* My son, is this the marriage
I came to celebrate? false hopes of man!
I come to find a grave here.
*Alm.* I have wasted
My stock of tears, and now just anger help me
To pay, in my revenge, the other part
Of duty which I owe thee. O great sir,
Not as a daughter now, but a poor widow,
Made so before she was a bride, I fly
To your impartial justice: the offence
Is death, and death in his most horrid form;
Let not, then, title, or a prince's name
(Since a great crime is, in a great man, greater‡),
Secure the offender.
*Duke.* Give me life for life,
As thou wilt answer it to the great king,
Whose deputy thou art here.
*Alm.* And speedy justice.
*Duke.* Put the damn'd wretch to torture.
*Alm.* Force him to
Reveal his curs'd confederates, which spare not,
Although you find a son among them.
*Vice.* How!
*Duke.* Why bring you not the rack forth?
*Alm.* Wherefore stands
The murderer unbound?

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* *Thou equal judge of all things! if that blood*
*And innocent blood—*
Pedro. [*Best sister.*]
Alm. *Oh, Cardenes!*
*How is my soul,* &c.] So, with the exception of *Best sister*, reads the old copy. The modern editors strangely give this last speech to Pedro, without noticing how ill it agrees with his sentiments on the occasion, or with don John's answer. The fact seems to be, that Pedro, alarmed at the solemn adjuration of his sister, abruptly checked her (in the old copy her speech is marked as unfinished) by a short address, which changed her train of thinking, and produced the succeeding apostrophe to her lover. I am far from giving the passage in brackets as the genuine one, though something of the like nature apparently once stood there: at any rate, I am confident of having done well in following the old copy and restoring the speech to Almira.

† Ant. *The hurt's nothing;* &c.] From this it appears that, during Almira's impassioned speech, don Pedro had been condoling with his friend on his wound; another proof of the inattention of the modern editors.

‡ (*Since a great crime, in a great man, is greater,*)]
*Omne animi vitium tanto conspectius in se*
*Crimen habet, quanto major qui peccat, habetur.*
Juv. Sat. viii. v. 140.

*Vice.* Shall I have hearing?
*Duke.* Excellent lady, in this you express
Your true love to the dead.
*Alm.* All love to mankind
From me, ends with him.
*Vice.* Will you hear me yet?
And first to you: you do confess the fact
With which you stand charged?
*Ant.* I will not make worse
What is already ill, with vain denial.
*Vice.* Then understand, though you are prince of Tarent,
Yet, being a subject to the king of Spain,
No privilege of Sicily can free you
(Being convict by a just form of law)
From the municipal statutes of that kingdom,
But as a common man, being found guilty,
Must suffer for it.
*Ant.* I prize not my life
So much, as to appeal from anything
You shall determine of me.
*Vice.* Yet despair not
To have an equal hearing; the exclaims
Of this grieved father, nor my daughter's tears,
Shall sway me from myself; and, where they urge
To have you tortured, or led bound to prison,
I must not grant it.
*Duke.* No!
*Vice.* I cannot, sir;
For men of his rank are to be distinguish'd
From other men, before they are condemn'd,
From which (his cause not heard) he yet stands free:
So take him to your charge, and, as your life,
See he be safe.
*Capt.* Let me die for him else.
[*Exeunt Pedro, and Capt. and guard with Ant.*
*Duke.* The guard of him should have been given to me.
*Alm.* Or unto me.
*Duke.* Bribes may corrupt the captain.
*Alm.* And our just wreak, by force, or cunning practice,
With scorn prevented.
*Car.* Oh!
*Alm.* What groan is that?
*Vice.* There are apparent signs of life yet in him.
*Alm.* Oh that there were! that I could pour my blood
Into his veins!
*Car.* Oh, oh!
*Vice.* Take him up gently.
*Duke.* Run for physicians.
*Alm.* Surgeons.
*Duke.* All helps else.
*Vice.* This care of his recovery, timely practised,
Would have express'd more of a father in you,
Than your impetuous clamours for revenge.
But I shall find fit time to urge that further,
Hereafter, to you; 'tis not fit for me
To add weight to oppress'd calamity. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in the castle.*

*Enter* PEDRO, ANTONIO, *and* Captain.

*Ant.* Why should your love to me, having already
So oft endured the test, be put unto
A needless trial? have you not, long since,
In every circumstance and rite to friendship,
Outgone all precedents the ancients boast of,
And will you yet move further?
*Pedro.* Hitherto
I have done nothing (howsoe'er you value
My weak endeavours) that may justly claim
A title to your friendship, and much less
Laid down the debt, which, as a tribute due
To your deservings, not I, but all mankind
Stands bound to tender.
*Ant.* Do not make an idol
Of him that should, and without superstition,
To you build up an altar. O my Pedro!
When I am to expire, to call you mine,
Assures a future happiness: give me leave
To argue with you, and, the fondness of
Affection struck blind, with justice hear me:
Why should you, being innocent, fling your life
Into the furnace of your father's anger
For my offence? or, take it granted (yet
'Tis more than supposition) you prefer
My safety 'fore your own, so prodigally
You waste your favours, wherefore should this captain,
His blood and sweat rewarded in the favour
Of his great master, falsify the trust
Which, from true judgment, he reposes in him,
For me, a stranger?
*Pedro.* Let him answer that,
He needs no prompter: speak your thoughts, and freely.
*Capt.* I ever loved to do so, and it shames not
The bluntness of my breeding: from my youth
I was train'd up a soldier, one of those
That in their natures love the dangers more
Than the rewards of danger. I could add,
My life, when forfeited, the viceroy pardon'd
But by his intercession; and therefore,
It being lent by him, I were ungrateful,
Which I will never be, if I refused
To pay that debt at any time demanded.
*Pedro.* I hope, friend, this will satisfy you.
*Ant.* No, it raises
More doubts within me. Shall I, from the school
Of gratitude, in which this captain reads
The text so plainly, learn to be unthankful?
Or, viewing in your actions the idea
Of perfect friendship, when it does point to me
How brave a thing it is to be a friend,
Turn from the object? Had I never loved
The fair Almira for her outward features,

Nay, were the beauties of her mind suspected,
And her contempt and scorn painted before me,
The being your sister would anew inflame me
With much more impotence* to dote upon her:
No, dear friend, let me in my death confirm
(Though you in all things else have the precedence)
I'll die ten times, ere one of Pedro's hairs
Shall suffer in my cause.
*Pedro.* If you so love me,
In love to that part of my soul dwells in you
(For though two bodies, friends have but one soul),
Lose not both life and me.

*Enter a* Servant.

*Serv.* The prince is dead. [*Exit.*
*Ant.* If so, shall I leave Pedro here to answer
For my escape? as thus I clasp thee, let
The viceroy's sentence find me.
*Pedro.* Fly, for heaven's sake!
Consider the necessity; though now
We part, Antonio, we may meet again,
But death's division is for ever, friend.

*Enter another* Servant.

*Serv.* The rumour spread, sir, of Martino's death,
Is check'd; there's hope of his recovery. [*Exit.*
*Ant.* Why should I fly, then, when I may enjoy,
With mine own life, my friend?
*Pedro.* That's still uncertain,
He may have a relapse; for once be ruled, friend:
He's a good debtor that pays when 'tis due;
A prodigal, that, before it is required,
Makes tender of it.

*Enter* Sailors.

1 *Sail.* The bark, sir, is ready.
2 *Sail.* The wind sits fair.
3 *Sail.* Heaven favours your escape.
[*Whistle within.*
*Capt.* Hark, how the boatswain whistles you aboard!
Will nothing move you?
*Ant.* Can I leave my friend?
*Pedro.* I must delay no longer: force him hence.
*Capt.* I'll run the hazard of my fortunes with you.
*Ant.* What violence is this?—hear but my reasons.
*Pedro.* Poor friendship that is cool'd with arguments!
Away, away!
*Capt.* For Malta.
*Pedro.* You shall hear
All our events.
*Ant.* I may sail round the world,
But never meet thy like. Pedro!
*Pedro.* Antonio!
*Ant.* I breathe my soul back to thee.
*Pedro.* In exchange
Bear mine along with thee.
*Capt.* Cheerly my hearts! [*Exeunt.*
*Pedro.* He's gone: may pitying heaven his pilot be,
And then I weigh not what becomes of me. [*Exit.*

* *With much more impotence to dote upon her:*] So the old copy. Coxeter dislikes *impotence*, for which he would read *impatience*; and Mr. M. Mason, I know not for what reason, omits *much*, which destroys the metre. It requires no words to prove the text to be genuine.

SCENE II.—*A Room in the* Viceroy's *Palace.*

*Enter* Viceroy, *Duke of* Messina, *and Attendants.*

*Vice.* I tell you right, sir.
*Duke.* Yes, like a rough surgeon,
Without a feeling in yourself you search
My wounds unto the quick, then pre-declare
The tediousness and danger of the cure,
Never remembering what the patient suffers.
But you preach this philosophy to a man
That does partake of passion, and not
To a dull stoic.
*Vice.* I confess you have
Just cause to mourn your son; and yet, if reason
Cannot yield comfort, let example cure.
I am a father too, my only daughter
As dear in my esteem, perhaps as worthy,
As your Martino, in her love to him
As desperately ill, either's loss equal;
And yet I bear it with a better temper:

*Enter* Pedro.

Which if you please to imitate, 'twill not wrong
Your piety, nor your judgment.
*Duke.* We were fashioned
In different moulds. I weep with mine own eyes, sir,
Pursue my ends too; pity to you's a cordial,
Revenge to me; and that I must and will have,
If my Martino die.
*Pedro.* Your must and will,
Shall in your full-sailed confidence deceive you.
[*Aside.*
Here's doctor Paulo, sir.

*Enter* Paulo *and two* Surgeons.

*Duke.* My hand! you rather
Deserve my knee, and it shall bend as to
A second father, if your saving aids
Restore my son.
*Vice.* Rise, thou bright star of knowledge,
Thou honour of thy art, thou help of nature,
Thou glory of our academies!
*Paul.* If I blush, sir,
To hear these attributes ill-placed on me
It is excusable. I am no god, sir,
Nor holy saint that can do miracles,
But a weak, sinful man: yet, that I may
In some proportion deserve these favours
Your excellencies please to grace me with,
I promise all the skill I have acquired
In simples, or the careful observation
Of the superior bodies, with my judgment
Derived from long experience, stand ready
To do you service.
*Duke.* Modestly replied.
*Vice.* How is it with your princely patient?
*Duke.* Speak,
But speak some comfort, sir.
*Paul.* I must speak truth:
His wounds though many, heaven so guided yet
Antonio's sword, it pierced no part was mortal.
These gentlemen, who worthily deserve
The names of surgeons, have done their duties:
The means they practised, not ridiculous charms
To stop the blood; no oils, nor balsams bought
Of cheating quack-salvers, or mountebanks,
By them applied: the rules by Chiron taught,
And Æsculapius, which drew upon him

The thunderer's envy, they with care pursued,
Heaven prospering their endeavours.
*Duke.* There is hope, then,
Of his recovery?
*Paul.* But no assurance;
I must not flatter you. That little air
Of comfort that breathes towards us (for I dare not
Rob these t'enrich myself) you owe their care;
For, yet, I have done nothing.
*Duke.* Still more modest;
I will begin with them: to either give
Three thousand crowns.
*Vice.* I'll double your reward;
See them paid presently.
1 *Surg.* This magnificence
With equity cannot be conferred on us;
'Tis due unto the doctor.
2 *Surg.* True; we were
But his subordinate ministers, and did only
Follow his grave directions.
*Paul.* 'Tis your own;
I challenge no part in it.
*Vice.* Brave on both sides.
*Paul.* Deserve this, with the honour that will follow,
In your attendance.
2 *Surg.* If both sleep at once,
'Tis justice both should die. [*Exeunt Surgeons.*
*Duke.* For you, grave doctor,
We will not in such petty sums consider
Your high deserts; our treasury lies open,
Command it as your own.
*Vice.* Choose any castle,
Nay, city, in our government, and be lord of't.
*Paul.* Of neither, sir, I am not so ambitious;
Nor would I have your highnesses secure.
We have but faintly yet begun our journey;
A thousand difficulties and dangers must be
Encounter'd, ere we end it: though his hurts,
I mean his outward ones, do promise fair,
There is a deeper one, and in his mind,
Must be with care provided for: melancholy,
And at the height, too near akin to madness,
Possesses him; his senses are distracted,
Not one, but all; and, if I can collect them
With all the various ways invention
Or industry e'er practised, I shall write it
My masterpiece.
*Duke.* You more and more engage me.
*Vice.* May we not visit him?
*Paul.* By no means, sir;
As he is now, such courtesies come untimely:
I'll yield you reason for't. Should he look on you,
It will renew the memory of that
Which I would have forgotten; your good prayers,
And those I do presume shall not be wanting,
To my endeavours are the utmost aids
I yet desire your excellencies should grant me.
So, with my humblest service——
*Duke.* Go, and prosper. [*Exit Paulo.*
*Vice.* Observe his piety!—I have heard, how true
I know not, most physicians, as they grow
Greater in skill, grow less in their religion;
Attributing so much to natural causes,
That they have little faith in that they cannot
Deliver reason for*: this doctor steers
Another course—but let this pass; if you please,
Your company to my daughter.
*Duke.* I wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

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* ——— *I have heard, how true*
*I know not, most physicians, as they grow*
*Greater in skill, grow less in their religion;*
*Attributing so much to natural causes,*
*That they have little faith in that they cannot*
*Deliver reason for:*] The history of mankind unfortunately furnishes too many instances of this melancholy fact, to permit a doubt on the subject. Let it be added, however, that they chiefly occur among the half-informed of the profession: several of whom, as they have *grown yet greater in skill*, have, to their praise, renounced their scepticism with their confidence, and increased no less in piety than in knowledge. Ben Jonson observes, with his usual force and perspicuity:

"Rut is a *young physician* to the family,
That, letting God alone, ascribes to nature
More than her share; licentious in discourse,
And in his life a profest voluptuary;
The slave of money, a buffoon in manners,
Obscene in language, which he vents for wit,
And saucy in his logics and disputing."
*Magnetic Lady.*

I have no propensity to personal satire, nor do I think it just to convert an ancient author into a libellist, by an appropriation of his descriptions to modern characters; yet I must, for once, be indulged with saying, that almost every word here delivered applies so forcibly to a late physician, that it requires some evidence to believe the lines were written nearly two centuries ago. To lessen the wonder, however, it may be observed that, from the days of Dr. Rut to those of Dr. D———n, that description of men who, *letting God alone, ascribe to nature more than her share*, have been commonly *licentious, petulant, and obscene buffoons.*

## SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter* Leonora *and* Waiting Women.

*Leon.* Took she no rest to night?
1 *Wom.* Not any, madam;
I am sure she slept not. If she slumber'd, straight,
As if some dreadful vision had appear'd,
She started up, her hair unbound, and, with
Distracted looks staring about the chamber,
She asks aloud, *Where is Martino? where*
*Have you conceal'd him?* Sometimes names Antonio,
Trembling in every joint, her brows contracted,
Her fair face as 'twere changed into a curse,
Her hands held up thus; and, as if her words
Were too big to find passage through her mouth,
She groans, then throws herself upon her bed,
Beating her breast.
*Leon.* 'Tis wonderous strange.
2 *Wom.* Nay, more;
She that of late vouchsafed not to be seen,
But so adorn'd as if she were to rival
Nero's Poppæa, or the Egyptian queen,
Now, careless of her beauties, when we offer
Our service, she contemns it.
*Leon.* Does she not
Sometimes forsake her chamber?
2 *Wom.* Much about
This hour; then with a strange unsettled gait
She measures twice or thrice the gallery,
Silent, and frowning (we dare not speak to her),
And then returns.—She's come: pray you, now observe her.

*Enter* Almira *in black, carelessly habited.*

*Alm.* Why are my eyes fix'd on the ground, and not
Bent upwards? ha! that which was mortal of

My dear Martino, as a debt to nature,
I know this mother earth had sepulchred;
But his diviner part, his soul, o'er which
The tyrant Death, nor yet the fatal sword
Of curs'd Antonio, his instrument,
Had the least power, borne upon angels' wings
Appointed to that office, mounted far
Above the firmament.
*Leon.* Strange imagination!
Dear cousin, your Martino lives.
*Alm.* I know you,
And that in this you flatter me; he's dead,
As much as could die of him:—but look yonder!
Amongst a million of glorious lights
That deck the heavenly canopy, I have
Discern'd his soul, transform'd into a star.
Do you not see it?
*Leon.* Lady!
*Alm.* Look with my eyes.
What splendour circles it! the heavenly archer,
Not far off distant, appears dim with envy,
Viewing himself outshin'd. Bright constellation,
Dart down thy beams of pity on Almira,
And, since thou find'st such grace where now thou art,
As I did truly love thee on the earth,
Like a kind harbinger, prepare my lodging,
And place me near thee!
*Leon.* I much more than fear
She'll grow into a frenzy.
*Alm.* How! what's this?
A dismal sound! come nearer, cousin; lay
Your ear close to the ground,—closer, I pray you.
Do you howl? are you there, Antonio?
*Leon.* Where, sweet lady?
*Alm.* In the vault, in hell, on the infernal rack,
Where murderers are tormented:—yerk him soundly,
'Twas Rhadamanth's sentence; do your office, furies.
How he roars! What! plead to me to mediate for you!
I'm deaf, I cannot hear you.
*Leon.* 'Tis but fancy;
Collect yourself.
*Alm.* Leave babbling; 'tis rare music!
Rhamnusia plays on a pair of tongs
Red hot, and Proserpine dances to the consort;
Pluto sits laughing by too*. So! enough:
I do begin to pity him.
*Leon.* I wish, madam,
You would show it to yourself.
*2 Wom.* Her fit begins
To leave her.
*Alm.* Oh my brains! are you there, cousin?
*Leon.* Now she speaks temperately. I am ever ready
To do you service: how do you?
*Alm.* Very much troubled.
I have had the strangest waking dream of hell
And heaven—I know not what.
*Leon.* My lord your father
Is come to visit you; as you would not grieve him
That is so tender of you, entertain him
With a becoming duty.

* This is not madness but light-headedness; but such, indeed, is the malady of Almira. Later writers have mistaken its characteristics, and copied them (a wonderfully easy matter) for madness.

*Enter* Vicerov, *Duke of* Messina, Pedro, *and Attendants.*

*Vice.* Still forlorn!
No comfort, my Almira?
*Duke.* In your sorrow,
For my Martino, madam, you have express'd
All possible love and tenderness; too much of it
Will wrong yourself, and him. He may live, lady
(For we are not past hope), with his future service,
In some part to deserve it.
*Alm.* If heaven please
To be so gracious to me, I will serve him
With such obedience, love, and humbleness,
That I will rise up an example for
Good wives to follow: but until I have
Assurance what fate will determine of me,
Thus like a desolate widow, give me leave,
To weep for him; for should he die, I have vow'd
Not to outlive him; and my humble suit is,
One monument may cover us, and Antonio
(In justice you must grant me that) be offer'd
A sacrifice to our ashes.
*Vice.* Prithee put off
These sad thoughts; both shall live, I doubt it not,
A happy pair.

*Enter* Cuculo, *and* Borachia.

*Cuc.* O sir, the foulest treason
That ever was discover'd!
*Vice.* Speak it, that
We may prevent it.
*Cuc.* Nay, 'tis past prevention;
Though you allow me wise (in modesty,
I will not say oraculous), I cannot help it.
I am a statesman, and some say a wise one,
But I could never conjure, nor divine
Of things to come.
*Vice.* Leave fooling: to the point,
What treason?
*Cuc.* The false prince, Don John Antonio,
Is fled.
*Vice.* It is not possible.
*Pedro.* Peace, screech-owl.
*Cuc.* I must speak, and it shall out, sir; the captain
You trusted with the fort is run away too.
*Alm.* O miserable woman! I defy
All comfort: cheated too of my revenge!
As you are my father, sir, and you my brother,
I will not curse you; but I dare, and will say,
You are unjust and treacherous.—If there be
A way to death, I'll find it. [*Exit.*
*Vice.* Follow her;
She'll do some violent act upon herself;
'Till she be better temper'd, bind her hands,
And fetch the doctor to her.

[*Exeunt Leonora, and Waiting Women.*

Had not you
A hand in this?
*Pedro.* I, sir! I never knew
Such disobedience.
*Vice.* My honour's touch'd in't:
Let gallies be mann'd forth in his pursuit;
Search every port and harbour; if I live,
He shall not 'scape thus.
*Duke.* Fine hypocrisy!
Away, dissemblers! 'tis confederacy
Betwixt thy son, and self, and the false captain,
He could not thus have vanish'd else. You have murder'd
My son amongst you, and now murder justice:
You know it most impossible he should live,

Howe'er the doctor, for your ends, dissembled,
And you have shifted hence Antonio.
*Vice.* Messina, thou'rt a crazed and grieved old man,
And being in my court, protected by
The law of hospitality, or I should
Give you a sharper answer: may I perish
If I knew of his flight!
*Duke.* Fire, then, the castle.
Hang up then the captain's wife and children.
*Vice.* Fie, sir!
*Pedro.* My lord, you are uncharitable; capital treasons
Exact not so much.
*Duke.* Thanks, most noble signior,
We ever had your good word and your love.
*Cuc.* Sir, I dare pass my word, my lords are clear
Of any imputation in this case
You seem to load them with.
*Duke.* Impertinent fool!——
No, no, the loving faces you put on
Have been but grinning visors: you have juggled me
Out of my son, and out of justice too;
But Spain shall do me right, believe me, Viceroy:
There I will force it from thee by the king,
He shall not eat nor sleep in peace for me,
Till I am righted for this treachery.
*Vice.* Thy worst, Messina; since no reason can
Qualify thy intemperance: the corruption
Of my subordinate ministers cannot wrong
My true integrity. Let privy searchers
Examine all the land.
*Pedro.* Fair fall Antonio!
[*Exeunt Viceroy, Pedro, and Attendants.*
*Cuc.* This is my wife, my lord; troth speak your conscience,
Is't not a goodly dame?
*Duke.* She is no less, sir;
I will make use of these; may I entreat you*
To call my niece?
*Bora.* With speed, sir. [*Exit Borachia.*
*Cuc.* You may, my lord, suspect me
As an adept in these state conveyances:
Let signior Cuculo, then, be never more,
For all his place, wit, and authority,
Held a most worthy honest gentleman.

*Re-enter* Borachia *with* Leonora.

*Duke.* I do acquit you, signior. Niece, you see
To what extremes I am driven: the cunning viceroy,
And his son Pedro, having express'd too plainly
Their cold affections to my son Martino:
And therefore I conjure thee, Leonora,
By all thy hopes from me, which is my dukedom
If my son fail; however, all thy fortunes;
Though heretofore some love hath past betwixt
Don Pedro, and thyself, abjure him now:
And as thou keep'st Almira company,
In this her desolation, so in hate
To this young Pedro for thy cousin's love,
Be her associate; or assure thyself,
I cast thee like a stranger from my blood.
If I do ever hear thou see'st, or send'st
Token, or receiv'st message—by yon heaven,
I never more will own thee!
*Leon.* O, dear uncle!
You have put a tyrannous yoke upon my heart,
And it will break it. [*Exit.*
*Duke.* Gravest lady, you
May be a great assister in my ends.
I buy your diligence thus:—divide this couple;
Hinder their interviews; feign 'tis her will
To give him no admittance, if he crave it;
And thy rewards shall be thine own desires;
Whereto, good sir, but add your friendly aids,
And use me to my uttermost.
*Cuc.* My lord,
If my wife please, I dare not contradict.
Borachia, what do you say?
*Bora.* I say, my lord,
I know my place; and be assured I will
Keep fire and tow asunder.
*Duke.* You in this
Shall much deserve me. [*Exit.*
*Cuc.* We have ta'en upon us
A heavy charge: I hope you'll now forbear
The excess of wine.
*Bora.* I will do what I please.
This day the market's kept for slaves; go you,
And buy me a fine-timber'd one to assist me,
I must be better waited on.
*Cuc.* Any thing,
So you'll leave wine.
*Bora.* Still prating!
*Cuc.* I am gone, duck.
*Bora.* Pedro! so hot upon the scent! I'll fit him.

*Enter* Pedro.

*Pedro.* Donna Borachia, you most happily
Are met to pleasure me.
*Bora.* It may be so,
I use to pleasure many. Here lies my way,
I do beseech you, sir, keep on your voyage.
*Pedro.* Be not so short, sweet lady, I must with you.
*Bora.* With me, sir! I beseech you, sir; why, what, sir,
See you in me?
*Pedro.* Do not mistake me, lady,
Nothing but honesty.
*Bora.* Hang honesty!
Trump me not up with honesty: do you mark, sir,
I have a charge, sir, and a special charge, sir,
And 'tis not honesty can win on me, sir.
*Pedro.* Prithee conceive me rightly.
*Bora.* I conceive you!
*Pedro.* But understand.
*Bora.* I will not understand, sir,
I cannot, nor I do not understand, sir.
*Pedro.* Prithee, Borachia, let me see my mistress,
But look upon her; stand you by.
*Bora.* How's this!
Shall I stand by? what do you think of me?
Now, by the virtue of the place I hold,
You are a paltry lord to tempt my trust thus:
I am no Helen, nor no Hecuba,
To be deflower'd of my loyalty
With your fair language.
*Pedro.* Thou mistak'st me still.
*Bora.* It may be so, my place will bear me out in't,

* *I will make use of* these: *may I entreat you.*] So the old copy: Mr. M. Mason chooses to read,
*I will make use of* Cuculo and Borachia. *May I entreat you.*
If such portentous lines as these may be introduced without reason, and without authority, there is an end of all editorship.

And will mistake you still, make you your best on't.
*Pedro.* A pox upon thee! let me but behold her.
*Bora.* A plague upon you! you shall never see her.
*Pedro.* This is a crone in grain! thou art so testy—
Prithee, take breath, and know thy friends.
*Bora.* I will not,
I have no friends, nor I will have none this way:
And, now I think on't better, why will you see her?
*Pedro.* Because she loves me dearly, I her equally.
*Bora.* She hates you damnably, most wickedly,
Build that upon my word, most wickedly;
And swears her eyes are sick when they behold you.
How fearfully have I heard her rail upon you,
And cast and rail again; and cast again;
Call for hot waters, and then rail again!
*Pedro.* How! 'tis not possible.
*Bora.* I have heard her swear
(How justly, you best know, and where the cause lies)
That you are—I shame to tell it—but it must out.
Fie! fie! why, how have you deserved it?
*Pedro.* I am what?
*Bora.* The beastliest man—why, what a grief must this be?
(Sir-reverence of the company)—a rank whore-master:
Ten livery whores, she assured me on her credit,
With weeping eyes she spake it, and seven citizens,
Besides all voluntaries that serve under you,
And of all countries.
*Pedro.* This must needs be a lie.
*Bora.* Besides, you are so careless of your body,
Which is a foul fault in you.
*Pedro.* Leave your fooling,
For this shall be a fable: happily
My sister's anger may grow strong against me,
Which thou mistak'st.
*Bora.* She hates you very well too,
But your mistress hates you heartily:—look upon you!
Upon my conscience, she would see the devil first,
With eyes as big as saucers; when I but named you,
She has leap'd back thirty feet: if once she smell you,
For certainly you are rank, she says extreme rank,
And the wind stand with you too, she's gone for ever.
*Pedro.* For all this, I would see her.
*Bora.* That's all one.
Have you new eyes when those are scratch'd out, or a nose
To clap on warm? have you proof against a piss-pot,
Which, if they bid me, I must fling upon you?
*Pedro.* I shall not see her, then, you say?
*Bora.* It seems so.
*Pedro.* Prithee, be thus far friend then, good Borachia,
To give her but this letter, and this ring,
And leave thy pleasant lying, which I pardon;
But leave it in her pocket; there's no harm in't.
I'll take thee up a petticoat, will that please thee?
*Bora.* Take up my petticoat! I scorn the motion,
I scorn it with my heels; take up my petticoat!
*Pedro.* And why thus hot?
*Bora.* Sir, you shall find me hotter,
If you take up my petticoat.
*Pedro.* I'll give thee a new petticoat.
*Bora.* I scorn the gift—take up my petticoat!
Alas! my lord, you are too young, my lord,
Too young, my lord, to circumcise me that way.
Take up my petticoat! I am a woman,
A woman of another way, my lord,
A gentlewoman: he that takes up my petticoat,
Shall have enough to do, I warrant him,
I would fain see the proudest of you all so lusty.
*Pedro.* Thou art disposed still to mistake me.
*Bora.* Petticoat!
You show now what you are; but do your worst, sir.
*Pedro.* A wild-fire take thee!
*Bora.* I ask no favour of you,
And so I leave you; and withal I charge you
In my own name, for, sir, I'd have you know it,
In this place I present your father's person:
Upon your life, not dare to follow me,
For if you do— [*Exit.*
*Pedro.* Go and the p— go with thee,
If thou hast so much moisture to receive them,
For thou wilt have them, though a horse bestow them,
I must devise a way—for I must see her,
And very suddenly; and, madam petticoat,
If all the wit I have, and this can do,
I'll make you break your charge, and your hope too. [*Exit.*

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## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*A Market-place.*

*Enter* Slave-merchant *and* Servant, *with* Antonio *and* Captain *disguised*, English Slave, *and divers Slaves.*

*Merch.* Come, rank yourselves, and stand out handsomely.
—Now ring the bell, that they may know my market.
Stand you two here; [*To Antonio and the Captain.*] you are personable men,
And apt to yield good sums if women cheapen.
Put me that pig-complexion'd fellow behind,
He will spoil my sale else; the slave looks like famine.
Sure he was got in a cheese-press, the whey runs out on's nose yet.
He will not yield above a peck of oysters—
If I can get a quart of wine in too, you are gone, sir:
Why sure, thou hadst no father?
*Slave.* Sure I know not.

*Merch.* No, certainly; a March frog [leap'd]* thy mother;
Thou'rt but a monster paddock.—Look who comes, sirrah — [*Exit Servant.*
And next prepare the song, and do it lively.—
Your tricks too, sirrah, they are ways to catch the buyer, [*To the English slave.*
And if you do them well, they'll prove good dowries.
—How now?

*Re-enter* Servant.

*Serv.* They come, sir, with their bags full loaden.
*Merch.* Reach me my stool. O! here they come.

*Enter* Paulo, Apothecary, Cuculo, *and* Citizens.

*Cuc.* That's he.
He never fails monthly to sell his slaves here;
He buys them presently upon their taking,
And so disperses them to every market.
*Merch.* Begin the song, and chant it merrily.

A Song *by one of the Slaves.*

Well done.
*Paul.* Good morrow.
*Merch.* Morrow to you, signiors.
*Paul.* We come to look upon your slaves, and buy too,
If we can like the persons and the prices.
*Cuc.* They show fine active fellows.
*Merch.* They are no less, sir,
And people of strong labours.
*Paul.* That's in the proof, sir.
*Apoth.* Pray what's the price of this red-bearded fellow?
If his gall be good, I have certain uses for him.
*Merch.* My sorrel slaves are of a lower price,
Because the colour's faint:—fifty chequins, sir.
*Apoth.* What be his virtues?
*Merch.* He will poison rats;
Make him but angry, and his eyes kill spiders;
Let him but fasting spit upon a toad,
And presently it bursts, and dies; his dreams kill:
He'll run you in a wheel, and draw up water,
But if his nose drop in't, 'twill kill an army.
When you have worn him to the bones with uses,
Thrust him into an oven luted well,
Dry him, and beat him, flesh and bone, to powder,
And that kills scabs, and aches of all climates.
*Apoth.* Pray at what distance may I talk to him?
*Merch.* Give him but sage and butter in a morning,
And there's no fear: but keep him from all women;
For there his poison swells most.
*Apoth.* I will have him.
Cannot he breed a plague too?
*Merch.* Yes, yes, yes,
Feed him with fogs; *probatum.*—Now to you, sir.
Do you like this slave? [*Pointing to Antonio.*
*Cuc.* Yes, if I like his price well.
*Merch.* The price is full an hundred, nothing bated.
Sirrah, sell the Moors there:—feel, he's high and lusty.
And of a gamesome nature; bold, and secret,
Apt to win favour of the man that owns him,
By diligence and duty: look upon him.
*Paul.* Do you hear, sir?
*Merch.* I'll be with you presently.—
Mark but his limbs, that slave will cost you fourscore; [*Pointing to the Captain.*
An easy price—turn him about, and view him.—
For these two, sir? why, they are the finest children——
Twins, on my credit, sir.—Do you see this boy, sir?
He will run as far from you in an hour——
1 *Cit.* Will he so, sir?
*Merch.* Conceive me rightly,—if upon an errand,
As any horse you have.
2 *Cit.* What will this girl do?
*Merch.* Sure no harm at all, sir,
For she sleeps most an end*.
*Cit.* An excellent housewife.
Of what religion are they?
*Merch.* What you will, sir,
So there be meat and drink in't: they'll do little
That shall offend you, for their chief desire
Is to do nothing at all, sir.
*Cuc.* A hundred is too much.
*Merch.* Not a doit bated:
He's a brave slave, his eye shows activeness;
Fire and the mettle of a man dwell in him.
Here is one you shall have——
*Cuc.* For what?
*Merch.* For nothing,
And thank you too.
*Paul.* What can he do?
*Merch.* Why, any thing that's ill,
And never blush at it: he's so true a thief,
That he'll steal from himself, and think he has got by it.
He stole out of his mother's belly, being an infant;
And from a lousy nurse he stole his nature,
From a dog his look, and from an ape his nimbleness;
He will look in your face and pick your pockets,
Rob ye the most wise rat of a cheese-paring,
There where a cat will go in, he will follow,
His body has no back-bone. Into my company
He stole, for I never bought him, and will steal into yours,
An you stay a little longer. Now, if any of you
Be given to the excellent art of lying,
Behold, before you here, the masterpiece;
He'll outlie him that taught him, monsieur devil,
Offer to swear he has eaten nothing in a twelvemonth,
When his mouth's full of meat.
*Cuc.* Pray keep him, he's a jewel;
And here's your money for this fellow.
*Merch.* He's yours, sir.
*Cuc.* Come, follow me. [*Exit with Antonio.*
*Cit.* Twenty chequins for these two.
*Merch.* For five and twenty take them.

* Old copy, "Kept thy mother."

* Merch. *Sure no harm at all, sir,*
*For she sleeps* most an end.] i. e. Perpetually, without intermission. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Proteus says of Launce:
"A slave that *still an end* turns me to shame."
That is, says Steevens, "at the conclusion of every business he undertakes." He was set right by Mr. M. Mason, but he persisted in his erroneous explanation: *aliter non fit, Avite, liber.* With respect to the meaning which is here assigned to *most*, or, as it is sometimes written, *still an end*, there cannot exist a reasonable doubt of its propriety. Thus Cartwright:—
"Now help, good heaven! 'tis such an uncouth thing
To be a widow out of term time! I
Do feel such aguish qualms, and dumps, and fits,
And shakings *still an end.* *The Ordinary.*
Indeed, the phrase has not been long out of use. I meet with it, for the last time, in the Dedication to *The Divine Legation of Moses*:—"he runs on in a strange jumbled character; but has *most an end*, a strong disposition to make a farce of it." P. xi.

*Cit.* There's your money;
I'll have them, if it be to sing in cages.
*Merch.* Give them hard eggs, you never had such blackbirds.
*Cit.* Is she a maid, dost think?
*Merch.* I dare not swear, sir:
She is nine year old, at ten you shall find few here.
*Cit.* A merry fellow! thou say'st true. Come, children.
[*Exit with the two Moors.*
*Paul.* Here, tell your money; if his life but answer
His outward promises, I have bought him cheap sir.
*Merch.* Too cheap, o'conscience, he's a pregnant knave;
Full of fine thought, I warrant him.
*Paul.* He's but weak-timber'd*.
*Merch.* 'Tis the better sir;
He will turn gentleman a great deal sooner.
*Paul.* Very weak legs.
*Merch.* Strong as the time allows, sir.
*Paul.* What's that fellow?
*Merch.* Who, this? the finest thing in all the world, sir,
The punctuallest, and the perfectest; an English metal,
But coin'd in France; *your servant's servant, sir;*
Do you understand that? *or your shadow's servant.*
Will you buy him to carry in a box? Kiss your hand, sirrah;—
Let fall your cloak on one shoulder;—face to your left hand;—
Feather your hat;—slope your hat;—now charge.—Your honour,
What think you of this fellow?
*Paul.* Indeed, I know not;
I never saw such an ape before: but, hark you,
Are these things serious in his nature?
*Merch.* Yes, yes;
Part of his creed: come, do some more devices †.
Quarrel a little, and take him for your enemy,
Do it in dumb show. Now observe him nearly.
*Paul.* This fellow's mad, stark mad.
*Merch.* Believe they are all so:
I have sold a hundred of them.
*Paul.* A strange nation!
What may the women be?
*Merch.* As mad as they,
And, as I have heard for truth, a great deal madder;
Yet, you may find some civil things amongst them,
But they are not respected. Nay, never wonder;
They have a city, sir, I have been in it,
And therefore dare affirm it, where, if you saw
With what a load of vanity 'tis fraughted,
How like an everlasting morris-dance it looks,
Nothing but hobby-horse, and maid Marian,
You would start indeed.
*Paul.* They are handsome men.
*Merch.* Yes, if they would thank their maker,
And seek no further; but they have new creators,
God tailor, and god mercer: a kind of Jews, sir,
But fall'n into idolatry, for they worship
Nothing with so much service, as the cow-calves.
*Paul.* What do you mean by cow-calves?
*Merch.* Why, their women.
Will you see him do any more tricks?
*Paul.* 'Tis enough, I thank you;
But yet I'll buy him, for the rareness of him,
He may make my princely patient mirth, and that done,
I'll chain* him in my study, that at void hours
I may run o'er the story of his country.
*Merch.* His price is forty.
*Paul.* Hold—I'll once be foolish,
And buy a lump of levity to laugh at.
*Apoth.* Will your worship walk?
*Paul.* How now, apothecary,
Have you been buying too?
*Apoth.* A little, sir,
A dose or two of mischief.
*Paul.* Fare ye well, sir;
As these prove, we shall look the next wind for you.
*Merch.* I shall be with you, sir,
*Paul.* Who bought this fellow?
*2 Cit.* Not I.
*Apoth.* Nor I.
*Paul.* Why does he follow us, then?
*Merch.* Did not I tell you he would steal to you?
*2 Cit.* Sirrah,
You mouldy-chaps! know your crib, I would wish you,
And get from whence you came.
*Slave.* I came from no place.
*Paul.* Wilt thou be my fool? for fools, they say, will tell truth.
*Slave.* Yes, if you will give me leave, sir, to abuse you,
For I can do that naturally.
*Paul.* And I can beat you.
*Slave.* I should be sorry else, sir.
*Merch.* He looks for that, as duly as his victuals,
And will be extreme sick when he is not beaten.
He will be as wanton, when he has a bone broken,
As a cat in a bowl on the water.
*Paul.* You will part with him?
*Merch.* To such a friend as you, sir.
*Paul.* And without money?
*Merch.* Not a penny, signior;
And would he were better for you.
*Paul.* Follow me, then;
The knave may teach me something.
*Slave.* Something that
You dearly may repent; howe'er you scorn me,
The slave may prove your master.
*Paul.* Farewell once more!
*Merch.* Farewell! and when the wind serves next, expect me.
[*Exeunt.*

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* Paul. *He's but weak-timber'd.*
Merch. *'Tis the better, sir;*
*He will turn gentleman a great deal sooner.*] Small legs seem, at this time, to have been considered as one of the characteristic marks of a fine gentleman. Thus Jonson:—
*Chlo.* Are you a gentleman born?
*Cris.* That I am, lady; you shall see my arms, if it please you.
*Chlo.* No; your legs do sufficiently show you are a gentleman born, sir; for a man borne upon *little legs* is always a gentleman born.—*Poetaster.*

† ——— ——— *come, do some more devices,* &c.] This must have been a most diverting scene: the ridicule on the French, or rather on the travelled English, who caricatured while they aped, the foppish manners of the continent, was never more exquisitely pointed: indeed, I recollect nothing on the subject, in any of our old dramatists, that can be said to come near it. What follows is in a higher tone.

* *I'll* chain *him in my study,*] The old copy reads *claim:* the amendment by Mr. M. Mason.

SCENE II.—*A Room in the* Viceroy's *Palace.*

*Enter* Cuculo *and* Antonio.

*Cuc.* Come, sir, you are mine, sir, now, you serve a man, sir;
That, when you know more, you will find.
*Ant.* I hope so.
*Cuc.* What dost thou hope?
*Ant.* To find you a kind master.
*Cuc.* Find you yourself a diligent true servant,
And take the precept of the wise before you,
And then you may hope, sirrah. Understand,
You serve me*—what is me? a man of credit.
*Ant.* Yes, sir.
*Cuc.* Of special credit, special office; hear first
And understand again, of special office:
A man that nods upon the thing he meets,
And that thing bows.
*Ant.* 'Tis fit it should be so, sir,
*Cuc.* It shall be so: a man near all importance.
Dost thou digest this truly?
*Ant.* I hope I shall, sir.
*Cuc.* Besides, thou art to serve a noble mistress,
Of equal place and trust. Serve usefully,
Serve all with diligence, but her delights;
There make your stop. She is a woman, sirrah,
And though a cull'd out virtue, yet a woman.
Thou art not troubled with the strength of blood,
And stirring faculties, for she'll show a fair one?
*Ant.* As I am a man, I may; but as I am your man,
Your trusty, useful man, those thoughts shall perish.
*Cuc.* 'Tis apt, and well distinguish'd. The next precept,
And then, observe me, you have all your duty,
Keep, as thou'dst keep thine eye-sight, all wine from her,
All talk of wine.
*Ant.* Wine is a comfort, sir.
*Cuc.* A devil, sir; let her not dream of wine.
Make her believe there neither is, nor was wine;
Swear it.
*Ant.* Will you have me lie?
*Cuc.* To my end, sir;
For if one drop of wine but creep into her,
She is the wisest woman in the world straight,
And all the women in the world together
Are but a whisper to her; a thousand iron mills
Can be heard no further than a pair of nut-crackers:
Keep her from wine; wine makes her dangerous.
Fall back: my lord don Pedro!

*Enter* Pedro.

*Pedro.* Now, master officer,
What is the reason that your vigilant greatness,
And your wife's wonderful wiseness, have lock'd up from me
The way to see my mistress? Whose dog's dead now,
That you observe these vigils?
*Cuc.* Very well, my lord.
Belike, we observe no law then, nor no order,
Nor feel no power, nor will, of him that made them,
When state-commands thus slightly are disputed.
*Pedro.* What state-command? dost thou think any state
Would give thee any thing but eggs to keep,
Or trust thee with a secret above lousing?

* *You serve* me—] So the old copy; the modern editors omit the pronoun, which reduces the passage to nonsense.

*Cuc.* No, no, my lord, I am not passionate,
You cannot work me that way to betray me.
A point there is in't, that you must not see, sir,
A secret and a serious point of state too;
And do not urge it further, do not, lord,
It will not take: you deal with them that wink not.
You tried my wife; alas! you thought she was foolish,
Won with an empty word; you have not found it.
*Pedro.* I have found a pair of coxcombs, that I am sure on.
*Cuc.* Your lordship may say three:—I am not passionate.
*Pedro.* How's that?
*Cuc.* Your lordship found a faithful gentle-woman,
Strong, and inscrutable as the viceroy's heart,
A woman of another making, lord:
And, lest she might partake with woman's weakness
I've purchased her a rib to make her perfect,
A rib that will not shrink nor break in the bending;
This trouble we are put to, to prevent things
Which your good lordship holds but necessary.
*Pedro.* A fellow of a handsome and free promise,
And much, methinks, I am taken with his countenance.—
Do you serve this yeoman-porter? [*To Antonio.*
*Cuc.* Not a word.
Basta! your lordship may discourse your freedom;
He is a slave of state, sir, so of silence.
*Pedro.* You are very punctual, state-cut, fare ye well;
I shall find time to fit you too, I fear not. [*Exit.*
*Cuc.* And I shall fit you, lord: you would be billing;
You are too hot, sweet lord, too hot. Go you home,
And there observe these lessons I first taught you,
Look to your charge abundantly; be wary,
Trusty and wary; much weight hangs upon me,
Watchful and wary too! this lord is dangerous
Take courage and resist: for other uses,
Your mistress will inform you. Go, be faithful,
And, do you hear? no wine.
*Ant.* I shall observe, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter* Paulo *and* Surgeons.

*Paul.* He must take air.
1 *Surg.* Sir, under your correction,
The violence of motion may make
His wounds bleed fresh.
2 *Surg.* And he hath lost already
Too much blood, in my judgment.
*Paul.* I allow that;
But to choke up his spirits in a dark room
Is far more dangerous. He comes; no questions.

*Enter* Cardenes.

*Car.* Certain we have no reason, nor that soul
Created of that pureness books persuade us:
We understand not, sure, nor feel that sweetness
That men call virtue's chain to link our actions.
Our imperfections form, and flatter us;
A will to rash and rude things is our reason,
And that we glory in, that makes us guilty.
Why did I wrong this man, unmanly wrong him,
Unmannerly? he gave me no occasion.
In all my heat how noble was his temper!
And, when I had forgot both man and manhood,

With what a gentle bravery did he chide me!
And, say he had kill'd me, whither had I travell'd?
Kill'd me in all my rage—oh, how it shakes me!
Why didst thou do this, fool? a woman taught me,
The devil and his angel, woman, bad me.
I am a beast, the wildest of all beasts,
And like a beast I make my blood my master.
Farewell, farewell, forever, name of mistress!
Out of my heart I cross thee; love and women
Out of my thoughts.

*Paul.* Ay, now you show your manhood.

*Car.* Doctor, believe me, I have bought my knowledge,
And dearly, doctor:——they are dangerous creatures,
They sting at both ends, doctor; worthless creatures,
And all their loves and favours end in ruins.

*Paul.* To man indeed.

*Car.* Why, now thou tak'st me rightly.
What can they show, or by what act deserve us,
While we have Virtue, and pursue her beauties?

*Paul.* And yet I've heard of many virtuous women.

*Car.* Not many, doctor, there your reading fails you;
Would there were more, and in their loves less dangers!

*Paul.* Love is a noble thing without all doubt, sir,

*Car.* Yes, and an excellent—to cure the itch.

[*Exit.*

1 *Surg.* Strange melancholy!

*Paul.* By degrees 'twilllessen:
Provide your things.

2 *Surg.* Our care shall not be wanting.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Cuculo's *House.*

*Enter* Leonora *and* Almira.

*Leon.* Good madam, for your health's sake clear those clouds up,
That feed upon your beauties like diseases.
Time's hand will turn again, and what he ruins
Gently restore, and wipe off all your sorrows.
Believe you are to blame, much to blame, lady;
You tempt his loving care whose eye has number'd
All our afflictions, and the time to cure them:
You rather with this torrent choak his mercies,
Than gently slide into his providence.
Sorrows are well allow'd, and sweeten nature,
Where they express no more than drops on lilies;
But, when they fall in storms, they bruise our hopes,
Make us unable, though our comforts meet us,
To hold our heads up: Come, you shall take comfort;
This is a sullen grief becomes condemned men,
That feel a weight of sorrow through their souls:
Do but look up. Why, so!—is not this better
Than hanging down your head still like a violet,
And dropping out those sweet eyes for a wager?
Pray you, speak a little.

*Alm.* Pray you, desire no more;
And, if you love me, say no more.

*Leon.* How fain,
If I would be as wilful, and partake in't,
Would you destroy yourself! how often, lady,
Even of the same disease have you cured me,
And shook me out on't; chid me, tumbled me,
And forced my hands, thus?

*Alm.* By these tears, no more.

*Leon.* You are too prodigal of them. Well, I will not,
For though my love bids me transgress your will,
I have a service to your sorrows still. [*Exeunt*

## SCENE V.—*A Hall in the same.*

*Enter* Pedro *and* Antonio.

*Ant.* Indeed, my lord, my place is not so near:
I wait below stairs, and there sit, and wait
Who comes to seek accesses; nor is it fit, sir*,
My rudeness should intrude so near their lodgings.

*Pedro.* Thou mayst invent a way, 'tis but a trial,
But carrying up this letter, and this token,
And giving them discreetly to my mistress,
The Lady Leonora: there's my purse,
Or anything thou'lt ask me; if thou knew'st me,
And what may I be to thee for this courtesy——

*Ant.* Your lordship speaks so honestly, and freely,
That by my troth I'll venture.

*Pedro.* I dearly thank thee.

*Ant.* And it shall cost me hard; nay, keep your purse, sir,
For, though my body's bought, my mind was never.
Though I am bound; my courtesies are no slaves.

*Pedro.* Thou shouldst be truly gentle.

*Ant.* If I were so,
The state I am in bids you not believe it.
But to the purpose, sir; give me your letter
And next your counsel, for I serve a crafty mistress.

*Pedro.* And she must be removed, thou wilt else ne'er do it.

*Ant.* Ay, there's the plague: think, and I'll think awhile too.

*Pedro.* Her husband's suddenly fallen sick.

*Ant.* She cares not;
If he were dead, indeed, it would do better.

*Pedro.* Would he were hanged!

*Ant.* Then she would run for joy, sir†.

*Pedro.* Some lady crying out?

*Ant.* She has two already.

*Pedro.* Her house afire.

Ant. *Let the fool my husband, quench it.*
This will be her answer.—This may take: it will, sure.
Your lordship must go presently, and send me
Two or three bottles of your best Greek wine,
The strongest and the sweetest.

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* ——————*Nor is it* fit, *sir,*] Fit, which restores the passage to sense, I have inserted from the old copy.

† Ant. *Then she would run for joy, sir.*] Coxeter, and of course, Mr. M. Mason, read,

*Then she would run* mad *for joy, sir.*

This interpolation, which destroys the metre, seems to have originated in a misapprehension of the passage. The object is to get Borachia out of the way, and the expedients which suggest themselves are mentioned in order:

Pedro. *W'ould he were hang'd!*

Ant. *Then she would run for joy, sir.*

i. e. this might do, for then she would leave her charge, and joyfully run to witness his execution. Such, I conceive to be the purport of Antonio's observation: for the rest, I must observe, that the whole of this scene is most shamefully given in the modern editions, scarcely a single speech being without an error or an omission.

*Pedro.* Instantly:
But will that do?
*Ant.* Let me alone to work it. [*Exit Pedro.*
Wine I was charged to keep by all means from her;
All secret locks it opens, and all counsels,
That I am sure, and gives men all accesses.
Pray heaven she be not loving when she's drunk now,
For drunk she shall be, though my pate pay for it!
She'll turn my stomach then abominably.
She has a most wicked face, and that lewd face
Being a drunken face, what face will there be!
She cannot ravish me. Now, if my master
Should take her so, and know I ministered,
What will his wisdom do? I hope be drunk too,
And then all's right. Well, lord, to do thee service
Above these puppet-plays, I keep a life yet——
Here come the executioners.

*Enter* Servant *with bottles.*

You are welcome,
Give me your load, and tell my lord I am at it.
*Serv.* I will, sir; speed you, sir. [*Exit.*
*Ant.* Good speed on all sides!
'Tis strong, strong wine; O, the yaws that she will make!*
Look to your stern, dear mistress, and steer right,
Here's that will work as high as the Bay of Portugal.
Stay, let me see—I'll try her by the nose first;
For, if she be a right sow, sure she'll find it.
She is yonder by herself, the ladies from her.
Now to begin my sacrifice† :—[*pours out some of the wine.*]—she stirs, and vents it.
O, how she holds her nose up like a jennet
In the wind of a grass-mare! she has it full now,
And now she comes.

*Enter* BORACHIA.

I'll stand aside awhile.
*Bora.* 'Tis wine! ay, sure 'tis wine! excellent strong wine!
In the must, I take it: very wine: this way too.
*Ant.* How true she hunts! I'll make the train a little longer. [*Pours out more wine.*
*Bora.* Stronger and stronger still! still! blessed wine!
*Ant.* Now she hunts hot.
*Bora.* All that I can for this wine.
This way it went, sure.
*Ant.* Now she is at a cold scent.
Make out your doubles, mistress. O, well hunted!
That's she! that's she!
*Bora.* O, if I could but see it!
(Oh what a precious scent it has!) but handle it!
*Ant.* Now I'll untappice. [*Comes forward.*
*Bora.* What's that? still 'tis stronger.
Why, how now, sirrah! what's that? answer quickly,
And to the point.
*Ant.* 'Tis wine, forsooth, good wine,
Excellent Candy wine.
*Bora.* 'Tis well, forsooth!
Is this a drink for slaves? why, saucy sirrah
(Excellent Candy wine!), draw nearer to me,
Reach me the bottle: why, thou most debauch'd slave—
*Ant.* Pray be not angry, mistress, for with all my service
And pains, I purchased this for you (I dare not drink it),
For you a present; only for your pleasure;
To show in little what a thanks I owe
The hourly courtesies your goodness gives me.
*Bora.* And I will give thee more; there, kiss my hand on't.
*Ant.* I thank you dearly—for your dirty favour
How rank it smells!
*Bora.* By thy leave, sweet bottle,
And sugar-candy wine, I now come to thee,
Hold your hand under.
*Ant.* How does your worship like it?
*Bora.* Under again—again—and now come kiss me;
I'll be a mother to thee: come, drink to me.
*Ant.* I do beseech your pardon.
*Bora.* Here's to thee, then,
I am easily entreated for thy good;
'Tis naught for thee, indeed; 'twill make thee break out;
Thou hast a pure complexion; now, for me
'Tis excellent, 'tis excellent for me.
Son slave, I've a cold stomach, and the wind—
*Ant.* Blows out a cry at both ends.
*Bora.* Kiss again;
Cherish thy lips, for thou shalt kiss fair ladies:
Son slave, I have them for thee; I'll show thee all.
*Ant.* Heaven bless mine eyes!
*Bora.* Even all the secrets, son slave,
In my dominion.
*Ant.* Oh! here come the ladies;
Now to my business.

*Enter* LEONORA *and* ALMIRA *behind.*

*Leon.* This air will much refresh you.
*Alm.* I must sit down.
*Leon.* Do, and take freer thoughts,
The place invites you; I'll walk by like your sentinel.
*Bora.* And thou shalt be my heir, I'll leave thee all,
Heaven knows to what 'twill mount to*; but abundance:

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* *'Tis strong, strong wine: O, the* yaws *that she will make!*] The old copy reads,

*O the* yauns *that she will make,*

and was followed by Coxeter. Mr. M. Mason, attentive to the spelling of his author, but careless of his sense, corrected it to *yawns;* though to *make yawns* appears an expression sufficiently singular to excite a doubt of its authenticity: and thus it has hitherto stood! The genuine word, as is clear from the context, is undoubtedly that which I have given. A *yaw* is that unsteady motion which a ship makes in a great swell, when, in steering, she inclines to the right or left of her course. The sea runs proverbially high in the *Bay of Portugal.*

† *Now to begin my sacrifice:*—] This is imitated, but with exquisite humour, from a very amusing scene in *The Curculio* of Plautus.

* *Heaven knows* to *what 'twill mount* to;] Of this mode of speech innumerable instances have already occurred; yet it is corrupted by Mr. M. Mason, with his usual ocsitancy, into

*Heaven knows what 'twill* amount *to!*

But this gentleman does not appear to have profited greatly by his "reading of our old poets:" twenty years after he had edited Massinger, he stumbled upon Beaumont and Fletcher, where he found this line:

"And through what seas of hazard I sail'd *through.*"
*Humorous Lieutenant.*

*Through,* the editors, perfectly ignorant of the phraseology of the author's times, absurdly changed to *too,* because, forsooth, "such disagreeable tautology was more likely to pro-

I'll leave thee two young ladies, what think you of
that, boy!—
Where is the bottle?—two delicate young ladies;
But first you shall commit with me: do you mark,
son,
And show yourself a gentleman, that's the truth, son,
*Ant.* Excellent lady, kissing your fair hand,
And humbly craving pardon for intruding,
This letter, and this ring——
*Leon.* From whom, I pray you, sir?
*Ant.* From the most noble, loving lord, don
Pedro,
The servant of your virtues.
*Bora.* And prithee, good son slave, be wise and
circumspect;
And take heed of being o'ertaken with too much
drink;
For it is a lamentable sin, and spoils all:
Why, 'tis the damnablest thing to be drunk, son!
Heaven can't endure it. And hark you, one thing
I'd have done:
Knock my husband on the head, as soon as may be,
For he is an arrant puppy, and cannot perform——
Why, where the devil is this foolish bottle?
*Leon.* I much thank you;
And this, sir, for your pains.
*Ant.* No, gentle lady;
That I can do him service is my merit,
My faith, my full reward.
*Leon.* Once more, I thank you.
Since I have met so true a friend to goodness,
I dare deliver to your charge my answer:
Pray you, tell him, sir, this night I do invite him
To meet me in the garden; means he may find,
For love, they say, wants no abilities.
*Ant.* Nor shall he, madam, if my help may pro-
sper;
So everlasting love and sweetness bless you!—
She's at it still, I dare not now appear to her.
*Alm.* What fellow's that?
*Leon.* Indeed, I know not, madam;
It seems of some strange country by his habit;
Nor can I show you by what mystery
He wrought himself into this place, prohibited.
*Alm.* A handsome man.
*Leon.* But of a mind more handsome.
*Alm.* Was his business to you?
*Leon.* Yes, from a friend you wot of.
*Alm.* A very handsome fellow——
And well demean'd?
*Leon.* Exceeding well, and speaks well.
*Alm.* And speaks well, too!
*Leon.* Aye, passing well, and freely.
And, as he promises, of a most clear nature,
Brought up, sure, far above his show.
*Alm.* It seems so:
I would I'd heard him, friend. Comes he again?
*Leon.* Indeed I know not if he do.
*Alm.* 'Tis no matter.
Come, let's walk in.
*Leon.* I am glad you have found your tongue yet.
[*Exeunt Leonora and Almira.*

Borachia *sings.*

*Cuc.* [*within.*] My wife is very merry; sure 'twas
her voice:
Pray heaven there be no drink in't, then I allow it.
*Ant.* 'Tis sure my master:

*Enter* Cuculo

Now the game begins;
Here will be spitting of fire o'both sides presently;
Send me but safe deliver'd!
*Cuc.* O, my heart aches!
My head aches too: mercy o'me, she's perish'd!
She has gotten wine! she is gone for ever.
*Bora.* Come hither, ladies, carry your bodies
swimming;
Do your three duties, then—then fall behind me.
*Cuc.* O, thou pernicious rascal! what hast thou
done?
*Ant.* I done! alas, sir, I have done nothing.
*Cuc.* Sirrah,
How came she by this wine?
*Ant.* Alas, I know not.
*Bora.* Who's that, that talks of wine there?
*Ant.* Forsooth, my master.
*Bora.* Bring him before me, son slave.
*Cuc.* I will know it,
This bottle, how this bottle?
*Bora.* Do not stir it;
For, if you do, by this good wine, I'll knock you,
I'll beat you damnably, yea and nay, I'll beat you;
And, when I have broke it 'bout your head, do you
mark me?
Then will I tie it to your worship's tail,
And all the dogs in the town shall follow you.
No question, I would advise you, how I came by it,
I will have none of these points handled now.
*Cuc.* She'll ne'er be well again while the world
stands.
*Ant.* I hope so.
*Cuc.* How dost thou, lamb?
*Bora.* Well, God-a-mercy, belwether; how dost
thou?
Stand out: son slave, sit you here, and before this
worshipful audience
Propound a doubtful question; see who's drunk
now.
*Cuc.* Now, now it works; the devil now dwells
in her.
*Bora.* Whether the heaven or the earth be nearer
the moon?
Or what's the natural reason, why a woman longs
To make her husband cuckold? bring me your
cousin
The curate now, that great philosopher,
He that found out a pudding had two ends,
That learned clerk, that notable gymnosophist:
And let him with his Jacob's-staff discover
What is the third part of three farthings,
Three halfpence being the half, and I am satisfied.
*Cuc.* You see she hath learning enough, if she
could dispose it.
*Bora.* Too much for thee, thou loggerhead, thou
bull-head!
*Cuc.* Nay, good Borachia.

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ceed from the press than the author." Upon which Mr. M. Mason says, "I agree with them in thinking *the old reading erroneous*, but not in their amendment. The line should run thus:

"And *through* what seas of hazard I sail'd *thorough*]
Which avoids the repetition of the word through." *Comments on Beaumont and Fletcher*, p. 104. When it is considered that the repetition so sedulously removed, was as anxiously sought after by our old writers, and was, indeed, characteristic of their style and manner, we may, perhaps, be indulged in forming a wish that those who undertake to revive and explain them, were somewhat more competent to the office. A good edition of these excellent dramatists is much wanted.

*Bora.* Thou a sufficient statesman!
A gentleman of learning! hang thee, dogwhelp;
Thou shadow of a man of action,
Thou scab o'th' court! go sleep, you drunken rascal,
You debauched puppy; get you home, and sleep, sirrah;
And so will I: son slave, thou shalt sleep with me.
*Cuc.* Prithee, look to her tenderly.
*Bora.* No words, sirrah,
Of any wine, or anything like wine,
Or any thing concerning wine, or by wine,
Or from, or with wine*. Come, lead me like a countess.
*Cuc.* This must we bear, poor men! there is a trick in't,
But, when she is well again, I'll trick her for it.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in the* Viceroy's *Palace.*

*Enter* PEDRO.

*Pedro.* Now, if this honest fellow do but prosper,
I hope I shall make fair return. I wonder
I hear not from the prince of Tarent yet,
I hope he's landed well, and to his safety;
The winds have stood most gently to his purpose.

*Enter* ANTONIO.

My honest friend!
*Ant.* Your lordship's poorest servant.
*Pedro.* How hast thou sped?
*Ant.* My lord, as well as wishes†
My way hath reach'd your mistress, and deliver'd
Your love letter, and token; who, with all joy,
And virtuous constancy, desires to see you:
Commands you this night, by her loving power,
To meet her in the garden.
*Pedro.* Thou hast made me,
Redeem'd me, man, again from all my sorrows;
Done above wonder for me. Is it so?
*Ant.* I should be now too old to learn to lie, sir,
And, as I live, I never was good flatterer‡.
*Pedro.* I do see something in this fellow's face still,
That ties my heart fast to him. Let me love thee,
Nay, let me honour thee for this fair service.
And if I e'er forget it——
*Ant.* Good my lord,
The only knowledge of me is too much bounty:
My service, and my life, sir.
*Pedro.* I shall think on't;
But how for me to get access?
*Ant.* 'Tis easy;
I'll be your guide, sir, all my care shall lead you;
My credit's better than you think.
*Pedro.* I thank you,
And soon I'll wait your promise.
*Ant.* With all my duty. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE II.—*A Bedroom in the same.*

*Enter* VICEROY, DUKE, PAULO, *and* CUCULO.

*Paulo.* All's as I tell you, princes; you shall here
Be witness to his fancies, melancholy,
And strong imagination of his wrongs
His inhumanity to Don Antonio,
Hath rent his mind into so many pieces
Of various imaginations, that,
Like the celestial bow, this colour now's
The object, then another, till all vanish.
He says a man might watch to death, or fast,
Or think his spirit out; to all which humours
I do apply myself, checking the bad,
And cherishing the good. For these, I have
Prepared my instruments, fitting his chamber
With trapdoors, and descents; sometimes presenting
Good spirits of the air, bad of the earth,
To pull down or advance his fair intentions.
He's of a noble nature, yet sometimes
Thinks that which by confederacy I do,
Is by some skill in magic.

*Enter* CARDENES, *a book in his hand*†.

Here he comes
Unsent. I do beseech you, what do you read, sir?
*Car.* A strange position, which doth much perplex me:
That every soul's alike a musical instrument,

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* ——— *or by wine,*
*Or* from, *or* with *wine*, &c.] More traits of Borachia's "learning!" she is running through the signs of the ablative case.

† Ant. *My lord, as* well as wishes:] i. e. as well as you could wish; or, as well as if your wishes had been effectual: it is a colloquial phrase, and is found in many of our old dramatists. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher:
"*Dor.* Shall we run for a wager to the next temple, and give thanks?
"Nis. *As fast as wishes.* *Cupid's Revenge.*
And again; more appositely in the same play:
"*Timan.* There's a messenger, madam, come from the prince, with a letter to Ismenes."
"*Bacha.* This comes *as pat as wishes.*"

‡ *And, as I live, I never was good flatterer.*] This is the language of the time: the modern editors carefully interpolate the article before *good*, though it spoils the metre: and in the next line omit *still*, though it be necessary to the sense!

† *Enter* CARDENES, *a book in his hand.*] The book appears to be Plato. The marginal direction in the old copy, which is wisely followed by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, is somewhat curious: *A bed drawn forth,* Martino *upon it, a book in his hand;* this must have contrasted in a singular manner with the doctor's exclamation: Here he comes *unsent!* The poorest strolling company in the poorest barn would not now be reduced to such shifts, as "those of his Majesty's servants" who performed this most excellent Comedy at the private-house in Blackfriars.

The faculties in all men equal strings,
Well or ill handled; and those sweet or harsh.
[*Exit Paulo.*
How like a fiddler I have play'd on mine then!
Declined the high pitch of my birth and breeding,
Like the most barbarous peasant; read my pride
Upon Antonio's meek humility,
Wherein he was far valianter than I.
Meekness, thou wait'st upon courageous spirits,
Enabling sufferance past inflictions.
In patience Tarent overcame me more
Than in my wounds: live then, no more to men,
Shut day-light from thine eyes, here cast thee down,
And with a sullen sigh breathe forth thy soul—

*Re-enter* PAULO, *disguised as a Friar.*

What art? an apparition, or a man?
*Paul.* A man, and sent to counsel thee.
*Car.* Despair
Has stopped mine ears; thou seem'st a holy friar.
*Paul.* I am; by doctor Paulo sent, to tell thee
Thou art too cruel to thyself, in seeking
To lend compassion and aid to others.
My order bids me comfort thee; I have heard all
Thy various troubled passions. Hear but my story;
In way of youth I did enjoy one friend*,
As good and perfect as heaven e'er made man,
This friend was plighted to a beauteous woman
(Nature proud of her workmanship), mutual love
Possessed them both, her heart in his breast lodged,
And his in hers.

*Car.* No more of love, good father,
It was my surfeit, and I loath it now,
As men in fevers meat they fell sick on.
*Paul.* Howe'er, 'tis worth your hearing. This betroth'd lady
(The ties and duties of a friend forgotten),
Spurr'd on by lust, I treacherously pursued;
Contemn'd by her, and by my friend reproved,
Despised by honest men, my conscience seared up,
Love I converted into frantic rage;
And by that false guide led, I summoned him
In this bad cause, his sword 'gainst mine, to prove
If he or I might claim most right in love,
But fortune, that does seld or never give
Success to right and virtue, made him fall
Under my sword. Blood, blood, a friend's dear blood,
A virtuous friend's, shed by a villain, me,
In such a monstrous and unequal cause,
Lies on my conscience.
*Car.* And durst thou live,
After this, to be so old? 'tis an illusion
Raised up by charms: a man would not have lived.
Art quiet in thy bosom?
*Paul.* As the sleep
Of infants.
*Car.* My fault did not equal this;
Yet I have emptied my heart of joy,
Only to store sighs up. What were the arts
That made thee live so long in rest?
*Paul.* Repentance
Hearty, that cleansed me; reason then confirmed me
I was forgiven, and took me to my beads. [*Exit.*
*Car.* I am in the wrong path; tender conscience
Makes me forget mine honour; I have done
No evil like this, yet I pine; whilst he,
A few tears of his true contrition tendered,
Securely sleeps. Ha! where keeps peace of conscience,
That I may buy her?—no where; not in life.
'Tis feigned that Jupiter two vessels placed,
The one with honey filled, the other gall,
At the entry of Olympus; destiny,
There brewing these together, suffers not
One man to pass, before he drinks this mixture.
Hence is it we have not an hour of life
In which our pleasures relish not some pain,
Our sours some sweetness. Love doth taste of both;
Revenge, that thirsty dropsy of our souls,
Which makes us covet that which hurts us most,
Is not alone sweet, but partakes of tartness.
*Duke.* Is't not a strange effect?
*Vice* Past precedent.
*Cuc.* His brain-pan's perished with his wounds · go to,
I knew 'twould come to this.
*Vice.* Peace, man of wisdom.
*Cuc.* Pleasure's the hook of evil; ease of care,

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* *In* way of youth *I did enjoy one friend* ] There is no passage in Shakspeare on which more has been written than the following one in *Macbeth:*

" I have lived long enough, my *way of life*
" Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf," &c.

For *way of life* Johnson would read *May of life;* in which he is followed by Colman, Langton, Steevens, and others: and Mr. Henley, a very confident gentleman, declares that he " has now no doubt that Shakspeare wrote *May of life,*" which is also the " settled opinion" of Mr. Davies! At a subsequent period Steevens appears to have changed his opinion, and acquiesced in the old reading, *way of life,* which he interprets, with Mr. M. Mason, course or progress, precisely as Warburton, whom every *mousing owl hawks at,* had done long before them. Mr. Malone follows the same track, and if the words had signified what he supposed them to do, nothing more would be necessary on the subject. The fact, however, is, that these ingenious writers have mistaken the phrase, which is neither more nor less than a simple periphrasis for *life:* as *way of youth,* in the text, is for *youth.* A few examples will make this clear:

" If that, when I was mistress of myself,
And in my *way of youth,* pure and untainted,
The emperor had vouchsafed," &c. *Roman Actor.*

i. e. in my youth.

" So much nobler
Shall be your *way of justice.*" *Thierry and Theodoret.*

i. e. your justice.

" Thus ready for the *way of death or life,*
I wait the sharpest blow." *Pericles.*

i. e. for death or life.

" If all the art I have, or power can do it,
He shall be found, and such a *way of justice*
Inflicted on him!" *Queen of Corinth.*

i. e such justice. " Probably," say the editors, " we should read *weight* of justice; *way* is very flat!"

" If we can wipe out
The *way of your offences,* we are yours, sir."
*Valentinian.*

i. e. your offences. " To *wipe out the way,*" the same editors again remark, " seems a strange phrase; *stain,* we apprehend, will be allowed a better word: yet we should not have substituted it" (they actually foist it into the text), " had we not been persuaded that the old reading was corrupt!" And thus our best poets are edited!

It is unnecessary to proceed any further: indeed I should have been satisfied with fewer examples, had not my respect for Shakspeare made me desirous of disencumbering his page, by ascertaining, beyond the possibility of cavil, the meaning of an expression so long and so laboriously agitated. To return to Macbeth: *the sere and yellow leaf* is the commencement of the winter of life, or of old age; to this he has attained, and he laments, in a strain of inimitable pathos and beauty, that it is unaccompanied by those blessings which render it supportable. As his manhood was without virtue, so he has now before him the certain prospect of an old age without honour.

And so the general object of the court;
Yet some delights are lawful. Honour is
Virtue's allow'd ascent; honour, that clasps
All-perfect justice in her arms, that craves
No more respect than what she gives, that does
Nothing but what she'll suffer —This distracts me,
But I have found the right: had Don Antonio
Done that to me, I did to him, I should have kill'd him;
The injury so foul, and done in public,
My footman would not bear it; then in honour
Wronged him so, I'll right him on myself:
There's honour, justice, and full satisfaction
Equally tender'd; 'tis resolved, I'll do it.
[*They disarm him.*
They take all weapons from me.
*Duke.* Bless my son!

*Re enter* Paulo, *dressed like a Soldier, and the* English Slave *like a Courtier.*

*Vice.* The careful doctor's come again.
*Duke.* Rare man!
How shall I pay this debt?
*Cuc.* He that is with him,
Is one o' the slaves he lately bought, he said,
To accommodate his cure: he's English born,
But French in his behavour; a delicate slave.
*Vice.* The slave is very fine.
*Cuc.* Your English slaves
Are ever so; I have seen an English slave
Far finer than his master: there's a state-point
Worthy your observation.
*Paul.* On thy life,
Be perfect in thy lesson: fewer legs, slave.
*Car.* My thoughts are search'd and answer'd; for I did
Desire a soldier and a courtier,
To yield me satisfaction in some doubts
Not yet concluded of.
*Paul.* Your doctor did
Admit us, sir.
*Slave.* And we are at your service;
Whate'er it be, command it.
*Car.* You appear
A courtier in the race of Love; how far
In honour are you bound to run?
*Slave.* I'll tell you,
You must not spare expense, but wear gay clothes,
And you may be, too, prodigal of oaths,
To win a mistress' favour; not afraid
To pass unto her through her chambermaid.
You may present her gifts, and of all sorts,
Feast, dance, and revel; they are lawful sports:
The choice of suitors you must not deny her,
Nor quarrel, though you find a rival by her:
Build on your own deserts, and ever be
A stranger to love's enemy, jealousy,
For that draws on——
*Car.* No more; this points at me;
[*Exit English Slave.*
I ne'er observed these rules. Now speak, old soldier,
The height of Honour?
*Paul.* No man to offend,
Ne'er to reveal the secrets of a friend;
Rather to suffer than to do wrong;
To make the heart no stranger to the tongue;
Provoked, not to betray an enemy,
Nor eat his meat I choke with flattery;
Blushless to tell wherefore I wear my scars,
Or for my conscience, or my country's wars;
To aim at just things; if we have wildly run
Into offences, wish them all undone:
'Tis poor, in grief for a wrong done, to die,
Honour, to dare to live, and satisfy.
*Vice.* Mark, how he winds him.
*Duke.* Excellent man!
*Paul.* Who fights
With passions, and o'ercomes them, is endued
With the best virtue, passive fortitude. [*Exit.*
*Car.* Thou hast touch'd me, soldier; oh! this honour bears
The right stamp; would all soldiers did profess
Thy good religion! The discords of my soul
Are tuned, and make a heavenly harmony:
What sweet peace feel I now! I am ravish'd with it.
*Vice.* How still he sits! [*Music.*
*Cuc.* Hark! music.
*Duke.* How divinely
This artist gathers scatter'd sense; with cunning
Composing the fair jewel* of his mind,
Broken in pieces, and nigh lost before!

*Re-enter* Paulo, *dressed like a Philosopher, accompanied by a good and evil* Genius, *who sing a song in alternate stanzas: during the performance of which* Paulo *goes off, and returns in his own shape.*

*Vice.* See Protean Paulo in another shape.
*Paul.* Away, I'll bring him shortly perfect, doubt not.
*Duke.* Master of thy great art!
*Vice.* As such we'll hold thee.
*Duke.* And study honours for him.
*Cuc.* I'll be sick
On purpose to take physic of this doctor.
[*Exeunt all but Cardenes and Paulo.*
*Car.* Doctor, thou hast perfected a body's cure,
To amaze the world, and almost cured a mind
Near frenzy. With delight I now perceive,
You, for my recreation, have invented
The several objects, which my melancholy
Sometimes did think you conjured, otherwhiles
Imagined them chimæras. You have been
My friar, soldier, philosopher,
My poet, architect, physician;
Labour'd for me more than your slaves for you
In their assistance: in your moral song†
Of my good genius, and my bad, you have won me
A cheerful heart, and banish'd discontent;
There being nothing wanting to my wishes,
But once more, were it possible, to behold
Don John Antonio.
*Paul.* There shall be letters sent
Into all parts of Christendom, to inform him
Of your recovery, which now, sir, I doubt not.
*Car.* What honours, what rewards can I heap on you!
*Paul.* That my endeavours have so well succeeded,
Is a sufficient recompense. Pray you retire, sir,
Not too much air so soon.
*Car.* I am obedient. [*Exeunt.*

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* *Composing the fair* jewel *of his mind*, &c. By *jewel* our old writers meant, as I have already observed, not so much a single precious stone, as a trinket formed of several, or what we call a piece of jewel-work

† ——— *in your moral* song
*Of my good genius, and my bad*, &c.] This song is not given; I do not know that it is much to be regretted, and yet it promises better than many of those with which we have been favoured

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Cuculo's *House.*

*Enter* Almira *and* Leonora.

*Leon.* How strangely
This fellow runs in her mind!
*Alm.* Do you hear, cousin?
*Leon.* Her sadness clean forsaken!
*Alm.* A poor slave
Bought for my governess, say you?
*Leon.* I hear so.
*Alm.* And, do you think, a Turk?
*Leon.* His habit shows it,
At least bought for a Turk.
*Alm.* Ay, that may be so.
*Leon.* What if he were one naturally?
*Alm.* Nay, 'tis nothing,
Nothing to the purpose; and yet, methinks, 'tis strange
Such handsomeness of mind, and civil outside,
Should spring from those rude countries.
*Leon.* If it be no more,
I'll call our governess, and she can show you.
*Alm.* Why, do you think it is?
*Leon.* I do not think so.
*Alm.* Fie! no, no, by no means; and to tell thee truth, wench,
I am truly glad he is here, be what he will;
Let him be still the same he makes a show of,
For now we shall see something to delight us.
*Leon.* And heaven knows, we have need on't.
*Alm.* Heigh ho! my heart aches.
Prithee, call in our governess.—[*Exit Leonora.*] Plague o'this fellow!
Why do I think so much of him? how the devil
Creep'd he into my head? and yet, beshrew me,
Methinks I have not seen—I lie, I have seen
A thousand handsomer, a thousand sweeter.
But say this fellow were adorned as they are,
Set off to show and glory!—What's that to me?
Fie! what a fool am I, what idle fancies
Buz in my brains!

*Re-enter* Leonora *with* Borachia.

*Bora.* And how doth my sweet lady?
*Leon.* She wants your company to make her merry.
*Bora.* And how does master Pug, I pray you, madam?
*Leon.* Do you mean her little dog?
*Bora.* I mean his worship.
*Leon.* Troubled with fleas a little.
*Bora.* Alas! poor ckicken!
*Leon.* She's here, and drunk, very fine drunk, I take it;
I found her with a bottle for her bolster,
Lying along and making love.
*Alm.* Borachia,
Why, where hast thou been, wench? she looks not well, friend.
Art not with child?
*Bora.* I promise ye, I know not,
I am sure my belly's full, and that's a shrewd sign:
Besides I am shrewdly troubled with a tiego
Here in my head, madam; often with this tiego,
It takes me very often.
*Leon.* I believe thee.
*Alm.* You must drink wine.
*Bora.* A little would do no harm, sure.
*Leon.* 'Tis a raw humour blows into your head;
Which good strong wine will temper.
*Bora.* I thank your highness.
I will be ruled, though much against my nature;
For wine I ever hated from my cradle:
Yet for my good——
*Leon.* Ay, for your good, by all means.
*Alm.* Borachia, what new fellow's that thou hast gotten
(Now she will sure be free)? that handsome stranger?
*Bora.* How much wine must I drink, an't please your ladyship?
*Alm.* She's finely greased. Why two or three round draughts, wench.
*Bora.* Fasting?
*Alm.* At any time.
*Bora.* I shall hardly do it:
But yet I'll try, good madam.
*Leon.* Do; 'twill work well.
*Alm.* But, prithee answer me, what is this fellow?
*Bora.* I'll tell you two: but let it go no further.
*Leon.* No, no, by no means.
*Bora.* May I not drink before bed too?
*Leon.* At any hour.
*Bora.* And say in the night it take me?
*Alm.* Drink then: but what's this man?
*Bora.* I'll tell ye, madam,
But pray you be secret; he's the great Turk's son for certain,
And a fine Christian; my husband bought him for me;
He's circumsinged.
*Leon.* He's circumcised, thou wouldst say.
*Alm.* How dost thou know?
*Bora.* I had an eye upon him;
But even as sweet a Turk, an't like your ladyship,
And speaks ye as pure pagan:—I'll assure ye,
My husband had a notable pennyworth of him;
And found me but the Turk's own son, his own son
By father and mother, madam!
*Leon.* She's mad-drunk.
*Alm.* Prithee Borachia, call him; I would see him,
And tell thee how I like him.
*Bora.* As fine a Turk, madam,
For that which appertains to a true Turk——
*Alm.* Prithee, call him.
*Bora.* He waits here at the stairs:—Son slave come hither.

*Enter* Antonio.

Pray you give me leave a little to instruct him,
He's raw yet in the way of entertainment.
Son slave, where's the other bottle?
*Ant.* In the bed-straw,
I hid it there.
*Bora.* Go up, and make your honours.
Madam, the tiego takes me now, now, madam;
I must needs be unmannerly.
*Alm.* Pray you be so.
*Leon.* You know your cure.
*Bora.* In the bed-straw?
*Ant.* There you'll find it. [*Exit Borachia.*
*Alm.* Come hither, sir: how long have you served here?
*Ant.* A poor time, madam, yet, to show my service.
*Alm.* I see thou art diligent.
*Ant.* I would be, madam;
'Tis all the portion left me, that and truth.
*Alm.* Thou art but young.

*Ant.* Had fortune meant me so*,
Excellent lady, time had not much wrong'd me.
*Alm.* Wilt thou serve me?
*Ant.* In all my prayers, madam,
Else such a misery as mine but blasts you.
*Alm.* Beshrew my heart, he speaks well; wondrous honestly. [*Aside.*
*Ant.* Madam, your loving lord stays for you.
*Leon.* I thank you.
Your pardon for an hour, dear friend.
*Alm.* Your pleasure.
*Leon.* I dearly thank you, sir. [*Exit.*
*Ant.* My humblest service.
She views me narrowly, yet sure she knows me not:
I dare not trust the time yet, nor I must not.
*Alm.* You are not as your habit shows?
*Ant.* No, madam,
His hand, that, for my sins, lies heavy on me,
I hope will keep me from being a slave to the devil†.
*Alm.* A brave clear mind he has, and nobly season'd.
What country are you of?
*Ant.* A Biscan, lady‡.
*Alm.* No doubt, a gentleman?
*Ant.* My father thought so.
*Alm.* Ay, and I warrant thee a right fair woman
Thy mother was; he blushes, that confirms it.
Upon my soul, I have not seen such sweetness!
I prithee, blush again.
*Ant.* 'Tis a weakness, madam,
I am easily this way woo'd to.
*Alm.* I thank you.
Of all that e'er I saw, thou art the perfectest. [*Aside.*
Now you must tell me, sir, for now I long for't—
*Ant.* What would she have?
*Alm.* The story of your fortune,
The hard and cruel fortune brought you hither.
*Ant.* That makes me stagger; yet I hope I'm hid still. [*Aside.*
That I came hither, madam, was the fairest.
*Alm.* But how this misery you bear, fell on you?
*Ant.* *Infandum regina jubes renovare dolorem.*
*Alm.* Come, I will have it; I command you tell it,
For such a speaker I would hear for ever.
*Ant.* Sure, madam, 'twill but make you sad and heavy,
Because I know your goodness full of pity;
And 'tis so poor a subject too, and to your ears,
That are acquainted with things sweet and easy,
So harsh a harmony.
*Alm.* I prithee speak it.
*Ant.* I ever knew obedience the best sacrifice.
Honour of ladies, then, first passing over
Some few years of my youth, that are impertinent,
Let me begin the sadness of my story,
Where I began to lose myself, to love first.
*Alm.* 'Tis well, go forward; some rare piece I look for.
*Ant.* Not far from where my father lives, a lady,
A neighbour by, bless'd with as great a beauty
As nature durst bestow without undoing*,
Dwelt, and most happily, as I thought then,
And bless'd the house a thousand times she dwelt in.
This beauty, in the blossom of my youth,
When my first fire knew no adulterate incense,
Nor I no way to flatter, but my fondness;
In all the bravery my friends could show me,
In all the faith my innocence could give me,
In the best language my true tongue could tell me,
And all the broken sighs my sick heart lend me,
I sued, and served: long did I love this lady,
Long was my travail, long my trade to win her;
With all the duty of my soul, I served her.
*Alm.* How feelingly he speaks! and she loved you too?
It must be so.
*Ant.* I would it had, dear lady;
This story had been needless, and this place,
I think, unknown to me.
*Alm.* Were your bloods equal?
*Ant.* Yes, and I thought our hearts too.
*Alm.* Then she must love.
*Ant.* She did—but never me; she could not love me,
She would not love, she hated, more, she scorn'd me,
And in so poor and base a way abused me,
For all my services, for all my bounties,
So bold neglects flung on me.
*Alm.* An ill woman!
Belike you found some rival in your love, then!
*Ant.* How perfectly she points me to my story! [*Aside.*
Madam, I did; and one whose pride and anger,
Ill manners, and worse men, she doted on,
Doted to my undoing, and my ruin.
And, but for honour to your sacred beauty,
And reverence to the noble sex, though she fall,
As she must fall that durst be so unnoble,
I should say something unbeseeming me.
What out of love, and worthy love, I gave her,
Shame to her most unworthy mind! to fools,
To girls, and fiddlers, to her boys she flung,
And in disdain of me.
*Alm.* Pray you take me with you†.
Of what complexion was she?
*Ant.* But that I dare not
Commit so great a sacrilege 'gainst virtue,
She look'd not much unlike——though far, far short.
Something I see appears—your pardon, madam—
Her eyes would smile so, but her eyes would cozen;

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* Ant *Had fortune meant me so,*
*Excellent lady, time had not much wrong'd me.*] For *so*, Mr. M. Mason would read *good*, because, as he says, "a man's youth does not depend on fortune:" but this is not Massinger's meaning, which is, that if fortune had done him no wrong (referring to the concluding part of the sentence), he should have had but little to complain of time. In other words, that he was "but young," as Almira had observed.

† ——— *from being a slave to the devil.*] That is, from being a Mahomedan: his dress, it appears, was that of a Turk.

‡ Ant. *A* Biscan, *lady.*] Here Mr. M. Mason, for no better reason, that I can find, than spoiling the metre, reads, *A* Biscayan, *lady.*

* *As nature durst bestow without undoing,*] *herself*, as I suppose; for that is a frequent sentiment in these Plays. The remainder of this speech, and, indeed, of the whole scene, is beautiful beyond expression. The English language does not furnish so complete a specimen of sweetness, elegance, and simplicity, of all that is harmonious in poesie, tender in sentiment, and ardent in affection, as the passage beginning,

*This beauty, in the blossom of my youth,* &c.

† Alm. *Pray you take me with you.*] i. e. let me understand you. The last circumstance mentioned in Don John's speech seems to have recalled to her mind the *flinging* of the jewel with which he had presented her, to Cardenes' page.

And so she would look sad: but yours is pity,
A noble chorus to my wretched story;
Hers was disdain and cruelty.
*Alm.* Pray heaven
Mine be no worse! he has told me a strange story,
[*Aside.*
And said 'twould make me sad! he is no liar.—
But where begins this poor state? I will have all,
For it concerns me truly.
*Ant.* Last, to blot me
From all remembrance what I had been to her,
And how, how honestly, how nobly served her,
'Twas thought she set her gallant to dispatch me.
'Tis true, he quarrell'd without place or reason:
We fought, I kill'd him; heaven's strong hand was with me;
For which I lost my country, friends, acquaintance,
And put myself to sea, where a pirate took me,
Forcing the habit of a Turk upon me*,
And sold me here.
*Alm.* Stop there awhile; but stay still.
[*Walks aside.*
In this man's story, how I look, how monstrous!
How poor and naked now I shew! what don John,
In all the virtue of his life, but aimed at,
This thing hath conquer'd with a tale, and carried.
Forgive me, thou that guid'st me! never conscience
Touch'd me till now, nor true love: let me keep it.

*Re-enter* Leonora *with* Pedro.

*Leon.* She is there. Speak to her, you will find her alter'd.
*Pedro.* Sister, I am glad to see you, but far gladder,
To see you entertain your health so well.
*Alm.* I am glad to see you too, sir, and shall be gladder
Shortly to see you all.
*Pedro.* Now she speaks heartily.
What do you want?
*Alm.* Only an hour of privateness;
I have a few thoughts—
*Pedro.* Take your full contentment,
We'll walk aside again; but first to you, friend,
Or I shall much forget myself: my best friend,
Command me ever, ever—you have won it†.
*Ant.* Your lordship overflows me.
*Leon.* 'Tis but due, sir.
[*Exeunt Leonora and Pedro.*
*Alm.* He's there still. Come, sir, to your last part now,
Which only is your name, and I dismiss you.
Why, whither go you?
*Ant.* Give me leave, good madam,
Or I must be so seeming rude to take it.
*Alm.* You shall not go, I swear you shall not go:
I ask you nothing but your name; you have one,
And why should that thus fright you?
*Ant.* Gentle madam,
I cannot speak; pray pardon me, a sickness,
That takes me often, ties my tongue: go from me,
My fit's infectious, lady.
*Alm.* Were it death
In all his horrors, I must ask and know it;
Your sickness is unwillingness. Hard heart,
To let a lady of my youth and place
Beg thus long for a trifle!
*Ant.* Worthiest lady,
Be wise, and let me go; you'll bless me for't;
Beg not that poison from me that will kill you.
*Alm.* I only beg your name, sir.
*Ant.* That will choak you;
I do beseech you, pardon me.
*Alm.* I will not*.
*Ant.* You'll curse me when you hear it.
*Alm.* Rather kiss thee;
Why shouldst thou think so?
*Ant.* Why, I bear that name,
And most unluckily as now it happens
(Though I be innocent of all occasion),
That, since my coming hither, people tell me
You hate beyond forgiveness: now, heaven knows
So much respect, although I am a stranger,
Duty, and humble zeal, I bear your sweetness,
That for the world I would not grieve your goodness:
I'll change my name, dear madam.
*Alm.* People lie,
And wrong thy name; thy name may save all others,
And make that holy to me, that I hated:
Prithee, what is't?
*Ant.* Don John Antonio.
What will this woman do, what thousand changes
Run through her heart and hands†? no fix'd thought in her!
She loves for certain now, but now I dare not.
Heaven guide me right!
*Alm.* I am not angry, sir,
With you, nor with your name; I love it rather,
And shall respect you—you deserve—for this time
I license you to go; be not far from me,
I shall call for you often.
*Ant.* I shall wait, madam. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Cuculo.

*Alm.* Now, what's the news with you?
*Cuc.* My lord your father
Sent me to tell your honour, prince Martino
Is well recovered, and in strength.
*Alm.* Why, let him.—
The stories and the names so well agreeing,
And both so noble gentlemen. [*Aside*
*Cuc.* And more, an't please you—
*Alm.* It doth not please me, neither more nor less on't.
*Cuc.* They'll come to visit you.
*Alm.* They shall break through the doors then.
[*Exit.*
*Cuc.* Here's a new trick of state; this shows foul weather;
But let her make it when she please, I'll gain by it.
[*Exit.*

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* *Forcing this habit of a Turk upon me,*] This line, which is of the more importance, as it furnishes the only reason why Don John appeared in such a dress, is wholly omitted by both the modern editors!

† ——— *you have won* it.] So the old copy, which I prefer as the simpler reading: the modern editors have *you have won* me. Some act of kindness must be supposed to pass on the side of Don Pedro.

* Ant. *That will choak you;*
*I do beseech you, pardon me.*
Alm. *I will not.*] These two speeches are also omitted, not only by Coxeter, but by the "correctest" of editors, Mr. M. Mason!

† *Run through her heart and* hands?] For *hands*, Mr. M. Mason reads *head*. Hands is not likely to have been corrupted, and is, besides, as proper as the word which he arbitrarily introduces. It is very strange that this gentleman should give his reader no notice of his variations from Coxeter, although he professes to do it in his Preface, and, stranger still, that he should presume them to be genuine, and agreeable to the old copy, which he never deigns to consult.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*A Street.*

*Enter* Pirates, *and the* Slave *that followed* PAULO.

1 *Pir.* Sold for a slave, say'st thou?
*Slave.* 'Twas not so well;
Though I am bad enough, I personated
Such base behaviour, barbarism of manners,
With other pranks, that might deter the buyer,
That the market yielded not one man that would
Vouchsafe to own me.
1 *Pir.* What was thy end in it?
*Slave.* To be given away for nothing, as I was
To the viceroy's doctor; with him I've continued
In such contempt, a slave unto his slaves;
His horse and dog of more esteem: and from
That villanous carriage of myself, as if
I'd been a lump of flesh without a soul,
I drew such scorn upon me, that I pass'd,
And pried in every place without observance.
For which, if you desire to be made men,
And by one undertaking, and that easy,
You are bound to sacrifice unto my sufferings,
The seed I sow'd, and from which you shall reap
A plentiful harvest.
1 *Pir.* To the point; I like not
These castles built in the air.
*Slave.* I'll make them real,
And you the Neptunes of the sea; you shall
No more be sea-rats*.
1 *Pir.* Art not mad?
*Slave.* You have seen
The star of Sicily, the fair Almira,
The viceroy's daughter, and the beauteous ward
Of the duke of Messina?
1 *Pir.* Madam Leonora.
*Slave.* What will you say, if both these princesses,
This very night, for I will not delay you,
Be put in your possession?
1 *Pir.* Now I dare swear
Thou hast maggots in thy brains; thou wouldst not else,
Talk of impossibilities.
*Slave.* Be still
Incredulous.
1 *Pir.* Why, canst thou think we are able
To force the court?
*Slave.* Are we able to force two women,
And a poor Turkish slave? Where lies your pinnace?
1 *Pir.* On a creek not half a league hence.
*Slave.* Can you fetch ladders
To mount a garden wall?
2 *Pir.* They shall be ready.
*Slave.* No more words then, but follow me; and if I do not make this good, let my throat pay for't.
1 *Pir.* What heaps of gold these beauties would bring to us
From the great Turk, if it were possible
That this could be effected!
*Slave.* If it be not,
I know the price on't.
1 *Pir.* And be sure to pay it. [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE II.—*A Room in* CUCULO'S *House.*

*Enter* ANTONIO *with a letter in his hand.*

*Ant.* Her fair hand threw this from the window to me,
And as I took it up, she said, *Peruse it,*
*And entertain a fortune offer'd to thee.*—
What may the inside speak?
[*Breaks it open, and reads.*
*For satisfaction*
*Of the contempt I show'd don John Antonio,*
*Whose name thou bear'st, and in that dearer to me,*
*I do profess I love thee*—How!—'tis so—
*I love thee; this night wait me in the garden,*
*There thou shalt know more*—subscribed,
*Thy Almira.*
Can it be possible such levity
Should wait on her perfections! when I was
Myself, set off with all the grace of greatness,
Pomp, bravery, circumstance, she hated me,
And did profess it openly; yet now,
Being a slave, a thing she should in reason
Disdain to look upon; in this base shape,
And, since I wore it, never did her service,
To dote thus fondly!—And yet I should glory
In her revolt from constancy, not accuse it,
Since it makes for me. But, ere I go further,
Or make discovery of myself, I'll put her
To the utmost trial. *In the garden!* well,
There I shall learn more. Women, giddy women!
In her the blemish of your sex you prove,
There is no reason for your hate or love. [*Exit.*

### SCENE III.—*A Garden belonging to the same.*

*Enter* ALMIRA, LEONORA, *and two Waiting Women.*

*Leon.* At this
Unseasonable time to be thus brave*,
No visitants expected! you amaze me.
*Alm.* Are these jewels set forth to the best advantage
To take the eye?
1 *Wom.* With our best care.
2 *Wom.* We never
Better discharged our duties.
*Alm.* In my sorrows,
A princess' name (I could perceive it) struck
A kind of reverence in him, and my beauty,
As then neglected, forced him to look on me
With some sparks of affection; but now,
When I would fan them to a glorious flame,
I cannot be too curious. I wonder
He stays so long.
*Leon.* These are strange fancies.

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* ——— *you shall*
*No more be* sea-rats.] "There be land-rats and *water-rats* (says Shylock), I mean *pirates.*" Hence, I suppose, the allusion.

* ——— *to be thus* brave,] i. e. thus superbly drest. I shall be blamed for recurring so frequently to the ancient meaning of this expression; but as it is used in a different sense at present, there may be some small plea offered, perhaps, for recalling the reader's attention, at intervals, to its original signification.

*Alm.* Go,
Entreat—I do forget myself—command
My governess' gentleman—her slave, I should say,
To wait me instantly;—[*Exit* 1 *Woman.*]—and yet already
He's here: his figure graven on my heart,
Never to be razed out.

*Enter* Pirates, *and the* Slave.

*Slave.* There is the prize,
Is it so rich that you dare not seize upon it?
Here I begin. [*Seizes Almira.*
*Alm.* Help! villain!
1 *Pir.* You are mine. [*Seizes Leonora.*
2 *Pir.* Though somewhat coarse, you'll serve after a storm,
To bid fair weather welcome. [*Seizes* 2 *Woman.*
*Leon.* Ravisher!
Defend me, heaven!
*Alm.* No aid near!
2 *Wom.* Help!
*Slave.* Dispatch.
No glove nor handkerchief to stop their mouths?
Their cries will reach the guard, and then we are lost.

*Re-enter* 1 *Woman, with* Antonio.

*Ant.* What shrieks are these? from whence? O blessed saints,
What sacrilege to beauty! do I talk,
When 'tis almost too late to do!—[*Forces a sword from the Slave.*]—Take that.
*Slave.* All set upon him.
1 *Pir.* Kill him.
*Ant.* You shall buy
My life at a dear rate, you rogues.

*Enter* Pedro, Cuculo, Borachia, *and Guard.*

*Cuc.* Down with them!
*Pedro.* Unheard-of treason!
*Bora.* Make in, loggerhead;
My son slave fights like a dragon: take my bottle,
Drink courage out on't.
*Ant.* Madam, you are free.
*Pedro.* Take comfort, dearest mistress.
*Cuc.* O you micher,
Have you a hand in this?
*Slave.* My aims were high;
Fortune's my enemy; to die's the worst,
And that I look for.
1 *Pir.* Vengeance on your plots!
*Pedro.* The rack at better leisure shall force from them
A full discovery: away with them.
*Cuc.* Load them with irons.
*Bora.* Let them have no wine
[*Exit Guard with Pirates and Slave.*
To comfort their cold hearts.
*Pedro.* Thou man of men!
*Leon.* A second Hercules.
*Alm.* An angel thus disguised.
*Pedro.* What thanks!
*Leon.* What service?
*Bora.* He shall serve me, by your leave, no service else.
*Ant.* I have done nothing but my duty, madam;
And if the little you have seen exceed it,
The thanks due for it pay my watchful master,
And this my sober mistress.
*Bora.* He speaks truth, madam.
I am very sober.
*Pedro.* Far beyond thy hopes
Expect reward.
*Alm.* We'll straight to court, and there
It is resolved what I will say and do.
I am faint, support me.
*Pedro.* This strange accident
Will be heard with astonishment. Come, friend,
You have made yourself a fortune, and deserve it.
[*Exeunt*

## SCENE IV.

*A Room in the* Viceroy's *Palace.*

*Enter* Viceroy, *Duke of* Messina, *and* Paulo

*Duke.* Perfectly cured!
*Paul.* As such I will present him:
The thanks be given to heaven.
*Duke.* Thrice-reverend man,
What thanks but will come short of thy desert?
Or bounty, though all we possess were given thee,
Can pay thy merit? I will have thy statue
Set up in brass.
*Vice.* Thy name made the sweet subject
Of our best poems; thy unequall'd cures
Recorded to posterity.
*Paul.* Such false glories
(Though the desire of fame be the last weakness
Wise men put off*) are not the marks I shoot at:
But, if I have done any thing that may challenge
Your favours, mighty princes, my request is,
That for the good of such as shall succeed me,
A college for physicians may be
With care and cost erected, in which no man
May be admitted to a fellowship,
But such as by their vigilant studies shall
Deserve a place there; this magnificence,
Posterity shall thank you for.
*Vice.* Rest assured,
In this, or any boon you please to ask,
You shall have no repulse.
*Paul.* My humblest service
Shall ne'er be wanting. Now, if you so please,
I'll fetch my princely patient, and present him.
*Duke.* Do; and imagine in what I may serve you,
And, by my honour, with a willing hand
I will subscribe to't. [*Exit Paulo.*

*Enter* Pedro, Almira, Leonora, Antonio, Cuculo, Borachia, *and Guard.*

*Cuc.* Make way there.
*Vice.* My daughter!
How's this! a slave crown'd with a civic garland!
The mystery of this?
*Pedro.* It will deserve
Your hearing and attention: such a truth
Needs not rhetorical flourishes, and therefore
With all the brevity and plainness that
I can, I will deliver it. If the old Romans,
When of most power and wisdom did decree
A wreath like this to any common soldier
That saved a citizen's life, the bravery

* *Though the desire of fame be the last weakness Wise men put off).* ] So Milton beautifully calls fame, "That last infirmity of noble minds:" a thought for which he, as well as Massinger, was probably indebted to Tacitus: *Quando etiam sapientibus cupido gloriæ novissima exuitur.*—Hist. 11. 6. Or rather to Simplicius: Διο και εσχατος λεγεται των παθων χιτων ἡ φιλοδοξια, διοτι των αλλων πολλακις δι αυτην αποδνομενων αυτη προεισχεται τη ψυκη.—*Comm. ad Epict.* xlviii

And valour of this man may justly challenge
Triumphant laurel. This last night a crew
Of pirates brake in signior Cuculo's house,
With violent rudeness seizing on my sister,
And my fair mistress; both were in their power,
And ready to be forced hence, when this man
Unarm'd came to their rescue, but his courage
Soon furnish'd him with weapons; in a word,
The lives and liberties of these sweet ladies
You owe him for: the rovers are in hold,
And ready, when you please, for punishment.
*Vice.* As an induction of more to come,
Receive this favour.
*Duke.* With myself, my son
Shall pay his real thanks. He comes; observe now
Their amorous meeting.

*Re-enter* Paulo *with* Cardenes.

*Car.* I am glad you are well, lady.
*Alm.* I grieve not your recovery.
*Vice.* So coldly!
*Duke.* Why fall you off?
*Car.* To shun captivity, sir,
I was too long a slave, I'll now be free.
*Alm.* 'Tis my desire you should. Sir, my affection
To him was but a trifle, which I play'd with
In the childhood of my love; which now, grown older,
I cannot like of.
*Vice.* Strange inconstancy!
*Car.* 'Tis judgment, sir, in me, or a true debt
Tender'd to justice, rather. My first life,
Loaden with all the follies of a man,
Or what could take addition from a woman,
Was by my headstrong passions, which o'er-ruled
My understanding, forfeited to death:
But this new being, this my second life,
Begun in serious contemplation of
What best becomes a perfect man, shall never
Sink under such weak frailties.
*Duke.* Most unlook'd for!
*Paul.* It does transcend all wonders.
*Car.* 'Tis a blessing
I owe your wisdom, which I'll not abuse:
But if you envy your own gift, and will
Make me that wretched creature which I was,
You then again shall see me passionate,
A lover of poor trifles, confident
In man's deceiving strength, or falser fortune;
Jealous, revengeful, in unjust things daring,
Injurious, quarrelsome, stored with all diseases
The beastly part of man infects his soul with,
And to remember what's the worst, once more
To love a woman: bnt till that time never. [*Exit.*
*Vice.* Stand you affected so to men, Almira?
*Alm.* No, sir; if so, I could not well discharge
What I stand bound to pay you, and to nature.
Though prince Martino does profess a hate
To womankind, 'twere a poor world for women,
Were there no other choice, or all should follow
The example of this new Hippolitus:
There are men, sir, that can love, and have loved truly;
Nor am I desperate but I may deserve
One that both can and will so.
*Vice.* My allowance
Shall rank with your good liking, still provided
Your choice be worthy.
*Alm.* In it I have used
The judgment of my mind, and that made clearer
With calling oft to heaven it might be so.
I have not sought a living comfort from
The reverend ashes of old ancestors;
Nor given myself to the mere name and titles
Of such a man, that, being himself nothing,
Derives his substance from his grandsire's tomb:
For wealth, it is beneath my birth to think on't,
Since that must wait upon me, being your daughter;
No, sir, the man I love, though he wants all
The setting forth of fortune, gloss and greatness,
Has in himself such true and real goodness,
His parts so far above his low condition,
That he will prove an ornament, not a blemish,
Both to your name and family.
*Pedro.* What strange creature
Hath she found out?
*Leon.* I dare not guess.
*Alm.* To hold you
No longer in suspense, this matchless man,
That saved my life and honour, is my husband,
Whom I will serve with duty.
*Bora.* My son slave!
*Vice.* Have you your wits?
*Bora.* I'll not part with him so.
*Cuc.* This I foresaw too.
*Vice.* Do not jest thyself
Into the danger of a father's anger.
*Alm.* Jest, sir! by all my hope of comfort in him,
I am most serious. Good sir, look upon him;
But let it be with my eyes, and the care
You should owe to your daughter's life and safety
Of which, without him, she's incapable,
And you'll approve him worthy.
*Vice.* O thou shame
Of women! thy sad father's curse and scandal!
With what an impious violence thou tak'st from him
His few short hours of breathing!
*Paul.* Do not add, sir,
Weight to your sorrow in the ill-bearing of it.
*Vice.* From whom, degenerate monster, flow these low
And base affections in thee? what strange philtres
Hast thou received? what witch with damned spells
Deprived thee of thy reason? Look on me,
Since thou art lost unto thyself, and learn,
From what I suffer for thee, what strange tortures
Thou dost prepare thyself.
*Duke.* Good sir, take comfort;
The counsel you bestow'd on me, make use of.
*Paul.* This villain (for such practices in that nation
Are very frequent), it may be, hath forced,
By cunning potions, and by sorcerous charms,
This frenzy in her.
*Vice.* Sever them.
*Alm.* I grow to him.
*Vice.* Carry the slave to torture, and wrest from him,
By the most cruel means, a free confession
Of his impostures.
*Alm.* I will follow him,
And with him take the rack.
*Bora.* No: hear me speak,
I can speak wisely: hurt not my son slave,
But rack or hang my husband, and I care not;
For I'll be bound body to body with him,
He's very honest, that's his fault.

*Vice.* Take hence
This drunken beast.
*Bora.* Drunk! am I drunk? bear witness.
*Cuc.* She is indeed distemper'd.
*Vice.* Hang them both,
If e'er more they come near the court.
*Cuc.* Good sir,
You can recover dead men; can you cure
A living drunkenness?
*Paul.* 'Tis the harder task:
Go home with her, I'll send you something that
Shall once again bring her to better temper,
Or make her sleep for ever.
*Cuc.* Which you please, sir.
[*Exeunt Cuculo and Borachia.*
*Vice.* Why linger you? rack him first, and after break him
Upon the wheel.
*Pedro.* Sir, this is more than justice.
*Ant.* Is't death in Sicily to be beloved
Of a fair lady?
*Leon.* Though he be a slave,
Remember yet he is a man.
*Vice.* I am deaf
To all persuasions:—drag him hence.
[*The Guard carry off Antonio.*
*Alm.* Do, tyrant,
No more a father, feast thy cruelty
Upon thy daughter; but hell's plagues fall on me,
If I inflict not on myself whatever
He can endure for me.
*Vice.* Will none restrain her?
*Alm.* Death hath a thousand doors to let out life,
I shall find one. If Portia's burning coals,
The knife of Lucrece, Cleopatra's aspics,
Famine, deep waters, have the power to free me
From a loath'd life, I'll not an hour outlive him.
*Pedro.* Sister!
*Leon.* Dear cousin!
[*Exit Almira, followed by Pedro and Leon.*
*Vice.* Let her perish.
*Paul.* Hear me:
The effects of violent love are desperate,
And therefore in the execution of
The slave be not too sudden. I was present
When he was bought, and at that time myself
Made purchase of another; he that sold them
Said that they were companions of one country;
Something may rise from this to ease your sorrows.
By circumstance I'll learn what's his condition;
In the mean time use all fair and gentle means
To pacify the lady.
*Vice.* I'll endeavour,
As far as grief and anger will give leave,
To do as you direct me.
*Duke.* I'll assist you. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.—*A Room in the Prison.*

*Enter* Pedro *and* Keeper.

*Pedro.* Hath he been visited already?
*Keep.* Yes, sir,
Like one of better fortune; and to increase
My wonder of it, such as repair to him,
In their behaviour, rather appear
Servants, than friends to comfort him.
*Pedro.* Go fetch him. [*Exit Keeper.*
I am bound in gratitude to do more than wish
The life and safety of a man that hath
So well deserved me.

*Re-enter* Keeper *with* Antonio *in his former dress, and* Servant.

*Keep.* Here he is, my lord.
*Pedro.* Who's here? thou art no conjuror to raise
A spirit in the best shape man e'er appear'd in,
My friend, the prince of Tarent! doubts forsake me,
I must and will embrace him.
*Ant* Pedro holds
One that loves life for nothing, but to live
To do him service.
*Pedro.* You are he, most certain.
Heaven ever make me thankful for this bounty!
Run to the viceroy, let him know this rarity.
[*Exit Keeper.*
But how came you here thus?—Yet, since I have you,
Is't not enough I bless the prosperous means
That brought you hither?
*Ant.* Dear friend, you shall know all;
And though in thankfulness I should begin
Where you deliver'd me——
*Pedro.* Pray you pass that over,
That's not worth the relation.
*Ant.* You confirm
True friends love to do courtesies, not to hear them.
But I'll obey you. In our tedious passage
Towards Malta—I may call it so, for hardly
We had lost the ken of Sicily, but we were
Becalm'd and hull'd so up and down twelve hours;
When to our more misfortunes, we descried
Eight well-mann'd gallies making amain for us,
Of which the arch Turkish pirate, cruel Dragut,
Was admiral: I'll not speak what I did
In our defence, but never man did more
Than the brave captain that you sent forth with me:
All would not do; courage oppress'd with number,
We were boarded, pillaged to the skin, and after
Twice sold for slaves; by the pirate first, and after
By a Maltese, to signior Cuculo,
Which I repent not, since there 'twas my fortune
To be to you, my best friend, some ways useful—
I thought to cheer you up with this short story,
But you grow sad on't.
*Pedro.* Have I not just cause,
When I consider I could be so stupid
As not to see a friend through all disguises;
Or he so far to question my true love,
To keep himself conceal'd?
*Ant.* 'Twas fit to do so,
And not to grieve you with the knowledge of
What then I was; where now I appear to you*,
Your sister loving me, and Martino safe,
Like to myself and birth.
*Pedro.* May you live long so!
How dost thou, honest friend (your trustiest servant)?
Give me thy hand:—I now can guess by whom
You are thus furnish'd.
*Ant.* Troth he met with me
As I was sent to prison, and there brought me
Such things as I had use of.

* *What then I was;* where *now I appear to you,*] Ten times, in the course of this very play, to say nothing of all the rest, *where* occurs in the sense of *whereas;* yet Mr M. Mason profits nothing by it. He alters, and interpolates at will, and fabricates a line, which can only be matched by that which I have already noticed.
*What then I was;* for whereas *now I appear to you!* To use his just and modest reproof to the editors of Beaumont and Fletcher: "The mode of expression is so common, that *I am surprised* that the gentleman should have arrived at the last volume without being better acquainted with it!"

*Pedro.* Let's to court;
My father never saw a man so welcome
As you'll be to him.
*Ant.* May it prove so, friend! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Room in the* Viceroy's *Palace.*

*Enter* VICEROY, *Duke of* MESSINA, CARDENES, PAULO, Captain, ALMIRA, LEONORA, *Waiting Women, and Attendants.*

*Vice.* The slave changed to the prince of Tarent, says he?
*Capt.* Yes, sir, and I the captain of the fort,
Worthy of your displeasure, and the effect of't,
For my deceiving of that trust your excellency
Reposed in me.
*Paul.* Yet since all hath fallen out
Beyond your hopes, let me become a suitor,
And a prevailing one, to get his pardon.
*Alm.* O, dearest Leonora, with what forehead
Dare I look on him now? too powerful Love,
The best strength of thy unconfined empire
Lies in weak women's hearts: thou art feign'd blind,
And yet we borrow our best sight from thee.
Could it be else, the person still the same,
Affection over me such power should have,
To make me scorn a prince, and love a slave?
*Car.* But art thou sure 'tis he?
*Capt.* Most certain, sir.
*Car.* Is he in health, strong, vigorous, and as able
As when he left me dead?
*Capt.* Your own eyes, sir,
Shall make good my report.
*Car.* I am glad of it,
And take you comfort in it, sir, there's hope,
Fair hope left for me, to repair mine honour.
*Duke.* What's that?
*Car.* I will do something that shall speak me Messina's son.
*Duke.* I like not this: one word, sir.
*Vice.* We'll prevent it.
Nay, look up my Almira; now I approve
Thy happy choice; I have forgot my anger;
I freely do forgive thee.
*Alm.* May I find
Such easiness in the wrong'd prince of Tarent!
I then were happy.
*Leon.* Rest assured you shall.

*Enter* ANTONIO, PEDRO, *and Servant.*

*Vice.* We all with open arms haste to embrace you.
*Duke.* Welcome, most welcome!
*Car.* Stay.
*Duke* 'Twas this I fear'd.
*Car.* Sir, 'tis best known to you, on what strict terms
The reputation of men's fame and honours
Depends in this so punctual age, in which
A word that may receive a harsh construction
Is answer'd and defended by the sword:
And you, that know so much, will, I presume,
Be sensibly tender of another's credit,
As you would guard your own.
*Ant.* I were unjust else.
*Car.* I have received from your hands wounds and deep ones,
My honour in the general report
Tainted and soil'd, for which I will demand
This satisfaction—that you would forgive
My contumelious words and blow, my rash
And unadvised wildness first threw on you.
Thus I would teach the world a better way,
For the recovery of a wounded honour,
Than with a savage fury, not true courage,
Still to run headlong on.
*Ant.* Can this be serious?
*Car.* I'll add this, he that does wrong, not alone
Draws, but makes sharp, his enemy's sword against
His own life and his honour. I have paid for't;
And wish that they who dare most, would learn from me,
Not to maintain a wrong, but to repent it.
*Paul* Why, this is like yourself.
*Car.* For further proof,
Here, sir, with all my interest, I give up
This lady to you.
*Vice.* Which I make more strong
With my free grant.
*Alm.* I bring mine own consent,
Which will not weaken it.
*All.* All joy confirm it!
*Ant.* Your unexpected courtesies amaze me,
Which I will study with all love and service
To appear worthy of.
*Paul.* Pray you, understand, sir,
There are a pair of suitors more, that gladly
Would hear from you as much as the pleased viceroy
Hath said unto the prince of Tarent.
*Duke.* Take her,
Her dowry shall be answerable to
Her birth and your desert.
*Pedro.* You make both happy.
*Ant.* One only suit remains; that you would please
To take again into your highness' favour
This honest captain: let him have your grace;
What's due to his much merit, shall from me
Meet liberal rewards.
*Vice.* Have your desire.
*Ant.* Now may all here that love, as they are friends
To our good fortunes, find like prosperous ends.
[*Exeunt.*

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## EPILOGUE.

CUSTOM, and that a law we must obey,
In the way of epilogue bids me something say,
Howe'er to little purpose, since we know,
If you are pleased, unbegg'd you will bestow
A gentle censure: on the other side,
If that this play deserve to be decried
In your opinions, all that I can say
Will never turn the stream the other way.
Your gracious smiles will render us secure;
Your frowns without despair we must endure*.

* This is one of the most agreeable productions of Massinger. However extravagant the principal event may appear, the manner in which it is conducted is sufficiently regular. With such occasional interruptions as must be expected and pardoned in all these dramas (for the interludes will have their admittance), it maintains its predominance, and proceeds to the conclusion which is provided for it at the commencement. The intermediate parts are a mixture of affecting seriousness, strong, though frequently coarse humour, and elegant tenderness. The reader must have particularly remarked these qualities in the opening of the second act, in the sale of the slaves, and the charming, but too short, scene in which Leonora endeavours to soothe the agitations of Almira. Act III. sc. iv. The last of these is a happy

specimen of genuine feeling, supporting itself on the justest principle; and it will be difficult to produce from any of our poets a passage written with more beauty of expression, or more delicacy and elevation of thought. The scene first mentioned has a secret connexion with this; and it is honourable to the discernment of Massinger that he has represented the feelings of friendship with equal truth and variety in the tender solicitude of Leonora, and the magnanimous proposal of Pedro.

Every reader must feel the peculiar charms of the scene in which Don John relates to Almira his real history, under the appearance of another person. Her strong curiosity, prompted by her love; the growing conviction of her own misconduct; and the effect of his discovery, are represented in the liveliest manner; and this is the more remarkable, as Massinger is not generally happy in the management of artificial meanings and double situations.

The characters are studiously contrasted, and throw vivid lights on each other by their opposing qualities. The dignity and moderation of the viceroy (till he loses his own constancy in his supposed misfortunes), show, with increased effect; the unadvised impatience of the duke: the courageous calmness of Don John heightens the offence of the insulting temper of Cardenes,—and the vehemence of Almira becomes more alarming through the very checks offered to it by the prudence of Leonora. There is a further contrivance in the violence of spirit which marks Cardenes and Almira: that of the former, while it indisposes us towards him, makes him more liable to the strong impression which ends in the abandonment of his passion; and thus a double facility is created for the success of Don John. Almira, too, prepares for her own change of mind, through the very intemperance with which she declares her fixed resolution. This is one of the familiar expedients of Massinger. Constancy does not long dwell with the outrageous assertion of it, and the practised reader knows, from the very first act, that Cardenes, thus violently favoured and indiscreetly proclaimed, is certainly to be abandoned.

I will not dwell on the maxim upon which this Play is founded, that women have no reason for their "love or hate." If its severity is complained of, let it be remembered that Massinger exposes, with much more frequency, the wrong conduct of the men, and that he seems to take a pleasure in punishing them for their unreasonable suspicions and jealousies. This has been already observed in *The Bondman*. Notwithstanding this difference in their object, the two Plays have several points of resemblance. The reader will remember Cleora's resolution to marry a supposed slave —the consternation of her friends—the reservation of the true character of Pisander, and the effect of its final disclosure. The peculiarity of the present Play, is the double appearance of Don John, and Almira's whimsical rejection and unconscious acceptance of the same person; and this is contrived with equal skill and novelty of effect.

Dr. Ireland.

# THE BASHFUL LOVER.

THE BASHFUL LOVER.] This Tragi-comedy was licensed by the Master of the Revels, May 9th, 1636. It is the last of Massinger's pieces which are come down to us, though he continued to write for the stage to the period of his death, which happened about four years after the date of the present Play.

The plot is wild but pleasing. It probably originated from some forgotten collection of Italian tales; where the events bore nearly the same proportion to the true history of that country, as the circumstances recorded by the supposititious Dares Phrygius and Dictys Cretensis bear to what actually took place in the wars of Troy.

*The Bashful Lover* was extremely well received at its first appearance: it continued to be a favourite, and was "often acted," the old copy says, "by his late Majesty's servants, with great applause." It was performed at Blackfriars.

There is but one edition of this Play, which, with *The Guardian* and *Bashful Lover*, was printed in *octavo*, by H. Mosely, 1655. In the notes to *The Guardian*, it is spoken of as a *quarto:* this is an oversight occasioned by the habitual use of the word in the preceding pages.

## PROLOGUE.

THIS from our author, far from all offence
To abler writers, or the audience
Met here to judge his poem. He, by me,
Presents his service, with such modesty
As well becomes his weakness. 'Tis no crime,
He hopes, as we do, in this curious time,
To be a little diffident, when we are
To please so many with one bill of fare.
Let others, building on their merit, say
You're in the wrong, if you move not that way
Which they prescribe you; as you were bound to learn
Their maxims, but incapable to discern
'Twixt truth and falsehood. Our's had rather be
Censured by some for too much obsequy,
Than tax'd of self-opinion. If he hear
That his endeavours thrived, and did appear
Worthy your view (though made so by your grace,
With some desert), he in another place
Will thankfully report, one leaf of bays
Truly conferr'd upon this work, will raise
More pleasure in him, you the givers free,
Than garlands ravish'd from the virgin tree.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GONZAGA, *duke of* Mantua.
LORENZO, *duke of* Tuscany.
UBERTI, *prince of* Parma.
FARNEZE, *cousin to* Gonzaga.
ALONZO, *the ambassador, nephew to* Lorenzo.
MANFROY, *a lord of* Mantua.
OCTAVIO, *formerly general to* Gonzaga, *but now in exile.*
GOTHRIO, *his servant.*
GALEAZZO, *a* Milanese *prince, disguised under the name of* Hortensio.
JULIO, *his attendant.*

PISANO,
MARTINO, Florentine *Officers.*
*Captains.*
Milanese *Ambassador.*
*Doctor.*

MATILDA, *daughter to* Gonzaga.
BEATRICE, *her waiting woman.*
MARIA, *daughter to* Octavio, *disguised as a page, and called* Ascanio.
*Waiting Women.*
*Captains, Soldiers, Guard, Attendants, Page, &c.*

SCENE, *partly in* Mantua, *and partly in the duchy.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Mantua. *A Space before the Palace.*

*Enter* Hortensio *and* Julio.

*Jul.* I dare not cross you, sir, but I would gladly
(Provided you allow it) render you
My personal attendance.
*Hort.* You shall better
Discharge the duty of an honest servant,
In following my instructions, which you have
Received already, than in questioning
What my intents are, or upon what motives
My stay's resolved in Mantua: believe me,
That servant overdoes, that's too officious;
And, in presuming to direct your master,
You argue him of weakness, and yourself
Of arrogance and impertinence.
*Jul.* I have done, sir;
But what my ends are——
*Hort.* Honest ones, I know it.
I have my bills of exchange, and all provisions
Entrusted to you; you have shown yourself
Just and discreet, what would you more? and yet,
To satisfy in some part your curious care,
Hear this, and leave me: I desire to be
Obscured; and, as I have demean'd myself
These six months past in Mantua, I'll continue
Unnoted and unknown, and, at the best,
Appear no more than a gentleman, and a stranger
That travels for his pleasure.
*Jul.* With your pardon,
This hardly will hold weight, though I should swear it,
With your noble friends and brother.
*Hort.* You may tell them,
Since you will be my tutor, there's a rumour,
Almost cried up into a certainty,
Of wars with Florence, and that I'm determined
To see the service: whatever I went forth,
Heaven prospering my intents, I would come home
A soldier, and a good one.
*Jul.* Should you get
A captain's place, nay, colonel's, 'twould add little
To what you are; few of your rank will follow
That dangerous profession.
*Hort.* 'Tis the noblest,
And monarchs honour'd in it: but no more,
On my displeasure. [*Exit.*
*Jul.* Saints and angels guard you!
*Hort.* A war, indeed, is threaten'd, nay, expected,
From Florence; but it is 'gainst me already
Proclaim'd in Mantua; I find it here,
No foreign, but intestine war: I have
Defied myself *, in giving up my reason
A slave to passion, and am led captive
Before the battle's fought: I fainted, when
I only saw mine enemy, and yielded,
Before that I was charged; and, though defeated,
I dare not sue for mercy. Like Ixion,
I look on Juno, and feel my heart turn cinders
With an invisible fire; and yet, should she
Deign to appear clothed in a various cloud,
The majesty of the substance is so sacred,
I durst not clasp the shadow. I behold her
With adoration, feast my eye, while all
My other senses starve, and, oft frequenting
The place which she makes happy with her presence,
I never yet had power with tongue or pen
To move her to compassion, or make known
What 'tis I languish for; yet I must gaze still,
Though it increase my flame:—however, I
Much more than fear I am observed, and censured
For bold intrusion. [*Walks by.*

*Enter* Beatrice *and* Ascanio.

*Beat.* Know you, boy, that gentleman?
*Asc.* Who? monsieur melancholy? hath not your honour
Mark'd him before?
*Beat.* I have seen him often wait
About the princess' lodgings, but ne'er guess'd
What his designs were.
*Asc.* No! what a sigh he breath'd now!
Many such will blow up the roof: on my small credit
There's gunpowder in them.
*Beat.* How, crack! gunpowder?
He's flesh and blood, and devils only carry
Such roaring stuff about them: you cannot prove
He is or spirit or conjuror.
*Asc.* That I grant,
But he's a lover, and that's as bad; their sighs
Are like petards, and blow all up.
*Beat.* A lover!
I have been in love myself, but never found yet
That it could work such strange effects.
*Asc.* True, madam,
In women it cannot; for when they miss the enjoying
Of their full wishes, all their sighs and heigh-hos,
At the worst, breed tympanies, and these are cured too
With a kiss or two of their saint, when he appears
Between a pair of sheets: but with us men
The case is otherwise.
*Beat.* You will be breech'd, boy,
For your physical maxims.—But how are you assured
He is a lover?
*Asc.* Who, I? I know with whom too,
But that is to be whisper'd. [*Whispers.*
*Beat.* How the princess!
The unparallel'd Matilda! some proof of it;
I'll pay for my intelligence.

* ——— *I have*
Defied *myself*, &c.] So the old copy: for *defied*, the last editor reads *destroyed* myself. It is evident that he did not enter into the sense of his author, who is describing a man in a state of warfare with himself. Leading a man *into captivity after he is destroyed*, is not precisely the way in which Massinger usually proceeds, whatever may be thought of it by Mr. M. Mason.

*Asc.* Let me kiss
Your honour's hand; 'twas ever fair, but now
Beyond comparison.
*Beat.* I guess the reason.
A giving hand is still fair to the receiver.
*Asc.* Your ladyship's in the right; but to the purpose.
He is my client, and pays his fees as duly
As ever usurer did in a bad cause
To his man of law; and yet I get, and take them
Both easily and honestly: all the service
I do him, is, to give him notice when
And where the princess will appear; and that
I hope's no treason. If you miss him, when
She goes to the vesper or the matins, hang me;
Or when she takes the air, be sure to find him
Near her coach, at her going forth, or coming back:
But if she walk, he's ravish'd. I have seen him
Smell out her footing like a lime-hound, and nose it*
From all the rest of her train.
*Beat.* Yet I ne'er saw him
Present her a petition.
*Asc.* Nor e'er shall:
He only sees her, sighs, and sacrifices
A tear or two—then vanishes.
*Beat.* 'Tis most strange:
What a sad aspect he wears! but I'll make use of 't.
The princess is much troubled with the threats
That come from Florence; I will bring her to him,
The novelty may afford her sport, and help
To purge deep melancholy. Boy, can you stay
Your client here for the third part of an hour?
I have some ends in't.
*Asc.* Stay him, madam! fear not:
The present receipt of a round sum of crowns,
And that will draw most gallants from their prayers,
Cannot drag him from me.
*Beat.* See you do. [*Exit.*
*Asc.* Ne'er doubt me.
I'll put him out of his dream. Good morrow, signior.
*Hort.* My little friend, good morrow. Hath the princess
Slept well to-night?
*Asc.* I hear not from her women
One murmur to the contrary.
*Hort.* Heaven be praised for't!
Does she go to church this morning?
*Asc.* Troth, I know not;
I keep no key of her devotion, signior.
*Hort.* Goes she abroad? pray tell me.
*Asc.* 'Tis thought rather
She is resolved to keep her chamber.
*Hort.* Ah me!
*Asc.* Why do you sigh? if that you have a business
To be dispatch'd in court, show ready money,
You shall find those that will prefer it for you.
*Hort.* Business! can any man have business but
To see her, then admire her, and pray for her,
She being composed of goodness? for myself,
I find it a degree of happiness
But to be near her, and I think I pay
A strict religious vow, when I behold her;
And that's all my ambition.
*Asc.* I believe you:
Yet, she being absent, you may spend some hours
With profit and delight too. After dinner,
The duke gives audience to a rough ambass
Whom yet I never saw, nor heard his title,
Employ'd from Florence; I'll help you to a place
Where you shall see and hear all.
*Hort.* 'Tis not worth
My observation.
*Asc.* What think you of
An excellent comedy to be presented
For his entertainment? he that penn'd it is
The poet of the time, and all the ladies
(I mean the amorous and learned ones),
Except the princess, will be there to grace it.
*Hort.* What's that to me? without her all is nothing:
The light that shines in court Cimmerian darkness;
I will to bed again, and there contemplate
On her perfections.

*Re-enter* BEATRICE *with* MATILDA, *and two* Waiting Women.

*Asc.* Stay, sir, see? the princess,
Beyond our hopes.
*Hort.* Take that:—as Moors salute
The rising sun with joyful superstition,
I could fall down and worship.——O my heart!
Like Phœbe breaking through an envious cloud,
Or something which no simile can express,
She shows to me: a reverent fear, but blended
With wonder and amazement, does possess me;
Now glut thyself, my famish'd eye!
*Beat.* That's he,
An't please your excellence.
1 *Wom.* Observe his posture,
But with a quarter-look.
2 *Wom.* Your eye fix'd on him
Will breed astonishment.
*Matil.* A comely gentleman!
I would not question your relation, lady,
Yet faintly can believe it. How he eyes me!
Will he not speak?
*Beat.* Your excellence hath deprived him
Of speech and motion.
*Matil.* 'Tis most strange.
*Asc.* These fits
Are usual with him.
*Matil.* Is it not, Ascanio,
A personated folly? or he a statue*?
If it be, it is a masterpiece; for man
I cannot think him.

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* ——— *and* nose *it.*] The old copy reads *knows* it. I have little doubt but that the former was Massinger's word; the mistake probably originated at the press, from a similarity of sound.

* Matil. *Is it not, Ascanio,*
*A personated folly? or he a statue?*] So the old copy: the modern editors read—*Or is he a statue?* An interpolation neither warranted by the sense, nor the style of Massinger and his contemporaries. But this ignorance of ancient phraseology still afflicts Mr. M. Mason. In *The Custom of the Country*, Arnoldo says,—

"And I forgot to like her,
And *glad* I was deceived."

Upon which he observes that "the word *glad* is here used as a verb, and means *rejoice*'"—*Comments*, p. 52.

Not so: the expression is elliptical; And I *am* glad, &c., a mode of writing which occurs in almost every page of our ancient dramatists. Thus:

"——— I lived
Too happy in my holiday trim of glory,
And *courted* with felicity."

This is wrong, say the commentators; it should be—And *sported* with felicity. Alas! no: it is perfectly right; and at full, and, in the language of the present day, is—And *was* courted *by* felicity. I note this, to repress, if it be possible, the temerity of inexperience.

*Beat.* For your sport, vouchsafe him
A little conference.
*Matil.* In compassion rather:
For should he love me as you say (though hopeless),
It should not be return'd with scorn; that were
An inhumanity, which my birth nor honour
Could privilege, were they greater. Now I perceive
He has life and motion in him; to whom, lady,
Pays he that duty?
[*Hortensio, bowing, offers to go off.*
*Beat.* Sans doubt, to yourself.
*Matil.* And whither goes he now?
*Asc.* To his private lodging,
But to what end I know not; this is all
I ever noted in him.
*Matil.* Call him back:
In pity I stand bound to counsel him,
Howe'er I am denied, though I were willing,
To ease his sufferings.
*Asc.* Signior, the princess
Commands you to attend her.
*Hort.* How! the princess!
Am I betray'd?
*Asc.* What a lump of flesh is this!
You are betray'd, sir, to a better fortune
Than you durst ever hope for. What a Tantalus
Do you make yourself! the flying fruit stays for you,
And the water that you long'd for, rising up
Above your lip, do you refuse to taste it?
Move faster, sluggish camel, or I'll thrust
This goad in your breech; had I such a promising beard,
I should need the reins, not spurs.
*Matil.* You may come nearer.
Why do you shake, sir? If I flatter not
Myself, there's no deformity about me,
Nor any part so monstrous to beget
An ague in you.
*Hort.* It proceeds not, madam,
From guilt, but reverence.
*Matil.* I believe you, sir:
Have you a suit to me?
*Hort.* Your excellence
Is wondrous fair.
*Matil.* I thank your good opinion.
*Hort.* And I beseech you that I may have license
To kneel to you.
*Matil.* A suit I cannot cross.
*Hort.* I humbly thank your excellence. [*Kneels.*
*Matil.* But what,
As you are prostrate on your knee before me,
Is your petition?
*Hort.* I have none, great princess.
*Matil.* Do you kneel for nothing?
*Hort.* Yes, I have a suit,
But such a one, as, if denied, will kill me.
*Matil.* Take comfort; it must be of some strange nature,
Unfitting you to ask, or me to grant,
If I refuse it.
*Hort.* It is, madam——
*Matil.* Out with't.
*Hort.* That I may not offend you, this is all,
When I presume to look on you.
*Asc.* A fiat eunuch!
To look on her? I should desire myself
To move a little further.
*Matil.* Only that?
*Hort.* And I beseech you, madam, to believe
I never did yet with a wanton eye;
Or cherish one lascivious wish beyond it.
*Beat.* You'll never make good courtier, or be
In grace with ladies.
1 *Wom.* Or us waiting women,
If that be your *nil ultra*.
2 *Wom.* He's no gentleman,
On my virginity, it is apparent:
My tailor has more boldness; nay, my shoemaker
Will fumble a little further, he could not have
The length of my foot else.
*Matil.* Only to look on me!
Ends your ambition there?
*Hort.* It does, great lady,
And that confined too, and at fitting distance:
The fly that plays too near the flame burns in it*.
As I behold the sun, the stars, the temples,
I look on you, and wish it were no sin
Should I adore you.
*Matil.* Come, there's something more in't;
And since that you will make a goddess of me,
As such a one, I'll tell you, I desire not
The meanest altar raised up to mine honour
To be pulled down: I can accept from you,
Be your condition ne'er so far beneath me,
One grain of incense with devotion offer'd,
Beyond all perfumes, or Sabæan spices,
By one that proudly thinks he merits in it:
I know you love me.
*Hort.* Next to heaven, madam,
And with as pure a zeal. That, we behold
With the eyes of contemplation, but can
Arrive no nearer to it in this life:
But when that is divorced, my soul shall serve yours,
And witness my affection.
*Matil.* Pray you, rise;
But wait my further pleasure.

*Enter* Farneze *and* Uberti.

*Farn.* I'll present you,
And give you proof I am your friend, a true one;
And in my pleading for you, teach the age,
That calls, erroneously, friendship but a name,
It is a substance.—Madam, I am bold
To trench so far upon your privacy,
As to desire my friend (let not that wrong him,
For he's a worthy one) may have the honour
To kiss your hand.
*Matil.* His own worth challenges
A greater favour.
*Farn.* Your ackowledgment
Confirms it, madam. If you look on him
As he's built up a man, without addition
Of fortune's liberal favours, wealth or titles,
He doth deserve no usual entertainment:
But, as he is a prince, and for your service
Hath left fair Parma, that acknowledges
No other lord, and, uncompell'd, exposes
His person to the dangers of the† war,

---

* *The fly that plays too near the flame burns in it.*] Gresset has made a beautiful use of this idea:

*Tel, par sa pente naturelle,*
*Par une erreur toujours nouvelle,*
*Quoiqu'il semble changer son cours,*
*Autour de la flamme mortelle*
*Le papillon revient toujours.*

† *His person to the dangers of* the *war,*] I have inserted the article, which restores the metre. Farneze evidently alludes to *the war* with which they were now threatened by the Florentines.

Ready to break in storms upon our heads;
In noble thankfulness you may vouchsafe him
Nearer respect, and such grace as may nourish,
Not kill, his amorous hopes.
*Matil.* Cousin, you know
I am not the disposer of myself,
The duke my father challenges that power:
Yet thus much I dare promise; prince Uberti
Shall find the seed of service that he sows
Falls not on barren ground.
*Uber.* For this high favour
I am your creature, and profess I owe you
Whatever I call mine. [*They walk aside.*
*Hort.* This great lord is
A suitor to the princess.
*Asc.* True, he is so.
*Hort.* Fame gives him out too for a brave commander.
*Asc.* And in it does him but deserved right;
The duke hath made him general of his horse
On that assurance.
*Hort.* And the lord Farneze
Pleads for him, as it seems.
*Asc.* 'Tis too apparent:
And, this consider'd, give me leave to ask
What hope have you, sir?
*Hort.* I may still look on her,
Howe'er he wear the garland.
*Asc.* A thin diet,
And will not feed you fat, sir.
*Uber.* I rejoice,
Rare princess, that you are not to be won
By carpet-courtship, but the sword; with this
Steel pen I'll write on Florence' helm how much
I can, and dare do for you.
*Matil.* 'Tis not question'd.
Some private business of mine own disposed of,
I'll meet you in the presence.
*Uber.* Ever your servant.
[*Exeunt Uberti and Farneze.*
*Matil.* Now, sir, to you. You have observed, I doubt not,
For lovers are sharp-sighted, to what purpose
This prince solicits me; and yet I am not
So taken with his worth, but that I can
Vouchsafe you further parle*. The first command
That I'll impose upon you, is to hear
And follow my good counsel: I am not
Offended that you love me; persist in it,
But love me virtuously; such love may spur you
To noble undertakings, which achieved,
Will raise you into name, preferment, honour:
For all which, though you ne'er enjoy my person
(For that's impossible), you are indebted
To your high aims: visit me when you please,
I do allow it, nor will blush to own you,
So you confine yourself to what you promise,
As my virtuous servant.
*Beat.* Farewell, sir! you have
An unexpected cordial.
*Asc.* May it work well! [*Exeunt all but Hort.*
Hort. *Your love*—yes, so she said, *may spur you to*
*Brave undertakings:* adding this, *You may*
*Visit me when you please.* Is this allow'd me,
And any act within the power of man
Impossible to be effected? No:
I will break through all oppositions that
May stop me in my full career to honour:
And, borrowing strength to do from her high favour,
Add something to Alcides' greatest labour. [*Exit.*

* *Vouchsafe you further* parle.] So the old copy, and rightly. The modern editors have *parley*, which spoils the verse.

SCENE II.—*The same. A State Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* Gonzaga, Uberti, Farneze, Manfroy, *and Attendants.*

*Gon.* This is your place; and, were it in our power,
You should have greater honour, prince of Parma;
The rest know theirs. Let some attend with care
On the ambassador, and let my daughter
Be present at his audience. Reach a chair,
We'll do all fit respects; and, pray you, put on
Your milder looks; you are in a place where frowns
Are no prevailing agents.

*Enter at one door* Alonzo *and Attendants:* Matilda, Beatrice, Ascanio, Hortensio, *and Waiting Women at the other.*

*Asc.* I have seen
More than a wolf, a Gorgon*! [*Swoons.*
*Gon.* What's the matter?
*Matil.* A page of mine is fallen into a swoon;
Look to him carefully. [*Ascanio is carried out.*
*Gon.* Now, when you please,
The cause that brought you hither?
*Alon.* The protraction
Of my dispatch forgotten, from Lorenzo,
The Tuscan duke, thus much to you, Gonzaga,
The duke of Mantua. By me, his nephew,
He does salute you fairly, and entreats
(A word not suitable to his power and greatness)
You would consent to tender that which he
Unwillingly must force, if contradicted.
Ambition, in a private man a vice,
Is in a prince a virtue†.
*Gon.* To the purpose;
These ambages are impertinent.
*Alon.* He demands
The fair Matilda, for I dare not take
From her perfections, in a noble way;
And in creating her the comfort‡ of
His royal bed, to raise her to a height
Her flattering hopes could not aspire, where she

* Asc. *I have seen*
*More than a wolf, a Gorgon!*] It may be just necessary to observe, that the sight of a wolf was, anciently, supposed to deprive a person of speech; that of a Gorgon, of motion and life.

† *Is in a prince a virtue.*] So the modern editions. In the old copy, it is *the* virtue—meaning, perhaps, as Massinger expresses it on another occasion, the virtue κατ' εξοχην.

‡ *And in creating her the* comfort *of*
*His royal bed.*] For *comfort*, Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read *consort*, as usual. One would think, from the warfare maintained against this good old word, which is thus perpetually corrupted, that the marriage bed is less *comfortable* at present than it anciently was: however this be, I have constantly restored it.

In the next line, they have inserted *to* after *aspire*, though the word is constantly used by our old poets without the preposition, and though it injures, or rather destroys the metre!

With wonder shall be gazed upon, and live
The envy of her sex.
*Gon.* Suppose this granted.
*Uber.* Or, if denied, what follows?
*Alon.* Present war,
With all extremities the conqueror can
Inflict upon the vanquish'd.
*Uber.* Grant me license
To answer this defiance. What intelligence
Holds your proud master with the will of heaven*,
That, ere the uncertain die of war be thrown,
He dares assure himself the victory?
Are his unjust invading arms of fire?
Or those we put on in defence of right,
Like chaff, to be consumed in the encounter?
I look on your dimensions, and find not
Mine own of lesser size; the blood that fills
My veins, as hot as yours; my sword as sharp;
My nerves of equal strength; my heart as good;
And confident we have the better cause,
Why should we fear the trial?
*Farn.* You presume
You are superior in numbers; we
Lay hold upon the surest anchor, virtue:
Which, when the tempest of the war roars loudest,
Must prove a strong protection.
*Gon.* Two main reasons
(Seconding those you have already heard)
Give us encouragement; the duty that
I owe my mother-country, and the love
Descending to my daughter. For the first,
Should I betray her liberty. I deserved
To have my name with infamy razed from
The catalogue of good princes; and I should
Unnaturally forget I am a father,
If, like a Tartar, or for fear or profit,
I should consign her as a bondwoman,
To be disposed of at another's pleasure;
Her own consent or favour never sued for,
And mine by force exacted. No, Alonzo,
She is my only child, my heir; and, if
A father's eyes deceive me not, the hand
Of prodigal nature hath given so much to her,
As, in the former ages, kings would rise up
In her defence, and make her cause their quarrel:
Nor can she, if that any spark remain
To kindle a desire to be possess'd
Of such a beauty, in our time, want swords
To guard it safe from violence.
*Hort.* I must speak,
Or I shall burst; now to be silent were
A kind of blasphemy: if such purity,
Such innocence an abstract of perfection,
The soul of beauty, virtue, in a word,
A temple of things sacred, should groan under
The burthen of oppression, we might
Accuse the saints, and tax the Powers above us
Of negligence or injustice. ——Pardon, sir,
A stranger's boldness, and in your mercy call it
True zeal, not rudeness. In a cause like this,
The husbandman would change his ploughing-irons
To weapons of defence, and leave the earth
Untill'd, although a general dearth should follow:
The student would forswear his book; the lawyer
Put off his thriving gown, and without pay
Conclude this cause is to be fought, not pleaded.
The women will turn Amazons, as their sex
In her were wrong'd; and boys write down their names
In the muster-book for soldiers.
*Gon.* Take my hand:
Whate'er you are, I thank you. How are you call'd?
*Hort.* Hortensio, a Milanese.
*Gon.* I wish
Mantua had many such.—My lord ambassador,
Some privacy, if you please; Manfroy, you may
Partake it, and advise us. [*They walk aside.*
*Uber.* Do you know, friend,
What this man is, or of what country?
*Farn.* Neither.
*Uber.* I'll question him myself. What are you, sir?
*Hort.* A gentleman.
*Uber.* But if there be gradation
In gentry, as the heralds say, you have
Been over-bold in the presence of your betters.
*Hort.* My betters, sir!
*Uber.* Your betters. As I take it,
You are no prince.
*Hort.* 'Tis fortune's gift you were born one;
I have not heard that glorious title crowns you
As a reward of virtue: it may be
The first of your house deserved it, yet his merits
You can but faintly call your own.
*Matil.* Well answer'd.
*Uber.* You come up to me.
*Hort.* I would not turn my back
If you were the duke of Florence, though you charged me
I' the head of your troops.
*Uber.* Tell me in gentler language,
Your passionate speech induces me to think so,
Do you love the princess?
*Hort.* Were you mine enemy,
Your foot upon my breast, sword at my throat,
Even then I would profess it. The ascent
To the height of honour is by arts or arms;
And if such an unequall'd prize might fall
On him that did deserve best in defence
Of this rare princess, in the day of battle,
I should lead you a way would make your greatness
Sweat drops of blood to follow.
*Uber.* Can your excellence
Hear this without rebuke from one unknown?
Is he a rival for a prince?
*Matil.* My lord,
You take that liberty I never gave you.

---

* ——————— *What intelligence*
*Holds your proud master with the will of heaven*, &c.] This fine speech, which is equally judicious and spirited, involuntarily recals to my mind *The Battle of Sabla*, so beautifully translated by the late professor of Arabic, whose death the public, no less than his particular friends, will long have cause to regret.

* * * *

" Make now your *choice*—the terms we give,
Desponding victims, hear;
These fetters on your *hands* receive,
Or in your *hearts* the spear."

" And is the conflict o'er," we cried,
" And lie we at your feet?
And dare you vauntingly decide
The fortune we must meet?"———

* * * *

The foe advanced: in firm array
We rushed o'er Sabla's sands,
And the red sabre mark'd our way
Amidst their yielding bands.

Then, as they writh'd in death's cold grasp,
We cried, " Our *choice* is made,
These *hands* the sabre's hilt shall clasp,
Your *hearts* shall have the blade."
Carlyle's *Specimens of Arabian Poetry*, p. 25.

In justice you should give encouragement
To him, or any man, that freely offers
His life to do me service, not deter him;
I give no suffrage to it. Grant he loves me,
As he professes, how are you wrong'd in it?
Would you have all men hate me but yourself?
No more of this, I pray you: if this gentleman
Fight for my freedom, in a fit proportion
To his desert and quality, I can
And will reward him; yet give you no cause
Of jealousy or envy.
*Hort.* Heavenly lady!
*Gon.* No peace but on such poor and base conditions!
We will not buy it at that rate: return
This answer to your master: Though we wish'd
To hold fair quarter with him, on such terms
As honour would give way to, we are not
So thunderstruck with the loud voice of war,
As to acknowledge him our lord before
His sword hath made us vassals: we long since
Have had intelligence of the unjust gripe
He purposed to lay on us; neither are we
So unprovided as you think, my lord;
He shall not need to seek us; we will meet him,
And prove the fortune of a day, perhaps
Sooner than he expects.
*Alon.* And find repentance,
When 'tis too late. Farewell. [*Exit with Farnese.*
*Gon.* No, my Matilda,
We must not part so. Beasts and birds of prey
To their last gasp defend their brood; and Florence
Over thy father's breast shall march up to thee,
Before he force affection. The arms
That thou must put on for us and thyself
Are prayers and pure devotion, which will
Be heard, Matilda. Manfroy, to your trust
We do give up the city, and my daughter; [nous.
On both keep a strong guard: no tears, they are omi-
O my Octavio, my tried Octavio
In all my dangers! now I want thy service,
In passion recompensed with banishment.
Error of princes, who hate virtue when
She's present* with us, and in vain admire her
When she is absent! 'tis too late to think on't.
The wish'd for time is come, princely Uberti,
To show your valour: friends being to do, not talk,
All rhetoric is fruitless, only this,
Fate cannot rob you of deserved applause,
Whether you win or lose in such a cause. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT II

SCENE I.—Mantua. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* Matilda, Beatrice, *and* Waiting Women.

*Matil.* No matter for the ring I ask'd you for
The boy not to be found?
*Beat.* Nor heard of, madam.
1 *Wom.* He hath been sought and searched for, house by house,
Nay, every nook of the city, but to no purpose.
2 *Wom.* And how he should escape hence, the lord Manfroy
Being so vigilant o'er the guards, appears
A thing impossible.
*Matil.* I never saw him
Since he swoon'd in the presence, when my father
Gave audience to the ambassador: but I feel
A sad miss of him; on any slight occasion
He would find out such pretty arguments
To make me sport, and with such pretty sweetness
Deliver his opinion, that I must
Ingenuously confess his harmless mirth,
When I was most oppress'd with care, wrought more
In the removing of't than music on me.
*Beat.* An't please your excellence, I have observed him
Waggishly witty; yet, sometimes, on the sudden,
He would be very pensive, and then talk
So feelingly of love, as if he had
Tasted the bitter sweets of't.
1 *Wom.* He would tell, too,
A pretty tale of a sister, that had been
Deceived by her sweetheart; and then weeping, swear
He wonder'd how men could be false*.
2 *Wom.* And that
When he was a knight, he'd be the ladies' champion
And travel o'er the world to kill such lovers
As durst play false with their mistresses.
*Matil.* I am sure
I want his company.

*Enter* Manfroy.

*Man.* There are letters, madam,
In post come from the duke; but I am charged
By the careful bringer not to open them
But in your presence.
*Matil.* Heaven preserve my father!
Good news, an't be thy will!
*Man.* Patience must arm you
Against what's ill.
*Matil.* I'll hear them in my cabinet. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Duchy of* Mantua. Gonzaga's *Camp.*

*Enter* Hortensio *and* Ascanio.

*Hort.* Why have you left the safety of the city
And service of the princess, to partake
The dangers of the camp? and at a time too
When the armies are in view, and every minute
The dreadful charge expected.
*Asc.* You appear
So far beyond yourself, as you are now,
Arm'd like a soldier (though I grant your presence
Was ever gracious), that I grow enamour'd

* This pretty passage contains one of those judicious anticipations in which Massinger is peculiarly excellent.

* *Error of princes, who hate virtue, when She's present,* &c.]
*—virtutem incolumen odimus,*
*Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.*
But this play abounds with classical allusions, aptly and elegantly introduced.

Of the profession: in the horror of it
There is a kind of majesty.
*Hort.* But too heavy
To sit on thy soft shoulders, youth; retire
To the duke's tent, that's guarded.
*Asc.* Sir, I come
To serve you; knight-adventurers are allow'd
Their pages, and I bring a will that shall
Supply my want of power.
*Hort.* To serve me, boy!
I wish, believe it, that 'twere in my nerves
To do thee any service; and thou shalt,
If I survive the fortune of this day,
Be satisfied I am serious.
*Asc.* I am not
To be put off so, sir. Since you do neglect
My offer'd duty, I must use the power
I bring along with me, that may command you:
You have seen this ring—
*Hort.* Made rich by being worn
Upon the princess' finger.
*Asc.* 'Tis a favour
To you, by me sent from her: view it better;
But why coy to receive it?
*Hort.* I am unworthy
Of such a blessing; I have done nothing yet
That may deserve it; no commander's blood
Of the adverse party have yet died my sword
Drawn out in her defence. I must not take it.
This were a triumph for me when I had
Made Florence' duke my prisoner, and compell'd him
To kneel for mercy at her feet.
*Asc.* 'Twas sent, sir,
To put you in mind whose cause it is you fight for;
And, as I am her creature, to revenge
A wrong to me done.
*Hort.* By what man?
*Asc.* Alonzo.
*Hort.* The ambassador?
*Asc.* The same.
*Hort.* Let it suffice.
I know him by his armour and his horse,
And if we meet——[*Trumpets sound.*]—I am cut off: the alarum
Commands me hence: sweet youth, fall off.
*Asc.* I must not;
You are too noble to receive a wound
Upon your back, and, following close behind you,
I am secure, though I could wish my bosom
Were your defence.
*Hort.* Thy kindness will undo thee. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.—*The same.* Lorenzo's *Camp.*

*Enter* Lorenzo, Alonzo, Pisano, *and* Martino.

*Lor.* We'll charge the main battalia, fall you
Upon the van; preserve your troops entire
To force the rear: he dies that breaks his ranks
Till all be ours, and sure.
*Pis.* 'Tis so proclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*

*Fighting and Alarum. Enter* Hortensio, Ascanio, *and* Alonzo.

*Hort.* 'Tis he, Ascanio:—Stand
*Alon.* I never shunn'd
A single opposition; but tell me
Why in the battle, of all men, thou hast
Made choice of me?
*Hort.* Look on this youth; his cause
Sits on my sword.
*Alon.* I know him not.
*Hort.* I'll help
Your memory. [*They fight.*
*Asc.* What have I done? I am doubtful
To whom to wish the victory; for, still
My resolution wavering, I so love
The enemy that wrong'd me, that I cannot
Without repentance wish success to him
That seeks to do me right.—[*Alonzo falls.*]—Alas! he's fall'n!
As you are gentle, hold, sir! or, if I want
Power to persuade so far, I conjure you
By her loved name I am sent from.
*Hort.* 'Tis a charm
Too strong to be resisted: he is yours.
Yet, why you should make suit to save that life
Which you so late desired should be cut off
For injuries received, begets my wonder.
*Asc.* Alas! we foolish, spleenful boys would have
We know not what; I have some private reasons,
But now not to be told.
*Hort.* Shall I take him prisoner?
*Asc.* By no means, sir; I will not save his life
To rob him of his honour: when you give,
Give not by halves. One short word, and I follow.
[*Exit Hortensio.*
My lord Alonzo, if you have received
A benefit, and would know to whom you owe it,
Remember what your entertainment was
At Old Octavio's house, one you call'd friend,
And how you did return it. [*Exit.*
*Alon.* I remember
I did not well; but it is now no time
To think upon't; my wounded honour calls
For reparation; I must quench my fury
For this disgrace, in blood, and some shall smart for't. [*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.—*The same. A Forest.*

*Alarum continued. Enter* Uberti, *and* Farneze *wounded.*

*Farn.* O prince Uberti, valour cannot save us;
The body of our army's pierced and broken,
The wings are routed, and our scatter'd troops
Not to be rallied up.
*Uber.* 'Tis yet some comfort
The enemy must say we were not wanting
In courage or direction; and we may
Accuse the Powers above as partial, when
A good cause, well defended too, must suffer
For want of fortune.
*Farn.* All is lost; the duke
Too far engaged, I fear, to be brought off:
Three times I did attempt his rescue, but
With odds was beaten back; only the stranger,
I speak it to my shame, still follow'd him,
Cutting his way; but 'tis beyond my hopes
That either should return.
*Uber.* That noble stranger,
Whom I in my proud vanity of greatness
As one unknown contemn'd, when I was thrown
Out of my saddle by the great duke's lance,
Horsed me again, in spite of all that made
Resistance; and then whisper'd in mine ear,
*Fight bravely, prince Uberti, there's no way else*
*To the fair Matilda's favour.*
*Farn.* 'Twas done nobly.

*Uber.* In you, my bosom-friend, I had call'd it noble:
But such a courtesy from a rival merits
The highest attribute.

*Enter* HORTENSIO *and* GONZAGA.

*Farn.* Stand on your guard,
We are pursued.
*Uber.* Preserved! wonder on wonder.
*Farn.* The duke in safety!
*Gon.* Pay your thanks, Farneze,
To this brave man, if I may call him so
Whose acts were more than human. If thou art
My better angel, from my infancy
Design'd to guard me, like thyself appear,
For sure thou'rt more than mortal.
*Hort.* No, great sir,
A weak and sinful man; though I have done you
Some prosperous service that hath found your favour,
I am lost to myself: but lose not you
The offer'd opportunity to delude
The hot-pursuing enemy; these woods,
Nor the dark veil of night, cannot conceal you,
If you dwell long here. You may rise again,
But I am fallen for ever.
*Farn.* Rather borne up
To the supreme sphere of honour.
*Uber.* I confess
My life your gift.
*Gon.* My liberty.
*Uber.* You have snatch'd
The wreath of conquest from the victor's head,
And do alone, in scorn of Lorenzo's fortune,
Though we are slaved, by true heroic valour
Deserve a triumph.
*Gon.* From whence then proceeds
This poor dejection?
*Hort.* In one suit I'll tell you,
Which I beseech you grant:—I loved your daughter,
But how? as beggars in their wounded fancy
Hope to be monarchs: I long languish'd for her,
But did receive no cordial, but what
Despair, my rough physician, prescribed me.
At length her goodness and compassion found it;
And, whereas I expected, and with reason,
The distance and disparity consider'd
Between her birth and mine, she would contemn me,
The princess gave me comfort.
*Gon.* In what measure?
*Hort.* She did admit me for her knight and servant,
And spurr'd me to do something in this battle,
Fought for her liberty, that might not blemish
So fair a favour.
*Gon.* This you have perform'd
To the height of admiration.
*Uber.* I subscribe to't,
That am your rival.
*Hort.* You are charitable;
But how short of my hopes, nay, the assurance
Of those achievements which my love and youth
Already held accomplish'd, this day's fortune
Must sadly answer. What I did, she gave me
The strength to do; her piety preserved
Her father, and her gratitude for the dangers
You threw yourself into for her defence,
Protected you by me her instrument:
But when I came to strike in mine own cause,
And to do something so remarkable,
That should at my return command her thanks
And gracious entertainment, then, alas!
I fainted like a coward; I made a vow, too,
(And it is register'd), ne'er to presume
To come into her presence if I brought not
Her fears and dangers bound in fetters to her,
Which now's impossible.——Hark! the enemy
Makes his approaches: save yourselves: this only
Deliver to her sweetness; I have done
My poor endeavours, and pray her not repent
Her goodness to me. May you live to serve her,
This loss recover'd, with a happier fate!
And make use of this sword: arms I abjure,
And conversation of men; I'll seek out
Some unfrequented cave, and die love's martyr.
[*Exit.*
*Gon.* Follow him.
*Uber.* 'Tis in vain; his nimble feet
Have borne him from my sight.
*Gon.* I suffer for him.
*Farn.* We share in it, but must not, sir, forget
Your means of safety.
*Uber.* In the war I have served you,
And to the death will follow you.
*Gon.* 'Tis not fit,
We must divide ourselves. My daughter——
If I retain yet*
A sovereign's power o'er thee, or friend's with you,
Do, and dispute not; by my example change
Your habits: as I thus put off my purple,
Ambition dies; this garment of a shepherd,
Left here by chance, will serve; in lieu of it,
I leave this to the owner. Raise new forces,
And meet me at St. Leo's fort; my daughter,
As I commanded Manfroy, there will meet us.
The city cannot hold out, we must part:
Farewell—thy hand.
*Farn.* You still shall have my heart. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.—*The same. Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter* LORENZO, ALONZO, PISANO, MARTINO, *Captains and* Soldiers.

*Lor.* The day is ours, though it cost dear; yet 'tis not
Enough to get a victory, if we lose
The true use of it. We have hitherto
Held back your forward swords, and in our fear
Of ambushes, deferr'd the wish'd reward
Due to your bloody toil: but now give freedom,
Nay, license to your fury and revenge;

---

* *We must divide ourselves. My daughter——*
*If I retain* yet
*A sovereign's power o'er thee,* &c.] The old copy, which is faithfully followed by Coxeter, with the exception of misprinting *not* for *yet*, reads,
*We must divide ourselves.*
*My daughter, if I retain* yet
*A sovereign's power o'er thee,* &c.
Mr. M. Mason omits *My daughter*, which he presumptuously says the last editor inserted by mistake; the mistake, however, if it be one, is, as the reader now sees, of an older date. In the sixth line, he ventures on another improvement, and for *Ambition dies*, prints *Ambition's dye!* "which," he continues, "is the name Gonzaga *poetically* gives his purple." He is wrong in both instances. The exclamation, *My daughter*, shows that she was uppermost in Gonzaga's thoughts: he interrupts himself to provide for the safety of his friends, and then resumes what he was first about to say; it should not, therefore, be omitted. Nor should *Ambition dies* be changed to *Ambition's dye;* because such a rhetorical flourish is unnecessary, and because it deprives a passage of sense and grammar, which the author invested with both. It requires no explanation.

Now glut yourselves with prey; let not the night,
Nor these thick woods, give sanctuary to
The fear-struck hares, our enemies: fire these trees,
And force the wretches to forsake their holes,
And offer their scorch'd bodies to your swords,
Or burn them as a sacrifice to your angers.
Who brings Gonzaga's head, or takes him prisoner
(Which I incline to rather, that he may
Be sensible of those tortures which I vow
To inflict upon him for denial of
His daughter to our bed), shall have a blank,
With our hand and signet made authentical,
In which he may write down himself what wealth
Or honours he desires.

*Alon.* The great duke's will
Shall be obey'd.

*Pisan.* Put it in execution.

*Mart.* Begirt the wood, and fire it.

*Sold.* Follow, follow! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. Another part of the same.*

*Enter* Farneze, *disguised as a* Florentine *Soldier.*

*Farn.* Uberti, prince Uberti! O my friend,
Dearer than life! I have lost thee. Cruel fortune,
Unsatisfied with our sufferings! we no sooner
Were parted from the duke, and e'en then ready
To take a mutual farewell, when a troop
Of the enemy's horse fell on us; we were forced
To take the woods again, but in our flight
Their hot pursuit divided us: we had been happy
If we had died together. To survive him
To me is worse than death, and therefore should not
Embrace the means of my escape, though offer'd.
When nature gave us life she gave a burthen,
But at our pleasure not to be cast off,
Though weary of it; and my reason prompts me,
This habit of a Florentine, which I took
From a dying soldier, may keep me unknown,
Till opportunity mark me out a way
For flight, and with security.

*Enter* Uberti.

*Uber.* Was there ever
Such a night of horror?

*Farn.* My friend's voice! I now
In part forgive thee, fortune.

*Uber.* The wood flames,
The bloody sword devours all that it meets,
And death in several shapes rides here in triumph.
I am like a stag closed in a toil, my life,
As soon as found, the cruel huntsman's prey:
Why fliest thou, then, what is inevitable?
Better to fall with manly wounds before
Thy cruel enemy, than survive thine honour:
And yet to charge him, and die unrevenged,
Mere desperation.

*Farn.* Heroic spirit!

*Uber.* Mine own life I contemn, and would not save it
But for the future service of the duke,
And safety of his daughter; having means,
If I escape, to raise a second army,
And, what is nearest to me, to enjoy
My friend Farneze.

*Farn.* I am still his care.

*Uber.* What shall I do? if I call loud, the foe
That hath begirt the wood, will hear the sound.
Shall I return by the same path? I cannot,
The darkness of the night conceals it from me;
Something I must resolve.

*Farn.* Let friendship rouse
Thy sleeping soul, Farneze: wilt thou suffer
Thy friend, a prince, nay, one that may set free
Thy captived country, perish, when 'tis in
Thy power, with this disguise, to save his life?
Thou hast lived too long, therefore resolve to die:
Thou hast seen thy country ruin'd, and thy master
Compell'd to shameful flight; the fields and woods
Strew'd o'er with carcases of thy fellow-soldiers;
The miseries thou art fallen in, and before
Thy eyes the horror of this place, and thousand
Calamities to come: and after all these,
Can any hope remain? shake off delays.
Dost thou doubt yet? To save a citizen,
The conquering Roman in a general
Esteem'd the highest honour: can it be then
Inglorious to preserve a prince? thy friend?—
Uberti, prince Uberti! use this means
Of thy escape;—

[*Pulls off his Florentine uniform, and casts it before Uberti.*

conceal'd in this, thou mayst
Pass through the enemy's guards: the time denies
Longer discourse; thou hast a noble end*,
Live, therefore, mindful of thy dying friend.
[*Exit.*

*Uber.* Farneze, stay thy hasty steps! Farneze!
Thy friend Uberti calls thee: 'tis in vain;
He's gone to death an innocent, and makes life,
The benefit he confers on me, my guilt.
Thou art too covetous of another's safety,
Too prodigal and careless of thine own.
'Tis a deceit in friendship to enjoin me
To put this garment on, and live, that he
May have alone the honour to die nobly.
O cruel piety†, in our equal danger
To rob thyself of that thou giv'st thy friend!
It must not be; I will restore his gift,
And die before him. How? where shall I find him?——
Thou art o'ercome in friendship; yield, Uberti,
To the extremity of the time, and live:
A heavy ransome! but it must be paid.
I will put on this habit: pitying heaven,
As it loves goodness, may protect my friend,
And give me means to satisfy the debt
I stand engaged for; if not, pale despair,
I dare thy worst; thou canst but bid me die,
And so much I'll force from mine enemy‡. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*The same.* Lorenzo's *Camp.*

*Enter* Alonzo *and* Pisano, *with* Farneze *bound; Soldiers with torches,* Farneze's *sword in one of the Soldiers' hands.*

*Alon.* I know him, he's a man of ransome.

*Pisan.* True;
But if he live, 'tis to be paid to me.

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* *Thou hast a noble end,*] Alluding to what Uberti had just said, of raising a second army, &c.

† *O cruel* piety,] So the old copy: the modern editions have *O cruel* pity, a tame and unpoetical sophistication.

‡ This short scene is very well written; but, at the same time, must strike the reader as extremely inartificial. The two friends speaking on opposite sides of a tree is somewhat too similar to what occurs so often on the Roman stage, where people in mutual quest always jostle before they catch each other's eye or ear. As Farneze had taken the generous resolution to save his friend, at the expense of his own life, it was improper to discover himself; but all that is done might be effected with fewer words, and a greater portion of dexterity.

*Alon.* I forced him to the woods.
*Pisan.* But my art found him,
Nor will I brook a partner in the prey
My fortune gave me.
*Alon.* Render him, or expect
The point of this.
*Pisan.* Were it lightning, I would meet it,
Rather than be outbraved.
*Alon.* I thus decide
The difference.
*Pisan.* My sword shall plead my title.
[*They fight.*

*Enter* Lorenzo, Martino, Captains, *and* Attendants.

*Lor.* Ha! where learn'd you this discipline? my commanders
Opposed against one another! what blind fury
Brings forth this brawl? Alonzo and Pisano
At bloody difference! hold, or I tilt
At both as enemies.—Now speak; how grew
This strange division?
*Pisan.* Against all right,
By force Alonzo strives to reap the harvest
Sown by my labour.
*Alon.* Sir, this is my prisoner,
The purchase of my sword, which proud Pisano,
That hath no interest in him, would take from me.
*Pisan.* Did not the presence of the duke forbid me,
I would say——
*Alon.* What?
*Pisan.* 'Tis false.
*Lor.* Before my face!
Keep them asunder. And was this the cause
Of such a mortal quarrel, this the base
To raise your fury on? the ties of blood,
Of fellowship in arms, respect, obedience
To me, your prince and general, no more
Prevailing on you? this a price for which
You would betray our victory, or wound
Your reputation with mutinies,
Forgetful of yourselves, allegiance, honour?—
This is a course to throw us headlong down
From that proud height of empire upon which
We were securely seated. Shall division
O'erturn what concord built? If you desire
To bathe your swords in blood, the enemy
Still flies before you: would you have spoil? the country
Lies open to you. O unheard-of madness!
What greater mischief could Gonzaga wish us,
Than you pluck on our heads? no, my brave leaders,
Let unity dwell in our tents, and discord
Be banish'd to our enemies.
*Alon.* Take the prisoner,
I do give up my title.
*Pisan.* I desire
Your friendship, and will buy it; he is yours.
[*They embrace.*
*Alon.* No man's a faithful judge in his own cause,
Let the duke determine of him; we are friends, sir.
*Lor.* Show it in emulation to o'ertake
The flying foe; this cursed wretch disposed of,
With our whole strength we'll follow.
[*Exeunt Alonzo and Pisano, embracing.*
*Farn.* Death at length
Will set a period to calamity:
I see it in this tyrant's frowns haste to me.

*Enter* Uberti, *habited like a* Florentine *Soldier**, *and mixes with the rest.*

*Lor.* Thou machine of this mischief, look to feel
Whate'er the wrath of an incensed prince
Can pour upon thee: with thy blood I'll quench
(But drawn forth slowly) the invisible flames
Of discord—by thy charms first fetch'd from hell,
Then forced into the breasts of my commanders.
Bring forth the tortures.
*Uber.* Hear, victorious duke,
The story of my miserable fortune,
Of which this villain (by your sacred tongue
Condemned to die) was the immediate cause:
And, if my humble suit have justice in it,
Vouchsafe to grant it.
*Lor.* Soldier, be brief, our anger
Can brook no long delay†.
*Uber.* I am the last
Of three sons, by one father got, and train'd up
With his best care, for service in your wars:
My father died under his fatal hand,
And two of my poor brothers. Now I hear,
Or fancy, wounded by my grief, deludes me,
Their pale and mangled ghosts crying for vengeance
On perjury and murder. Thus the case stood:
My father (on whose face he durst not look
In equal mart‡) by his fraud circumvented,
Became his captive; we, his sons, lamenting
Our old sire's hard condition, freely offer'd
Our utmost for his ransome: that refused,
The subtle tyrant, for his cruel ends,
Conceiving that our piety might ensnare us,
Proposed my father's head to be redeem'd,
If two of us would yield ourselves his slaves.
We, upon any terms, resolved to save him,
Though with the loss of life which he gave to us,
With an undaunted constancy drew lots
(For each of us contended to be one)
Who should preserve our father; I was exempted§
But to my more affliction. My brothers
Deliver'd up, the perjured homicide
Laughing in scorn, and by his hoary locks
Pulling my wretched father on his knees,
Said, *Thus receive the father you have ransomed!*
And instantly struck off his head.
*Lor.* Most barbarous!
*Farn.* I never saw this man.
*Lor.* One murmur more,
I'll have thy tongue pulled out.—Proceed.
*Uber.* Conceive, sir,
How thunderstruck we stood, being made spectators
Of such an unexpected tragedy:
Yet this was a beginning, not an end
To his intended cruelty; for, pursuing
Such a revenge as no Hyrcanian tigress
Robb'd of her whelps, durst aim at, in a moment,
Treading upon my father's trunk, he cut off
My pious brothers' heads, and threw them at me.

* —— —— *habited like a* Florentine *soldier,*] i. e. in the dress which Farneze had thrown to him.

† Lor. *Soldier, be brief; our anger*
Can *brook* no *long delay.*] So the old copy. Coxeter and Mr M. Mason read, with equal fidelity and harmony,
*Soldier, be brief;*
*Our anger* cannot *brook* a *long delay.*

‡ *In* equal mart,)] A vile translation of *æquo marte*, in *equal fight.*

§ ———— *I was exempted*
*But to my more affliction,* &c.] The strange pointing of this speech by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason, shows that the meaning of it was totally misunderstood by them.

Oh, what a spectacle was this! what mountain
Of sorrow overwhelm'd me! my poor heart-strings,
As tenter'd by his tyranny, crack'd; my knees
Beating 'gainst one another, groans and tears
Blended together follow'd; not one passion
Calamity ever yet express'd, forgotten.——
Now, mighty sir (bathing your feet with tears),
Your suppliant's suit is, that he may have leave,
With any cruelty revenge can fancy,
To sacrifice this monster, to appease
My father's ghost and brothers'.
*Lor.* Thou hast obtain'd it:
Choose any torture, let the memory
Of what thy father and thy brothers suffer'd,
Make thee ingenious in it; such a one
As Phalaris would wish to be call'd his.
Martino, guarded with your soldiers, see
The execution done; but bring his head,
On forfeiture of your own, to us: our presence
Long since was elsewhere look'd for.
[*Exit, with Captains and Attendants.*
*Mart.* Soldier, to work;
Take any way thou wilt for thy revenge,
Provided that he die: his body's thine,
But I must have his head.
*Uber.* I have already
Concluded of the manner. O just heaven,
The instrument I wish'd for offer'd me!
*Mart.* Why art thou rapt thus?
*Uber.* In this soldier's hand
I see the murderer's own sword, I know it;
Yes, this is it by which my father and
My brothers were beheaded: noble captain,
Command it to my hand.—[*Takes Farneze's Sword from the Soldier.*]—Stand forth and tremble:
This weapon, of late drunk with innocent bood,
Shall now carouse thine own: pray, if thou canst,
For, though the world shall not redeem thy body,
I would not kill thy soul.
*Farn.* Canst thou believe
There is a heaven or hell, or soul? thou hast none,
In death to rob me of my fame, my honour,
With such a forged lie. Tell me, thou hangman,
Where did I ever see thy face? or when
Murder'd thy sire or brothers? look on me,
And make it good: thou dar'st not.
*Uber.* Yes, I will, [*He unbinds his arms.*
In one short whisper; and that told, thou art dead.
I am Uberti: take thy sword, fight bravely;
We'll live or die together.
*Mart.* We are betray'd.
[*Martino is struck down, the Soldiers run off.*
*Farn.* And have I leave once more, brave prince, to ease
My head on thy true bosom?
*Uber.* I glory more
To be thy friend, than in the name of prince,
Or any higher title.
*Farn.* My preserver!
*Uber.* The life you gave to me I but return;
And pardon, dearest friend, the bitter language
Necessity made me use.
*Farn.* O, sir, I am
Outdone in all; but comforted, that none
But you can wear the laurel.
*Uber.* Here's no place
Or time to argue this; let us fly hence.
*Farn.* I follow. [*Exeunt.*
*Mart.* [*rises.*] A thousand furies keep you company!
I was at the gate of [hell*,] but now I feel
My wound's not mortal; I was but astonish'd;
And, coming to myself, I find I am
Reserved for the gallows: there's no looking on
The enraged duke, excuses will not serve;
I must do something that may get my pardon;
If not, I know the worst, a halter ends all. [*Exit.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Duchy of* Mantua. *A part of the Country near* Octavio's *Cottage.*

*Enter* Octavio, *a book in his hand.*

*Oct.* 'Tis true, by proof I find it*, human reason
Views with such dim eyes what is good or ill,
That if the great Disposer of our being
Should offer to our choice all worldly blessings,
We know not what to take. When I was young,
Ambition of court-preferment fired me:
And, as there were no happiness beyond it,
I labour'd for't, and got it; no man stood
In greater favour with his prince; I had
Honours and offices, wealth flowed in to me,
And, for my service both in peace and war,
The general voice gave out I did deserve them.
But, O vain confidence, insubordinate greatness!
When I was most secure it was not in
The power of fortune to remove me from
The flat I firmly stood on, in a moment
My virtues were made crimes, and popular favour
(To new-raised men still fatal) bred suspicion
That I was dangerous: which no sooner enter'd
Gonzaga's breast, but straight my ruin follow'd;
My offices were ta'en from me, my state seized on;
And, had I not prevented it by flight,
The jealousy of the duke had been removed
With the forfeiture of my head.
*Hort.* [*within.*] Or show compassion,
Or I will force it.
*Oct.* Ha! is not poverty safe?
I thought proud war, that aim'd at kingdoms' ruins,
The sack of palaces and cities, scorn'd
To look on a poor cottage.

* Oct. *'Tis true; by proof I find it,* &c.] It appears from this, that the book which Octavio had been reading was Juvenal, an author with whom Massinger was peculiarly well acquainted, as there is scarcely one of his dramatic pieces in which several happy allusions to him do not occur: these, as well as those to Cicero, Horace, Ovid, Seneca, Claudian, and others, as Massinger does not ambitiously obtrude them on the eye, I have commonly left to the exercise of the reader's own sagacity.

* *I was at the gate of* [hell,] The dread of a puritanical tribunal induced the printer to make a break here. *Hell* was the word omitted, without doubt; it is characteristic, and becoming the rest of the speech.

*Enter* HORTENSIO *with* ASCANIO *in his arms*, GOTHRIO *following.*

*Goth.* What would you have*?
The devil sleeps in my pocket; I have no cross
To drive him from it. Be you or thief or soldier,
Or such a beggar as will not be denied,
My scrip, my tar-box, hook, and coat, will prove
But a thin purchase; if you turn my inside outwards,
You'll find it true.
*Hort.* Not any food? [*Searches his scrip.*
*Goth.* Alas! sir,
I am no glutton, but an under-shepherd;
The very picture of famine; judge by my cheeks else:
I have my pittance by ounces, and starve myself,
When I pay a pensioner, an ancient mouse,
A crumb a meal.
*Hort.* No drop left? [*Takes his bottle.*
Drunkard! hast thou swill'd up all?
*Goth.* How! drunkard, sir?
I am a poor man, you mistake me, sir,
Drunkard's a title for the rich, my betters;
A calling in repute: some sell their lands for't,
And roar, *Wine's better than money.* Our poor beverages
Of buttermilk or whey allay'd with water,
Ne'er raise our thoughts so high. Drunk! I had never
The credit to be so yet.
*Hort.* Ascanio,
Look up, dear youth; Ascanio, did thy sweetness
Command the greedy enemy to forbear
To prey upon it, and I thank my fortune
For suffering me to live, that in some part
I might return thy courtesies, and now,
To heighten my afflictions, must I be
Enforced, no pitying angel near to help us,
Heaven deaf to my complaints, too, to behold thee
Die in my arms for hunger? no means left
To lengthen life a little! I will open
A vein, and pour my blood, not yet corrupted
With any sinful act, but pure as he is,
Into his famish'd mouth.
*Oct.* [*Comes forward.*] Young man, forbear
Thy savage pity; I have better means
To call back flying life.
[*Pours a cordial into the mouth of Ascanio.*
*Goth.* You may believe him;
It is his sucking-bottle, and confirms,
*An old man's twice a child;* his nurse's milk
Was ne'er so chargeable, should you put in too
For soap and candles: though he sell his flock for't,
The baby must have this dug: he swears 'tis ill
For my complexion, but wonderous comfortable
For an old man that would never die.
*Oct.* Hope well, sir;
A temperate heat begins to thaw his numbness;
The blood too by degrees takes fresh possession
On his pale cheeks; his pulse beats high: stand off,
Give him more air, he stirs.
[*Gothrio steals the bottle.*
*Goth.* And have I got thee,
Thou bottle of immortality!
*Asc.* Where am I?
What cruel hand hath forced back wretched life?
Is rest in death denied me?
*Goth.* O sweet liquor!
Were here enough to make me drunk, I might
Write myself gentleman, and never buy
A coat of the heralds.
*Oct.* How now, slave?
*Goth.* I was fainting,
A clownlike qualm seized on me, but I am
Recover'd, thanks to your bottle, and begin
To feel new stirrings, gallant thoughts: one draught more
Will make me a perfect signior.
*Oct.* A tough cudgel
Will take this gentle itch off; home to my cottage,
See all things handsome.
*Goth.* Good sir, let me have
The bottle along to smell to: O rare pérfume!
[*Exit.*
*Hort.* Speak once more, dear Ascanio.—How he eyes you,
Then turns away his face! look up, sweet youth;
The object cannot hurt you; this good man,
Next heaven, is your preserver.
*Asc.* Would I had perish'd
Without relief, rather than live to break
His good old heart with sorrow. O my shame!
My shame, my never-dying shame!
*Oct.* I have been
Acquainted with this voice, and know the face too:——
'Tis she, 'tis too apparent; O my daughter!
I mourn'd long for thy loss, but thus to find thee,
Is more to be lamented.
*Hort.* How! your daughter?
*Oct.* My only child; I murmur'd against heaven
Because I had no more, but now I find
This one too many.—Is Alonzo glutted
[*Maria weeps*
With thy embraces?
*Hort.* At his name a shower
Of tears falls from her eyes; she faints again.
Grave sir, o'er-rule your passion, and defer
The story of her fortune*. On my life
She is a worthy one; her innocence
Might be abused, but mischief's self wants power
To make her guilty. Show yourself a father
In her recovery; then as a judge,
When she hath strength to speak in her own cause,
You may determine of her.
*Oct.* I much thank you
For your wise counsel: you direct me, sir†,
As one indebted more to years, and I
As a pupil will obey you: not far hence
I have a homely dwelling; if you please there
To make some short repose, your entertainment,
Though coarse, shall relish of a gratitude,

* Goth. *What would you have?* &c.] The modern editors have set their wit against poor Gothrio, and deprived him of all pretensions to verse. Certainly Massinger meant him to speak in measure, and though it be not such as the superior characters use, yet it suits the person, and runs glibly off the tongue. What is more, the old copy prints his speeches as they stand here, so that there is no accounting for this vagary of Coxeter and M. Mason.

† Goth. *You may believe him;*] This speech, which, like most of the rest, is strangely put into prose, is so carelessly printed, and so ridiculously pointed, in the former editions, that it is impossible to understand it.

* *The story of* her *fortune.*] All the editions read *your* instead of *her*. I have no doubt but that the latter was the author's word, while the former was, probably, inserted by a very common mistake, from the expression immediately over it.

† —— *You direct* me, *sir,*] *Me,* which completes both the metre and the sense, is inserted from the old copy.

And that's all I can pay you. Look up, girl,
Thou art in thy father's arms.
*Hort.* She's weak and faint still—
O spare your age! I am young and strong, and this way
To serve her is a pleasure, not a burthen:
[*Takes her in his arms.*
Pray you, lead the way.
*Oct.* The saints reward your goodness!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Another part of the Country.*

*Enter* Manfroy *and* Matilda *disguised.*

*Matil* No hope of safety left?
*Man.* We are descried.
*Matil.* I thought that, covered in this poor disguise,
I might have pass'd unknown.
*Man.* A diamond,
Though set in horn, is still a diamond.
And sparkles as in purest gold. We are follow'd:
Out of the troops that scour'd the plains, I saw
Two gallant horsemen break forth (who, by their
Brave furniture and habiliments for the war,
Seem'd to command the rest), spurring hard towards us.
See with what winged speed they climb the hill,
Like falcons on the stretch to seize the prey!
Now they dismount, and on their hands and knees
O'ercome the deep ascent* that guards us from them.
Your beauty hath betrayed you; for it can
No more be night when bright Apollo shines
In our meridian, than that be conceal'd.
*Matil.* It is my curse, not blessing; fatal to
My country, father, and myself. Why did you
Forsake the city?
*Man.* 'Twas the duke's command:
No time to argue that; we must descend.
If undiscovered your soft feet, unused
To such rough travel, can but carry you
Half a league hence, I know a cave which will
Yield us protection.
*Matil.* I wish I could lend you
Part of my speed; for me, I can outstrip
Daphne or Atalanta.
*Man.* Some good angel
Defend us, and strike blind our hot pursuers!
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Alonzo *and* Pisano.

*Alon.* She cannot be far off; how gloriously
She show'd to us in the valley!
*Pisan.* In my thought,
Like to a blazing comet.
*Alon.* Brighter far:
Her beams of beauty made the hills all fire;
From whence removed 'tis cover'd with thick clouds.
But we lose time; I'll take that way.
*Pisan.* I, this. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Wood.*

*Enter* Hortensio.

*Hort.* 'Tis a degree of comfort in my sorrow,
I have done one good work in reconciling
Maria, long hid in Ascanio's habit,
To grieved Octavio. What a sympathy
I found in their affections! she with tears
Making a free confession of her weakness,
In yielding up her honour to Alonzo,
Upon his vows to marry her; Octavio,
Prepared to credit her excuses, nay,
To extenuate her guilt; she the delinquent,
And judge, as 'twere, agreeing.—But to me,
The most forlorn of men, no beam of comfort
Deigns to appear; nor can I, in my fancy,
Fashion a means to get it: to my country
I am lost for ever, and 'twere impudence
To think of a return, yet this I could
Endure with patience; but to be divorced
From all my joy on earth, the happiness
To look upon the excellence of nature,
That is perfection in herself, and needs not
Addition or epithet, rare Matilda*,
Would make a saint blaspheme. Here, Galeazzo,
In this obscure abode, 'tis fit thou shouldst
Consume thy youth, and grow old in lamenting
Thy star-cross'd fortune, in this shepherd's habit;
This hook thy best defence, since thou couldst use,
When thou didst fight in such a princess' cause,
Thy sword no better. [*Lies down.*

*Enter* Alonzo *and* Pisano *with* Matilda.

*Matil.* Are you men or monsters?
Whither will you drag me? can the open ear
Of heaven be deaf, when an unspotted maid
Cries out for succour!
*Pisan.* 'Tis in vain; cast lots
Who shall enjoy her first.
*Alon.* Flames rage within me,
And, such a spring of nectar near to quench them;
My appetite shall be cloy'd first: here I stand,
Thy friend, or enemy; let me have precedence,
I write a friend's name in my heart; deny it,
As an enemy I defy thee.
*Pisan.* Friend or foe
In this alike I value, I disdain
To yield priority; draw thy sword.
*Alon.* To sheath it
In thy ambitious heart.
*Matil.* O curb this fury,
And hear a wretched maid first speak.
*Hort.* I am marble.
*Matil.* Where shall I seek out words or how restrain
My enemies' rage or lovers'? Oh, the latter
Is far more odious: did not your lust
Provoke you, for that is its proper name,
My chastity were safe; and yet I tremble more
To think what dire effects lust may bring forth,
Than what, as enemies, you can inflict,
And less I fear it. Be friends to yourselves,
And enemies to me; better I fall
A sacrifice to your atonement, than
Or one or both should perish. I am the cause
Of your division; remove it, lords,
And concord will spring up: poison this face

* *O'ercome the* deep *ascent.*] So the old copy: the modern editions read *steep* ascent, which is not so good, and which, indeed, if it were better, has no business in the text.

* *Addition or epithet,* rare *Matilda,*] To say that Matilda required no epithet, and immediately to give her one, seems an oversight which I am unwilling to attribute to the author. Perhaps the comma should be placed after *rare,* or the word itself (though this I do not build on), may be an *addition* of the players, not always the most competent judges of propriety, or even of poetry. The line might be improved to a modern ear by reading—*Addition, or* rare *epithet,* but not to that of Massinger and his school, who were accustomed to pronounce *addition* as a quadrisyllable.

That hath bewitch'd you, this grove cannot want
Aspics or toads; creatures, though justly call'd
For their deformity, the scorn of nature,
More happy than myself with this false beauty
(The seed and fruit of mischief) you admire so.
I thus embrace your knees, and yours, a suppliant.
If tigers did not nurse you, or you suck
The milk of a fierce lioness, show compassion
Unto yourselves in being reconciled,
And pity to poor me, my honour safe,
In taking loath'd life from me.
*Pisan.* What shall we do?
Or end our difference in killing her,
Or fight it out?
*Alon.* To the last gasp. I feel
The moist tears on my cheeks, and blush to find
A virgin's plaints can move so.
*Pisan.* To prevent
Her flight while we contend, let's bind her fast
To this cypress-tree.
*Alon.* Agreed.
*Matil.* It does presage
My funeral rites*. [*They bind Matilda.*
*Hort.* I shall turn atheist
If Heaven see and suffer this: why did I
Abandon my good sword? with unarm'd hands
I cannot rescue her. Some angel pluck me
From the apostacy I am falling to,
And by a miracle lend me a weapon
To underprop falling honour.
*Pisan.* She is fast:
Resume your arms.
*Alon.* Honour, revenge, the maid too,
Lie at the stake.
*Pisan.* Which thus I draw.
[*They fight, Pisano falls.*
*Alon.* All's mine,
But bought with some blood of my own. Pisano,
Thou wert a noble enemy, wear that laurel
In death to comfort thee: for the reward,
'Tis mine now without rival.
[*Hortensio snatches up Pisano's sword.*
*Hort.* Thou art deceived;
Men will grow up like to the dragon's teeth
From Cadmus' helm, sown in the field of Mars,
To guard pure chastity from lust and rape.
Libidinous monster, satyr, faun, or what
Does better speak thee, slave to appetite,
And sensual baseness; if thy profane hand
But touch this virgin temple, thou art dead.
*Matil.* I see the aid of heaven, though slow, is sure.
*Alon.* A rustic swain dare to retard my pleasure!
*Hort.* No swain, Alonzo, but her knight and servant
To whom the world should owe and pay obedience;
One that thou hast encounter'd, and shrunk under
His arm; that spared thy life in the late battle,
At the intercession of the princess' page.
Look on me better.

*Matil.* 'Tis my virtuous lover!
Under his guard 'twere sin to doubt my safety.
*Alon.* I know thee, and with courage will redeem
What fortune then took from me.
*Hort.* Rather keep [*They fight, Alonzo falls.*
Thy compeer company in death.—Lie by him,
A prey for crows and vultures; these fair arms,
[*He unbinds Matilda.*
Unfit for bonds, should have been chains to make
A bridegroom happy, though a prince, and proud
Of such captivity: whatsoe'er you are,
I glory in the service I have done you;
But I entreat you* pay your vows and prayers,
For preservation of your life and honour,
To the most virtuous princess, chaste Matilda.
I am her creature, and what good I do,
You truly may call her's; what's ill, mine own.
*Matil.* You never did do ill, my virtuous servant;
Nor is it in the power of poor Matilda
To cancel such an obligation as,
With humble willingness, she must subscribe to.
*Hort.* The princess? ha!
*Matil.* Give me a fitter name,
Your manumised bondwoman, but even now
In the possession of lust, from which
Your more than brave—heroic valour bought me:
And can I then, for freedom unexpected,
But kneel to you, my patron?
*Hort.* Kneel to me!
For heaven's sake rise; I kiss the ground you tread on,
My eyes fixed on the earth; for I confess
I am a thing not worthy to look on you,
Till you have sign'd my pardon.
*Matil.* Do you interpret
The much good you have done me, an offence?
*Hort.* The not performing your injunctions to me,
Is more than capital: your allowance of
My love and service to you, with admission
To each place you made paradise with your presence,
Should have enabled me to bring home conquest:
Then, as a sacrifice, to offer it
At the altar of your favour: had my love
Answer'd your bounty, or my hopes, an army
Had been as dust before me; whereas I,
Like a coward, turn'd my back, and durst not stand
The fury of the enemy.
*Matil.* Had you done
Nothing in the battle, this last act deserves more
Than I, the duke my father joining with me,
Can ever recompense. But take your pleasure;
Suppose you have offended in not grasping
Your boundless hopes, I thus seal on your lips
A full remission.
*Hort.* Let mine touch your foot,
Your hand's too high a favour.
*Matil.* Will you force me
To ravish a kiss from you?
*Hort.* I am entranced.
*Matil.* So much desert and bashfulness should not march
In the same file. Take comfort; when you have brought me

* Matil. *It does presage*
*My* funeral rites.] To understand this, it may be necessary to observe that the Romans, and some other nations, always carried cypress boughs in their funeral processions. To this Horace alludes in a strain of beautiful pathos:

——— *neque harum quas colis arborum*
*Te, præter invisas cupressus,*
*Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.*

It was an ill-timed recollection of this circumstance which drew upon Dryden the clumsy sneer of the stupid Milbourne. —See his *Observations on the Translation of the Georgics.*

* *But I entreat you,* &c.] This is in the true spirit of knight-errantry; and, indeed, nothing but constantly bearing in mind the language and manners of this gallant but romantic description of men, can reconcile us to the profound reverence with which Galeazzo regards his mistress.

To some place of security, you shall find
You have a seat here, in a heart that hath
Already studied and vowed to be thankful.
*Hort.* Heaven make me so! oh, I am overwhelm'd
With an excess of joy! Be not too prodigal,
Divinest lady, of your grace and bounties
At once, if you are pleased I shall enjoy them,
Not taste them and expire.
*Matil.* I'll be more sparing. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Octavio, Gothrio, *and* Maria.

*Oct.* What noise of clashing swords, like armour fashion'd
Upon an anvil, pierced mine ears; the echo
Redoubling the loud sound through all the vallies?
This way the wind assures me that it came.
*Goth.* Then with your pardon, I'll take this.
*Oct.* Why, sirrah?
*Goth.* Because, sir, I will trust my heels before
All winds that blow in the sky: we are wiser far
Than our grandsires were, and in this I'll prove it;
They said, *Haste to the beginning of a feast,*
There I am with them, *but to the end of a fray*—
That is apocryphal, 'tis more canonical
Not to come there at all; after a storm
There are still some drops behind.
*Mar.* Pure fear hath made
The fool a philosopher.
*Oct.* See, Maria, see!
I did not err; here lie two brave men weltering
In their own gore.
*Mar.* A pitiful object.
*Goth.* I am in a swoon to look on't.
*Oct.* They are stiff already.
*Goth.* But are you sure they are dead?
*Oct.* Too sure, I fear.
*Goth.* But are they stark dead?
*Oct.* Leave prating. [them.
*Goth.* Then I am valiant, and dare come nearer to
This fellow without a sword shall be my patient.
[*Goes to Pisano.*
*Oct.* Whate'er they are, humanity commands us
To do our best endeavour. Run, Maria, [there
To the neighbour spring for water; you will find
A wooden dish, the beggar's plate, to bring it.
[*Exit Maria.*
Why dost not, dull drone, bend his body*, and feel
If any life remain?
*Goth.* By your leave, he shall die first,
And then I'll be his surgeon.
*Oct.* Tear ope his doublet,
And prove if his wounds be mortal.
*Goth.* Fear not me, sir:
Here's a large wound.—[*Feels his pocket.*]—How it is swoln and imposthumed!
This must be cunningly drawn out, should it break,
[*Pulls out his purse.*
'Twould strangle him; what a deal of foul matter's here! [too
This hath been long a-gathering. Here's a gash
On the rim of his belly,—[*Feels his side pocket.*]—it may have matter in it.
He was a choleric man, sure; what comes from him
[*Takes out his money.*
Is yellow as gold!—how, troubled with the stone too! [*Seeing a diamond ring on his finger.*
I'll cut you for this.

* See Note, p. 72.

*Pisan.* Oh, oh! [*Starts up.*
*Goth.* He roars before I touch him.
*Pisan.* Robb'd of my life?
*Goth.* No, sir, nor of your money,
Nor jewel; I keep them for you:—if I had been
A perfect mountebank, he had not lived
To call for his fees again.
*Oct.* Give me leave—there's hope
Of his recovery. [*Quits Pisano and goes to Alonzo.*
*Goth.* I had rather bury him quick
Than part with my purchase; let his ghost walk, I care not.

*Re-enter* Maria *with a dish of water.*

*Oct.* Well done, Maria; lend thy helping hand:
He hath a deep wound in his head, wash off
The clotted blood: he comes to himself.
*Alon.* My lust!
The fruit that grows upon the tree of lust!
With horror now I taste it.
*Oct.* Do you not know him?
*Mar.* Too soon. Alonzo! oh me! though disloyal,
Still dear to thy Maria.
*Goth.* So they know not
My patient, all's cocksure; I do not like
The Romanish restitution.
*Oct.* Rise, and leave him.
Applaud heaven's justice.
*Mar.* 'Twill become me better
To implore its saving mercy.
*Oct.* Hast thou no gall?
No feeling of thy wrongs?
*Mar.* Turtles have none;
Nor can there be such poison in her breast
That truly loves, and lawfully.
*Oct.* True, if that love
Be placed on a worthy subject. What he is,
In thy disgrace is published; heaven hath mark'd him
For punishment, and 'twere rebellious madness
In thee to attempt to alter it: revenge,
A sovereign balm for injuries, is more proper
To thy robb'd honour. Join with me, and thou
Shalt be thyself the goddess of revenge,
This wretch the vassal of thy wrath: I'll make him,
While yet he lives, partake those torments which
For perjured lovers are prepared in hell,
Before his curs'd ghost enter it. This oil,
Extracted and sublimed from all the simples
The earth, when swoln with venom, e'er brought forth,
Pour'd in his wounds, shall force such anguish as
The furies' whips but imitate; and when
Extremity of pain shall hasten death,
Here is another that shall keep in life,
And make him feel a perpetuity
Of lingering tortures.
*Goth.* Knock them both o' th' head, I say,
An it be but for their skins; they are embroider'd,
And will sell well in the market.
*Mar.* Ill-look'd devil,
Tie up thy bloody tongue. O sir! I was slow
In beating down those propositions which
You urge for my revenge; my reasons being
So many, and so forcible, that make
Against yours, that until I had collected
My scatter'd powers, I wavered in my choice
Which I should first deliver. Fate hath brought
My enemy (I can faintly call him so)

Prostrate before my feet; shall I abuse
The bounty of my fate, by trampling on him?
He alone ruin'd me, nor can any hand
But his rebuild my late demolish'd honour.
If you deny me means of reparation,
To satisfy your spleen, you are more cruel
Than ever yet Alonzo was; you stamp
The name of strumpet on my forehead, which
Heaven's mercy would take off: you fan the fire
E'en ready to go out, forgetting that
'Tis truly noble, having power to punish,
Nay, kinglike, to forbear it. I would purchase
My husband by such benefits as should make him
Confess himself my equal, and disclaim
Superiority.

*Oct.* My blessing on thee!

What I urged was a trial; and my grant
To thy desires shall now appear, if art
Or long experience can do him service.
Nor shall my charity to this be wanting,
Howe'er unknown: help me, Maria: you, sir,
Do your best to raise him.—So.

*Goth.* He's wond'rous heavy;
But the porter's paid, there's the comfort.

*Oct.* 'Tis but a trance,
And 'twill forsake both.

*Mar.* If he live, I fear not
He will redeem all, and in thankfulness
Confirm he owes you for a second life,
And pay the debt in making me his wife.

[*Exeunt Octavio and Maria with Alonzo, and Gothrio with Pisano.*

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## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Lorenzo's *Camp under the Walls of* Mantua.

*Enter* Lorenzo *and* Captains.

*Lor.* Mantua is ours; place a strong garrison in it
To keep it so; and as a due reward
To your brave service, be our governor in it.

1 *Capt.* I humbly thank your excellence. [*Exit.*

*Lor.* Gonzaga
Is yet out of our gripe; but his strong fort,
St. Leo, which he holds impregnable
By the aids of art, as nature, shall not long
Retard our absolute conquest. The escape
Of fair Matilda, my supposed mistress
(For whose desired possession 'twas given out
I made this war), I value not; alas!
Cupid's too feeble-eyed to hit my heart,
Or could he see, his arrows are too blunt
To pierce it; his imagined torch is quench'd
With a more glorious fire of my ambition
To enlarge my empire: soft and silken amours,
With carpet courtship, which weak princes style
The happy issue of a flourishing peace,
My toughness scorns. Were there an abstract made
Of all the eminent and canonized beauties
By truth recorded, or by poets feign'd,
I could unmoved behold it; as a picture,
Commend the workmanship, and think no more on't;
I have more noble ends. Have you not heard yet
Of Alonzo, or Pisano?

2 *Capt.* My lord, of neither.

*Lor.* Two turbulent spirits unfit for discipline,
Much less command in war; if they were lost,
I should not pine with mourning.

*Enter* Martino *and Soldiers with* Matilda *and* Hortensio.

*Mart.* Bring them forward;
This will make my peace, though I had kill'd his father,
Besides the reward that follows.

*Lor.* Ha, Martino!
Where is Farneze's head? dost thou stare! and where
The soldier that desired the torture of him?

*Mart.* An't please your excellence——

*Lor.* It doth not please us;
Are our commands obey'd?

*Mart.* Farneze's head, sir,
Is a thing not worth your thought, the soldier's less, sir:
I have brought your highness such a head! a head
So well set on too! a fine head——

*Lor.* Take that [*Strikes him.*
For thy impertinence: what head, you rascal?

*Mart.* My lord, if they that bring such presents to you
Are thus rewarded, there are few will strive
To be near your grace's pleasures: but I know
You will repent your choler. Here's the head:
And now I draw the curtain, it hath a face too,
And such a face——

*Lor.* Ha!

*Mart.* View her all o'er, my lord,
My company on't, she's sound of wind and limb,
And will do her labour tightly, a *bona roba*;
And for her face, as I said, there are five hundred
City-dubb'd madams in the dukedom, that would part with
Their jointures to have such another:—hold up your head, maid,

*Lor.* Of what age is the day?

*Mart.* Sir, since sunrising
About two hours.

*Lor.* Thou liest; the sun of beauty,
In modest blushes on her cheeks, but now
Appear'd to me, and in her tears breaks forth
As through a shower in April; every drop
An orient pearl, which, as it falls, congeal'd,
Were ear-rings for the catholic king, [to be*]
Worn on his birth-day.

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* *Were ear-rings for the catholic king,* [to be] *Worn on his birth-day.*] I have ventured to insert the words in brackets, something like them, as I conjecture from the deficiency of sense and metre, having accidentally dropt out at the press. The riches of the Spanish monarch

*Mart.* Here's a sudden change!
*Lor.* Incensed Cupid, whom even now I scorn'd,
Hath ta'en his stand, and by reflection shines
(As if he had two bodies, or indeed
A brother-twin whom sight cannot distinguish)
In her fair eyes: see how they head their arrows
With her bright beams! now frown, as if my heart,
Rebellious to their edicts, were unworthy,
Should I rip up my bosom, to receive
A wound from such divine artillery!
*Mart.* I am made for ever.
*Matil.* We are lost, dear servant.
*Hort.* Virtue's but a word;
Fortune rules all.
*Matil.* We are her tennis-balls.
*Lor.* Allow her fair, her symmetry and features
So well proportion'd, as the heavenly object
With admiration would strike Ovid dumb,
Nay, force him to forget his faculty
In verse, and celebrate her praise in prose*.
What's this to me? I that have pass'd my youth
Unscorch'd with wanton fires, my sole delight
In glittering arms, my conquering sword my mistress,
Neighing of barbed horse, the cries and groans
Of vanquish'd foes suing for life, my music:
And shall I, in the autumn of my age
Now, when I wear the livery of time
Upon my head and beard, suffer myself
To be transform'd, and like a puling lover,
With arms thus folded up, echo *Ah me's!*
And write myself a bondman to my vassal?
It must not, nay, it shall not be: remove
The object, and the effect dies. Nearer, Martino.
*Mart.* I shall have a regiment: colonel Martino,
I cannot go less*.
*Lor.* What thing is this thou hast brought me?
*Mart.* What thing? heaven bless me! are you a Florentine,
Nay, the great duke of Florentines, and having had her
So long in your power, do you now ask what she is?
Take her aside and learn; I have brought you that
I look to be dearly paid for.
*Lor.* I am a soldier,
And use of women will, Martino, rob
My nerves of strength.
*Mart.* All armour and no smock?
Abominable! a little of the one with the other
Is excellent: I ne'er knew general yet,
Nor prince that did deserve to be a worthy,
But he desired to have his sweat wash'd off
By a juicy bedfellow.
*Lor.* But say she be unwilling
To do that office?
*Mart.* Wrestle with her, I will wager
Ten to one on your grace's side.

*Lor.* Slave, hast thou brought me
Temptation in a beauty not to be
With prayers resisted; and, in place of counsel
To master my affections, and to guard
My honour, now besieged by lust, with the arms
Of sober temperance, mark me out a way
To be a ravisher? Would thou hadst shown me
Some monster, though in a more ugly form
Than Nile or Afric ever bred! The basilisk,
Whose envious eye yet never brook'd a neighbour,
Kills but the body; her more potent eye
Buries alive mine honour: Shall I yield thus?
And all brave thoughts of victory and triumphs,
The spoils of nations, the loud applauses
Of happy subjects made so by my conquests;
And what's the crown of all, a glorious name
Insculp'd on pyramids to posterity,
Be drench'd in Lethe, and no object take me
But a weak woman, rich in colours only,
Too delicate a* touch, and some rare features
Which age or sudden sickness will take from her!
And where's then the reward of all my service,
Love-soothing passions, nay, idolatry,
I must pay to her? Hence, and with thee take
This second but more dangerous Pandora,
Whose fatal box, if open'd, will pour on me
All mischiefs that mankind is subject to.
To the deserts with this Circe, this Calypso,
This fair enchantress! let her spells and charms
Work upon beasts and thee, than whom wise nature
Ne'er made a viler creature.
*Matil.* Happy exile!
*Hort.* Some spark of hope remains yet.
*Mart.* Come, you are mine now.
I will remove her where your highness shall not
Or see or hear more of her: what a sum
Will she yield for the Turk's seraglio!
*Lor.* Stay; I feel
A sudden alteration.
*Mart.* Here are fine whimsies.
*Lor.* Why should I part with her? can any foulness
Inhabit such a clean and gorgeous palace?
The fish, the fowl, the beasts, may safer leave
The elements they were nourish'd in, and live,
Than I endure her absence; yet her presence
Is a torment to me: why do I call it so?
My sire enjoy'd a woman, I had not been else;
He was a complete prince, and shall I blush
To follow his example? Oh! but my choice,
Though she gave suffrage to it, is beneath me:
But even now in my proud thoughts I scorn'd
A princess, fair Matilda; and is't decreed
For punishment, I straight must dote on one,
What, or from whence, I know not? Grant she be
Obscure, without a coat or family,
Those I can give: and yet, if she were noble,
My fondness were more pardonable. Martino,
Dost thou know thy prisoner?
*Mart.* Do I know myself?
I kept that for the l'envoy†; tis the daughter
Of your enemy, duke Gonzaga.
*Lor.* Fair Matilda!
I now call to my memory her picture,
And find this is the substance; but her painter
Did her much wrong, I see it.

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were now proverbial, and, indeed, with justice, for the mines of Chili and of Peru were, at this time, incessantly pouring into his treasury masses of wealth, which formed at once the envy and the astonishment of Europe.

* *With admiration would strike Ovid dumb; Nay, force him to forget his faculty In verse, and celebrate her praise in prose*] I doubt whether the Duke was sufficiently conversant with Ovid to decide on this matter. Whatever his *admiration* might be, he would have expressed it with more facility in verse than in prose, for, as he tells us himself, "he lisped in numbers:"

*Et quod tentabam dicere, versus erat.*

† *I cannot* go less.] I cannot accept of less.

* *Too delicate* a *touch*,] I know not how the modern editors understood this passage, but they read, *Too delicate* to *touch*, which quite perverts the sense of their author.

† *I kept that for the* l'envoy;] i. e. for the last.

*Mart.* I am sure
I tugg'd hard for her, here are wounds can witness,
Before I could call her mine.
*Lor.* No matter how:
Make thine own ransome, I will pay it for her.
*Mart.* I knew 'twould come at last.
*Matil.* We are lost again.
*Hort.* Variety of afflictions!
*Lor.* That his knee,
That never yet bow'd to mortality, [*Kneels.*
Kisses the earth happy to bear your weight,
I know, begets your wonder; hear the reason,
And cast it off:—your beauty does command it.
Till now, I never saw you; fame hath been
Too sparing in report of your perfections,
Which now with admiration I gaze on.
Be not afraid, fair virgin; had you been
Employ'd to mediate your father's cause,
My drum had been unbraced, my trumpet hung up;
Nor had the terror of the war e'er frighted
His peaceful confines: your demands had been,
As soon as spoke, agreed to: but you'll answer,
And may with reason, words make no satisfaction
For what's in fact committed. Yet, take comfort,
Something my pious love commands me do,
Which may call down your pardon.
*Matil.* This expression
Of reverence to your person better suits
[*Raises Lorenzo, and kneels.*
With my low fortune. That you deign to love me,
My weakness would persuade me to believe,
Though conscious of mine own unworthiness:
You being as the liberal eye of heaven,
Which may shine where it pleases, let your beams
Of favour warm and comfort, not consume me!
For, should your love grow to excess, I dare not
Deliver what I fear.
*Lor.* Dry your fair eyes;
I apprehend your doubts, and could be angry,
If humble love could warrant it, you should
Nourish such base thoughts of me. Heaven bear witness,
And, if I break my vow, dart thunder at me,
You are, and shall be, in my tent as free
From fear of violence, as a cloister'd nun
Kneeling before the altar. What I purpose
Is yet an embryon; but, grown into form,
I'll give you power to be the sweet disposer
Of blessings unexpected; that your father,
Your country, people, children yet unborn too,
In holy hymns, on festivals, shall sing
The triumph of your beauty. On your hand
Once more I swear it:—O imperious Love,
Look down, and, as I truly do repent,
Prosper the good ends of thy penitent!
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The Duchy.—A Room in* Octavio's *Cottage.*

*Enter* Octavio, *disguised as a Priest, and* Maria.

*Oct.* You must not be too sudden, my Maria,
In being known: I am, in this friar's habit,
As yet conceal'd. Though his recovery
Be almost certain, I must work him to
Repentance by degrees; when I would have you
Appear in your true shape of sorrow, to
Move his compassion, I will stamp thus,——then
You know to act your part
*Mar.* I shall be careful. [*Exit.*
*Oct.* If I can cure the ulcers of his mind,
As I despair not of his body's wounds,
Felicity crowns my labour.—Gothrio!

*Enter* Gothrio.

*Goth.* Here, sir.
*Oct.* Desire my patients to leave their chamber,
And take fresh air here: how have they slept?
*Goth.* Very well, sir,
I would we were so* rid of them.
*Oct.* Why?
*Goth.* I fear one hath
The art of memory, and will remember
His gold and jewels: could you not minister
A potion of forgetfulness? What would gallants
That are in debt give me for such a receipt
To pour in their creditors' drink?
*Oct.* You shall restore all,
Believe't you shall:—will you please to walk?
*Goth.* Will you please to put off
Your holy habit, and spiced conscience? one
I think, infects the other. [*Exit.*
*Oct.* I have observed
Compunction in Alonzo; he speaks little,
But full of retired thoughts: the other is
Jocund and merry, no doubt because he hath
The less accompt to make here†.

*Enter* Alonzo.

*Alon.* Reverend sir,
I come to wait your pleasure; but, my friend,
Your creature I should say, being so myself,
Willing to take further repose, entreats
Your patience a few minutes.
*Oct.* At his pleasure;
Pray you sit down; you are faint still.
*Alon.* Growing to strength,
I thank your goodness: but my mind is troubled,
Very much troubled, sir, and I desire,
Your pious habit giving me assurance
Of your skill and power that way, that you would please
To be my mind's physician.
*Oct.* Sir, to that
My order binds me; if you please to unload
The burthen of your conscience, I will minister
Such heavenly cordials as I can, and set you
In a path that leads to comfort.
*Alon.* I will open
My bosom's secrets to you‡. That I am
A man of blood, being brought up in the wars,
And cruel executions, my profession
Admits not to be question'd; but in that,
Being a subject, and bound to obey
Whate'er my prince commanded, I have left

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* *I would we were* so *rid of them.*] So the old copy: the modern editors read, *I would we were* soon *rid of them*; which, in the language of the author, is faintly English; but they did not understand the passage.

† *The less accompt to make* here.] Δειικτικως, laying his hand on his breast.

‡ Alon. *I will open.*
*My* bosom's secrets *to you.*] This is the old reading, and far more elegant than that which the modern editors have introduced in its stead,—*My* bosom-secrets *to you.*

Some shadow of excuse: with other crimes,
As pride, lust, gluttony, it must be told,
I am besmear'd all over.
*Oct.* On repentance,
Mercy will wash it off.
*Alon.* O sir, I grant
These sins are deadly ones; yet their frequency
With wicked men makes them less dreadful to us.
But I am conscious of one crime, with which
All ills I have committed from my youth
Put in the scale, weigh nothing; such a crime,
So odious to heaven and man, and to
My scar'd-up conscience so full of horror,
As penance cannot expiate.
*Oct.* Despair not.
'Tis impious in man to prescribe limits
To the divine compassion: out with it.
*Alon.* Hear then, good man, and when that I have given you
The character of it, and confessed myself
The wretch that acted it, you must repent
The charity you have extended towards me.
Not long before these wars began, I had
Acquaintance ('tis not fit I style it friendship*)
That being a virtue, and not to be blended
With vicious breach of faith) with the lord Octavio,
The minion of his prince and court, set off
With all the pomp and circumstance of greatness:
To this then happy man I offer'd service,
And with insinuation wrought myself
Into his knowledge, grew familiar with him,
Ever a welcome guest. This noble gentleman
Was bless'd with one fair daughter, so he thought,
And boldly might believe so, for she was
In all things excellent without a rival,
Till I, her father's mass of wealth before
My greedy eyes, but hoodwink'd to mine honour,
With far more subtle arts than perjured Paris
E'er practised on poor credulous Oenone,
Besieged her virgin fort, in a word, took it,
No vows or imprecation forgotten
With speed to marry her.
*Oct.* Perhaps she gave you
Just cause to break those vows.
*Alon.* She cause! alas,
Her innocence knew no guilt, but too much favour
To me, unworthy of it: 'twas my baseness,
My foul ingratitude—what shall I say more?
The good Octavio no sooner fell
In the displeasure of his prince, his state
Confiscated, and he forced to leave the court,
And she exposed to want; but all my oaths
And protestation of service to her,
Like seeming flames raised by enchantment, vanish'd!
This, this sits heavy here.
*Oct.* He speaks as if
He were acquainted with my plot.—You have reason
To feel compunction, for 'twas most inhuman
So to betray a maid.
*Alon.* Most barbarous.
*Oct.* But does your sorrow for the fact beget
An aptness in you to make satisfaction
For the wrong you did her?
*Alon.* Gracious heaven! an aptness?
It is my only study: since I tasted
Of your compassion, these eyes ne'er were closed,
But fearful dreams cut off my little sleep;
And, being awake, in my imagination
Her apparition haunted me.
*Oct.* 'Twas mere fancy. [*He stamps.*
*Alon.* 'Twas more, grave sir—nay, 'tis——now it appears!

*Enter* Maria.

*Oct.* Where?
*Alon.* Do you not see there the gliding shadow
Of a fair virgin? that is she, and wears
The very garments that adorn'd her when
She yielded to my crocodile tears: a cloud
Of fears and diffidence then so chaced away
Her purer white and red, as it foretold
That I should be disloyal. Blessed shadow!
For 'twere a sin, far, far exceeding all
I have committed, to hope only that
Thou art a substance; look on my true sorrow,
Nay, soul's contrition: hear again those vows
My perjury cancell'd stamp'd in brass, and never
To be worn out.

*Re-enter* Gothrio, *with the purses of* Alonzo *and* Pisano.

*Mar.* I can endure no more;
Action, not oaths, must make me reparation:
I am Maria.
*Alon.* Can this be?
*Oct.* It is,
And I Octavio.
*Alon.* Wonder on wonder!
How shall I look on you, or with what forehead
Desire your pardon?
*Mar.* You truly shall deserve it
In being constant.
*Oct.* If you fall not off,
But look on her in poverty with those eyes
As, when she was my heir in expectation,
You thought her beautiful.
*Alon.* She is in herself
Both Indies to me.
*Goth* Stay, she shall not come
A beggar to you, my sweet young mistress! no,
She shall not want a dower: here's white and red
Will ask a jointure; but how you should make her one,
Being a captain, would beget some doubt,
If you should deal with a lawyer.
*Alon.* I have seen this purse.
*Goth.* How the world's given—I dare not say, to lying,
Because you are a soldier; you may say as well,
This gold is mark'd too: you, being to receive it,
Should ne'er ask how I got it. I'll run for a priest
To dispatch the matter; you shall not want a ring,
I have one for the purpose.—[*Gives Pisano's ring to Alonzo.*]—Now, sir, I think I'm honest.
[*Exit.*
*Alon.* This ring was Pisano's.
*Oct.* I'll dissolve this riddle
At better leisure: the wound given to my daughter,
Which in your honour you are bound to cure,
Exacts our present care.
*Alon.* I am all yours, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

* ——— *'tis not fit I style it friendship*, &c.] Mr. M. Mason reads—to *style it friendship*, which is less in Massinger's manner, and, to say the least of it, a capricious alteration.

SCENE III.—*The same. The Castle of* St. Leo.

*Enter* GONZAGA, UBERTI, *and* MANFROY.

*Gon.* Thou hast told too much to give assurance that
Her honour was too far engaged, to be
By human help redeem'd: if thou hadst given
Thy sad narration this full period,
She's dead, I had been happy.
*Uber.* Sir, these tears
Do well become a father, and my eyes
Would keep you company as a forlorn lover,
But that the burning fire of my revenge
Dries up those drops of sorrow. We once more,
Our broken forces rallied up, and with
Full numbers strengthen'd, stand prepared t' endure
A second trial; nor let it dismay us
That we are once again to affront the fury
Of a victorious army; their abuse
Of conquest hath disarm'd them, and call'd down
The Powers above to aid us. I have read*
Some piece of story, yet ne'er found but that
The general, that gave way to cruelty,
The profanation of things sacred, rapes
Of virgins, butchery of infants, and
The massacre in cold blood of reverend age,
Against the discipline and law of arms,
Did feel the hand of heaven he heavy on him,
When most secure. We have had a late example,
And let us not despair but that, in Lorenzo,
It will be seconded.
*Gon.* You argue well,
And 'twere a sin in me to contradict you:
Yet we must not neglect the means that's lent us
To be the ministers of justice.
*Uber.* No, sir:
One day given to refresh our wearied troops
Tired with a tedious march, we'll be no longer
Coop'd up, but charge the enemy in his trenches,
And force him to a battle. [*Shouts within.*
*Gon.* Ha! how's this?
In such a general time of mourning, shouts,
And acclamations of joy?
[*Cry within*, Long live the princess! long live Matilda!
*Uber.* Matilda!
The princess' name, Matilda, oft re-echoed! †

*Enter* FARNEZE.

*Gon.* What speaks thy haste?
*Farn.* More joy and happiness
Than weak words can deliver, or strong faith
Almost give credit to: the princess lives;
I saw her, kiss'd her hand.
*Gon.* By whom deliver'd?
*Farn.* That is not to be staled by my report*;
This only must be told:—As I rode forth
With some choice troops, to make discovery
Where the enemy lay, and how entrench'd, a leader
Of the adverse party, but unarm'd, and in
His hand an olive branch, encounter'd me:
He show'd the great duke's seal that gave him power
To parley with me; his desires were, that
Assurance for his safety might be granted
To his royal master, who came as a friend,
And not as an enemy, to offer to you
Conditions of peace. I yielded to it.
This being return'd, the duke's prætorium open'd,
When suddenly, in a triumphant chariot
Drawn by such soldiers of his own as were,
For insolence after victory, condemn'd
Unto this slavish office, the fair princess
Appear'd, a wreath of laurel on her head,
Her robes majestical, their richness far
Above all value, as the present age†
Contended that a woman's pomp should dim
The glittering triumphs of the Roman Cæsars.
—I am cut off; no cannon's throat now thunders
Nor fife nor drum beat up a charge; choice music
Ushers the parent of security,
Long-absent peace.
*Man.* I know not what to think on't.
*Uber.* May it poise the expectation!

*Loud music. Enter Soldiers unarmed, bearing olive branches, Captains,* LORENZO, MATILDA *crowned with a wreath of laurel, and seated in a chariot drawn by Soldiers; followed by* HORTENSIO *and* MARTINO.

*Gon.* Thus to meet you,
Great duke of Tuscany, throws amazement on me;
But to behold my daughter, long since mourn'd for,
And lost even to my hopes, thus honour'd by you,
With an excess of comfort overwhelms me:
And yet I cannot truly call myself
Happy in this solemnity, till your highness
Vouchsafe to make me understand the motive
That, in this peaceful way, hath brought you to us.
*Lor.* I must crave license first; for know, Gonzaga,
I am subject to another's will, and can
Nor speak nor do without permission from her.
My curled forehead, of late terrible
To those that did acknowledge me their lord,

---

* *I have read*, &c.] The dreadful description in the text corresponds with the account given of the storming of Madgeburg, by Tilly (the imperial general) in 1632, in which, say our old historians, "He cut the throats of 22,000 persons, a miserie which is impossible to be described or thought upon without horror and detestation." Tilly, however, was mortally wounded by a cannon shot at the passage of the Lech, a few months afterwards; and what follows in the text clearly shows that Massinger alludes to the Duke of Friedland, who succeeded to the command of the imperial forces, and was noted for every species of cruelty, in short, for all the dreadful enormities which the poet enumerates. This chief, who was too powerful for control, was treacherously assassinated, *when most secure*, by order of the Emperor Ferdinand. This event took place at Egra, on the 25th of February, 1634, and was detailed in several petty pamphlets, by Nathaniel Butler, the general publisher of news at that period. The example, therefore, as Massinger says, *was a late one*. Alexander Gill has some tolerable verses on the subject, prefixed to Glapthorn's *Tragedy of Albertus Wallenstein*:—

*Ubi illa tandem gaza, qua Bohemiam*
*Silesiamque, agrosque Brandenburgicos,*
*Fretus perambulasti? ubi est exercitus*
*Diro tuorum quo ministro facinorum*
*Homicidia, stupra, furta, Pomerania*
*Sæpe execrata est, et Mecklenburgi sinus?* &c.

† [*Cry within:*] *Long live the princess! Long live Matilda!*
Uber. *Matilda!*
*The princess' name, Matilda, oft re-echo'd.*] So the quarto.

The editors have contrived to blunder in every possible way; they first advance a marginal note into the text, and then degrade the text into a marginal note!

* Farn. *That is not to be* staled *by my report*,] So I read; the old copy has stall'd, which is printed by the modern editors with a mark of aphæresis! If they supposed it to be abridged from *forestall'd*, they must have pretty notions of language.

† *Above all value*, as *the present age*, &c.] Coxeter, and Mr. M. Mason, not yet acquainted with the language of their author, insert *if* before *the*, "*as if*," &c. Even to this petty attempt at improvement they were compelled to sacrifice his metre.

Is now as smooth as rivers when no wind stirs;
My frowns or smiles, that kill'd or saved, have lost
Their potent awe, and sweetness: I am transform'd
(But do not scorn the metamorphosis)
From that fierce thing men held me; I am captived,
And, by the unresistible force of beauty,
Led hither as a prisoner. Is't your pleasure that
I shall deliver those injunctions which
Your absolute command imposed upon me,
Or deign yourself to speak them?

*Matil.* Sir, I am
Your property, you may use me as you please;
But what is in your power and breast to do,
No orator can dilate so well.

*Lor.* I obey you.
That I came hither as an enemy,
With hostile arms to the utter ruïn of
Your country, what I have done makes apparent;
That fortune seconded my will, the late
Defeature will make good; that I resolved
To force the sceptre from your hand, and make
Your dukedom tributary, my surprisal
Of Mantua, your metropolis, can well witness;
And that I cannot fear the change of fate,
My army flesh'd in blood, spoil, glory, conquest,
Stand ready to maintain: yet, I must tell you
By whom I am subdued, and what's the ransome
I am commanded to lay down.

*Gon.* My lord,
You humble yourself too much; it is fitter
You should propose, and we consent*.

*Lor.* Forbear,
The articles are here subscribed and sign'd
By my obedient hand: all prisoners,
Without a ransome, set at liberty;
Mantua to be deliver'd up, the rampires
Ruin'd in the assault to be repair'd;
The loss the husbandman received, his crop
Burnt up by wanton license of the soldier,
To be made good;—with whatsoever else
You could impose on me if you had been
The conqueror, I your captive.

*Gon.* Such a change
Wants an example: I must owe this favour
To the clemency of the old heroic valour,
That spared when it had power to kill; a virtue
Buried long since; but raised out of the grave
By you, to grace this latter age.

*Lor.* Mistake not
The cause that did produce this good effect,
If as such you receive it: 'twas her beauty
Wrought first on my rough nature; but the virtues
Of her fair soul, dilated in her converse,
That did confirm it.

*Matil.* Mighty sir, no more:
You honour her too much, that is not worthy
To be your servant.

*Lor.* I have done, and now
Would gladly understand that you allow of
The articles propounded.

*Gon.* Do not wrong
Your benefits with such a doubt; they are
So great and high, and with such reverence
To be received, that, if I should profess
I hold my dukedom from you as your vassal,
Or offer'd up my daughter as you please
To be disposed of, in the point of honour,
And a becoming gratitude, 'twould not cancel
The bond I stand engaged for:—but accept
Of that which I can pay, my all is yours, sir;
Nor is there any here (though I must grant
Some have deserved much from me), for so far
I dare presume, but will surrender up
Their interest to that your highness shall
Deign to pretend a title.

*Uber.* I subscribe not
To this condition.

*Farn.* The services
This prince hath done your grace in your most danger,
Are not to be so slighted.

*Hort.* 'Tis far from me
To urge my merits, yet, I must maintain,
Howe'er my power is less, my love is more;
Nor will the gracious princess scorn to acknowledge
I have been her humble servant.

*Lor.* Smooth your brows,
I'll not encroach upon your right, for that were
Once more to force affection (a crime
With which should I the second time be tainted,
I did deserve no favour), neither will I
Make use of what is offer'd by the duke,
Howe'er I thank his goodnes. I'll lay by
My power, and though I should not brook a rival
(What we are, well consider'd), I'll descend
To be a third competitor; he that can
With love and service best deserve the garland,
With your consent let him wear it; I despair not
The trial of my fortune.

*Gon.* Bravely offer'd,
And like yourself, great prince.

*Uber.* I must profess
I am so taken with it, that I know not
Which way to express my service.

*Hort.* Did I not build
Upon the princess' grace, I could sit down,
And hold it no dishonour.

*Matil.* How I feel
My soul divided! all have deserved so well,
I know not where to fix my choice.

*Gon.* You have
Time to consider: will you please to take
Possession of the fort? then, having tasted
The fruits of peace, you may at leisure prove
Whose plea will prosper in the court of Love.

[*Exeunt.*

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* ——— —— *it is fitter*
*You should propose, and we consent.*] So the old copy: it seems perfect as it stands, yet Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason have interposed their assistance; they read—
——— *it is fitter* you
*Should* first *propose*, &c.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* Alonzo, Octavio, Pisano, Maria, *and* Gothrio.

*Alon.* You need not doubt, sir, were not peace proclaim'd
And celebrated with a general joy,
The high displeasure of the Mantuan duke,
Raised on just grounds, not jealous suppositions,
The saving of our lives (which, next to heaven,
To you alone is proper) would force mercy
For an offence, though capital.
*Pisan.* When the conqueror
Uses entreaties, they are arm'd commands
The vanquish'd must not check at.
*Mar.* My piety pay the forfeit,
If danger come but near you! I have heard
My gracious mistress often mention you,
When I served her as a page, and feelingly
Relate how much the duke her sire repented
His hasty doom of banishment, in his rage
Pronounc'd against you.
*Oct.* In a private difference,
I grant that innocence is a wall of brass,
And scorns the hottest battery; but when
The cause depends between the prince and subject,
'Tis an unequal competition; Justice
Must lay her balance by, and use her sword
For his ends that protects it. I was banish'd,
And, till revoked from exile, to tread on
My sovereign's territories with forbidden feet,
The severe letter of the law calls death;
Which I am subject to in coming so near
His court and person. But my only child
Being provided for, her honour salved too,
I thank your noble change, I shall endure
Whate'er can fall, with patience.
*Alon.* You have used
That medicine too long; prepare yourself
For honour in your age, and rest secure of't.
*Mar.* Of what is your wisdom musing?
*Goth.* I am gazing on
This gorgeous house; our cote's a dishclout to it;
It has no sign,——what do you call't?
*Mar.* The court;
I have lived in't a page.
*Goth.* Page! very pretty:
May I not be a page? I am old enough,
Well-timber'd too, and I've a beard to carry it;
Pray you, let me be your page; I can swear already
Upon your pantofle.
*Mar.* What?
*Goth.* That I'll be true
Unto your smock.
*Mar.* How, rascal!
*Oct.* Hence, and pimp
To your rams and ewes; such foul pollution is
To be whipt from court; I have now no more use of you;
Return to your trough.
*Goth.* Must I feed on husks
Before I have play'd the prodigal?
*Oct.* No, I'll reward
Your service; live in your own element
Like an honest man; all that is mine in the cottage
I freely give you.
*Goth.* Your bottles too, that I carry
For your own tooth?
*Oct.* Full as they are.
*Mar.* And gold, [*Gives him her purse.*
That will replenish them.
*Goth.* I am made for ever.
This was done i'the nick.
*Oct.* Why in the nick?
*Goth.* O sir!
'Twas well for me that you did reward my service
Before you enter'd the court; for 'tis reported
There is a drink of forgetfulness, which once tasted,
Few masters think of their servants, who, grown old,
Are turn'd off, like lame hounds and hunting horses,
To starve on the commons. [*Exit.*
*Alon.* Bitter knave!

*Enter* Martino.

There's craft
In the clouted shoe. Captain!
*Mart.* I am glad to kiss
Your valiant hand, and yours; but pray you, take notice,
My title's changed, I am a colonel.
*Pisan.* A colonel! where's your regiment?
*Mart.* Not raised yet;
All the old ones are cashier'd, and we are now
To have a new militia: all is peace here,
Yet I hold my title still, as many do
That never saw an enemy.
*Alon.* You are pleasant,
And it becomes you. Is the duke stirring?
*Mart.* Long since,
Four hours at least, but yet not ready.
*Pisan.* How!
*Mart.* Even so; you make a wonder of't, but leave it:
Alas, he is not now, sir, in the camp,
To be up and arm'd upon the least alarum;
There's something else to be thought on: here he comes,
With his officers, new rigg'd.

*Enter* Lorenzo, *as from his chamber;* Doctor, *Gentleman, and Page employed about his person.*

*Alon.* A looking-glass!
Upon my head, he saw not his own face
These seven years past, but by reflection
From a bright armour.
*Mart.* Be silent, and observe.
*Lor.* So, have you done yet?
Is your building perfect?
*Doct.* If your highness please,
Here is a water.
*Lor.* To what use? my barber
Hath wash'd my face already.
*Doct.* But this water

Hath a strange virtue in't, beyond his art;
It is a sacred relic, part of that
Most powerful juice, with which Medea made
Old Æson young.
*Lor.* A fable! but suppose
I should give credit to it, will it work
The same effect on me?
*Doct.* I'll undertake
This will restore the honour'd hair that grows
Upon your highness' head and chin, a little
Inclining unto gray.
*Lor.* Inclining! doctor.
*Doct.* Pardon me, mighty sir, I went too far,
Not gray at all;—I dare not flatter you,
'Tis something changed; but this applied will help it
To the first amber-colour, every hair
As fresh as when, your manhood in the prime,
Your grace arrived at thirty.
*Lor.* Very well.
*Doct.* Then here's a precious oil, to which the maker
Hath not yet given a name, will soon fill up
These dimples in your face and front. I grant
They are terrible to your enemies, and set off
Your frowns with majesty; but you may please
To know, as sure you do, a smooth aspect,
Softness and sweetness, in the court of Love,
Though dumb, are the prevailing orators.
*Lor.* Will he new-create me?
*Doct.* If you deign to taste too
Of this confection.
*Lor.* I am in health, and need
No physic.
*Doct.* Physic, sir! An empress,
If that an empress' lungs, sir, may be tainted
With putrefaction, would taste of it
That night on which she were to print a kiss
Upon the lips of her long-absent lord
Returning home with conquest.
*Lor.* 'Tis predominant
Over a stinking breath, is it not, doctor?
*Doct.* Clothe the infirmity with sweeter language,
'Tis a preservative that way.
*Lor.* You are then
Admitted to the cabinets of great ladies,
And have the government of the borrow'd beauties
Of such as write near forty.
*Doct.* True, my good lord,
And my attempts have prosper'd.
*Lor.* Did you never
Minister to the princess?
*Doct.* Sir, not yet;
She's in the April of her youth, and needs not
The aids of art, my gracious lord; but in
The autumn of her age I may be useful,
And sworn her highness' doctor, and your grace
Partake of the delight.
*Lor.* Slave! witch! impostor!
[*Strikes him down.*
Mountebank! cheater! traitor to great nature,
In thy presumption to repair what she
In her immutable decrees design'd
For some few years to grow up, and then wither!
Or is't not crime enough thus to betray
The secrets of the weaker sex, thy patients,
But thou must make the honour of this age,
And envy of the time to come, Matilda,
Whose sacred name I bow to, guilty of
A future sin in thy ill-boding thoughts,
Which for a perpetuity of youth
And pleasure she disdains to act, such is
Her purity and innocence!
[*Sets his foot on the Doctor's breast*
*Alon.* Long since
I look'd for this l'envoy*.
*Mart.* Would I were well off!
He's dangerous in these humours.
*Oct.* Stand conceal'd.
*Doct.* O sir, have mercy! in my thought I never
Offended you.
*Lor.* Me! most of all, thou monster!
What a mock-man property in thy intent
Wouldst thou have made me? a mere pathic to
Thy devilish art, had I given suffrage to it.
Are my gray hairs, the ornament of age,
And held a blessing by the wisest men,
And for such warranted by holy writ,
To be conceal'd, as if they were my shame?
Or plaister up these furrows in my face,
As if I were a painted bawd or whore?
By such base means if that I could ascend
To the height of all my hopes, their full fruition
Would not wipe off the scandal: no, thou wretch!
Thy cozening water and adulterate oil
I thus pour in thine eyes, and tread to dust
Thy loath'd confection with thy trumperies:—
Vanish for ever!
*Mart.* You have your fee, as I take it,
Dear Domine doctor! I'll be no sharer with you.
[*Exit Doctor.*
*Lor.* I'll court her like myself; these rich adornments
And jewels, worn by me, an absolute prince,
My order too, of which I am the sovereign,
Can meet no ill construction; yet 'tis far
From my imagination to believe
She can be taken with sublime clay,
The silk-worm's spoils, or rich embroideries:
Nor must I borrow helps from power or greatness,
But as a loyal lover plead my cause;
If I can feelingly express my ardour,
And make her sensible of the much I suffer
In hopes and fears, and she vouchsafe to take
Compassion on me,—ha! compassion?
The word sticks in my throat: what's here, that tells me
I do descend too low? rebellious spirit,
I cónjure thee to leave me! there is now
No contradiction or declining left,
I must and will go on.
*Mart.* The tempest's laid;
You may present yourselves.
[*Alonzo and Pisano come forward.*
*Alon.* My gracious lord.
*Pisan.* Your humble vassal.
*Lor.* Ha! both living?
*Alon.* Sir,
We owe our lives to this good lord, and make it
Our humble suit——

---

* Alon. *Long since*
*I look'd for this* l'envoy.] i. e. for this termination. The *l'envoy* is explained with great accuracy by Cotgrave: he says, "it is the *conclusion* of a ballad or sonnet in a short stanza by itself, and serving, oftentimes, as a dedication of the whole. In French poetry, *l'envoy* sometimes serves to convey the moral of the piece: but our old dramatists, in adopting the word, disregarded the sense, and seldom mean more by it than conclusion, or end. It occurs in Shakspeare, Jonson, Fletcher, and, indeed, in most of our ancient writers.

*Lor.* Plead for yourselves: we stand
Yet unresolved whether your knees or prayers
Can save the forfeiture of your own heads:
Though we have put our armour off, your pardon
For leaving of the camp without our license
Is not yet sign'd. At some more fit time wait us.
[*Exeunt Lorenzo, Gentleman, and Page.*
*Alon.* How's this?
*Mart.* 'Tis well it is no worse; I met with
A rougher entertainment, yet I had
Good cards to show. He's parcel mad; you'll find him
Every hour in a several mood; this foolish love
Is such a shuttlecock! but all will be well
When a better fit comes on him, never doubt it.
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter* Gonzaga, Uberti, Farneze, *and* Manfroy.

*Gon.* How do you find her?
*Uber.* Thankful for my service,
And yet she gives me little hope; my rival
Is too great for me.
*Gon.* The great duke, you mean?
*Uber.* Who else? the Milanese, although he be
A complete gentleman, I am sure despairs
More than myself.
*Farn.* A high estate, with women,
Takes place of all desert.
*Uber.* I must stand my fortune.

*Enter* Lorenzo *and Attendants.*

*Man.* The duke of Florence, sir.
*Gon.* Your highness' presence
Answers my wish. Your private ear:—I have used
My best persuasion with a father's power
To work my daughter to your ends; yet she,
Like a small bark on a tempestuous sea,
Toss'd here and there by opposite winds, resolves not
At which port to put in. This prince's merits.
Your grace and favour; nor is she unmindful
Of the brave acts (under your pardon, sir,
I needs must call them so) Hortensio
Hath done to gain her good opinion of him;
All these together tumbling in her fancy,
Do much distract her. I have spies upon her,
And am assured this instant hour she gives
Hortensio private audience; I will bring you
Where we will see and hear all.
*Lor.* You oblige me.
*Uber.* I do not like this whispering.
*Gon.* Fear no foul play. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III. *Another Room in the same.*

*Enter* Hortensio, Beatrice, *and two* Waiting Women.

1 *Wom.* The princess, sir, long since expected you;
And, would I beg a thanks, I could tell you that
I have often moved her for you.
*Hort.* I am your servant.

*Enter* Matilda.

*Beat.* She's come; there are others I must place to hear
The conference. [*Exit.*
1 *Wom.* Is't your excellency's pleasure
That we attend you?
*Matil.* No; wait me in the gallery.
1 *Wom.* Would each of us, wench, had a sweetheart too,
To pass away the time!
2 *Wom.* There I join with you.
[*Exeunt Waiting Women.*
*Matil.* I fear this is the last time we shall meet.
*Hort.* Heaven forbid!

*Re-enter above* Beatrice *with* Lorenzo, Gonzaga, Uberti, *and* Farneze.

*Matil.* O my Hortensio!
In me behold the misery of greatness,
And that which you call beauty. Had I been
Of a more low condition, I might
Have call'd my will and faculties mine own,
Not seeing that which was to be beloved
With others' eyes: but now, ah me, most wretched
And miserable princess, in my fortune
To be too much engaged for service done me!
It being impossible to make satisfaction
To my so many creditors; all deserving,
I can keep touch with none.
*Lor.* A sad exordium.
*Matil.* You loved me long, and without hope (alas,
I die to think on't!) Parma's prince, invited
With a too partial report of what
I was, and might be to him, left his country,
To fight in my defence. Your brave achievements
I' the war, and what you did for me, unspoken,
Because I would not force the sweetness of
Your modesty to a blush, are written here:
And, that there might be nothing wanting to
Sum up my numerous engagements (never
In my hopes to be cancell'd), the great duke,
Our mortal enemy, when my father's country
Lay open to his fury, and the spoil
Of the victorious army, and I brought
Into his power, hath shown himself so noble,
So full of honour, temperance, and all virtues*
That can set off a prince, that, though I cannot
Render him that respect I would, I am bound
In thankfulness to admire him.
*Hort.* 'Tis acknowledged,
And on your part to be return'd.
*Matil.* How can I,
Without the brand of foul ingratitude
To you and prince Uberti?
*Hort.* Hear me, madam,
And what your servant shall with zeal deliver,

* *So full of honour, temperance, and all virtues.*] I shall give this and the six following lines, as they stand in Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason. A better specimen cannot be desired of the fidelity, good taste, and critical knowledge with which these gentlemen performed their editorial duties. Their interpolations are in Roman characters:

*So full of* strictest *honour, temperance,*
*And all virtues that can set off a prince,*
*That, though I cannot render him that respect*
*I would, I'm bound in thankfulness t'admire him.*
Gal. *'Tis acknowledg'd, and on your part*
*To be return'd.*
Matil. But oh! *how can I,* &c.

As a Dædalean clew may guide you out of
This labyrinth of distraction*. He that loves
His mistress truly, should prefer her honour
And peace of mind above the glutting of
His ravenous appetite: he should affect her
But with a fit restraint, and not take from her
To give himself: he should make it the height
Of his ambition, if it lie in
His stretch'd-out nerves to effect it, though she fly in
An eminent place†, to add strength to her wings,
And mount her higher, though he fall himself
Into the bottomless abyss; or else
The services he offers are not real,
But counterfeit.
*Matil.* What can Hortensio
Infer from this?
*Hort.* That I stand bound in duty
(Though in the act I take my last farewell
Of comfort in this life) to sit down willingly,
And move my suit no further. I confess,
While you were in danger, and heaven's mercy made me
Its instrument to preserve you (which your goodness
Prized far above the merit), I was bold
To feed my starved affection with false hopes
I might be worthy of you; for know, madam,
How mean soever I appear'd in Mantua,
I had in expectation a fortune,
Though not possess'd of 't, that encouraged me
With confidence to prefer my suit, and not
To fear the prince Uberti as my rival.
*Gon.* I ever thought him more than what he seem'd.
*Lor.* Pray you, forbear.
*Hort.* But when the duke of Florence
Put in his plea, in my consideration
Weighing well what he is, as you must grant him
A Mars of men in arms, and, those put off,
The great example for a kingly courtier
To imitate; annex to these his wealth,
Of such a large extent, as other monarchs
Call him the king of coin; and, what's above all,
His lawful love, with all the happiness
This life can fancy, from him flowing to you;
The true affection which I have ever borne you,
Does not alone command me to desist,
But, as a faithful counsellor, to advise you
To meet and welcome that felicity
Which hastes to crown your virtues.
*Lor.* We must break off this parley.
Something I have to say. [*Exeunt above.*
*Matil.* In tears I thank
Your care of my advancement: but I dare not
Follow your counsel. Shall such piety
Pass unrewarded? such a pure affection,
For any ends of mine, be undervalued?
Avert it, heaven! I will be thy Matilda,
Or cease to be; no other heat but what
Glows from thy purest flames, shall warm this bosom,
Nor Florence, nor all monarchs of the earth,
Shall keep thee from me.

*Re-enter below* Lorenzo, Gonzaga, Uberti, Farneze, *and* Manfroy.

*Hort.* I fear, gracious lady,
Our conference hath been overheard.
*Matil.* The better;
Your part is acted; give me leave at distance
To zany it. Sir, on my knees thus prostrate
Before your feet——
*Lor.* This must not be, I shall
Both wrong myself and you in suffering it.
*Matil.* I will grow here, and weeping thus turn marble,
Unless you hear and grant the first petition
A virgin, and a princess, ever tendered;
Nor doth the suit concern poor me alone,
It hath a stronger reference to you,
And to your honour; and, if you deny it,
Both ways you suffer. Remember, sir, you were not
Born only for yourself; heaven's liberal hand
Design'd you to command a potent nation,
Gave you heroic valour, which you have
Abused in making unjust war upon
A neighbour-prince, a Christian; while the Turk,
Whose scourge and terror you should be, securely
Wastes the Italian confines; 'tis in you
To force him to pull in his horned crescents,
And 'tis expected from you.
*Lor.* I have been
In a dream, and now begin to wake.
*Matil.* And will you
Forbear to reap the harvest of such glories,
Now ripe, and at full growth, for the embraces
Of a slight woman? or exchange your triumphs
For chamber-pleasures, melt your able nerves
(That should with your victorious sword make way
Through the armies of your enemies) in loose
And wanton dalliance? Be yourself, great sir,
The thunderbolt of war, and scorn to sever
Two hearts long since united; your example
May teach the prince Uberti to subscribe
To that which you allow of.
*Lor.* The same tongue
That charm'd my sword out of my hand, and threw
A frozen numbness on my active spirit,
Hath disenchanted me. Rise, fairest princess!
And, that it may appear I do receive
Your counsel as inspired from heaven, I will
Obey and follow it: I am your debtor,
And must confess you have lent my weaken'd reason
New strengths once more to hold a full command
Over my passions. Here to the world
I freely do profess that I disclaim
All interest in you, and give up my title,
Such as it is, to you, sir; and, as far
As I have power, thus join your hands.
*Gon.* To yours
I add my full consent.
*Uber.* I am lost, Farneze.
*Farn.* Much nearer to the port than you suppose:
In me our laws speak, and forbid this contract.
*Matil.* Ah me, new stops!
*Hort.* Shall we be ever cross'd thus?
*Farn.* There is an act upon record, confirm'd
By your wise predecessors, that no heir
Of Mantua (as questionless the princess
Is the undoubted one) must be joined in marriage

* *This labyrinth of* distraction.] So the old copy: the modern editors capriciously read—*This labyrinth of* destruction! Every page, and almost every speech, teems with similar absurdities. Three lines below, they omit *her*, which destroys the meaning of the whole sentence.

† *An eminent* place,] i. e. height.

But where the match may strengthen the estate
And safety of the dukedom. Now, this gentleman,
However I must style him honourable,
And of a high desert, having no power
To make this good in his alliance, stands
Excluded by our laws; whereas this prince,
Of equal merit, brings to Mantua
The power and principality of Parma:
And, therefore, since the great duke hath let fall
His plea, there lives no prince that justlier can
Challenge the princess' favour.

*Lor.* Is this true, sir?

*Gon.* I cannot contradict it.

*Enter* Manfroy.

*Man.* There's an ambassador
From Milan, that desires a present audience;
His business is of highest consequence,
As he affirms: I know him for a man
Of the best rank and quality.

*Hort.* From Milan!

*Gon.* Admit him.

*Enter* Ambassador *and* Julio *with a letter, which he presents on his knee to* Galeazzo.

How! so low?

*Amb.* I am sorry, sir,
To be the bringer of this heavy news;
But since it must be known ——

*Gal.* Peace rest with him!
I shall find fitter time to mourn his loss.
My faithful servant too!

*Jul.* I am o'erjoy'd,
To see your highness safe.

*Gal.* Pray you, peruse this,
And there you'll find that the objection
The lord Farneze made, is fully answer'd.

*Gon.* The great John Galeas dead!

*Lor.* And this his brother,
The absolute lord of Milan!

*Matil.* I am revived.

*Uber.* There's no contending against destiny;
I wish both happiness.

*Enter* Alonzo, Maria, Octavio, Pisano, *and* Martino.

*Lor.* Married, Alonzo!
I will salute your lady, she's a fair one,
And seal your pardon on her lips. [*Kisses Maria.*

*Gon.* Octavio!
Welcome, e'en to my heart*. Rise, I should kneel
To thee for mercy.

*Oct.* The poor remainder of
My age shall truly serve you.

*Matil.* You resemble
A page I had, Ascanio.

*Mar.* I am
Your highness' servant still.

* Gonz. *Octavio,*
*Welcome, e'en to my heart,* &c.] Massinger had involved his plot in a considerable difficulty, and it must be candidly acknowledged that he has shown but little contrivance in extricating it. Nothing can be more inartificial than the sudden death of "the great John Galeas:" and, certainly, an opportunity for a moving scene was here presented in the reconcilement of Gonzaga and Octavio: but the play had reached its full length, and was, therefore, of necessity to be abruptly concluded. Very little ingenuity might have made the catastrophe more worthy of the commencement.

The story is interesting, and though sufficiently diversified, neither improbable nor unnatural; the language of the superior characters is highly poetic, and very beautiful.

*Lor.* All stand amazed
At this unlooked-for meeting; but defer
Your several stories. Fortune here hath shown
Her various power; but virtue in the end
Is crown'd with laurel; Love hath done his parts too;
And mutual friendship, after bloody jars,
Will cure the wounds received in our wars.

[*Exeunt.*

## EPILOGUE.

Pray you, gentlemen, keep your seats; something I would
Deliver to gain favour, if I could,
To us, and the still doubtful author. He,
When I desired an epilogue, answer'd me,
"'Twas to no purpose: he must stand his fate,
"Since all entreaties now would come too late;
"You being long since resolved what you would say
"Of him, or us, as you rise, or of the play."
A strange old fellow! yet this sullen mood
Would quickly leave him, might it be understood
You part not hence displeased. I am design'd
To give him certain notice: if you find
Things worth your liking, show it. Hope and fear,
Though different passions, have the self-same ear*.

* This Play bears many marks of the heroic or chivalrous manners, or of both together. Some of these we see in the impartial admission of the services of all the suitors of Matilda; in her free acceptance of the personal devotion of Galeazzo, though he makes his approach only as a gentle stranger, and particularly in the extraordinary clemency of Lorenzo, and his magnanimous surrender of the beauteous object won by his valour. In some of the preceding Plays, the reader will have observed certain traces of these manners. Among the grievances to be redressed in *The Parliament of Love* are those of "disdained lovers." When Almira *(a Very Woman)* abruptly dismisses Don John, she is reproved for it, as offering an outrage to her high "breeding," and as guilty of almost a "barbarism." And Camiola *(Maid of Honour)* tolerates the pretensions of Seignior Sylli himself, and preserves the necessary decorum by styling him her servant. Without some such supposition as this, it would be difficult to account for the incongruities which appear in this Play; Matilda would act without discretion, and would lose her delicacy and her dignity; and Lorenzo, who, indeed, on any supposition, cannot wholly escape censure, would hardly be allowed to retain his senses. It seems, therefore, to be the object of the story to blazon the effects of Matilda's beauty, and to exhibit the double heroism of action in Galeazzo, and of forbearance in Lorenzo. Several passages of the Play tend to suggest this view of it, and particularly one, in which the clemency of Lorenzo is expressly complimented by Gonzaga, as the true attendant of the "old heroic valour,"—

——— "a virtue
Buried long since, but raised out of the grave
By you, to grace this latter age."

The age itself, in which the events are supposed to take place, is fixed in the last scene by the death of the great John Galeas. But why a great Duke of Florence, or a duke of Mantua, should be attributed to an age which knew of none, or why a war should be invented between Mantua and Florence, instead of the union of both against the ambition of Galeas himself, it would be useless to inquire. Massinger, or the writer from whom he draws his story, cares nothing for this, and accomplishes his purpose of amusement by personages called from any age or country:

*Dissociata locis concordi pace ligavit.*

One circumstance is remarkable. Just before the death of Galeas is announced, Matilda incidentally entreats Lorenzo to point his arms against the Turks, then securely wasting the "Italian confines." In another part of the Play, he is extolled for his splendour, and proverbially named the "king of coin." And we know that somewhat within a century from the death of Galeas, Lorenzo (the

magnificent) was the chief instrument of the expulsion of the Turks from Otranto, and became, what Matilda wishes him to be, their "scourge and terror." It would be very desirable to know from what book of strange adventures this and the plots of some of the other Plays are derived; but this is a piece of information which I am wholly unable to give. Meanwhile, it must be said on behalf of Massinger himself, that this Play is agreeably written. The language is chaste, and of a temperate dignity, and is well adapted to the higher conversation of the stage. Some of the scenes, too, have considerable effect; the reception of the ambassador in the first act is stately and impressive, and the patriotism which it calls forth is only inferior in animation to that in *The Bondman*. The confession scene, too, in the fourth Act, is interesting, and reminds us, though at some distance, of *The Emperor of the East*, and the discovery of Maria by her father is pretty and affecting. Some of the characters too are well drawn. Matilda has a pleasing mixture of dignity and condescension, is generous, delicate, and noble-minded, and (a circumstance which Massinger delights to represent), is won by the modesty of her lover. Galeazzo himself is strongly described, both in his diffidence and his heroism; and his transition from the one to the other at her command, is highly animating. The principal faults arise from the management: the contrivances are sometimes redundant and sometimes defective; either they are accumulated without an answerable effect, or they are withheld when a small employment of them would materially relieve the story. There is also a verboseness in some of the speeches, and more tameness than usual in the soliloquies. He, whose thoughts burst into solitary speech, should pass, with brevity and passion, from one circumstance to another, and, for the purposes of the stage, should substantially convey his intelligence to the audience, while he appears only to labour under the disorder of his own feelings. But this double management is generally too delicate for Massinger: and the soliloquies of this Play are direct and circumstantial narrations, which might be addressed to another person.

A pleasing moral arises from the character of Galeazzo: it teaches us that modesty is essentially connected with true merit. The vulgar, who, like the attendants of Matilda, are fond of boldness, may look on it with contempt; but let it not despair: the eye of taste and sense will mark it for distinction and reward, and even those will join in allowing its deserts, who feel themselves eclipsed by its superiority.—Dr. Ireland.

# THE OLD LAW.

THE OLD LAW.] Of this Comedy, which is said to have been written by Massinger, Middleton, and Rowley, in conjunction, there is but one edition, the quarto of 1656, which appears to be a hasty transcript from the prompter's book, made, as I have observed, when the necessities of the actors, now grievously oppressed by the republicans, compelled them, for a temporary resource, to take advantage of a popular name, and bring forward such pieces as they yet possessed in manuscript.

Of Middleton and Rowley some notice has been already taken: I have therefore only to repeat what is hazarded in the Introduction, my persuasion that the share of Massinger, in this strange composition, is not the most considerable of the three.

This Play was printed for Edward Archer: it does him no credit; for a work so full of errors, and those too of the most gross and ridiculous kind, has seldom issued from the press. Hundreds of the more obvious are corrected in silence; others, with the attempts to remove them, are submitted to the reader, who (if he thinks the enquiry worth his labour), will here find *The Old Law* far less irregular, unmetrical, and unintelligible, than in any of the preceding editions.

This drama was once very popular. The title of the quarto is, "The excellent Comedy called *The Old Law*, or *A New Way to Please You*.—Acted before the King and Queen at Salisbury House, and at several other places with great applause."

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EVANDER *duke of* Epire.
CRATILUS, *the executioner.*
CREON, *father to* Simonides.
SIMONIDES, CLEANTHES, } *young Courtiers.*
LYSANDER, *husband to* Eugenia, *and uncle to* Cleanthes,
LEONIDES, *father to* Cleanthes.
GNOTHO, *the clown.*
*Lawyers.*
*Courtiers.*
*Dancing-master.*
*Butler, Bailiff, Tailor,* } *Servants to* Creon.
*Coachman, Footman, Cook, Clerk, Drawer,* } *Also Servants to* Creon.
ANTIGONA, *wife to* Creon.
HIPPOLITA, *wife to* Cleanthes.
EUGENIA, *wife to* Lysander, *and mother to* Parthenia.
PARTHENIA.
AGATHA, *wife to* Gnotho.
*Old women, wives to* Creon's *servants.*
*Courtezan.*
*Fiddlers, Servants, Guard, &c.*

*SCENE*, Epire.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.—*A Room in* Creon's *House.*

*Enter* SIMONIDES *and two* Lawyers.

*Sim* Is the law firm, sir?
1 *Law.* The law! what more firm, sir,
More powerful, forcible, or more permanent?
*Sim.* By my troth, sir,
I partly do believe it; conceive, sir,
You have indirectly answered my question.
I did not doubt the fundamental grounds
Of law in general, for the most solid;
But this particular law that me concerns
Now at the present; if that be firm and strong,
And powerful, and forcible, and permanent.
I am a young man that has an old father.
2 *Law.* Nothing more strong, sir.
It is—*Secundum statutum principis, confirmatum cum voce senatus, et voce reipublicæ;* nay, *consummatum et exemplificatum.*
Is it not in force
When divers have already tasted it,
And paid their lives for penalty?
*Sim.* 'Tis true.
My father must be next; this day completes
Full fourscore years upon him.
2 *Law.* He is here, then,
*Sub pœna statuti;* hence I can tell him,
Truer than all the physicians in the world,
He cannot live out to-morrow; this
Is the most certain climacterical year—

'Tis past all danger, for there's no escaping it.
What age is your mother, sir?
*Sim.* Faith, near her days too;
Wants some two of threescore.
1 *Law.* So! she'll drop away
One of these days too: here's a good age now
For those that have old parents, and rich inheritance!
*Sim.* And, sir, 'tis profitable for others too:
Are there not fellows that lie bedrid in their offices
That younger men would walk lustily in?
Churchmen, that even the second infancy
Hath silenced, yet have spun out their lives so long,
That many pregnant and ingenious spirits
Have languish'd in their hoped reversions,
And died upon the thought? and, by your leave, sir,
Have you not places fill'd up in the law
By some grave senators, that you imagine
Have held them long enough, and such spirits as you,
Were they removed, would leap into their dignities?
1 Law. *Dic quibus in terris, et eris mihi magnus Apollo**.
*Sim.* But tell me, faith, your fair opinion:
Is't not a sound and necessary law
This, by the duke enacted?
1 *Law.* Never did Greece,
Our ancient seat of brave philosophers,
'Mongst all her *nomothetæ* and lawgivers,
Not when she flourish'd in her sevenfold sages,
Whose living memory can never die,
Produce a law more grave and necessary.
*Sim.* I am of that mind too.
2 *Law.* I will maintain, sir,
Draco's oligarchy, that the government
Of community reduced into few,
Framed a fair sate; Solon's *chreokopia*†
That cut off poor men's debts to their rich creditors,
Was good and charitable, but not full, allow'd;
His *seiscatheia* did reform that error‡,
His honourable senate of Areopagitæ.
Lycurgus was more loose and gave too free
And licentious reins unto his discipline;
As that a young woman, in her husband's weakness,
Might choose her able friend to propagate;
That so the commonwealth might be supplied
With hope of lusty spirits. Plato did err,
And so did Aristotle, in allowing
Lewd and luxurous limits to their laws:
But now our Epire, our Epire's Evander,
Our noble and wise prince, has hit the law
That all our predecessive students
Have missed unto their shame.

*Enter* CLEANTHES.

*Sim.* Forbear the praise, sir,
'Tis in itself most pleasing:—Cleanthes!
O, lad, here's a spring for young plants to flourish!
The old trees must down that keep the sun from us;
We shall rise now, boy.

*Clean.* Whither, sir, I pray?
To the bleak air of storms; among those trees*
Which we had shelter from?
*Sim.* Yes, from our growth
Our sap and livelihood, and from our fruit.
What! tis not jubilee with thee yet, I think,
Thou look'st so sad on't. How old is thy father?
*Clean.* Jubilee! no, indeed; 'tis a bad year with me.
*Sim.* Prithee, how old's thy father? then I can tell thee.
*Clean.* I know not how to answer you, Simonides;
He is too old, being now exposed
Unto the rigour of a cruel edict;
And yet not old enough by many years,
Cause I'd not see him go an hour before me.
*Sim.* These very passions I speak to my father†.
Come, come, here's none but friends here, we may speak
Our insides freely; these are lawyers, man,
And shall be counsellors shortly.
*Clean.* They shall be now, sir,
And shall have large fees if they'll undertake
To help a good cause, for it wants assistance;
Bad ones, I know, they can insist upon.
1 *Law.* Oh, sir, we must undertake of both parts;
But the good we have most good in.
*Clean.* Pray you, say,
How do you allow of this strange edict?
1 Law. *Secundum justitiam;* by my faith, sir,
The happiest edict that ever was in Epire.
*Clean.* What, to kill innocents, sir? it cannot be,
It is no rule in justice there to punish.
1 *Law.* Oh, sir,
You understand a conscience, but not law‡.
*Clean.* Why, sir, is there so main a difference?
1 *Law.* You'll never be good lawyer if you understand not that.
*Clean.* I think, then, 'tis the best to be a bad one.
1 *Law.* Why, sir, the very letter and the sense both do overthrow you in this statute, which speaks that every man living to fourscore years, and women to threescore, shall then be cut off as fruitless to the republic, and law shall finish what nature linger'd at.
*Clean.* And this suit shall soon be dispatch'd in law?
1 *Law.* It is so plain, it can have no demur,
The church-book overthrows it.
*Clean.* And so it does§;
The church-book overtrows it if you read it well.

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* Law. *Dic quibus*, &c.] This lawyer is a very clever fellow, but I do not see the drift of his quotation.

† ——— *Solon's* chreokopia.] Χρεωκοπια signifies the cutting off that part of the debt which arose from the interest of the sum lent.—M. MASON.

‡ *His* seiscatheia *did reform that error*,] Ειστχθεια, i. e. a shaking off a burthen, metaphorically, an abolition of debt. This lawyer's notions of honesty would have fitted him for one of Solon's counsellors.

* Clean. *Whither, sir, I pray?*
*To the bleak air of storms; among those trees*
*Which we had shelter from?*] This short speech is a pretty introduction to the filial piety and tenderness which form the character of Cleanthes.

† Sim. *These very* passions *I speak to my father*,] i. e. these pathetic speeches: this word occurs frequently in our old writers, for a short monody or song of the plaintive kind. Thus Tomkins; Not a one shakes his tail, but I sigh out a *passion.—Albumazar.*

‡ 1 Law. *Oh, sir,*
*You understand a conscience, but not law.*] These earned gentlemen make very free with their profession; but the distinction is a good one.

§ Clean. *And so it does;*
*The* church-book *overthrows it, if you read it well.* Cleanthes and the lawyer are at cross purposes. The latter observes that the church-book (by which he means the register of births kept there) overthrows all demur; to which the former replies, that it really does so, taking the holy Scriptures for the church-book.

To observe upon the utter confusion of all time and place, of all customs and manners, in this drama, would be superfluous; they must be obvious to the most careless observer.

1 *Law.* Still you run from the law into error:
You say it takes the lives of innocents,
I say no, and so says common reason;
What man lives to fourscore, and woman to three,
That can die innocent?

*Clean.* A fine law evasion!
Good sir, rehearse the whole statute to me.

*Sim.* Fie! that's too tedious; you have already
The full sum in the brief relation.

*Clean.* Sir,
'Mongst many words may be found contradictions;
And these men dare sue and wrangle with a statute,
If they can pick a quarrel with some error.

2 *Law.* Listen, sir, I'll gather it as brief as I can for you:
*Anno primo Evandri, Be it for the care and good of the commonwealth (for divers necessary reasons that we shall urge), thus peremptorily enacted*——

*Clean.* A fair pretence, if the reasons foul it not!

2 Law. *That all men living in our dominions of Epire, in their decayed nature, to the age of fourscore, or women to the age of threescore, shall on the same day be instantly put to death, by those means and instruments that a former proclamation had to this purpose, through our said territories dispersed.*

*Clean.* There was no woman in this senate, certain.

1 Law. *That these men, being past their bearing arms, to aid and defend their country; past their manhood and likelihood, to propagate any further issue to their posterity; and as well past their councils (whose overgrown gravity is now run into dotage) to assist their country; to whom, in common reason, nothing should be so wearisome as their own lives, as they may be supposed tedious to their successive heirs, whose times are spent in the good of their country: yet, wanting the means to maintain it; and are like to grow old before their inheritance (born to them) come to their necessary use, be condemned to die: for the women, for that they never were a defence to their country; never by counsel admitted to assist in the government of their country, only necessary to the propagation of posterity, and now at the age of threescore, past that good, and all their goodness: it is thought fit (a quarter abated from the more worthy member) that they be put to death, as is before recited: provided that for the just and impartial execution of this our statute, the example shall first begin in and about our court, which ourself will see carefully performed; and not, for a full month * following, extend any further into our dominions. Dated the sixth of the second month, at our Palace Royal in Epire*†.

*Clean.* A fine edict, and very fairly gilded!
And is there no scruple in all these words,
To demur the law upon occasion†

*Sim.* Pox! 'tis an unneccessary inquisition;
Prithee set him not about it.

2 *Law.* Troth, none, sir:
It is so evident and plain a case,
There is no succour for the defendant.

*Clean.* Possible! can nothing help in a good case?

1 *Law.* Faith, sir, I do think there may be a hole,
Which would protract; delay, if not remedy.

*Clean.* Why, there's some comfort in that; good sir, speak it.

1 *Law.* Nay, you must pardon me for that, sir

*Sim.* Prithee, do not;
It may ope a wound to many sons and heirs,
That may die after it.

*Clean.* Come, sir, I know
How to make you speak·—will this do it?
[*Gives him his purse.*

1 *Law.* I will afford you my opinion, sir.

*Clean.* Pray you, repeat the literal words expressly,
The time of death.

*Sim.* 'Tis an unnecessary question; prithee let it alone.

2 *Law.* Hear his opinion, 'twill be fruitless, sir:
*That man, at the age of fourscore, and woman at threescore, shall the same day be put to death.*

1 *Law.* Thus I help the man to twenty-one years more.

*Clean.* That were a fair addition.

1 *Law.* Mark it, sir; we say, man is not at age
Till he be one and twenty, before, 'tis infancy
And adolescency; now, by that addition,
Fourscore he cannot be, till a hundred and one.

*Sim.* Oh, poor evasion!
He is fourscore years old, sir.

1 *Law.* That helps more, sir;
He begins to be old at fifty, so at fourscore
He's but thirty years old; so, believe it, sir,
He may be twenty years in declination,
And so long may a man linger and live by it.

*Sim.* The worst hope of safety that e'er I heard!
Give him his fee again, 'tis not worth two deniers.

1 *Law.* There is no law for restitution of fees, sir.

*Clean.* No, no, sir; I meant it lost when it was given.

*Enter* Creon *and* Antigona.

*Sim.* No more, good sir.
Here are ears unnecessary for your doctrine.

1 *Law.* I have spoke out my fee, and I have done, sir.

*Sim.* O my dear father!

*Creon.* Tush! meet me not in exclaims;
I understand the worst, and hope no better.
A fine law! if this hold, white heads will be cheap,
And many watchmen's places will be vacant*;
Forty of them I know my seniors,
That did due deeds of darkness too——their country
Has watch'd them a good turn for't,
And ta'en them napping now:
The fewer hospitals will serve too; many

* ——— *and not, for a full month*, &c.] The reader will see the necessity and the motive of this provision in the act, towards the conclusion of the Play.

† Had Acts of Parliament, in Massinger's days, been somewhat like what they are in ours, we might not unreasonably have supposed that this was wickedly meant as a ridicule on them, for a more prolix, tautological, confused piece of formality, human wit, or rather human dullness, could not easily have produced. As it stands in the old copy, and in Coxeter, it is absolutely incomprehensible. Mr. M. Mason restored it to as much meaning as it was probably intended to have, by a few interpolations, and I have endeavoured to attain the same end, without deviating altogether so much from the original.

* ——— *if this hold, white heads will be cheap, And many watchmen's places will be vacant;*] The authors could not forbear, even at this serious moment, to indulge a smile at the venerable guardians of the night, who, in their time, as well as in ours, seem to have been very "ancient and quiet" personages. The remainder of this speech stands thus in the quarto:

*That did due deeds of darkness* to *their country,*
*Has watch'd 'em a good turn for't, and tane 'em*
*Napping now, the fewer hospitals will serve* to,
*Many may be used for stews*, &c.

May be used for stews and brothels; and those people
Will never trouble them to fourscore.
*Ant.* Can you play and sport with sorrow, sir?
*Creon.* Sorrow! for what, Antigona? for my life
My sorrow is I have kept it so long well
With bringing it up unto so ill an end.
I might have gently lost it in my cradle,
Before my nerves and ligaments grew strong
To bind it faster to me.
*Sim.* For mine own sake
I should have been sorry for that.
*Creon.* In my youth
I was a soldier, no coward in my age;
I never turn'd my back upon my foe;
I have felt nature's winters, sicknesses,
Yet ever kept a lively sap in me
To greet the cheerful spring of health again.
Dangers, on horse, on foot [by land], by water,
I have scaped to this day; and yet this day,
Without all help of casual accidents,
Is only deadly to me, 'cause it numbers
Fourscore years to me. Where is the fault now?
I cannot blame time, nature, nor my stars,
Nor aught but tyranny. Even kings themselves
Have sometimes tasted an even fate with me.
He that has been a soldier all his days,
And stood in personal opposition
'Gainst darts and arrows, the extremes of heat
And pinching cold, has* treacherously at home,
In's secure quiet, by a villain's hand
Been basely lost, in his stars' ignorance:——
And so must I die by a tyrant's sword.
1 *Law.* Oh, say not so, sir, it is by the law.
*Creon.* And what's that, but the sword of tyranny,
When it is brandish'd against innocent lives?
I am now upon my deathbed, and 'tis fit
I should unbosom my free conscience,
And show the faith I die in:—I do believe
'Tis tyranny that takes my life.
*Sim.* Would it were gone
By one means or other! what a long day
Will this be ere night?
*Creon.* Simonides.
*Sim.* Here, sir,—weeping†.
*Creon.* Wherefore dost thou weep? [end.
*Clean.* 'Cause you make no more haste to your
*Sim.* How can you question nature so unjustly?
I had a grandfather, and then had not you
True filial tears for him?
*Clean.* Hypocrite!
A disease of drought dry up all pity from him
That can dissemble pity with wet eyes!

*Creon.* Be good unto your mother, Simonides.
She must be now your care.
*Ant.* To what end, sir?
The bell of this sharp edict tolls for me,
As it rings out for you.—I'll be as ready,
With one hour's stay, to go along with you.
*Creon.* Thou must not, woman, there are years behind,
Before thou canst set forward in this voyage;
And nature, sure, will now be kind to all:
She has a quarrel in't, a cruel law
Seeks to prevent* her, she will therefore fight in't,
And draw out life even to her longest thread:
Thou art scarce fifty-five.
*Ant.* So many morrows!
Those five remaining years I'll turn to days,
To hours, or minutes, for your company.
'Tis fit that you and I, being man and wife,
Should walk together arm in arm.
*Sim.* I hope
They'll go together; I would they would, i'faith;
Then would her thirds be saved too.—The day goes away, sir.
*Creon.* Why wouldst thou have me gone, Simonides?
*Sim.* O my heart! would you have me gone before you, sir,
You give me such a deadly wound?
*Clean.* Fine rascal!
*Sim.* Blemish my duty so with such a question!
Sir, I would haste me to the duke for mercy;
He that's above the law may mitigate
The rigour of the law. How a good meaning
May be corrupted by a misconstruction!
*Creon.* Thou corrupt'st mine; I did not think thou mean'st so.
*Clean.* You were in the more error.
*Sim.* The words wounded me.
*Clean.* 'Twas pity thou died'st not on't.
*Sim.* I have been ransacking the helps of law,
Conferring with these learned advocates;
If any scruple, cause, or wrested sense
Could have been found out to preserve your life,
It had been bought, though with your full estate,
Your life's so precious to me!—but there's none.
1 *Law.* Sir, we have canvass'd her from top to toe,
Turn'd her upside down, thrown her upon her side,
Nay, open'd and dissected all her entrails,
Yet can find none: there's nothing to be hoped
But the duke's mercy.
*Sim.* I know the hope of that;
He did not make the law for that purpose.
*Creon.* Then to this hopeless mercy last I go;
I have so many precedents before me,
I must call it hopeless: Antigona,
See me deliver'd up unto my deathsman,
And then we'll part;—five years hence I'll look for thee.
*Sim.* I hope she will not stay so long behind you.
*Creon.* Do not bate him an hour by grief and sorrow,
Since there's a day prefix'd, hasten it not.
Suppose me sick, Antigona, dying now,

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* *And pinching cold,* has *treacherously at home,*
*In's secure quiet, by a villain's hand*
Been *basely lost, in* his *stars' ignorance:*——
*And so must I die by a tyrant's sword.*] The old copy gives the conclusion of this speech thus:—
*And pinching cold* has *treacherously at home*
*In his secured quiet by a villain's hand*
Am *basely lost in my star's ignorance*
*And so must I die by a tyrant's sword.*
For *has,* Coxeter reads *dies,* and for *Am,* in the third line, *I'm;* but this cannot be right; for Creon had just before acquitted his stars of any concern in his destiny. Mr. M. Mason blindly follows Coxeter. I am not very confident of the genuineness of my readings; but they produce something like a meaning: and in a Play so incorrectly, so ignorantly, printed as this, even that is sometimes to be regarded as an acquisition.

† Sim. *Here, sir,*—weeping.] This is given by the modern editors as a marginal note; but the old copy makes it, and rightly, a part of the text.

* *She has a quarrel in't, a cruel law*
*Sees't to* prevent *her,*] i. e. to *acticipate* the period she had allotted to life. In this classic sense, the word is constantly used by our old writers, and, indeed, several instances of it have been noticed in the preceding pages.

Any disease thou wilt may be my end,
Or when death's slow to come, say tyrants send.
[*Exeunt Creon and Antigona.*
*Sim.* Cleanthes, if you want money, to-morrow, use me;
I'll trust you while* your father's dead.
[*Exit, with the Lawyers.*
*Clean.* Why, here's a villain,
Able to corrupt a thousand by example!
Does the kind root† bleed out his livelihood
In parent distribution to his branches,
Adorning them with all his glorious fruits,
Proud that his pride is seen when he's unseen;
And must not gratitude descend again
To comfort his old limbs in fruitless winter?
Improvident, or at least partial nature!
(Weak woman in this kind), who in thy last teeming
Forgettest still the former, ever making
The burthen of thy last throes the dearest darling!
O yet in noble man reform [reform] it,
And make us better than those vegetives,
Whose souls die with them. Nature, as thou art old
If love and justice be not dead in thee,
Make some the pattern of thy piety,
Lest all do turn unnaturally against thee,
And thou be blamed for our oblivions

*Enter* Leonides *and* Hippolita.

And brutish reluctations! Ay, here's the ground
Whereon my filial faculties must build
An edifice of honour or of shame
To all mankind.
*Hip.* You must avoid it, sir,
If there be any love within yourself:
This is far more than fate of a lost game
That another venture may restore again;
It is your life, which you should not subject
To any cruelty, if you can preserve it.
*Clean.* O dearest woman, thou hast doubled now
A thousand times thy nuptial dowry to me!
Why, she whose love is but derived from me,
Is got before me in my debted duty.
*Hip.* Are you thinking such a resolution, sir?
*Clean.* Sweetest Hippolita, what love taught thee
To be so forward in so good a cause?
*Hip.* Mine own pity, sir, did first instruct me,
And then your love and power did both command me.
*Clean.* They were all blessed angels to direct thee;
And take their counsel, How do you fare, sir?
*Leon.* Cleanthes, never better; I have conceived
Such a new joy within this old bosom,
As I did never think would there have enter'd.
*Clean.* Joy call you it? alas! 'tis sorrow, sir,
The worst of sorrows, sorrow unto death.
*Leon.* Death; what is that, Cleanthes? I thought not on't,
I was in contemplation of this woman:
'Tis all thy comfort, son‡; thou hast in her
A treasure unvaluable, keep her safe.
When I die, sure 'twill be a gentle death,
For I will die with wonder of her virtues;
Nothing else shall dissolve me.

*Clean.* 'Twere much better, sir,
Could you prevent their malice.
*Leon.* I'll prevent them,
And die the way I told thee, in the wonder
Of this good woman. I tell thee there's few men
Have such a child: I must thank thee for her.
That the strong tie of wedlock should do more
Than nature in her nearest ligaments
Of blood and propagation! I should never
Have begot such a daughter of my own:
A daughter-in-law! law were above nature,
Were there more such children.
*Clean.* This admiration
Helps nothing to your safety; think of that, sir.
*Leon.* Had you heard her, Cleanthes, but labour
In the search of means to save my forfeit life,
And knew the wise and the sound preservations
That she found out, you would redouble all
My wonder in your love to her.
*Clean.* The thought,
The very thought, sir, claims all that from me,
And she is now possest of't: but, good sir,
If you have aught received from her advice,
Let's follow it; or else let's better think,
And take the surest course.
*Leon.* I'll tell thee one;
She counsels me to fly my severe country;
To turn all into treasure, and there build up
My decaying fortunes in a safer soil,
Where Epire's law cannot claim me.
*Clean.* And, sir,
I apprehend it as a safest course,
And may be easily accomplished;
Let us be all most expeditious.
Every country where we breathe will be our own,
Or better soil; heaven is the roof of all,
And now, as Epire's situate by this law,
There is 'twixt us and heaven a dark eclipse.
*Hip.* Oh, then avoid it, sir; these sad events
Follow those black predictions.
*Leon.* I prithee peace;
I do allow thy love, Hippolita,
But must not follow it as counsel, child;
I must not shame my country for the law.
This country here hath bred me, brought me up*,
And shall I now refuse a grave in her?
I am in my second infancy, and children
Ne'er sleep so sweetly in their nurse's cradle
As in their natural mother's.
*Hip.* Ay, but, sir,
She is unnatural; then the stepmother's
To be preferred before her.
*Leon.* Tush! she shall
Allow it me in despite of her entrails.
Why, do you think how far from judgment 'tis
That I should travel forth to seek a grave
That is already digg'd for me at home,
Nay, perhaps find it in my way to seek it?—
How have I then sought a repentant sorrow?
For your dear loves how have I banish'd you
From your country ever? With my base attempt
How have I beggar'd you in wasting that
Which only for your sakes I bred together?
Buried my name in Epire† which I built

* *I'll trust you* while *your father's dead.*] i. e. *until* your father be dead: see *Roman Actor*, Act V. sc. 1.

† *Does the kind root*, &c.] This beautiful speech is most unmetrically printed in all the editions; it is, I hope, somewhat improved by a different arrangement, and a repetition of the word in brackets.

‡ *'Tis all* thy *comfort, son*;] For *thy* Mr. M. Mason reads *my*: the alteration is specious, but I see no necessity for it.

* *This country here hath bred me, brought me up*, &c.] There is something exquisitely tender in this short speech.

† *Buried my name in Epire*, &c.] This is obscure. Perhaps Leonides means that he had so conducted himself in his native country (i. e. so raised his reputation there), that his memory would always live in the recollection of the

Upon this frame, to live for ever in?
What a base coward shall I be to fly from
That enemy which every minute meets me,
And thousand odds he had not long vanquish'd me
Before this hour of battle! Fly my death!
I will not be so false unto your states,
Nor fainting to the man that's yet in me;
I'll meet him bravely; I cannot (this knowing) fear
That, when I am gone hence, I shall be there.
Come, I have days of preparation left.
*Clean.* Good sir, hear me:
I have a genius that has prompted me,
And I have almost formed it into words;——
'Tis done, pray you observe them: I can conceal you;
And yet not leave your country.
*Leon.* Tush! it cannot be
Without a certain peril on us all.
*Clean.* Danger must be hazarded, rather than accept
A sure destruction. You have a lodge, sir,
So far remote from way of passengers,
That seldom any mortal eye does greet with't;
And yet so sweetly situate with thickets,
Built with such cunning labyrinths within,
As if the provident heavens, foreseeing cruelty,
Had bid you frame it to this purpose only.
*Leon.* Fie, fie! 'tis dangerous,—and treason too,
To abuse the law.
*Hip.* 'Tis holy care, sir,
Of your dear life*, which is your own to keep,
But not your own to lose, either in will
Or negligence.
*Clean.* Call you it treason, sir?
I had been then a traitor unto you,
Had I forgot this; beseech you, accept of it;
It is secure, and a duty to yourself.
*Leon.* What a coward will you make me!
*Clean.* You mistake,
'Tis noble courage: now you fight with death,
And yield not to him till you stoop under him.
*Leon.* This must needs open to discovery,
And then what torture follows?
*Clean.* By what means, sir?
Why, there is but one body in all this counsel,
Which cannot betray itself: we two are one,
One soul, one body, one heart, that think one thought;
And yet we two are not completely one,
But as I have derived myself from you.——
Who shall betray us where there is no second?
*Hip.* You must not mistrust my faith, though my sex plead
Weakness and frailty for me.
*Leon.* Oh, I dare not. me?
But where's the means that must make answer for
I cannot be lost without a full account,
And what must pay that reckoning?
*Clean.* Oh, sir, we will
Keep solemn obits for your funeral;
We'll seem to weep, and seem to joy withal,
That death so gently has prevented you
The law's sharp rigour; and this no mortal ear shall
Participate the knowledge of.
*Leon.* Ha, ha, ha!
This will be a sportive fine demur,
If the error be not found.
*Clean.* Pray doubt of none.
Your company and best provision
Must be no further furnish'd than by us;
And in the interim your solitude may
Converse with heaven, and fairly prepare
[For that] which was too violent and raging
Thrown headlong on you*.
*Leon.* Still there are some doubts
Of the discovery; yet I do allow it.
*Hip.* Will you not mention now the cost and charge
Which will be in your keeping!
*Leon.* That will be somewhat,
Which you might save too.
*Clean.* With his will against him,
What foe is more to man than man himself;
Are you resolved, sir?
*Leon.* I am, Cleanthes;
If by this means I do get a reprieve,
And cozen death awhile, when he shall come
Armed in his own power to give the blow,
I'll smile upon him then, and laughing go.
[*Exeunt*

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## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*Before the Palace.*

*Enter* Evander, Courtiers, *and* Cratilus.

*Evan.* Executioner!
*Crat.* My lord.
*Evan.* How did old Diocles take his death?
*Crat.* As weeping brides receive their joys at night,
With trembling, yet with patience.
*Evan.* Why, 'twas well.
1 *Court.* Nay, I knew my father would do well, my lord,
Whene'er he came to die; I'd that opinion of him,
Which made me the more willing to part from him;
He was not fit to live in the world, indeed,
Any time these ten years, my lord,
But I would not say so much.

people, unless he now quitted them for a residence elsewhere. The conclusion of this speech I do not understand: perhaps something is lost.

* Hip. *'Tis holy care, sir,*
*Of your dear life*, &c.] This thought, at once pious and philosophical, is frequently dwelt upon by Massinger

* *Converse with heaven, and fairly prepare*
[*For that*] *which was too violent and raging*
*Thrown headlong on you.*] Here again some words are lost by the negligence of the printer, which, in this Play exceeds all credibility. It is impossible to recover them: but to make something like sense of the passage, I have ventured to add what is enclosed between brackets.

*Evan.* No! you did not well in't,
For he that's all spent, is ripe for death at all hours,
And does but trifle time out.
1 *Court.* Troth, my lord,
I would I'd known your mind nine years ago.
*Evan.* Our law is fourscore years, because we judge
Dotage complete then, as unfruitfulness
In women at threescore; marry, if the son
Can within compass bring good solid proofs
Of his own father's weakness and unfitness
To live, or sway the living, though he want five
Or ten years of his number, that's not it;
His defect makes him fourscore, and 'tis fit
He dies when he deserves; for every act
Is in effect then when the cause is ripe.
2 *Court.* An admirable prince! how rarely he talks*!
Oh that we'd known this, lads! What a time did we endure
In two-penny commons, and in boots twice vamp'd!
1 *Court.* Now we have two pair a week, and yet not thankful:
'Twill be a fine world for them, sirs, that come after us.
2 *Court.* Ay, an they knew it.
1 *Court.* Peace, let them never know it.
3 *Court.* A pox, there be young heirs will soon smell't out.
2 *Court.* 'Twill come to them by instinct, man: may your grace
Never be old, you stand so well for youth!
*Evan.* Why now, methinks, our court looks like a spring,
Sweet, fresh, and fashionable, now the old weeds are gone.
1 *Court.* It is as a court should be:
Gloss and good clothes, my lord, no matter for merit;
And herein your law proves a provident act,
When men pass not the palsy of their tongues,
Nor colour in their cheeks.
*Evan.* But women
By that law should live long, for they're ne'er past it.
1 *Court.* It will have heats though, when they see the painting
Go an inch deep i'the wrinkle, and take up
A box more than their gossips: but for men, my lord,
That should be the sole bravery of a palace,
To walk with hollow eyes and long white beards,
As if a prince dwelt in a land of goats;
With clothes as if they sat on their backs on purpose
To arraign a fashion, and condemn't to exile;
Their pockets in their sleeves, as if they laid
Their ear to avarice, and heard the devil whisper!
Now ours lie downward here close to the flank,
Right spending pockets, as a son's should be
That lives i'the fashion; where our diseased fathers,
Worried with the sciatica and aches,
Brought up your paned hose first*, which ladies laugh'd at,
Giving no reverence to the place lies ruin'd:
They love a doublet that's three hours a buttoning,
And sits so close makes a man groan again,
And his soul mutter half a day; yet these are those
That carry sway and worth: prick'd up in clothes,
Why should we fear our rising?
*Evan.* You but wrong
Our kindness, and your own deserts, to doubt on't.
Has not our law made you rich before your time?
Our countenance then can make you honourable.
1 *Court.* We'll spare for no cost, sir, to appear worthy.
*Evan.* Why, you're i'the noble way then, for the most
Are but appearers; worth itself is lost,
And bravely stands for't†.

*Enter* Creon, Antigona, *and* Simonides.

1 *Court.* Look, look, who comes here?
I smell death and another courtier,
Simonides.
2 *Court.* Sim!
*Sim.* Pish! I'm not for you yet,
Your company's too costly; after the old man's
Dispatch'd I shall have time to talk with you;
I shall come into the fashion, you shall see, too,
After a day or two; in the mean time,
I am not for your company.
*Evan.* Old Creon, you have been expected long;
Sure you're above fourscore.
*Sim.* Upon my life,
Not four and twenty hours, my lord; I search'd
The church-book yesterday. Does your grace think
I'd let my father wrong the law, my lord?
'Twere pity o'my life then! no, your act
Shall not receive a minute's wrong by him
While I live, sir; and he's so just himself too,
I know he would not offer't:—here he stands.
*Creon.* 'Tis just I die, indeed, for I confess
I am troublesome to life now, and the state
Can hope for nothing worthy from me now,
Either in force or counsel; I've o'late
Employ'd myself quite from the world, and he
That once begins to serve his Maker faithfully,
Can never serve a worldly prince well after;
'Tis clean another way.

* 2 Court. *An admirable prince!* &c.] This and several of the subsequent speeches have been hitherto printed as prose: they are not, indeed, very mellifluous, yet they run readily enough into such kind of metre as this play is, for the most part, written in.

* ——— where *our diseased fathers*,
Worried *with the sciatica and aches*,
*Brought up your* paned hose *first*, &c.] For *where* Mr. M. Mason reads *whereas*, as usual! In the next line the old copy has—Would *with the sciatica*, &c., for which, he says, "we should read *wood*," i. e. mad, raging; but as that leaves the metre imperfect, I have adopted another word, which bids no less fairly to be the genuine one.

*Paned hose* (see page 213) are ribbed breeches, the large and loose slops of our ancestors. The fashion is here ridiculed, as, about the end of Elizabeth's reign, when this Play was apparently written, it was on the decline. In *The Great Duke of Florence*, produced many years subsequent to *The Old Law*, *paned hose* are mentioned as a fashionable article of dress, and this is agreeable to history, for they were again introduced at the accession of James II., and continued through the whole of his reign the characteristic marks of a fine gentleman and a courtier.

† *And* bravery *stands for't.*] i. e. ostentatious finery of apparel: in which sense it is frequently used in the Scriptures. "In that day the lord will take away the *bravery* of their tinkling ornaments."—*Isaiah*, c. iii. v. 18, &c. &c. This short speech of the duke affords one of those scarcely perceptible openings through which Massinger artfully contrives to give the reader a glimpse of such characters as are hereafter to be developed. In every instance he follows nature, which abhors all sudden conversion, the common resource of modern dramatists.

*Ant.* Oh, give not confidence
To all he speaks, my lord, in his own injury.
His preparation only for the next world
Makes him talk wildly to his wrong of this;
He is not lost in judgment.
*Sim.* She spoils all again.
*Ant.* Deserving any way for state employment.
*Sim.* Mother——
*Ant.* His very household laws prescribed at home by him
Are able to conform seven Christian kingdoms,
They are so wise and virtuous.
*Sim.* Mother, I say——
*Ant.* I know your laws extend not to desert, sir,
But to unnecessary years, and, my lord,
His are not such; though they show white they are worthy,
Judicious, able, and religious.
*Sim.* Mother,
I'll help you to a courtier of nineteen.
*Ant.* Away, unnatural!
*Sim.* Then I am no fool, sure,
For to be natural at such a time
Were a fool's part, indeed.
*Ant.* Your grace's pity,
And 'tis but fit and just.
*Creon.* The law, my lord,
And that's the justest way.
*Sim.* Well said, father, i'faith!
Thou wert ever juster than my mother still.
*Evan.* Come hither, sir.
*Sim.* My lord.
*Evan.* What are those orders?
*Ant.* Worth observation, sir,
So please you hear them read.
*Sim.* The woman speaks she knows not what, my lord:
He make a law, poor man! he bought a TABLE, indeed,
Only to learn to die by't, there's the business now;
Wherein there are some precepts for a son too,
How he should learn to live, but I ne'er look'd on't:
For, when he's dead, I shall live well enough,
And keep a better TABLE* than that, I trow.
*Evan.* And is that all, sir?
*Sim.* All, I vow, my lord,
Save a few running admonitions
Upon cheese-trenchers†, as ——
*Take heed of whoring, shun it,*
*'Tis like a cheese too strong of the runnet.*
And such calves' maw of wit and admonition,
Good to catch mice with, but not sons and heirs;
They are not so easily caught.
*Evan.* Agent for death!
*Crat.* Your will, my lord?
*Evan.* Take hence that pile of years,
Forfeit* before with unprofitable age,
And, with the rest, from the high promontory
Cast him into the sea.
*Creon.* 'Tis noble justice!
*Ant.* 'Tis cursed tyranny!
*Sim.* Peace! take heed, mother;
You've but short time to be cast down yourself;
And let a young courtier do't, an you be wise,
In the mean time.
*Ant.* Hence, slave!
*Sim.* Well, seven and fifty,
You have but three years to scold, then comes your payment.
1 *Court.* Simonides.
*Sim.* Pish, I'm not brave enough to hold you talk yet,
Give a man time, I have a suit a making.
2 *Court.* We love thy form first; brave clothes will come, man.
*Sim.* I'll make them come else, with a mischief to them,
As other gallants do, that have less left them.
[*Recorders within.*
*Evan.* Hark! whence those sounds? what's that?
1 *Court.* Some funeral,
It seems, my lord; and young Cleanthes follows.

*Enter a Funeral Procession; the hearse followed by* CLEANTHES *and* HIPPOLITA.

*Evan.* Cleanthes!
2 *Court.* 'Tis, my lord, and in the place
Of a chief mourner too, but strangely habited.
*Evan.* Yet suitable to his behaviour; mark it;
He comes all the way smiling, do you observe it?
I never saw a corse so joyfully followed:
Light colours and light cheeks!—who should this be?
'Tis a thing worth resolving.
*Sim.* One, belike,
That doth participate this our present joy.
*Evan.* Cleanthes.
*Clean.* Oh, my lord!
*Evan.* He laugh'd outright now;
Was ever such a contrariety seen
In natural courses yet, nay profess'd openly?
1 *Court.* I have known a widow laugh closely, my lord,
Under her handkerchief, when t'other part
Of her old face has wept like rain in sunshine;
But all the face to laugh apparently
Was never seen yet.
*Sim.* Yes, mine did once.
*Clean.* 'Tis, of a heavy time, the joyfull'st day
That ever son was born to.
*Evan.* How can that be?
*Clean.* I joy to make it plain,—my father's dead.
*Evan.* Dead!
2 *Court.* Old Leonides!
*Clean.* In his last month dead:
He beguiled cruel law the sweetliest

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* *And keep a better* TABLE *than that, I trow.*] This wretched fellow is punning upon the word *table*, which, as applied to his father, meant a book, or rather, perhaps, a large sheet of paper, where precepts for the due regulation of life were set down in distinct lines, and, as applied to himself—that he would keep a better house, i. e. live more sumptuously than his father. *Then*, which the modern editors have after *table*, and which destroys the metre, is not in the old copy.

† *Upon cheese-trenchers.*] Before the general introduction of books, our ancestors were careful to dole out instruction in many ways: hangings, pictures, *trenchers*, knives, wearing apparel, every thing, in a word, that was capable of containing a short sentence, was turned to account.

"These apophoreta," says Puttenham, in his *Art of English Poesie*, "we call posies, and do paint them now a dayes upon the back side of our *fruite-trenchers*," &c. p. 47. And Saltonstall observes of one of his characters, that "for talke hee commonly uses some proverbial verses, gathered perhaps from *cheese-trenchers*." *Pictures*, by W. S. —And thus George, in *The Honest Whore*:—"Aye, but mistress, as one of our cheese-trenchers says very learnedly, "'As out of wormwood bees suck honey,'" &c. Hence they are termed by Cartwright, *trencher analects*.

* Forfeit *before with unprofitable age*,] Such I take to be the genuine reading: the old copy has *surfeit*, which was adopted by Coxeter, and improved by Mr. M. Mason, by the insertion of *it!*

*Before* it *surfeit with unprofitable age.*

That ever age was blest to.——
It grieves me that a tear should fall upon't,
Being a thing so joyful, but his memory
Will work it out, I see; when his poor heart broke
I did not do so much: but leap'd for joy
So mountingly, I touch'd the stars, methought;
I would not hear of blacks, I was so light,
But chose a colour, orient like my mind:
For blacks are often such dissembling mourners,
There is no credit given to't; it has lost
All reputation by false sons and widows.
Now I would have men know what I resemble,
A truth, indeed; 'tis joy clad like a joy,
Which is more honest than a cunning grief
That's only faced with sables for a show,
But gawdy-hearted: When I saw death come
So ready to deceive you, sir,—forgive me,
I could not choose but be entirely merry,—
And yet to* see now!—of a sudden
Naming but death, I show myself a mortal,
That's never constant to one passion long.
I wonder whence that tear came, when I smiled
In the production on't; sorrow's a thief,
That can, when joy looks on, steal forth a grief.
But, gracious leave, my lord; when I've perform'd
My last poor duty to my father's bones,
I shall return your servant.

*Evan.* Well, perform it,
The law is satisfied; they can but die:
And by his death, Cleanthes, you gain well,
A rich and fair revenue.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Duke, Courtiers, &c.*

*Sim.* I would I had e'en
Another father, condition he did the like†.

*Clean.* I have past it bravely now; how blest was I
To have the duke in sight‡! now 'tis confirm'd,
Past fear or doubts confirm'd; on, on, I say,
Him that brought me to man, I bring to clay.

[*Exit Funeral Procession, followed by Cleanthes, and Hippolita.*

*Sim.* I am rapt now in a contemplation,
Even at the very sight of yonder hearse:
I do but think what a fine thing 'tis now
To live and follow some seven uncles thus,
As many cousin-germans, and such people
That will leave legacies; pox! I'd see them hang'd else,
Ere I'd follow one of them, an they could find the way.
Now I've enough to begin to§ be horrible covetous,

*Enter* Butler, Tailor, Bailiff, Cook, Coachman, *and* Footman.

*But.* We come to know your worship's pleasure, sir,
Having long served your father, how your good will
Stands towards our entertainment.

*Sim.* Not a jot, i'faith:
My father wore cheap garments, he might do't;
I shall have all my clothes come home to morrow,
They will eat up all you, an there were more of you, sirs.
To keep you six at livery, and still munching!

*Tail.* Why, I'm a tailor; you have most need of me, sir.

*Sim.* Thou mad'st my father's clothes, that I confess;
But what son and heir will have his father's tailor,
Unless he have a mind to be well laugh'd at?
Thou'st been so used to wide long-side things, that when
I come to truss, I shall have the waist of my doublet
Lie on my buttocks, a sweet sight!

*But.* I a Butler.

*Sim.* There's least need of thee, fellow; I shall ne'er drink at home, I shall be so drunk abroad.

*But.* But a cup of small beer will do well next morning, sir.

*Sim.* I grant you; but what need I keep so big a knave for a cup of small beer?

*Cook.* Butler, you have your answer; marry, sir, a cook
I know your mastership cannot be without.

*Sim.* The more ass art thou to think so; for what should I do with a mountebank, no drink in my house?—the banishing the butler might have been a warning to thee, unless thou means't to choak me.

*Cook.* In the mean time you have choak'd me, methinks.

*Bail.* These are superfluous vanities, indeed,
And so accounted of in these days, sir;
But then, your bailiff to receive your rents——

*Sim.* I prithee hold thy tongue, fellow, I shall take a course to spend them faster than thou canst reckon them; 'tis not the rents must serve my turn, unless I mean to be laughed at; if a man should be seen out of slash-me, let him ne'er look to be a right gallant. But, sirrah, with whom is your business?

*Coach.* Your good mastership.

*Sim.* You have stood silent all this while like men
That know your strengths in these days, none of you
Can want employment; you can win me wagers*,
Footman, in running races.

*Foot.* I dare boast it, sir.

*Sim.* And when my bets are all come in, and store,
Then, coachman, you can hurry me to my whore.

*Coach.* I'll firk them into foam else.

*Sim.* Speaks brave matter;
And I'll firk some too, or't shall cost hot water.

[*Exeunt Simonides, Coachman, and Footman.*

*Cook.* Why, here's an age to make a cook a ruffian,
And scald the devil indeed! do strange mad things,
Make mutton-pasties of dog's flesh,
Bake snakes for lamprey pies, and cats for conies.

*But.* Come, will you be ruled by a butler's advice

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* *And yet* to *see now.*] So the old copy: Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read, I know not why,—*And yet* too, *see now.*

† ——— condition *he did the like.*] i. e. on condition: a mode of speech adopted by all our old poets.

‡ ——— *how blest was I*
*To have the* duke in sight!] Coxeter printed (after the old copy), *To have the* dim sight: the variation in the text is from a conjecture of Mr. M. Mason. I suppose the manuscript had only the initial letter of duke, and the printer not knowing what to make of *d in* sight, corrected it into *dim sight.* These abbreviations are the source of innumerable errors.

§ *Now I've enough to begin to be* horrible *covetous.*] The modern editions have, *Now I've enough* I *begin to be* horribly *covetous.* I think there is more humour in the old reading.

* ——— *you can win me* wagers,] So the old copy: the modern editions read, *you can win me* wages!

once? for we must make up our fortunes somewhere now as the case stands: let's e'en, therefore, go seek out widows of nine and fifty, an we can; that's within a year of their deaths, and so we shall be sure to be quickly rid of them; for a year's enough of conscience to be troubled with a wife, for any man living.

*Cook.* Oracle butler! oracle butler! he puts down all the doctors o' the name*. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.—*A Room in* Creon's *House.*

*Enter* Eugenia *and* Parthenia.

*Eug.* Parthenia.
*Parth.* Mother.
*Eug.* I shall be troubled†
This six months with an old clog; would the law
Had been cut one year shorter!
*Parth.* Did you call, forsooth?
*Eug.* Yes, you must make some spoonmeat for your father, [*Exit Parthenia.*
And warm three nightcaps for him. Out upon't!
The mere conceit turns a young woman's stomach.
His slippers must be warm'd, in August too,
And his gown girt to him in the very dog-days,
When every mastiff lolls out's tongue for heat.
Would not this vex a beauty of nineteen now?
Alas! I should be tumbling in cold baths now,
Under each armpit a fine bean-flower bag,
To screw out whiteness when I list——
And some sev'n of the properest men in the dukedom
Making a banquet ready i' the next room for me;
Where he that gets the first kiss is envied,
And stands upon his guard a fortnight after.
This is a life for nineteen: 'tis but justice:
For old men, whose great acts stand in their minds,
And nothing in their bodies, do ne'er think
A woman young enough for their desire;
And we young wenches, that have mother-wits,
And love to marry muck first, and man after,
Do never think old men are old enough, [tance.
That we may soon be rid o' them; there's our quit-
I've waited for the happy hour this two years,
And, if death be so unkind to let him live still,
All that time I have lost.

*Enter* Courtiers.

1 *Court.* Young lady!
2 *Court.* O sweet precious bud of beauty!
Troth, she smells over all the house, methinks.
1 *Court.* The sweetbriar's but a counterfeit to her——
It does exceed you only in the prickle,
But that it shall not long, if you'll be ruled, lady.
*Eug.* What means this sudden visitation, gentlemen?
So passing well perfumed too! who's your milliner?
1 *Court.* Love, and thy beauty, widow.
*Eug.* Widow, sir?
1 *Court.* 'Tis sure, and that's as good: in troth we're suitors:
We come a wooing, wench; plain dealing's best.
*Eug.* A wooing! what, before my husband's dead?
2 *Court.* Let's lose no time; six months will have an end;
I know't by all the bonds that e'er I made yet.
*Eug.* That's a sure knowledge, but it holds not here, sir.
1 *Court.* Do not we* know the craft of you young tumblers?
That when you wed an old man, you think upon
Another husband as you are marrying of him;—
We, knowing your thoughts, made bold to see you.

*Enter* Simonides *richly dressed, and* Coachman.

*Eug.* How wondrous right he speaks! 'twas my thought, indeed.
*Sim.* By your leave, sweet widow, do you lack any gallants?
*Eug.* Widow, again! 'tis a comfort to be call'd so.
1 *Court.* Who's this, Simonides?
2 *Court.* Brave Sim, i'faith.
*Sim.* Coachman.
*Coach.* Sir.
*Sim.* Have an especial care of my new mares;
They say, sweet widow, he that loves a horse well
Must needs love a widow well.—When dies thy husband?
Is't not July next?
*Eug.* Oh, you are too hot, sir!
Pray cool yourself, and take September with you.
*Sim.* September! oh, I was but two bows wide.
1 *Court.* Simonides.
*Sim.* I can intreat you, gallants, I'm in fashion too.

*Enter* Lysander.

*Lys.* Ha! whence this herd† of folly? what are you?
*Sim.* Well-willers to your wife; pray 'tend your book, sir;
We've nothing to say to you, you may go die,
For here be those in place that can supply.
*Lys.* What's thy wild business here?
*Sim.* Old man, I'll tell thee;
I come to beg the reversion of thy wife:
I think these gallants be of my mind too.—
But thou art but a dead man, therefore what should a man do talking with thee? Come, widow, stand to your tackling.
*Lys.* Impious blood-hounds!
*Sim.* Let the ghost talk, ne'er mind him.
*Lys.* Shames of nature!

* He alludes to Dr. W. Butler, a very celebrated physician of Elizabeth's days. The oddity of his manners, the singularity of his practice, and the extraordinary cures which he performed, raised many strange opinions of him. "He never," (says Dr. Wittie) "kept any apprentice for his business, nor any maid but a foole, and yet his reputation, thirty-five years after his death, was still so great, that many empirics got credit among the vulgar, by claiming relation to him, as having served him, and learned much from him." He died at an advanced age, in 1618.

† Eug. *I shall be troubled,* &c.] Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason have absurdly printed this and the following speeches of Eugenia as prose. I cannot account for the motives which induced them to do so, as they are not only very good metre, but are arranged as such in the old copy.

* 1 Court. *Do not* we *know the craft of* you *young tumblers?*
*That* when *you wed an old man,* &c.] This speech has hitherto stood thus: *Don't* you *know the craft of* your *young tumblers? That you wed an old man,* &c. I have endeavoured to restore it to some degree of sense, by altering one word, and inserting another. To those who are acquainted with the deplorable state of the old copy, I shall easily stand excused for these and similar liberties, which, however, I have sparingly taken, and never but in the most desperate cases.

† Lys. *Ha! whence this* herd *of folly? What are you?*] This is the reading of the old copy; for which Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason strangely give us,
*Ha! whence this* unheard-of *folly? what are you?*

*Sim.* Alas, poor ghost! consider what the man is.
*Lys.* Monsters unnatural! you that have been covetous
Of your own fathers' death, gape you for mine now?
Cannot a poor old man, that now can reckon
Even all the hours he has to live, live quiet
For such wild beasts as these, that neither hold
A certainty of good within themselves,
But scatter others' comforts that are ripen'd
For holy uses? is hot youth so hasty
It will not give an old man leave to die,
And leave a widow first, but will make one,
The husband looking on? May your destructions
Come all in hasty figures to your souls!
Your wealth depart in haste, to overtake
Your honesties, that died when you were infants!
May your male seed be hasty spendthrifts too,
Your daughters hasty sinners, and diseased
Ere they be thought at years to welcome misery!
And may you never know what leisure is
But at repentance!—I am too uncharitable,
Too foul; I must go cleanse myself with prayers.
These are the plagues of fondness to old men,
We're punish'd home with what we dote upon.
[*Exit.*
*Sim.* So, so! the ghost is vanish'd · now, your answer, lady.
*Eug.* Excuse me, gentlemen; 'twere as much impudence
In me to give you a kind answer yet,
As madness to produce a churlish one.
I could say now, come a month hence, sweet gentlemen,
Or two, or three, or when you will, indeed;
But I say no such thing: I set no time,
Nor is it mannerly to deny any.
I'll carry an even hand to all the world:
Let other women make what haste they will,
What's that to me? but I profess unfeignedly,
I'll have my husband dead before I marry;
Ne'er look for other answer at my hands.
*Sim.* Would he were hang'd, for my part, looks for other!
*Eug.* I'm at a word.
*Sim.* And I am at a blow, then;
I'll lay you o' the lips, and leave you. [*Kisses her.*
1 *Court.* Well struck, Sim.
*Sim.* He that dares say he'll mend it, I'll strike him.
1 *Court.* He would betray himself to be a botcher,
That goes about to mend it.
*Eug.* Gentlemen,
You know my mind; I bar you not my house,
But if you choose out hours more seasonably,
You may have entertainment.

*Re-enter* PARTHENIA.

*Sim.* What will she do hereafter, when she is a widow,
Keeps open house already?
[*Exeunt Simonides and Courtiers.*
*Eug.* How now, girl!
*Parth.* Those feather'd fools that hither took their flight,
Have grieved my father much.
*Eug.* Speak well of youth, wench,
While thou'st a day to live; 'tis youth must make thee,
And when youth fails wise women will make it;
But always take age first, to make thee rich:
That was my counsel ever, and then youth
Will make thee sport enough all thy life after.
'Tis the time's policy, wench; what is't to bide
A little hardness for a pair of years, or so?
A man whose only strength lies in his breath,
Weakness in all parts else, thy bedfellow,
A cough o' the lungs, or say a wheesing matter;
Then shake off chains, and dance all thy life after!
*Parth.* Every one to their liking; but I say
An honest man's worth all, be he young or gray.
Yonder's my cousin. [*Exit.*

*Enter* HIPPOLITA.

*Eug.* Art, I must use thee now;
Dissembling is the best help for a virtue
That ever woman had, it saves their credit oft.
*Hip.* How now, cousin!
What, weeping?
*Eug.* Can you blame me when the time
Of my dear love and husband now draws on?
I study funeral tears against the day
I must be a sad widow.
*Hip.* In troth, Eugenia, I have cause to weep too;
But, when I visit, I come comfortably,
And look to be so quited* :—yet more sobbing!
*Eug.* Oh! the greatest part of your affliction's past,
The worst of mine's to come; I have one to die;
Your husband's father is dead, and fixed in his
Eternal peace, past the sharp tyrannous blow.
*Hip.* You must use patience, coz.
*Eug.* Tell me of patience!
*Hip.* You have example for't, in me and many.
*Eug.* Yours was a father-in-law, but mine a husband:
O, for a woman that could love, and live
With an old man, mine is a jewel, cousin;
So quietly he lies by one, so still!
*Hip* Alas! I have a secret lodged within me,
Which now will out in pity :—I cannot hold.
*Eug.* One that will not disturb me in my sleep
For a whole month together, less it be
With those diseases age is subject to,
As aches, coughs, and pains, and these, heaven knows†,
Against his will too :—he's the quietest man,
Especially in bed.
*Hip.* Be comforted.
*Eug.* How can I, lady?
None know the terror of an husband's loss,
But they that fear to lose him.
*Hip.* Fain would I keep it in, but 'twill not be;
She is my kinswoman, and I'm pitiful.
I must impart a good, if I know it once,
To them that stand in need on't; I'm like one
Loves not to banquet with a joy alone;
My friends must partake too :—prithee, cease, cousin;
If your love be so boundless, which is rare
In a young woman in these days, I tell you,

* *And look to be so quited,*] Mr. M. Mason reads—*And look to be so* far requited! What he imagined he had gained by this harsh and unmetrical addition, is difficult to conjecture; the text is very good sense.

† *As aches, coughs, and pains, and these, heaven knows,*] Here again Mr. M. Mason wantonly sophisticates the text; he reads *achs*; but the true word is that which stands above (*aches*), which was always used in Massinger's time as a dissyllable, and pronounced *atch-es.*

To one so much past service as your husband,
There is a way to beguile law, and help you;
My husband found it out first.
*Eug.* Oh, sweet cousin!
*Hip.* You may conceal him, and give out his death
Within the time; order his funeral too;
We had it so for ours, I praise heaven for't,
And he's alive and safe.
*Eug.* O blessed coz,
How thou revivest me!
*Hip.* We daily see
The good old man, and feed him twice a day.
Methinks, it is the sweetest joy to cherish him,
That ever life yet show'd me.
*Eug.* So should I think,
A dainty thing to nurse an old man well!
*Hip.* And then we have his prayers and daily blessing;
And we two live so lovingly upon it,
His son and I, and so contentedly,
You cannot think unless you tasted on't.
*Eug.* No, I warrant you. Oh, loving cousin,
What a great sorrow has thou eased me of!
A thousand thanks go with thee!
*Hip.* I have a suit to you,
I must not have you weep when I am gone
[*Exit.*
*Eug.* No, if I do, ne'er trust me. Easy fool,
Thou hast put thyself into my power for ever;
Take heed of angering of me: I conceal!
I feign a funeral! I keep my husband!
'Las! I've been thinking any time these two years
I have kept him too long already.—
I'll go count o'er my suitors, that's my business,
And prick the man down; I've six months to do't.
But could dispatch it in one were I put to't.
[*Exit.*

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## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*Before the Church.*

*Enter* Gnotho *and* Clerk.

*Gnoth.* You have search'd over the parish-chronicle, sir?
*Clerk.* Yes, sir; I have found out the true age and date of the party you wot on.
*Gnoth.* Pray you, be cover'd, sir.
*Clerk.* When you have showed me the way, sir.
*Gnoth.* Oh, sir, remember yourself, you are a clerk.
*Clerk.* A small clerk, sir.
*Gnoth.* Likely to be the wiser man, sir; for your greatest clerks are not always so, as 'tis reported.
*Clerk.* You are a great man in the parish, sir.
*Gnoth.* I understand myself so much the better, sir, for all the best in the parish pay duties to the clerk, and I would owe you none, sir.
*Clerk.* Since you'll have it so, I'll be the first to hide my head.
*Gnoth.* Mine is a capcase: now to our business in hand. Good luck, I hope; I long to be resolved.
*Clerk.* Look you, sir, this is that cannot deceive you:*
This is the dial that goes ever true;
You may say *ipse dixit* upon this witness,
And it is good in law too.
*Gnoth.* Pray you, let's hear what it speaks.
*Clerk.* Mark, sir. *Agatha, the daughter of Pollux* (this is your wife's name, and the name of her father), *born*——
*Gnoth.* Whose daughter, say you?
*Clerk.* The daughter of Pollux.
*Gnoth.* I take it his name was Bollux.
*Clerk.* Pollux, the orthography, I assure you, sir; the word is corrupted else.
*Gnoth.* Well, on sir,—of Pollux; now come on, Castor.
*Clerk. Born in an.* 1540; and now 'tis 99. By this infallible record, sir (let me see), she's now just fifty-nine, and wants but one.
*Gnoth.* I am sorry she wants so much.
*Clerk.* Why, sir? alas, 'tis nothing; 'tis but so many months, so many weeks, so many——
*Gnoth.* Do not deduct it to days*, 'twill be the more tedious; and to measure it by hourglasses were intolerable.
*Clerk.* Do not think on it, sir; half the time goes away in sleep, 'tis half the year in nights.
*Gnoth.* O, you mistake me, neighbour, I am loth to leave the good old woman; if she were gone now it would not grieve me, for what is a year, alas, but a lingering torment? and were it not better she were out of her pain? It must needs be a grief to us both.
*Clerk.* I would I knew how to ease you, neighbour!
*Gnoth.* You speak kindly, truly, and if you say but Amen to it (which is a word that I know you are perfect in), it might be done. Clerks are the most indifferent honest men,—for to the marriage of your enemy, or the burial of your friend, the curses or the blessings to you are all one; you say Amen to all.
*Clerk.* With a better will to the one than the other, neighbour: but I shall be glad to say Amen to any thing might do you a pleasure.
*Gnoth.* There is, first, something above your duty: now I would have you set forward the clock a little, to help the old woman out of her pain.

* Clerk. *Look you, sir, this is that cannot deceive you:*] *Which*, inserted by the modern editors after *that*, is perfectly unnecessary, as they might have discovered, long before they reached this part of their work.

* Gnoth. *Do not* deduct *it to days,*] A Latinism, *deducere* bring it down, or, as we say, reduce it to days. This absurdity of consulting the church-book for the age, &c., may be kept in countenance by Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. 6th, p. 248. Indeed, there are several passages in this Play, that resemble some in *The Queen of Corinth.*

*Clerk.* I will speak to the sexton; but the day will go ne'er the faster for that.

*Gnoth.* Oh, neighbour, you do not conceit me; not the jack of the clock-house, the hand of the dial, I mean,—Come, I know you, being a great clerk, cannot choose but have the art to cast a figure.

*Clerk.* Never, indeed, neighbour; I never had the judgment to cast a figure.

*Gnoth.* I'll show you on the back side of your book; look you,—what figure's this?

*Clerk.* Four with a cipher, that's forty.

*Gnoth.* So! forty; what's this, now?

*Clerk.* The cipher is turn'd into 9 by adding the tail, which makes forty-nine.

*Gnoth.* Very well understood; what is't now?

*Clerk.* The four is turn'd into three; 'tis now thirty-nine.

*Gnoth.* Very well understood; and can you do this again?

*Clerk.* Oh! easily, sir.

*Gnoth.* A wager of that! let me see the place of my wife's age again.

*Clerk.* Look you, sir, 'tis here, 1540.

*Gnoth.* Forty drachmas, you do not turn that forty into thirty-nine.

*Clerk.* A match with you.

*Gnoth.* Done! and you shall keep stakes yourself: there they are.

*Clerk.* A firm match—but stay, sir, now I consider it, I shall add a year to your wife's age; let me see—*Scirophorion* the 17,—and now 'tis *Hecatombaion* the 11th*. If I alter this your wife will have but a month to live by law.

*Gnoth.* That's all one, sir; either do it or pay me my wager.

*Clerk.* Will you lose your wife before you lose your wager?

*Gnoth.* A man may get two wives before half so much money by them; will you do it?

*Clerk.* I hope you will conceal me, for 'tis flat corruption.

*Gnoth.* Nay, sir, I would have you keep counsel; for I lose my money by't, and should be laugh'd at for my labour, if it should be known.

*Clerk.* Well, sir, there!—'tis done; as perfect a 39 as can be found in black and white: but mum, sir,—there's danger in this figure-casting.

*Gnoth.* Ay, sir, I know that: better men than you have been thrown over the bar for as little; the best is, you can be but thrown out of the belfry.

*Enter the* Cook, Tailor, Bailiff, *and* Butler.

*Clerk.* Lock close, here comes company†; asses have ears as well as pitchers.

*Cook.* Oh, Gnotho, how is't? here's a trick of discarded cards of us! we were rank'd with coats as long as old master lived‡.

*Gnoth.* And is this then the end of servingmen?

*Cook.* Yes, 'faith, this is the end of serving men a wise man were better serve one God than all the men in the world.

*Gnoth.* 'Twas well spoke of a cook. And are all fallen into fasting-days and Ember-weeks, that cooks are out of use?

*Tail.* And all tailors will be cut into lists and shreds; if this world hold, we shall grow both out of request.

*But.* And why not butlers as well as tailors? if they can go naked, let them neither eat nor drink.

*Clerk.* That's strange, methinks, a lord should turn away his tailor, of all men:—and how dost thou, tailor?

*Tail.* I do so so; but, indeed, all our wants are long of this publican, my lord's bailiff; for had he been rent-gatherer still, our places had held together still, that are now seam-rent, nay crack'd in the whole piece*.

*Bail.* Sir, if my lord had not sold his lands that claim his rents, I should still have been the rent-gatherer.

*Cook.* The truth is, except the coachman and the footman, all serving-men are out of request.

*Gnoth.* Nay, say not so, for you were never in more request than now, for requesting is but a kind of a begging; for when you say, I beseech your worship's charity, 'tis all one as if you say I request it; and in that kind of requesting, I am sure servingmen were never in more request.

*Cook.* Troth he says true: well, let that pass; we are upon a better adventure. I see, Gnotho, you have been before us; we came to deal with this merchant for some commodities.

*Clerk.* With me, sir? any thing that I can.

*But.* Nay, we have looked out our wives already: marry, to you we come to know the prices, that is, to know their ages; for so much reverence we bear to age, that the more aged, they shall be the more dear to us.

*Tail.* The truth is, every man has laid by his widow: so they be lame enough, blind enough, and old enough, 'tis good enough.

*Clerk.* I keep the town-stock; if you can but name them, I can tell their ages to a day.

*All.* We can tell their fortunes to an hour, then.

*Clerk.* Only you must pay for turning of the leaves.

*Cook.* Oh, bountifully,—Come, mine first.

*But.* The butler before the cook, while you live; there's few that eat before they drink in a morning.

*Tail.* Nay, then the tailor puts in his needle of priority, for men do clothe themselves before they either drink or eat.

*Bail.* I will strive for no place; the longer ere I marry my wife, the older she will be, and nearer her end and my ends.

*Clerk.* I will serve you all, gentlemen, if you will have patience.

*Gnoth.* I commend your modesty, sir; you are a bailiff, whose place is to come behind other men, so it were in the bum of all the rest.

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* Scirophorion, Hecatombaion, *and, soon after,* December; what a medley! This miserable ostentation of Greek literature is, I believe, from the pen of Middleton, who was "a piece" of a scholar.

† Lock *close, here comes company;*] So the old copy: the modern editors read—Look *close,* which has no meaning.

‡ This alludes to some game, in which the low cards were thrown out: *coats* were what we call court cards. *The end of serving-men,* which occurs in the next speech, is the title of an old ballad.

* If the reader wanted any additional proof that no part of this scene was written by Massinger, he might find it in this punning on the terms used by tailors: in these, and similar conceits, he takes no pleasure. It is wretched stuff, and would almost lead one to think that it was the production of the stage, in its nonage, and not fairly attributable to any of the triumvirate.

*Bail.* So, sir! and you were about this business too, seeking out for a widow?

*Gnoth.* Alack! no, sir; I am a married man, and have those cares upon me that you would fain run into.

*Bail.* What, an old rich wife! any man in this age desires such a care.

*Gnoth.* Troth, sir, I'll put a venture with you, if you will; I have a lusty old queen to my wife, sound of wind and limb, yet I'll give out to take three for one at the marriage of my second wife.

*Bail.* Ay, sir, but how near is she to the law?

*Gnoth.* Take that at hazard, sir; there must be time, you know, to get a new. Unsight, unseen, I take three to one.

*Bail.* Two to one I'll give, if she have but two teeth in her head.

*Gnoth.* A match; there's five drachmas for ten at my next wife.

*Bail.* A match.

*Cook.* I shall be fitted bravely: fifty-eight and upwards; 'tis but a year and half, and I may chance make friends, and beg a year of the duke.

*But.* Hey, boys! I am made, sir butler; my wife that shall be wants but two months of her time; it shall be one ere I marry her, and then the next will be a honey moon.

*Tail.* I outstrip you all; I shall have but six weeks of Lent, if I get my widow, and then comes eating-tide, plump and gorgeous.

*Gnoth.* This tailor will be a man, if ever there were any.

*Bail.* Now comes my turn. I hope, goodman Fims, you that are still at the end of all, with a *so be it.* Well now, sirs, do you venture there as I have done; and I'll venture here after you: Good luck, I beseech thee!

*Clerk.* Amen, sir.

*Bail.* That deserves a fee already—there 'tis; please me, and have a better.

*Clerk.* Amen, sir.

*Cook.* How, two for one at your next wife! is the old one living?

*Gnoth.* You have a fair match, I offer you no foul one; if death make not haste to call her, she'll make none to go to him.

*But.* I know her, she's a lusty woman; I'll take the venture.

*Gnoth.* There's five drachmas for ten at my next wife.

*But.* A bargain.

*Cook.* Nay, then we'll be all merchants; give me.

*Tail.* And me.

*But.* What, has the bailiff sped?

*Bail.* I am content; but none of you shall know my happiness.

*Clerk.* As well as any of you all, believe it, sir.

*Bail.* Oh, clerk, you are to speak last always.

*Clerk.* I'll remember't hereafter, sir. You have done with me gentlemen?

*Enter* Agatha.

*All.* For this time honest register.

*Clerk.* Fare you well then; if you do I'll cry Amen to it*. [*Exit.*

*Cook.* Look you, sir, is not this your wife?

*Gnoth.* My first wife, sir.

* Clerk. *Fare you well, then; if you do, I'll cry* Amen *to it.*] i. e. if you *fare well*:—but this is a sad abuse of criticism.

*But.* Nay, then we have made a good match on't if she have no froward disease the woman may live this dozen years by her age.

*Tail.* I'm afraid she's broken-winded, she holds silence so long.

*Cook.* We'll now leave our venture to the event; I must a wooing.

*But.* I'll but buy me a new dagger, and overtake you.

*Bail.* So we must all; for he that goes a wooing to a widow without a weapon, will never get her.

[*Exeunt all but Gnotho and Agatha.*

*Gnoth.* Oh, wife, wife!

*Aga.* What ail you man, you speak so passionately*?

*Gnoth.* 'Tis for thy sake, sweet wife: who would think so lusty an old woman, with reasonable good teeth, and her tongue in as perfect use as ever it was, should be so near her time?—but the Fates will have it so.

*Aga.* What's the matter, man? you do amaze me.

*Gnoth.* Thou art not sick neither, I warrant thee.

*Aga.* Not that I know of, sure.

*Gnoth.* What pity 'tis a woman should be so near her end, and yet not sick!

*Aga.* Near her end, man! tush, I can guess at that;
I have years good yet of life in the remainder:
I want two yet at least of the full number;
Then the law, I know, craves impotent and useless,
And not the able women.

*Gnoth.* Ay, alas! I see thou hast been repairing time as well as thou couldst; the old wrinkles are well filled up, but the vermilion is seen too thick, too thick—and I read what's written in thy forehead; it agrees with the church-book.

*Aga.* Have you sought my age, man? and, I prithee, how is it?

*Gnoth.* I shall but discomfort thee.

*Aga.* Not at all man; when there's no remedy, I will go, though unwillingly.

*Gnoth.* 1539. Just; it agrees with the book: you have about a year to prepare yourself.

*Aga.* Out, alas! I hope there's more than so. But do you not think a reprieve might be gotten for half a score—an 'twere but five years I would not care; an able woman, methinks, were to be pitied.

*Gnoth.* Ay, to be pitied, but not help'd; no hope of that: for, indeed, women have so blemish'd their own reputations now-a-days, that it is thought the law will meet them at fifty very shortly.

*Aga.* Marry, the heavens forbid!

*Gnoth.* There's so many of you, that, when you are old, become witches; some profess physic, and kill good subjects faster than a burning fever; and then school-mistresses of the sweet sin, which commonly we call bawds, innumerable of that sort: for these and such causes 'tis thought they shall not live above fifty.

*Aga.* Ay, man, but this hurts not the good old women.

*Gnoth.* Faith, you are so like one another, that a man cannot distinguish them: now, were I an old woman, I would desire to go before my time, and offer myself willingly, two or three years before. Oh, those are brave women, and worthy to be commended of all men in the world, that, when

* Aga. *What ail you, man, you speak so* passionately?] i. e. so plaintively, so sorrowfully. See ante, Act 1, sc. 1.

their husbands die, they run to be burnt to death with them: there's honour and credit! give me half a dozen such wives.

*Aga.* Ay, if her husband were dead before, twere a reasonable request; if you were dead, I could be content to be so.

*Gnoth.* Fie! that's not likely, for thou hadst two husbands before me.

*Aga.* Thou wouldst not have me die, wouldst thou, husband?

*Gnoth.* No, I do not speak to that purpose: but I say, what credit it were for me and thee, if thou wouldst; then thou shouldst never be suspected for a witch, a physician, a bawd, or any of those things: and then how daintily should I mourn for thee, how bravely should I see thee buried! when, alas, if he goes before, it cannot choose but be a great grief to him to think he has not seen his wife well buried. There be such virtuous women in the world, but too few, too few, who desire to die seven years before their time with all their hearts.

*Aga.* I have not the heart to be of that mind, but, indeed, husband, I think you would have me gone.

*Gnoth.* No, alas! I speak but for your good and your credit; for when a woman may die quickly, why should she go to law for her death? Alack, I need not wish thee gone, for thou hast but a short time to stay with me: you do not know how near 'tis,—it must out, you have but a month to live by the law.

*Aga.* Out alas!

*Gnoth.* Nay, scarce so much.

*Aga.* Oh, oh, oh, my heart! [*Swoons.*

*Gnoth.* Ay, so! if thou wouldst go away quietly, 'twere sweetly done, and like a kind wife; lie but a little longer, and the bell shall toll for thee.

*Aga.* Oh my heart, but a month to live!

*Gnoth.* Alas, why wouldst thou come back again for a month? I'll throw her down again—oh! woman, 'tis not three weeks; I think a fortnight is the most.

*Aga.* Nay, then I am gone already. [*Swoons.*

*Gnoth.* I would make haste to the sexton now, but I am afraid the tolling of the bell will wake her again. If she be so wise as to go now—she stirs again; there's two lives of the nine gone.

*Aga.* Oh! wouldst thou not help to recover me, husband?

*Gnoth.* Alas, I could not find in my heart to hold thee by thy nose, or box thy cheeks; it goes against my conscience.

*Aga.* I will not be thus frighted to my death, I'll search the church records: a fortnight!
'Tis too little of conscience, I cannot be so near;
O time, if thou be'st kind, lend me but a year.
[*Exit.*

*Gnoth.* What a spite's this, that a man cannot persuade his wife to die in any time with her good will? I have another bespoke already; though a piece of old beef will serve to breakfast, yet a man would be glad of a chicken to supper. The clerk, I hope, understands no Hebrew, and cannot write backward what he hath writ forward already, and then I am well enough.
'Tis but a month at most, if that were gone,
My venture comes in with her two for one:
'Tis use enough o' conscience for a broker—if he had a conscience. [*Exit.*

SCENE II*.—*A Room in* Creon's *House.*

*Enter* Eugenia *at one door,* Simonides *and* Courtiers *at the other.*

*Eug.* Gentlemen courtiers.
1 *Court.* All your vow'd servants, lady.
*Eug.* Oh, I shall kill myself with infinite laughter!
Will nobody take my part?
*Sim.* An't be a laughing business,
Put it to me, I'm one of the best in Europe;
My father died last too, I have the most cause.
*Eug.* You have pick'd out such a time, sweet gentlemen,
To make your spleen a banquet.
*Sim.* Oh, the jest!
Lady, I have a jaw stands ready for't,
I'll gape half way, and meet it.
*Eug.* My old husband,
That cannot say his prayers out for jealousy
And madness at your coming first to woo me—
*Sim.* Well said.
1. *Court.* Go on.
2 *Court.* On, on.
*Eug.* Takes counsel with
The secrets of all art to make himself
Youthful again.
*Sim.* How! youthful? ha, ha, ha!
*Eug.* A man of forty-five he would fain seem to be,
Or scarce so much, if he might have his will, indeed.
*Sim.* Ay, but his white hairs, they'll betray his hoariness.
*Eug.* Why, there you are wide: he's not the man you take him for,
Nor will you know him when you see him again;
There will be five to one laid upon that.
1 *Court.* How!
*Eug.* Nay, you did well to laugh faintly there,
I promise you, I think he'll outlive me now,
And deceive law and all.
*Sim.* Marry, gout forbid!
*Eug.* You little think he was at fencing-school
At four o'clock this morning.
*Sim.* How, at fencing-school!
*Eug.* Else give no trust to woman.
*Sim.* By this light,
I do not like him, then; he's like to live
Longer than I, for he may kill me first, now.
*Eug.* His dancer now came in as I met you.
1 *Court.* His dancer, too!
*Eug.* They observe turns and hours with him;
The great French rider will be here at ten
With his curveting horse.
2 *Court.* These notwithstanding,
His hair and wrinkles will betray his age.
*Eug.* I'm sure his head and beard, as he has order'd it,
Look not past fifty now: he'll bring't to forty
Within these four days, for nine times an hour
He takes a black lead comb, and kembs it over:
Three quarters of his beard is under fifty;
There's but a little tuft of fourscore left,
All o'one side, which will be black by Monday.

* This scene is also printed as prose by the modern editors. Coxeter seems to have been very capricious in his notions of metre, for he has here (as well as in too many other places) deserted the original. Mr. M. Mason is only accountable for his want of attention.

*Enter* Lysander.

And, to approve my truth, see where he comes!
Laugh softly, gentlemen, and look upon him.
[*They go aside.*
*Sim.* Now, by this hand, he's almost black i'the mouth, indeed.
1 *Court.* He should die shortly, then.
*Sim.* Marry, methinks he dies too fast already,
For he was all white but a week ago.
1 *Court.* Oh! this same coney-white takes an excellent black;
Too soon, a mischief on't!
2 *Court.* He will beguile
Us all, if that little tuft northward turn black too.
*Eug.* Nay, sir, I wonder 'tis so long a turning.
*Sim.* May be some fairy's child, held forth at midnight,
Has piss'd upon that side.
1 *Court.* Is this the beard?
*Lys.* Ah, sirrah! my young boys, I shall be for you:
This little mangy tuft takes up more time
Than all the beard beside. Come you a wooing,
And I alive and lusty? you shall find
An alteration, jack-boys; I have a spirit yet
(An I could match my hair to't, there's the fault*),
And can do offices of youth yet lightly;
At least I will do, though it pain me a little.
Shall not a man, for a little foolish age,
Enjoy his wife to himself? must young court tits
Play tomboys' tricks with her, and he live, ha?
I have blood that will not bear't; yet I confess,
I should be at my prayers—but where's the dancer, there!

*Enter* Dancing-master.

*Master.* Here, sir.
*Lys.* Come, come, come, one trick a day,
And I shall soon recover all again.
*Eug.* 'Slight, an you laugh too loud, we are all discover'd.
*Sim.* And I have a scurvy grinning laugh o'mine own,
Will spoil all, I am afraid.
*Eug.* Marry, take heed, sir.
*Sim.* Nay, an I should be hang'd I cannot leave it;
Pup!—there 'tis. [*Laughs aloud.*
*Eug.* Peace! oh peace!
*Lys.* Come, I am ready, sir.
I hear the church-book's lost where I was born too,
And that shall set me back one twenty years;
There is no little comfort left in that:
And—then my three court-codlings, that look par-boil'd,
As if they came from Cupid's scalding-house——
*Sim.* He means me specially, I hold my life.
*Mast.* What trick will your old worship learn this morning, sir?
*Lys.* Marry, a trick, if thou couldst teach a man
To keep his wife to himself; I'd fain learn that.
*Mast.* That's a hard trick, for an old man specially;
The horse-trick comes the nearest.
*Lys.* Thou sayest true, i'faith,
They must be horsed indeed, else there's no keeping them,
And horse-play at fourscore is not so ready
*Mast.* Look you, here's your worship's horse-trick*, sir. [*Gives a spring.*
*Lys.* Nay, say not so,
'Tis none of mine; I fall down horse and man,
If I but offer at it.
*Mast.* My life for yours, sir.
*Lys.* say'st thou me so? [*Springs aloft.*
*Mast.* Well offer'd, by my viol, sir.
*Lys.* A pox of this horse-trick! 't has played the jade with me,
And given me a wrench i'the back.
*Mast.* Now, here's your inturn, and your trick above ground.
*Lys.* Prithee, no more, unless thou hast a mind
To lay me under-ground; one of these tricks
Is enough in a morning.
*Mast.* For your galliard, sir.
You are complete enough, ay, and may challenge
The proudest coxcomb of them all, I'll stand to't.
*Lys.* Faith, and I've other weapons for the rest too:
I have prepared for them, if e'er I take.
My Gregories here again.
*Sim.* Oh! I shall burst,
I can hold out no longer.
*Eug.* He spoils all. [*They come forward.*
*Lys.* The devil and his grinners! are you come?
Bring forth the weapons, we shall find you play;
All feats of youth too, jack-boys, feats of youth,
And these the weapons, drinking, fencing, dancing†
Your own road-ways, you clyster-pipes! I am old, you say,
Yes, parlous old, kids, an you mark me well.
This beard cannot get children, you lank suck-eggs,
Unless such weasels come from court to help us.
We will get our own brats, you letcherous dog-bolts!

*Enter a servant with foils and glasses.*

Well said, down with them; now we shall see your spirits.
What! dwindle you already?
2 *Court.* I have no quality‡.
*Sim.* Nor I, unless drinking may be reckon'd for one.
1 *Court.* Why, Sim, it shall.
*Lys.* Come, dare you choose your weapon, now?
1 *Court.* I? dancing, sir, an you will be so hasty.
*Lys.* We're for you, sir.
2 *Court.* Fencing, I.
*Lys.* We'll answer you too.
*Sim.* I am for drinking; your wet weapon there.
*Lys.* That wet one has cost many a princox life;
And I will send it through you with a powder!
*Sim.* Let it come, with a pox! I care not, so't be drink.

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* *(An I could match my hair to't, there's the* fault,) i. e. there's the *misfortune:* this is a further confirmation of what is said upon the subject. See *The Bondman*, Act V. Sc. 1.

* *Here's your worship's horse-trick,*] Some rough cur-vetting is here meant, but I know not the precise motion. The word occurs in *A Woman Killed with Kindness:*—"Though we be but country fellows, it may be, in the way of dancing, we can do the *horse*-trick as well as the serving men."—Act I.

† *And these the weapons, drinking, fencing, dancing:*] This line, which describes what the feats of youth are, and without which the subsequent speeches cannot be understood, is wholly omitted by Mr. M. Mason.

‡ 2 Court. *I have no* quality.] i. e. no profession; at least, that is the sense in which Simonides takes it.

I hope my guts will hold, and that's e'en all
A gentleman can look for of such trillibubs*.
*Lys.* Play the first weapon; come, strike, strike, I say.
Yes, yes, you shall be first; I'll observe court rules:
Always the worst goes foremost, so 'twill prove, I hope. [1 *Courtier dances a galliard*†.
So, sir, you've spit your poison; now come I.
Now, forty years go backward and assist me,
Fall from me half my age, but for three minutes,
That I may feel no crick! I will put fair for't,
Although I hazard twenty sciaticas. [*Dances.*
So, I have hit you.
1 *Court.* You've done well, i'faith, sir.
*Lys.* If you confess it well, 'tis excellent,
And I have hit you soundly; I am warm now:
The second weapon instantly.
2 *Court.* What, so quick, sir?
Will you not allow yourself a breathing-time?
*Lys.* I've breath enough at all times, Lucifer's musk-cod,
To give your perfumed worship three venués;
A sound old man puts his thrust better home
Than a spiced young man: there I. [*They fence.*
2 *Court.* Then have at you, fourscore.
*Lys.* You lie, twenty, I hope, and you shall find it. [eye
*Sim.* I'm glad I miss'd this weapon, I'd had an
Popt out ere this time, or my two butter-teeth
Thrust down my throat instead of a flap-dragon.
*Lys.* There's two, pentweezle. [*Hits him.*
*Mast.* Excellently touch'd, sir.
2 *Court.* Had ever man such luck! speak your opinion, gentlemen.
*Sim.* Methinks your luck's good that your eyes are in still,
Mine would have dropt out like a pig's half roasted.
*Lys.* There wants a third—and there it is again! [*Hits him again.*
2 *Court.* The devil has steel'd him.
*Eug.* What a strong fiend is jealousy!
*Lys.* You are dispatch'd, bear-whelp.
*Sim.* Now comes my weapon in.
*Lys.* Here, toadstool, here.
'Tis you and I must play these three wet venues.
*Sim.* Venues in Venice glasses! let them come,
They'll bruise no flesh, I'm sure, nor break no bones.
2 *Court.* Yet you may drink your eyes out, sir.
*Sim.* Ay, but that's nothing;
Then they go voluntarily: I do not
Love to have them thrust out, whether they will or no.
*Lys.* Here's your first weapon, duck's-meat.
*Sim.* How! a Dutch what-do-you-call-'em,
Stead of a German faulchion! a shrewd weapon,
And, of all things, hard to be taken down:
Yet down it must, I have a nose goes into't;
I shall drink double, I think.
1 *Court.* The sooner off, Sim.
*Lys.* I'll pay you speedily, with a trick *
I learnt once amongst drunkards, here's a half-pike. [*Drinks.*
*Sim.* Half-pike comes well after Dutch what-do-you-call-'em.
They'd never be asunder by their good will†.
1 *Court.* Well pull'd of an old fellow!
*Lys.* Oh, but your fellows
Pull better at a rope.
1 *Court.* There's a hair, Sim,
In that glass.
*Sim.* An't be as long as a halter, down it goes;
No hare shall cross me. [*Drinks.*
*Lys.* I'll make you stink worse than your polecats do:
Here's long sword, your last weapon. [*Offers him the glass.*
*Sim.* No more weapons.
1 *Court.* Why, how now, Sim! bear up, thou shamest us all, else.
*Sim.* 'Slight, I shall shame you worse, an I stay longer.
I have got the scotomy in my head already‡,
The whimsey: you all turn round—do not you dance, gallants?
2 *Court.* Pish! what's all this? why, Sim, look, the last venue.
*Sim.* No more venues go down here; for these two
Are coming up again.
2 *Court.* Out! the disgrace of drinkers!
*Sim.* Yes, 'twill out,
Do you smell nothing yet?
1 *Court.* Smell!
*Sim.* Farewell quickly, then;
You will do, if I stay. [*Exit.*
1 *Court.* A foil go with thee!
*Lys.* What, shall we put down youth at her own virtues!
Beat folly in her own ground? wondrous much!
Why may not we be held as full sufficient
To love our own wives then, get our own children,
And live in free peace till we be dissolved,
For such spring butterflies that are gaudy wing'd,
But no more substance than those shamble flies
Which butchers' boys snap between sleep and waking?
Come but to crush you once, you are but maggots,
For all your beamy outsides!

*Enter* CLEANTHES.

*Eug.* Here's Cleanthes,
He comes to chide,—let him alone a little,

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* ——— *of such* trillibubs.] This seems to be a cant word for any thing of a trifling nature: I meet with it again in Shirley:—

"But I forgive thee, and forget thy tricks
And *trillibubs.*" *Hyde Park.*

† 1 *Courtier dances a* galliard.] A galliard is described by Sir John Davis, as a *swift and wandering dance, with lofty turns and capriols in the air;* and so very proper to prove the strength and activity of Lysander. It is still more graphically described, as Mr. Gilchrist observes, in Burton's *Anat. of Melancholy:* "Let them take their pleasures, young men and maids, flourishing in their age, fair and lovely to behold, well attired, and of comely carriage, dancing *a Greeke galliarde, and, as their dance required, kept their time, now turning, now tracing, now apart, now altogether, now a courtesie, then a caper,* &c.; that it was a pleasant sight," fol. 1632.

* Lysan. *I'll pay you speedily,* ———— *with a trick,* &c.] Lysander gives them all harsh names—here he bestows one on Simonides, which the delicacy or fear of the old publisher would not permit him to hazard in print: *tant mieux.*

† This stuff is not worth explaining; but the reader, if he has any curiosity on the subject, may amply gratify it by a visit to Pantagruel and his companions on the Isle Ennasin. Below, there is a miserable pun upon hair,—the *crossing* of a *hare* was ominous.

‡ *I have got the* scotomy *in my head already,*] The *scotomy* (σκοτωμα) is a dizziness, or swimming in the head. Thus Jonson:—

"*Cart.* How does he with the swimming of his head?
*Mos.* O, sir, 'tis past the *scotomy*, he now
Hath lost his feeling," &c. *The Fox.*

Our cause will be revenged; look, look, his face
Is set for stormy weather; do but mark
How the clouds gather in it, 'twill pour down straight.
*Clean.* Methinks, I partly know you, that's my grief.
Could you not all be lost? that had been handsome,
But to be known at all, 'tis more than shameful;
Why, was not your name wont to be Lysander?
*Lys.* 'Tis so still, coz.
*Clean.* Judgment defer thy coming! else this man's miserable.
*Eug.* I told you there would be a shower anon.
*2 Court.* We'll in, and hide our noddles.
[*Exeunt Eugenia and Courtiers.*
*Clean.* What devil brought this colour to your mind,
Which, since your childhood, I ne'er saw you wear?
[Sure] you were ever of an innocent gloss
Since I was ripe for knowledge, and would you lose it,
And change the livery of saints and angels
For this mixt monstrousness: to force a ground
That has been so long hallowed like a temple,
To bring forth fruits of earth now; and turn back
To the wild cries of lust, and the complexion
Of sin in act, lost and long since repented?
Would you begin a work ne'er yet attempted,
To pull time backward?
See what your wife will do! are your wits perfect?
*Lys.* My wits!
*Clean.* I like it ten times worse, for 't had been safer
Now to be mad*, and more excusable:
I hear you dance again, and do strange follies.
*Lys.* I must confess I have been put to some, coz.
*Clean.* And yet you are not mad! pray, say not so;
Give me that comfort of you, that you are mad,
That I may think you are at worst; for if
You are not mad, I then must guess you have
The first of some disease was never heard of,
Which may be worse than madness, and more fearful.
You'd weep to see yourself else, and your care
To pray would quickly turn you white again.
I had a father, had he lived his month out,
But to have seen this most prodigious folly,
There needed not the law to have him cut off;
The sight of this had proved his executioner,
And broke his heart: he would have held it equal
Done to a sanctuary,—for what is age
But the holy place of life, chapel of ease
For all men's wearied miseries? and to rob
That of her ornament, it is accurst†
As from a priest to steal a holy vestment,
Ay, and convert it to a sinful covering.
[*Exit Lysander.*
I see 't has done him good; blessing go with it,
Such as may make him pure again.

*Re-enter* Eugenia.

*Eug.* 'Twas bravely touch'd, i' faith, sir.
*Clean.* Oh, you are welcome.
*Eug.* Exceedingly well handled.
*Clean.* 'Tis to you I come; he fell but in my way,
*Eug.* You mark'd his beard, cousin?
*Clean.* Mark me.
*Eug.* Did you ever see a hair so changed?
*Clean.* I must be forced to wake her loudly too,
The devil has rock'd her so fast asleep:—strumpet!
*Eug.* Do you call, sir?
*Clean.* Whore!
*Eug.* How do you, sir?
*Clean.* Be I ne'er so well,
I must be sick of thee; thou art a disease
That stick'st to the heart,—as all such women are.
*Eug.* What ails our kindred?
*Clean.* Bless me, she sleeps still!
What a dead modesty is in this woman,
Will never blush again! Look on thy work
But with a Christian eye, 'twould turn thy heart
Into a shower of blood, to be the cause
Of that old man's destruction, think upon't,
Ruin eternally; for, through thy loose follies,
Heaven has found him a faint servant lately:
His goodness has gone backward, and engender'd
With his old sins again; he has lost his prayers,
And all the tears that were companions with them:
And like a blind-fold man (giddy and blinded),
Thinking he goes right on still, swerve but one foot,
And turns to the same place where he set out;
So he, that took his farewell of the world,
And cast the joys behind him, out of sight,
Summ'd up his hours, made even with time and men,
Is now in heart arrived at youth again,
All by thy wildness: thy too hasty lust
Has driven him to this strong apostacy.
Immodesty like thine was never equall'd;
I've heard of women (shall I call them so?)
Have welcomed suitors ere the corpse were cold;
But thou, thy husband living.—thou'rt too bold.
*Eug.* Well, have you done now, sir?
*Clean.* Look, look! she smiles yet.
*Eug.* All this is nothing to a mind resolved;
Ask any woman that, she'll tell you so much:
You have only shown a pretty saucy wit,
Which I shall not forget, nor to requite it.
You shall hear from me shortly.
*Clean.* Shameless woman!
I take my counsel from thee, 'tis too honest,
And leave thee wholly to thy stronger master:
Bless the sex o'thee from thee! that's my prayer.
Were all like thee, so impudently common,
No man would e'er be found to wed a woman.
*Exit.*
*Eug.* I'll fit you gloriously.
He that attempts to take away my pleasure,
I'll take away his joy*; and I can sure.
His conceal'd father pays for't: I'll e'en tell

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* ——— *for 't had been safer*
*Now to be mad*, &c.] *Minus est insania turpis.* There are many traits of Massinger in this part of the scene.

† ——— *it is accurst*] The editors are nearly arrived at the conclusion of their labours, yet they are as far from any acquaintance with the manner of their author, as they were at setting out; they both insert *as* before accurst, though it spoils the metre, and was not the language of the time. It would be unpardonable to pass over this admirable speech, without calling the reader's attention to the concluding lines: the conception is happy, and the expression beautiful in the highest degree.

* *I'll take away his joy; and I can* sure.] So the old copy: Coxeter sophisticated this passage very awkwardly; he reads,

——— *and I can* 'sure him
*His conceal'd father pays for't!*

The pretty aphæresis (*'sure* for *assure*), and the vulgar running of the sentence into the next line, might have raised suspicions in an ordinary editor that the text was incorrect; but Mr. M. Mason was not an ordinary editor; if Coxeter be right, it is well; if not, he looks no further.

Him that I mean to make my husband next,
And he shall tell the duke.—Mass, here he comes.

*Re-enter* Simonides.

*Sim.* He has had a bout with me too.
*Eug.* What! no? since, sir *?
*Sim.* A flirt, a little flirt; he call'd me strange names,
But I ne'er minded him.
*Eug.* You shall quit him, sir,
When he as little minds you.
*Sim.* I like that well.
I love to be revenged when no one thinks of me;
There's little danger that way.
*Eug.* This is it, then;
He you shall strike your stroke shall be profound,
And yet your foe not guess who gave the wound.
*Sim.* O' my troth, I love to give such wounds.
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*Before a Tavern.*

*Enter* Gnotho, Butler, Bailiff, Tailor, Cook, Drawer, *and* Courtezan.

*Draw.* Welcome, gentlemen, will you not draw near? will you drink at door, gentlemen?
*But.* Oh! the summer air is best.
*Draw.* What wine will't please you drink, gentlemen?
*But.* De Clare, sirrah. [*Exit Drawer.*
*Gnoth.* What, you're all sped already, bullies?
*Cook.* My widow's o' the spit, and half ready, lad; a turn or two more, and I have done with her.
*Gnoth.* Then, cook, I hope you have basted her before this time.
*Cook.* And stuck her with rosemary too, to sweeten her; she was tainted ere she came to my hands. What an old piece of flesh of fifty-nine, eleven months, and upwards! she must needs be fly-blown.
*Gnoth.* Put her off, put her off, though you lose by her; the weather's hot.
*Cook.* Why, drawer!

*Re-enter* Drawer.

*Draw.* By and by: here, gentlemen, here's the quintessence of Greece; the sages never drunk better grape.
*Cook.* Sir, the mad Greeks of this age can taste their Palermo as well as the sage Greeks did before them.—Fill, lick-spiggot.
Draw. *Ad imum*, sir.
*Gnoth.* My friends, I must doubly invite you all, the fifth of the next month, to the funeral of my first wife, and to the marriage of my second, my two to one; this is she.
*Cook.* I hope some of us will be ready for the funeral of our wives by that time, to go with thee: but shall they be both of a day?
*Gnoth.* Oh! best of all, sir; where sorrow and joy meet together, one will help away with another the better. Besides, there will be charges saved too; the same rosemary that serves for the funeral, will serve for the wedding.
*But.* How long do you make account to be a widower, sir?
*Gnoth.* Some half an hour; long enough o' conscience. Come, come, let's have some agility; is there no music in the house?
*Draw.* Yes, sir, here are sweet wine-drawers in the house.
*Cook.* Oh! that makes them and you seldom part; you are wine-drawers and they wine-drawers.
*Tail.* And both govern by the pegs too.
*Gnoth.* And you have pipes in your consort too.
*Draw.* And suck-buts too, sir.
*But.* But the heads of your instruments differ: yours are hogs-heads, theirs cittern and gitternheads.
*Bail.* All wooden-heads; there they meet again.
*Cook.* Bid them strike up, we'll have a dance, Gnotho; come, thou shall foot it too.
[*Exit Drawer.*
*Gnoth.* No dancing with me, we have Siren here.
*Cook.* Siren! 'twas Hiren, the fair Greek, man.
*Gnoth.* Five drachmas of that; I say Siren, the fair Greek, and so are all fair Greeks.
*Cook.* A match; five drachmas her name was Hiren.
*Gnoth.* Siren's name was Siren, for five drachmas.
*Cook.* 'Tis done.
*Tail.* Take heed what you do, Gnotho.
*Gnoth.* Do not I know our own countrywomen, Siren and Nell of Greece, two of the fairest Greeks that ever were?
*Cook.* That Nell was Helen of Greece too.
*Gnoth.* As long as she tarried with her husband, she was Ellen; but after she came to Troy, she was Nell of Troy, or Bonny Nell, whether you will or no.
*Tail.* Why, did she grow shorter when she came to Troy?
*Gnoth.* She grew longer*, if you mark the story. When she grew to be an ell, she was deeper than any yard of Troy could reach by a quarter; there was Cressid was Troy weight, and Nell was avoirdupois; she held more by four ounces, than Cressida.

* Eug. *What! no? since, sir?*] So the quarto. Coxeter reads, *What? no since, sir?* and Mr. Mason, always correcting in the wrong place, *What?* not *since, sir!*

* Gnoth. *She grew longer*, &c.] This miserable trash, which is quite silly enough to be original, has yet the merit of being copied from Shakspeare. The reader who has a taste for niceties of this kind will find, upon examination, that Massinger's assistants have improved upon the indecency, if not the filth, of their original.

*Bail.* They say she caused many wounds to be given in Troy.

*Gnoth.* True, she was wounded there herself, and cured again by plaister of Paris; and ever since that has been used to stop holes with.

*Re-enter* Drawer.

*Draw.* Gentlemen, if you be disposed to be merry, the music is ready to strike up; and here's a consort of mad Greeks, I know not whether they be men or women, or between both; they have, what do you call them, wizards on their faces.

*Cook.* Vizards, good man lick-spiggot.

*But.* If they be wise women, they may be wizards too.

*Draw.* They desire to enter amongst any merry company of gentlemen-good-fellows for a strain or two.

*Enter Old Women* and* Agatha *in masks.*

*Cook.* We'll strain ourselves with them, say; let them come, Gnotho; now for the honour of Epire!

*Gnoth.* No dancing with me, we have Siren here.

[*A dance by the Old Women and* Agatha; *they offer to take the men; all agree except* Gnotho, *who sits with the Courtezan.*

*Cook.* Ay? so kind! then every one his wench to his several room; Gnotho, we are all provided now as you are.

[*Exeunt all but* Gnotho, *Courtezan, and* Agatha.

*Gnoth.* I shall have two, it seems: away! I have Siren here already.

*Aga.* What, a mermaid †? [*Takes off her mask.*

*Gnoth.* No, but a maid, horse-face: oh, old woman! is it you?

*Aga.* Yes, 'tis I; all the rest have gulled themselves, and taken their own wives, and shall know that they have done more than they can well answer; but I pray you, husband, what are you doing?

*Gnoth.* Faith, thus should I do, if thou wert dead, old Ag, and thou hast not long to live, I'm sure: we have Siren here.

*Aga.* Art thou so shameless, whilst I am living, to keep one under my nose?

*Gnoth.* No, Ag, I do prize her far above thy nose; if thou wouldst lay me both thine eyes in my hand to boot, I'll not leave her: art not ashamed to be seen in a tavern, and has scarce a fortnight to live? oh, old woman, what art thou? must thou find no time to think of thy end?

*Aga.* O, unkind villain!

*Gnoth.* And then, sweetheart, thou shalt have two new gowns; and the best of this old woman's shall make thee raiment for the working days.

*Aga.* O rascal! dost thou quarter my clothes already, too?

*Gnoth.* Her ruffs will serve thee for nothing but to wash dishes: for thou shalt have thine* of the new fashion.

*Aga.* Impudent villain! shameless harlot!

*Gnoth.* You may hear she never wore any but rails all her lifetime.

*Aga.* Let me come, I'll tear the strumpet from him.

*Gnoth.* Dar'st thou call my wife strumpet, thou preterpluperfect tense of a woman! I'll make thee do penance in the sheet thou shalt be buried in; abuse my choice! my two-to-one!

*Aga.* No, unkind villian, I'll deceive thee yet,
I have a reprieve for five years of life;
I am with child.

*Court.* Cud so, Gnotho, I'll not tarry so long; five years! I may bury two husbands by that time.

*Gnoth.* Alas! give the poor woman leave to talk, she with child! ay, with a puppy: as long as I have thee by me, she shall not be with child, I warrant thee.

*Aga.* The law, and thou, and all, shall find I am with child.

*Gnoth.* I'll take my corporal oath I begat it not, and then thou diest for adultery.

*Aga.* No matter, that will ask some time in the proof.

*Gnoth.* Oh! you'd be stoned to death, would you? all old women would die o' that fashion with all their hearts; but the law shall overthrow you the other way, first.

*Court.* Indeed, if it be so, I will not linger so long, Gnotho.

*Gnoth.* Away, away! some botcher has got it; 'tis but a cushion, I warrant thee: the old woman is *loth to depart* †; she never sung other tune in her life.

*Court.* We will not have our noses bored with a cushion, if it be so.

*Gnoth.* Go, go thy ways, thou old almanack at the twenty-eighth day of December, e'en almost out of date! Down on thy knees, and make thee ready; sell some of thy clothes to buy thee a death's head, and put upon my middle finger: your least considering bawd does so much; be not thou worse, though thou art not an old woman, as she is: I am cloy'd with old stock-fish, here's a young perch is sweeter meat by half; prithee, die before thy day if thou canst, that thou mayst not be counted a witch.

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* *Enter old Women.*] The stage direction in Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason is, *Enter old Women.* Gnotho's dance. The former editor had carelessly taken the name from the speech of the Cook, and the latter ridiculously continued the blunder, though he must have seen that Gnotho is the only person who does *not* dance.

† Aga. *What, a mermaid?*] The mermaids of the writer's time had succeeded to the Syrens of the ancients, and possessed all their musical as well as seductive qualities. Mermaid also was one of the thousand cant terms which served to denote a strumpet, and to this, perhaps, Agatha alludes.

* ——— *for thou shalt have* thine *of the new fashion.*] The old copy reads, nine *of the new fashion:* I have little doubt but that the word which I have inserted is the genuine one.

† *The old woman is* loth to depart:] There was anciently a tune of this name, and to that Gnotho alludes. In *Wit at Several Weapons*, the old copy has—

" *Pompey.* Hum, hum, hum! He hums loth to depart."

On which the editors observe, that " the impropriety of putting this passage into Pompey's mouth is evident upon the bare mention, as it *unquestionably* belongs to the next speaker." And to the next speaker they boldly give it! but they did not understand their author. The last part of the quotation is merely a marginal direction, and the passage in future should be thus regulated:

" *Pomp.* Hum, hum, hum!
[*He hums* Loth to Depart."

The same expression occurs in *The Man's the Master* of d'Avenant, where the modern editors have also misunderstood it: " You'd fain stay to sing *loth to depart.*"

It is also mentioned in that old and popular balad, *Arthur of Bradley*:

" Then Will, and his sweetheart,
Did call for loth to depart," &c.

*Aga.* No, thou art a witch, and I'll prove it; I said I was with child, thou knew'st no other but by sorcery: thou said'st it was a cushion, and so it is; thou art a witch for't, I'll be sworn to't.

*Gnoth.* Ha, ha, ha! I told thee 'twas a cushion. Go, get thy sheet ready, we'll see thee buried as we go to church to be married.

[*Exeunt Gnotho and Courtezan.*

*Aga.* Nay, I'll follow thee, and show myself a wife. I'll plague thee as long as I live with thee; and I'll bury some money before I die*, that my ghost may haunt thee afterward. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.—*The Country. A Forest.*

*Enter* CLEANTHES.

*Clean.* What's that? oh, nothing but the whispering wind
Breathes through yon churlish hawthorn, that grew rude,
As if it chid the gentle breath that kiss'd it.
I cannot be too circumspect, too careful;
For in these woods lies hid all my life's treasure,
Which is too much never to fear to lose,
Though it be never lost: and if our watchfulness
Ought to be wise and serious 'gainst a thief
That comes to steal our goods, things all without us,
That prove vexation often more than comfort,
How mighty ought our providence to be
To prevent those, if any such there were,
That come to rob our bosom of our joys,
That only make poor man delight to live!
Pshaw! I'm too fearful—fie, fie! who can hurt me?
But 'tis a general cowardice, that shakes
The nerves of confidence; he that hides treasure,
Imagines every one thinks of that place,
When 'tis a thing least minded; nay, let him change
The place continually; where'er it keeps, [house
There will the fear keep still: yonder's the store-
Of all my comfort now—and see! it sends forth

*Enter* HIPPOLITA.

A dear one to me:—Precious chief of women,
How does the good old soul? has he fed well?

*Hip.* Beshrew me, sir, he made the heartiest meal to-day—
Much good may't do his health.

*Clean.* A blessing on thee,
Both for thy news and wish!

*Hip.* His stomach, sir,
Is better'd wondrously, since his concealment.

*Clean.* Heaven has a blessed work in't. Come, we are safe here;
I prithee call him forth, the air's much wholesomer.

*Hip.* Father!

*Enter* LEONIDES.

*Leon.* How sweetly sounds the voice of a good woman!
It is so seldom heard, that, when it speaks,
It ravishes all senses. Lists of honour!
I've a joy weeps to see you, 'tis so full,
So fairly fruitful.

*Clean.* I hope to see you often and return*
Loaded with blessings, still to pour on some;
I find them all in my contented peace,
And lose not one in thousands; they are disperst
So gloriously, I know not which are brightest.
I find them, as angels are found, by legions:
First, in the love and honesty of a wife,
Which is the chiefest of all temporal blessings;
Next in yourself, which is the hope and joy
Of all my actions, my affairs, my wishes;
And lastly, which crowns all, I find my soul
Crown'd with the peace of them, the eternal riches,
Man's only portion for his heavenly marriage!

*Leon.* Rise, thou art all obedience, love, and goodness.
I dare say that which thousand fathers cannot,
And that's my precious comfort, never son
Was in the way more of celestial rising:
Thou art so made of such ascending virtue,
That all the powers of hell can't sink thee.

[*A horn sounded within.*

*Clean.* Ha!

*Leon.* What was't disturb'd my joy?

*Clean.* Did you not hear,
As afar off?

*Leon.* What, my excellent comfort†?

*Clean.* Nor you?

*Hip.* I heard a— [*A horn.*

*Clean.* Hark, again!

*Leon.* Bless my joy,
What ails it on a sudden?

*Clean.* Now, since lately?

*Leon.* 'Tis nothing but a symptom of thy care, man.

*Clean.* Alas! you do not hear well.

*Leon.* What was't, daughter?

*Hip.* I heard a sound, twice. [*A horn.*

*Clean.* Hark! louder and nearer:
In, for the precious good of virtue, quick, sir!
Louder and nearer yet! at hand, at hand!

[*Exit Leonides*

A hunting here? tis strange! I never knew
Game followed in these woods before.

*Enter* EVANDER, SIMONIDES, Courtiers, *and* CRATILUS.

*Hip.* Now let them come, and spare not.

*Clean.* Ha! 'tis—is't not the duke?—lock sparingly.

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* *And I'll bury some money before I die,* &c.] This, as every one knows, was an infallible method of causing the person who did it, to walk after death. It is not unpleasant to remark, how often one folly is counteracted by another: but for this salutary persuasion, which was once very prevalent, much money would have been lost to the community in troublesome times. This petty superstition is dignified by the adoption of Shakspeare; it is also frequently to be found in the writers of his age. Thus Shirley:

"I do but think how some like ghosts will walk
For *money surely* hidden."

Again:

"Call this a church-yard, and imagine me
Some wakeful apparition 'mong the graves,
That, *for some treasure buried in my life,*
Walk up and down thus." *The Wedding.*

* Clean. *I hope to see you* often and return
*Loaded with blessings,*] *Often and return,* for *often return,* is a mode of speech so familiar to Massinger, that we might almost affirm this exquisite scene to be his, if we could maintain any thing with confidence in this most incorrect publication. Be it whose it may, however, it makes large amends for the dull and tedious buffoonery of the former part of this act.

† Leon. *What, my excellent* comfort?] The old copy has *consort,* which induced Coxeter to give the speech to Hippolita. I have little doubt but that the mistake is in this word, which should be *comfort,* as it stands in the text: by this term the fond parent frequently addresses his children. In the mouth of Leonides, too, it forms a natural reply to the question of Cleanthes, who then turns to make the same demand of his wife.

*Hip.* 'Tis he, but what of that? alas, take heed, sir,
Your care will overthrow us.
*Elean.* Come, it shall not:
Let's set a pleasant face upon our fears,
Though our hearts shake with horror.—Ha, ha, ha!
*Evan.* Hark!
*Elean.* Prithee, proceed;
I am taken with these light things infinitely,
Since the old man's decease; ha!—so they parted? ha, ha, ha!
*Evan.* Why, how should I believe this? look, he's merry
As if he had no such charge: one with that care
Could never be so; still he holds his temper,
And 'tis the same still (with no difference)
He brought his father's corpse to the grave with;
He laugh'd thus then, you know.
1 *Court.* Ay, he may laugh,
That shws but how he glories in his cunning;
And is, perhaps, done more to advance his wit,
That only he has over-reach'd the law,
Than to express affection to his father.
*Sim.* He tells you right, my lord, his own cousin-german
Reveal'd it first to me; a free-tongued woman,
And very excellent at telling secrets.
*Evan.* If a contempt can be so neatly carried,
It gives me cause of wonder.
*Sim.* Troth, my lord,
'Twill prove a delicate cozening, I believe:
I'd have no scrivener offer to come near it.
*Evan.* Cleanthes.
*Elean.* My loved lord.
*Evan.* Not moved a whit.
Constant to lightness still*! 'Tis strange to meet you
Upon a ground so unfrequented, sir:
This does not fit your passion, you're for mirth,
Or I mistake you much.
*Clean.* But finding it
Grow to a noted imperfection in me,
For any thing too much is vicious,
I come to these disconsolate walks of purpose,
Only to dull and take away the edge on't.
I ever had a greater zeal to sadness,
A natural propension, I confess,
Before that cheerful accident fell out—
If I may call a father's funeral cheerful
Without wrong done to duty or my love.
*Evan.* It seems then, you take pleasure in these walks, sir.
*Clean.* Contemplative content I do, my lord:
They bring into my mind oft meditations
So sweetly precious, that in the parting
I find a shower of grace upon my cheeks,
They take their leave so feelingly.
*Evan.* So, sir!
*Clean.* Which is a kind of grave delight, my lord.
*Evan.* And I've small cause, Cleanthes, to afford you
The least delight that has a name.
*Clean.* My lord!
*Sim.* Now it begins to fadge.
1 *Court.* Peace! thou art so greedy, Sim.
*Evan.* In your excess of joy you have express'd
Your rancour and contempt against my law:
Your smiles deserve a fining; you have profess'd
Derision openly, e'en to my face,
Which might be death, a little more incensed.
You do not come for any freedom here,
But for a project of your own:—
But all that's known to be contentful to thee,
Shall in the use prove deadly. Your life's mine,
If ever your presumption do but lead you
Into these walks again,—ay, or that woman;
I'll have them watched o' purpose.
[*Cleanthes retires from the wood, followed by Hippolita.*
1 *Court.* Now, now, his colour ebbs and flows.
*Sim.* Mark her's too.
*Hip.* Oh, who shall bring food to the poor old man, now!
Speak somewhat, good sir, or we're lost for ever.
*Clean.* Oh, you did wonderous ill to call me again.
There are not words to help us; if I entreat,
'Tis found, that will betray us worse than silence*;
Prithee let heaven alone, and let's say nothing.
1 *Court.* You have struck them dumb, my lor!
*Sim.* Look how guilt looks!
I would not have that fear upon my flesh,
To save ten fathers.
*Clean.* He is safe still, is he not?
*Hip.* Oh, you do ill to doubt it.
*Clean.* Thou art all goodness.
*Sim.* Now does your grace believe?
*Evan.* 'Tis too apparent.
Search, make a speedy search; for the imposture
Cannot be far off, by the fear it sends.
*Clean.* Ha!
*Sim.* He has the lapwing's cunning, I am afraid,
That cries most when she's furthest from the nest†.
*Clean.* Oh, we are betray'd.
*Hip.* Betray'd, sir!
*Sim* See, my lord,
It comes out more and more still.
[*Simonides and Courtiers enter the wood.*
*Clean.* Bloody thief!
Come from that place; 'tis sacred: homicide!
'Tis not for thy adulterate hands to touch it.
*Hip.* Oh miserable virtue, what distress
Art thou in at this minute!
*Clean.* Help me, thunder,
For my power's lost! angels, shoot plagues, and help me!
Why are these men in health and I so heart-sick?
Or why should nature have that power in me
To levy up a thousand bleeding sorrows,
And not one comfort? only make me lie
Like the poor mockery of an earthquake here,

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* *Constant to* lightness *still.*] The old copy reads, *Constant* to lightening *still.* The emendation by Mr. M. Mason.

* ——— *if I entreat,*
*'Tis* found, *that will betray us worse than silence;*] The sense of this, and, indeed, of the whole speech, is sufficiently clear. You should not have called me back, says Cleanthes; no words can help us, for if I beseech the duke to suffer me to remain here, the secret will be discovered: entreaties will be worse than silence, for by these his suspicions will be confirmed. This, however, does not satisfy Mr. M. Mason, who chooses to modernize it in this way:
——— *if I entreat,*
*'Tis* sound *that will betray us worse than silence;*

† Sim. *He has the lapwing's cunning, I am afraid,*
*That cries most when she's farthest from the nest.*] Our old poets abound in allusions to this stratagem of the lapwing; thus Jonson:
"He that knows, will like a lapwing fly
Far from the nest, and so himself belie
To others," &c. *Underwoods.*

Panting with horror,
And have not so much force in all my vengeance,
To shake a villain off me.

*Re-enter* Simonides *and* Courtiers *with* Leonides.

*Hip.* Use him gently,
And heaven will love you for it.
*Clean.* Father! oh father! now I see thee full
In thy affliction; thou'rt a man of sorrow,
But reverendly becom'st it, that's my comfort:
Extremity was never better graced
Than with that look of thine, oh! let me look still,
For I shall lose it; all my joy and strength
[*Kneels.*
Is e'en eclipsed together: I transgress'd
Your law, my lord, let me receive the sting on't;
Be once just, sir, and let the offender die:
He's innocent in all, and I am guilty. [speaks,
*Leon.* Your grace knows when affection only
Truth is not always there; his love would draw
An undeserved misery on his youth,
And wrong a peace resolved on both parts sinful.
'Tis I am guilty of my own concealment,
And, like a worldly coward, injured heaven
With fear to go to't:—now I see my fault,
And am prepared with joy to suffer for it.
*Evan.* Go, give him quick dispatch; let him see death:
And your presumption, sir, shall come to judgment.
[*Exeunt Evander, Courtiers, Simonides, and Cratilus with Leonides.*
*Hip.* He's going! oh, he's gone, sir!
*Clean.* Let me rise.
*Hip.* Why do you not then, and follow?
*Clean.* I strive for it,
Is there no hand of pity that will ease me,
And take this villain from my heart awhile? [*Rises.*
*Hip.* Alas! he's gone.
*Clean.* A worse supplies his place then,
A weight more ponderous; I cannot follow.
*Hip.* Oh misery of affliction!
*Clean.* They will stay
Till I can come; they must be so good ever,
Though they be ne'er so cruel:
My last leave must be taken, think of that,
And his last blessing given; I will not lose
That for a thousand consorts.
*Hip.* That hope's wretched.
*Clean.* The unutterable stings of fortune!
All griefs are to be borne save this alone,
This, like a headlong torrent, overturns
The frame of nature:
For he that gives us life first, as a father,
Locks all his natural sufferings in our blood,
The sorrows that he feels are our heart's too,
They are incorporate to us.
*Hip.* Noble sir!
*Clean.* Let me behold thee well.
*Hip.* Sir!
*Clean.* Thou shouldst be good,
Or thou'rt a dangerous substance to be lodged
So near the heart of man.
*Hip.* What means this, dear sir?
*Clean.* To thy trust only was this blessed secret
Kindly committed, 'tis destroy'd, thou seest;
What follows to be thought-on't?
*Hip.* Miserable!
Why, here's the unhappiness of woman still:
That, having forfeited in old times her trust,
Now makes their faith suspected that are just.
*Clean.* What shall I say to all my sorrows then,
That look for satisfaction?

*Enter* Eugenia.

*Eug.* Ha, ha, ha! cousin.
*Clean.* How ill dost thou become this time!
*Eug.* Ha, ha, ha!
Why, that's but your opinion; a young wench
Becomes the time at all times.
Now, coz, we are even: an you be remember'd,
You left a strumpet and a whore with me,
And such fine field-bed words, which could not cost you
Less than a father.
*Clean.* Is it come that way?
*Eug.* Had you an uncle,
He should go the same way too.
*Clean.* Oh eternity,
What monster is this fiend in labour with?
*Eug.* An ass-colt with two heads, that's she and you:
I will not lose so glorious a revenge,
Not to be understood in't; I betray'd him;
And now we are even, you'd best keep you so*.
*Clean.* Is there not poison yet enough to kill me?
*Hip.* Oh, sir, forgive me; it was I betray'd him.
*Clean.* How
*Hip.* I.
*Clean.* The fellow of my heart! 'twill speed me, then.
*Hip.* Her tears that never wept, and mine own pity
Even cozen'd me together, and stole from me
This secret, which fierce death should not have purchased.
*Clean.* Nay, then we are at an end; all we are false ones,
And ought to suffer. I was false to wisdom,
In trusting woman; thou wert false to faith,
In uttering of the secret; and thou false
To goodness, in deceiving such a pity:
We are all tainted some way, but thou worst,
And for thy infectious spots ought'st to die first.
[*Offers to kill Eugenia.*
*Eug.* Pray turn your weapon, sir, upon your mistress,
I come not so ill friended:—rescue, servants!

*Re-enter* Simonides *and* Courtiers.

*Clean.* Are you so whorishly provided?
*Sim.* Yes, sir,
She has more weapons at command than one.
*Eug.* Put forward, man, thou art most sure to have me.
*Sim* I shall be surer if I keep behind, though.
*Eug.* Now, servants, show your loves.
*Sim.* I'll show my love, too, afar off.
*Eug.* I love to be so courted, woo me there.
*Sim.* I love to keep good weapons, though ne'er fought with.
I'm sharper set within than I am without.
*Hip.* Oh gentlemen! Cleanthes!
*Eug.* Fight! upon him!
*Clean.* Thy thirst of blood proclaims thee now a strumpet.

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* *And now we are even, you'd best keep* you so.] I know not how Mr. M. Mason understood this line, but he altered *you* to him!

*Eug.* 'Tis dainty, next to procreation fitting;
I'd either be destroying men or getting.

*Enter* Guard.

1 *Officer.* Forbear, on your allegiance, gentlemen.
He's the duke's prisoner, and we seize upon him
To answer this contempt against the law.

*Clean.* I obey fate in all things.

*Hip.* Happy rescue!

*Sim.* I would you'd seized upon him a minute sooner, it had saved me a cut finger: I wonder how I came by't, for I never put my hand forth, I'm sure; I think my own sword did cut it, if truth were known; may be the wire in the handle: I have lived these five and twenty years and never knew what colour my blood was before. I never durst eat oysters, nor cut peck-loaves. [you

*Eug.* You've shown your spirits, gentlemen; but Have cut your finger.

*Sim.* Ay, the wedding-finger too, a pox on't!

1 *Court.* You'll prove a bawdy bachelor, Sim, to have a cut upon your finger, before you are married.

*Sim.* I'll never draw sword again, to have such a jest put upon me. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*A Court of Justice.*

*Enter* Simonides *and* Courtiers, *sword and mace carried before them.*

*Sim.* Be ready with your prisoner; we'll sit instantly,
And rise before eleven, or when we please;
Shall we not, fellow-judges?

1 *Court.* 'Tis committed
All to our power, censure, and pleasure, now;
The duke hath made us chief lords of this sessions,
And we may speak by fits, or sleep by turns.

*Sim.* Leave that to us, but, whatsoe'er we do,
The prisoner shall be sure to be condemned;
Sleeping or waking, we are resolved on that,
Before we sit upon him!

2 *Court.* Make you question
If not?—Cleanthes! and an* enemy!
Nay, a concealer of his father, too!
A vile example in these days of youth.

*Sim.* If they were given to follow such examples;
But sure I think they are not: howsoever,
'Twas wickedly attempted, that's my judgment,
And it shall pass whilst I am in power to sit.
Never by prince were such young judges made,
But now the cause requires it: if you mark it,
He must make young or none; for all the old ones
He hath sent a fishing—and my father's one,
I humbly thank his highness.

*Enter* Eugenia.

1 *Court.* Widow!

*Eug.* You almost hit my name now, gentlemen;
You come so wonderous near it, I admire you
For your judgment.

*Sim.* My wife that must be! She.

*Eug.* My husband goes upon his last hour now.

1 *Court.* On his last legs, I am sure.

*Eug.* September the seventeenth—
I will not bate an hour on't, and to-morrow
His latest hour's expired.

2 *Court.* Bring him to judgment,
The jury's panell'd, and the verdict given
Ere he appears; we have ta'en a course for that.

*Sim.* And officers to attach the gray young man,
The youth of fourscore: be of comfort, lady,
You shall no longer bosom January;
For that I will take order, and provide
For you a lusty April.

*Eug.* The month that ought, indeed,
To go before May.

1 *Court.* Do as we have said,
Take a strong guard, and bring him into court.
Lady Eugenia, see this charge performed,
That, having his life forfeited by the law,
He may relieve his soul.

*Eug.* Willingly.
From shaven chins never came better justice
Than these ne'er touch'd by razor*. [*Exit.*

*Sim.* What you do,
Do suddenly, we charge you, for we purpose
To make but a short sessions:—a new business!

*Enter* Hippolita.

1 *Court.* The fair Hippolita! now what's your suit?

*Hip.* Alas! I know not how to style you yet;
To call you judges doth not suit your years,
Nor heads and beards† show more antiquity;—
Yet sway yourselves with equity and truth,
And I'll proclaim you reverend, and repeat
Once in my lifetime I have seen grave heads
Placed upon young men's shoulders.

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* 2 Court. *Make you question*
*If not? Cleanthes! and* an *enemy!*
*Nay, a concealer of his father, too!*] The old copy reads,
*Make you question*
*If not Cleanthes and* one *enemy,*
which Coxeter printed, though he conjectured it should be,
*Make you question*
*If not Cleanthes* is our *enemy?*
while Mr. M. Mason gravely pronounces that, *stand our* enemy is nearer to the original!

* *From shaven chins never came better justice*
*Than these* ne'er touch'd by razor.] This is the conjectural emendation of Mr. M. Mason: the old copy reads, *Than these* new toucht by reason, which, though not absolutely void of meaning, is so poor, in comparison of the substitution in the text, that few doubts can remain as to the propriety of the exchange.

† *To call you judges doth not suit your years,*
*Nor heads and* beards *show more antiquity;*] Mr. M. Mason reads,
*To call you judges doth not suit your years,*
*Nor heads; and brains show more antiquity;*
It is evident that he did not comprehend the sense, which, though ill conceived and harshly expressed, is, You have not the years of judges, nor do your heads and *beards* (old copy, *braines*) show more of age.

*2 Court.* Hark, she flouts us,
And thinks to make us monstrous.
*Hip.* Prove not so;
For yet, methinks, you bear the shapes of men
(Though nothing more than merely beauty serves
To make you appear angels), but if you crimson
Your name and power with blood and cruelty,
Suppress fair virtue, and enlarge bold vice*,
Both against heaven and nature draw your sword,
Make either will or humour turn the soul †
Of your created greatness, and in that
Oppose all goodness, I must tell you there
You are more than monstrous; in the very act
You change yourselves to devils.
*1 Court.* She's a witch;
Hark! She begins to conjure.
*Sim.* Time, you see,
Is short, much business now on foot:—shall I
Give her her answer?
*2 Court.* None upon the bench
More learnedly can do it.
*Sim.* He, he, hem! then list:
I wonder at thine impudence, young huswife,
That thou darest plead for such a base offender.
Conceal a father past his time to die!
What son and heir would have done this but he?
*1 Court.* I vow, not I.
*Hip.* Because ye are parricides;
And how can comfort be derived from such
That pity not their fathers?
*2 Court.* You are fresh and fair; practise young women's ends;
When husbands are distress'd, provide them friends.
*Sim.* I'll set him forward for thee without fee:
Some wives would pay for such a courtesy.
*Hip.* Times of amazement! what duty, goodness dwell——‡
I sought for charity, but knock at hell. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter* EUGENIA, *and Guard with* LYSANDER.

*Sim.* Eugenia, come! command a second guard
To bring Cleanthes in; we'll not sit long;
My stomach strives to dinner§.
*Eug.* Now, servants, may a lady be so bold
To call your power so low?
*Sim.* A mistress may,
She can make all things low; then in that language
There can be no offence.
*Eug.* The time's now come
Of manumissions, take him into bonds,
And I am then at freedom.
*2 Court.* This the man!
He hath left off o'late to feed on snakes;
His beard's turn'd white again.

*1 Court.* Is't possible these gouty legs danced lately,
And shatter'd in a galliard?
*Eug.* Jealousy
And fear of death can work strange prodigies.
*2 Court.* The nimble fencer this, that made me tear
And traverse 'bout the chamber?
*Sim.* Ay, and gave me
Those elbow healths, the hangman take him for't!
They'd almost fetch'd my heart out; the Dutch what-you-call
I swallow'd pretty well, but the half-pike
Had almost pepper'd me; but had I ta'en long-sword,
Being swollen, I had cast my lungs out.

*A Flourish. Enter* EVANDER *and* CRATILUS.

*1 Court.* Peace, the duke!
*Evan.* Nay, back* t' your seats: who's that?
*2 Court.* May't please your highness it is old Lysander.
*Evan.* And brought in by his wife! a worthy precedent
Of one that no way would offend the law,
And should not pass away without remark.
You have been look'd for long.
*Lys.* But never fit
To die till now, my lord. My sins and I
Have been but newly parted; much ado
I had to get them leave me, or be taught
That difficult lesson how to learn to die
I never thought there had been such an act,
And 'tis the only discipline we are born for:
All studies else are but as circular lines,
And death the centre where they must all meet.
I now can look upon thee, erring woman,
And not be vex'd with jealousy; on young men,
And no way envy their delicious health,
Pleasure, and strength; all which were once mine own,
And mine must be theirs one day.
*Evan.* You have tamed him.
*Sim.* And know how to dispose him; that, my liege,
Hath been before determined. You confess
Yourself of full age?
*Lys.* Yes, and prepared to inherit——
*Eug.* Your place above.
*Sim.* Of which the hangman's strength
Shall put him in possession.
*Lys.* 'Tis still cared†
To take me willing and in mind to die;
And such are, when the earth grows weary of them,
Most fit for heaven.

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* ——— *and enlarge* bold *vice*,] The quarto has, *of old* vice, of which the former editors have made *old*, but I know not in what sense vice could here be termed *old*. This speech has suffered both by alterations and interpolations. I have thrown out the one, and reformed the other.

† ——— *turn the* soul] So the old copy: Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason read, *turn the* scale, which has neither the spirit nor the sense of the original.

‡Hip *Times of amazement. What duty, goodness dwell* ——] Mr. M. Mason takes this for a complete sentence, and would read, *Where do you goodness dwell?* In any case the alteration would be too violent; but none is needed here. Hippolita sees the woman who betrayed her approaching, breaks off her intended speech with an indignant observation, and hastily retires from the court.

§ *My stomach* strives *to dinner.*] This is sense, and therefore I have not tampered with it: but I suppose that the author wrote, *My stomach* strikes *to dinner*

* Evan. *Nay,* back t' *your seats:*] The old copy reads, *Nay,* bathe *your seats,* out of which Mr. M. Mason formed *keep;* Davis, *take;* and every one may make what he can. I believe the young men were pressing forward to receive the duke, and that his exclamation was, as above, *Nay,* back t' *your seats.*

Coxeter has changed almost all the speakers in this scene; some of them, indeed, were evidently wrong, but I can see no reason for giving the duke's second speech to Simonides, as it is in perfect unison with his real character.

† Lys. *'Tis still cared*
*To take me willing and in mind to die;*
*And such are, when the earth grows weary of them,*
*Most fit for heaven.*] Half of this speech Coxeter omits, and gives the other half, which in his edition has no sense, to Simonides: it is needless to observe how ill it suits with his character. Mr. M. Mason follows him, as usual!

*Sim.* The court shall make his mittimus,
And send him thither presently: i' the mean time——
*Evan.* Away to death with him.
[*Exit Cratilus with Lysander.*

*Enter Guard with* Cleanthes, Hippolita *following, weeping.*

*Sim.* So! see another person brought to the bar.
1 *Court.* The arch-malefactor.
2 *Court.* The grand offender, the most refractory
To all good order; 'tis Cleanthes, he——
*Sim.* That would have sons grave fathers, ere their fathers.
Be sent unto their graves.
*Evan.* There will be expectation
In your severe proceedings against him;
His act being so capital.
*Sim.* Fearful and bloody;
Therefore we charge these women leave the court,
Lest they should swoon o ihear it.
*Eug.* I, in expectation
Of a most happy freedom. [*Exit.*
*Hip.* I, with the apprehension
Of a most sad and desolate widowhood. [*Exit.*
1 *Court.* We bring him to the bar——
2 *Court.* Hold up your hand, sir.
*Clean.* More reverence to the place than to the persons:
To the one I offer up a [spreading*] palm
Of duty and obedience, as to heaven,
Imploring justice, which was never wanting
Upon that bench whilst their own fathers sat;
But unto you, my hands contracted thus,
As threatening vengeance against murderers,
For they that kill in thought, shed innocent blood.——
With pardon of your highness, too much passion
Made me forget your presence, and the place
I now am call'd to.
*Evan.* All our majesty
And power we have to pardon or condemn,
Is now conferr'd on them.
*Sim.* And these we'll use
Little to thine advantage.
*Clean.* I expect it:
And, as to these, I look no mercy from them,
And much less meant to entreat it: I thus now
Submit me to the emblems of your power,
The sword and bench: but, my most reverend judges,
Ere you proceed to sentence (for I know [thing?
You have given me lost), will you resolve me one
1 *Court.* So it be briefly question'd.
2 *Court.* Show your honour;
Day spends itself apace.
*Clean.* My lords, it‡ shall.
Resolve me, then, where are your filial tears,
Your mourning habits, and sad hearts become,
That should attend your fathers' funerals?
Though the strict law (which I will not accuse,
Because a subject) snatch'd away their lives,
It doth not bar you to lament their deaths:
Or if you cannot spare one sad suspire,
It doth not bid you laugh them to their graves,
Lay subtle trains to antedate their years,
To be the sooner seized of their estates.
Oh, time of age! where's that Æneas now,
Who letting all his jewels to the flames;
Forgetting country, kindred, treasure, friends,
Fortunes and all things, save the name of son,
Which you so much forget, godlike Æneas,
Who took his bedrid father on his back,
And with that sacred load (to him no burthen)
Hew'd out his way through blood, through fre, through [arms*,]
Even all the arm'd streets of bright-burning Troy,
Only to save a father?
*Sim.* We've no leisure now
To hear lessons read from Virgil; we are past school,
And all this time thy judges.
2 *Court.* It is fit
That we proceed to sentence.
1 *Court.* You are the mouth,
And now 'tis fit to open.
*Sim.* Justice, indeed,
Should ever be close-ear'd, and open-mouth'd;
That is to hear a little, and speak much.
Know then, Cleanthes, there is none can be
A good son and bad subject; for, if princes
Be called the people's fathers, then the subjects
Are all his sons, and he that flouts the prince
Doth disobey his father: there you are gone.
1 *Court.* And not to be recover'd.
*Sim.* And again—
2 *Court.* If he be gone once, call him not again.
*Sim.* I say again, this act of thine expresses
A double disobedience: as our princes
Are fathers, so they are our sovereigns too,
And he that doth rebel 'gainst sovereignty
Doth commit treason in the height of degree:
And now thou art quite gone.
1 *Court.* Our brother in commission
Hath spoke his mind both learnedly and neatly,
And I can add but little; howsoever,
It shall send him packing.
He that begins a fault that wants example,
Ought to be made example for the fault.
*Clean.* A fault! no longer can I hold myself
To hear vice upheld and virtue thrown down.
A fault! judge, I desire then, where it lies,
In those that are my judges, or in me:
Heaven stands on my side, pity, love, and duty.
*Sim.* Where are they, sir? who sees them but yourself?
*Clean.* Not you; and I am sure
You never had the gracious eyes to see them.

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* *To the one I offer up a* [spreading] *palm*] I have inserted *spreading*, not merely on account of its completing the verse, but because it contrasts well with *contracted*. Whatever the author's word was, it was shuffled out of its place at the press, and appears as a misprint (*showdu*) in the succeeding line.

† *And much less* mean *to entreat it:*] For *mean* the old copy has *shown*, which is pure nonsense: it stands, however, in all the editions. I have, I believe, recovered the genuine text by adopting *mean*, which was superfluously inserted in the line immediately below it.

‡ Clean. *My lords*, it *shall.*] i. e. it shall *be briefly questioned*. This would not have deserved a note had not Mr. M. Mason mistaken the meaning, and corrupted the text to *My lords*, I *shall*.

* *Hew'd out his way through blood, through fire, through* [*arms,*]
*Even all the arm'd streets of bright-burning Troy,*
*Only to save a father?*] So the lines stand in the old copy, with the exception of the word enclosed in brackets, for which I am answerable. They wanted but little regulation, as the reader sees; yet both the editors blundered them into downright prose. Coxeter, a circumstance by no means common with him, gave an incorrect statement of the original, and Mr. M. Mason, who never looked beyond his page, was reduced to random guesses!

You think that you arraign me, but I hope
To sentence you at the bar.
*2 Court.* That would show brave.
*Clean.* This were the judgment-seat we [stand at] now* !
Of the heaviest crimes that ever made up [sin],
Unnaturalness, and inhumanity,
You are found foul and guilty, by a jury
Made of your fathers' curses, which have brought
Vengeance impending on you ; and I now
Am forced to pronounce judgment on my judges.
The common laws of reason and of nature
Condemn you *ipso facto* ; you are parricides,
And if you marry, will beget the like,
Who, when they are grown to full maturity†,
Will hurry you their fathers, to their graves.
Like traitors, you take counsel from the living,
Of upright judgment you would rob the bench
(Experience and discretion snatch'd away
From the earth's face), turn all into disorder,
Imprison virtue, and infranchise vice,
And put the sword of justice in the hands
Of boys and madmen.
*Sim.* Well, well, have you done, sir ?
*Clean.* I have spoke my thoughts.
*Sim.* Then I'll begin and end.
*Evan.* 'Tis time I now begin—
Here your commission ends.
Cleanthes, come you from the bar. Because
I know you are severally disposed, I here
Invite you to an object will, no doubt,
Work in you contrary effects. Music !

*Loud Music. Enter* LEONIDES, CRION, LYSANDER, *and other old men.*

*Clean.* Pray heaven, I dream not ! sure he moves, talks comfortably,
As joy can wish a man. If he be changed
(Far above from me), he's not ill entreated ;
His face doth promise fulness of content,
And glory hath a part in't.
*Leon.* Oh my son !
*Evan.* You that can claim acquaintance with these lads,
Talk freely.
*Sim.* I can see none there that's worth
One hand to you from me.
*Evan.* These are thy judges, and by their grave law
I find thee clear, but these delinquents guilty.
You must change places, for 'tis so decreed :
Such just pre-eminence hath thy goodness gain'd,
Thou art the judge now, they the men arraign'd.
[*To Cleanthes.*
*1 Court.* Here's fine dancing, gentlemen.
*2 Court.* Is thy father amongst them ?
*Sim.* Oh, pox ! I saw him the first thing I look'd on.
Alive again ! 'slight, I believe now a father
Hath as many lives as a mother.
*Clean.* 'Tis full as blessed as 'tis wonderful.
Oh ! bring me back to the same law again,
I am fouler than all these ; seize on me, officers,
And bring me to new sentence.
*Sim.* What's all this ?
*Clean.* A fault not to be pardon'd,
Unnaturalness is but sin's shadow to it.
*Sim.* I am glad of that ! I hope the case may alter,
And turn judge again.
*Evan.* Name your offence.
*Clean.* That I should be so vile,
As once to think you cruel.
*Evan.* Is that all ?
'Twas pardon'd ere confess'd : you that have sons,
If they be worthy, here may challenge them.
*Creon.* I should have one amongst them, had he had grace
To have retained that name.
*Sim.* I pray you, father. [*Kneels.*
*Creon.* That name, I know,
Hath been long since forgot.
*Sim.* I find but small comfort in remembering it now.
*Evan.* Cleanthes, take your place with these grave fathers,
And read what in that table is inscribed.
[*Gives him a paper.*
Now set these at the bar,
And read, Cleanthes, to the dread and terror
Of disobedience and unnatural blood.
Clean. [reads.] *It is decreed by the grave and learned council of Epire, that no son and heir shall be held capable of his inheritance at the age of one and twenty, unless he be at that time as mature in obedience, manners, and goodness.*
*Sim.* Sure I shall never be at full age, then, though I live to an hundred years ; and that's nearer by twenty than the last statute allow'd.
*1 Court.* A terrible act !
Clean. *Moreover, it is enacted that all sons aforesaid, whom either this law, or their own grace, shall reduce into the true method of duty, virtue, and affection, [shall appear before us] and relate their trial* and approbation from Cleanthes, the son of Leonides*—from me, my lord !
*Evan.* From none but you as fullest. Proceed, sir.
Clean. *Whom, for his manifest virtues, we make such judge and censor of youth, and the absolute reference of life and manners.*
*Sim.* This is a brave world ! When a man should be selling land he must be learning manners. Is't not, my masters ?

*Re-enter* EUGENIA.

*Eug.* What's here to do ? My suitors at the bar ! The old band shines again† : oh, miserable !
[*She swoons.*

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* Clean. *This were the judgment seat we [stand at] now.* &c.] i. e. O, that this were, &c. But, indeed, this speech is so strangely printed in the quarto, that it is almost impossible to guess what the writer really meant. The first three lines stand thus :

Clean. *This were the judgment seat, we now*
*The heaviest crimes that ever made up*
*Unnaturallness in humanity.*

Whether the genuine, or, indeed, any sense be elicited by the additions which I have been compelled to make, is not mine to say ; but certainly some allowance will be made for any temperate endeavour to regulate a text, where the words, in too many instances, appear as if they had been shook out of the printer's boxes by the hand of chance.

† *Who, when* they are *grown to full maturity,*] Former editors have, *Who when* you're : but this cannot be right.

* [*Shall appear before us*] and relate *their trial*, &c.] In the old copy, which the modern editions follow, *and relate* comes immediately after virtue and affection. That this cannot be right is evident : whether the words which I have inserted convey the author's meaning, or not, may be doubted, but they make some sense of the passage, and this is all to which they pretend.

† *The old* band *shines again ;*] Coxeter printed, *The old* bard *shines again ;* Mr. M. Mason, who could make nothing of this, proposes, as the genuine reading, The old revived

*Evan.* Read the law over to her, 'twill awake her: 'Tis one deserves small pity.

Clean. *Lastly, it is ordained, that all such wives now whatsoever, that shall design their husbands' death, to be soon rid of them, and entertain suitors in their husbands' lifetime—*

*Sim* You had best read that a little louder; for, if any thing, that will bring her to herself again, and find her tongue.

Clean. *Shall not presume, on the penalty of our heavy displeasure, to marry within ten years after.*

*Eug.* The law is too long by nine years and a half, I'll take my death upon't; so shall most women.

Clean. *And those incontinent women so offending, to be judged and censured by Hippolita, wife to Cleanthes.*

*Eug.* Of all the rest, I'll not be judged by her.

*Re-enter* Hippolita.

*Clean.* Ah! here she comes. Let me prevent thy
Prevent them but in part, and bide the rest; [joys,
Thou hast not strength enough to bear them, else.

*Hip.* Leonides! [*She faints.*

*Clean.* I fear'd it all this while;
I knew 'twas past thy power. Hippolita!
What contrariety is in women's blood!
One faints for spleen and anger, she for grace.

*Evan.* Of sons and wives we see the worst and best.
May future ages yield Hippolitas
Many; but few like thee, Eugenia!
Let no Simonides henceforth have a fame, [*within.*
But all blest sons live in Cleanthes' name— [*Music*
Ha! what strange kind of melody was that?
Yet give it entrance, whatsoe'er it be,
This day is all devote to liberty*.

*Enter Fiddlers,* Gnotho, *Courtezan,* Cook, Butler, *&c., with the old Women,* Agatha, *and one bearing a bridecake for the wedding.*

*Gnoth.* Fiddlers, crowd on, crowd on†; let no man lay a block in your way.—Crowd on, I say.

*Evan.* Stay the crowd awhile; let's know the reason of this jollity.

*Clean.* Sirrah, do you know where you are?

*Gnoth.* Yes, sir; I am here, now here, and now here again, sir.

*Lys.* Your hat is too high crown'd, the duke in presence.

*Gnoth.* The duke! as he is my sovereign, I do give him two crowns for it*, and that's equal change all the world over: as I am lord of the day (being my marriage-day the second) I do advance my bonnet. Crowd on afore.

*Leon.* Good sir, a few words, if you will vouchsafe them;
Or will you be forced?

*Gnoth.* Forced! I would the duke himself would say so.

*Evan.* I think he dares, sir, and does; if you stay not,
You shall be forced.

*Gnoth.* I think so, my lord, and good reason too; shall not I stay when your grace says I shall? I were unworthy to be a bridegroom in any part of your highness's dominions, then: will it please you to taste of the wedlock-courtesy?

*Evan.* Oh, by no means, sir; you shall not deface so fair an ornament for me.

*Gnoth.* If your grace please to be cakated, say so.

*Evan.* And which might be your fair bride, sir?

*Gnoth.* This is my two for one that must be the *uxor uxoris*, the remedy *doloris*, and the very *syceum amoris*.

*Evan.* And hast thou any else?

*Gnoth.* I have an older, my lord, for other uses

*Clean.* My lord,
I do observe a strange decorum here:
These that do lead this day of jollity,
Do march with music and most mirthful cheeks:
Those that do follow, sad, and woefully,
Nearer the haviour of a funeral
Than of a wedding.

*Evan.* 'Tis true; pray expound that, sir.

*Gnoth.* As the destiny of the day falls out, my lord, one goes to wedding, another goes to hanging: and your grace in the due consideration shall find them much alike; the one hath the ring upon her finger, the other the halter about her neck. I *take thee, Beatrice,* says the bridegroom; *I take thee, Agatha,* says the hangman; and both say together, *to have and to hold, till death do part us.*

*Evan.* This is not yet plain enough to my understanding.

*Gnoth.* If further your grace examine it, you shall find I show myself a dutiful subject, and obedient to the law, myself, with these my good friends, and your good subjects, our old wives, whose days are ripe, and their lives forfeit to the law: only myself, more forward than the rest, am already provided of my second choice.

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*again;* while Mr. Davies, with due solemnity, declares that the insertion of a letter will make all right, and that it should be, *The old* beard *shines again.* Nothing can be more preposterous than the conduct of these gentlemen, in thus presuming to correct Massinger, upon the authority of Coxeter. The old copy neither reads *bard* nor *beard,* but *baud,* a misprint, perhaps, for *band.* In the last scene of *The Fatal Dowry,* by a similar oversight, *band* is printed for *baud.*

* It is to be lamented that *The Old Law* did not end here: the higher characters are all disposed of, and the clown and his fellows might have been silently sunk on the reader without exciting the slightest regret. But the *groundlings* of those days, like the godlings of the present, were too apt to cry out with Christopher Sly, *When does the fool come again, Sim?* and, unfortunately, they have had but too much influence, at all times, over the managers.

What follows is utterly unworthy of Massinger (indeed, it was not written by him) and may be past over without loss; of all pertness, that of folly is the most tiresome, and here is little else; but the audience were to be dismissed in good humour, and they undoubtedly walked home as merry as noise and nonsense could make them.

It appears from the title-page of the quarto, that *The Old Law* was a favourite with all ranks of people, and not, indeed, without some degree of justice; for the plot, though highly improbable, is an interesting one, and conducted with singular artifice, to a pleasing and surprising end. It must be allowed, however, that the moral justice of the piece is not altogether what it should be; for though Cleanthes and Hippolita receive the full reward of their filial piety, yet Simonides and Eugenia do not meet a punishment adequate to their unnatural conduct. As a composition, this play has several charming scenes, and not a few passages of exquisite beauty: it once, perhaps, had more, but the transcriber and the printer have conspired to reduce them.

† Clown. *Fiddlers, crowd on, crowd on;*] Mr. M. Mason observes, that a fiddle was *formerly* called a crowd. Why *formerly?* Is it not still called so in almost every part of the kingdom? But he was ambitious of following the learned commentators on other dramatic writers, who gravely tell us that words, which are in every one's mouth, once signified such and such things in Cornwall, perhaps, or Northumberland!

* Gnoth. *The duke! as he is my* soversign, *I do give him* two crowns *for it,* &c.] Here is some poor pun. A sovereign was a gold coin worth *ten* shillings; or, is the wit in some fancied similarity of sound between *duke* and *ducat* (a piece of the same value as the other)? *pudet, pudet.*

*Evan.* Oh! take heed, sir, you'll run yourself into danger;
If the law finds you with two wives at once,
There's a shrewd premunire.

*Gnoth.* I have taken leave of the old, my lord. I have nothing to say to her; she's going to sea, your grace knows whither, better than I do: she has a strong wind with her, it stands full in her poop; when you please, let her disembogue.

*Cook.* And the rest of her neighbours with her, whom we present to the satisfaction of your highness' law.

*Gnoth.* And so we take our leaves, and leave them to your highness.—Crowd on.

*Evan.* Stay, stay, you are too forward. Will you marry,
And your wife yet living?

*Gnoth.* Alas! she'll be dead before we can get to church. If your grace would set her in the way, I would dispatch her: I have a venture on't, which would return me, if your highness would make a little more haste, two for one.

*Evan.* Come, my lords, we must sit again; here's a case
Craves a most serious censure.

*Cook.* Now they shall be dispatch'd out of the way.

*Gnoth.* I would they were gone once; the time goes away.

*Evan.* Which is the wife unto the forward bridegroom?

*Aga.* I am, an it please your grace.

*Evan.* Trust me, a lusty woman, able-bodied,
And well-blooded cheeks.

*Gnoth.* Oh, she paints, my lord; she was a chambermaid once, and learn'd it of her lady.

*Evan.* Sure I think she cannot be so old.

*Aga.* Truly I think so too, an't please your grace.

*Gnoth.* Two to one with your grace of that! she's threescore by the book.

*Leon.* Peace, sirrah, you are too loud.

*Cook.* Take heed, Gnotho: if you move the duke's patience, 'tis an edge-tool; but a word and a blow, he cuts off your head.

*Gnoth.* Cut off my head! away, ignorant! he knows it cost more in the hair; he does not use to cut off many such heads as mine; I will talk to him too; if he cut off my head, I'll give him my ears. I say my wife is at full age for the law, the clerk shall take his oath, and the church-book shall be sworn too.

*Evan.* My lords, I leave this censure to you.

*Leon.* Then first, this fellow does deserve punishment,
For offering up a lusty able woman,
Which may do service to the commonwealth,
Where the law craves one impotent and useless.

*Creon.* Therefore to be severely punished
For thus attempting a second marriage,
His wife yet living.

*Lys.* Nay, to have it trebled;
That even the day and instant when he should mourn
As a kind husband, at her funeral,
He leads a triumph to the scorn of it;
Which unseasonable joy ought to be punish'd
With all severity.

*But.* The fiddles will be in a foul case too by and by.

*Leon.* Nay, further; it seems he has a venture
Of two for one at his second marriage,
Which cannot be but a conspiracy
Against the former.

*Gnoth.* A mess of wise old men!

*Lys.* Sirrah, what can you answer to all these?

*Gnoth.* Ye are good old men, and talk as age will give you leave. I would speak with the youthful duke himself; he and I may speak of things that shall be thirty or forty years after you are dead and rotten. Alas! you are here to day, and gone to sea to-morrow.

*Evan.* In troth, sir, then I must be plain with you.
The law that should take away your old wife from you,
The which I do perceive was your desire,
Is void and frustrate; so for the rest:
There has been since another parliament
Has cut it off.

*Gnoth.* I see your grace is disposed to be pleasant.

*Evan.* Yes, you might perceive that; I had not else
Thus dallied with your follies.

*Gnoth.* I'll talk further with your grace when I come back from church; in the mean time you know what to do with the old women.

*Evan.* Stay, sir, unless in the mean time you mean
I cause a gibbet to be set up in your way,
And hang you at your return.

*Aga.* O gracious prince!

*Evan.* Your old wives cannot die to-day by any law of mine: for aught I can say to them,
They may, by a new edict, bury you,
And then, perhaps, you'll pay a new fine too.

*Gnoth.* This is fine, indeed!

*Aga.* O gracious prince! may he live a hundred years more.

*Cook.* Your venture is not like to come in to-day, Gnotho.

*Gnoth.* Give me the principal back.

*Cook.* Nay, by my troth we'll venture still—and I'm sure we have as ill a venture of it as you; for we have taken old wives of purpose, that we had thought to have put away at this market, and now we cannot utter a pennyworth.

*Evan.* Well, sirrah, you were best to discharge your new charge, and take your old one to you.

*Gnoth.* Oh music, no music, but prove most doleful trumpet;
Oh bride! no bride, but thou mayst prove a strumpet;
Oh venture! no venture, I have, for one, now none;
Oh wife! thy life is saved when I hoped it had been gone.
Case up your fruitless strings; no penny, no wedding;
Case up thy maidenhead; no priest, no bedding:
Avaunt, my venture! ne'er to be restored,
Till Ag, my old wife, be thrown overboard:
Then come again, old Ag, since it must be so;
Let bride and venture with woful music go.

*Cook.* What for the bridecake, Gnotho?

*Gnoth.* Let it be mouldy now 'tis out of season,
Let it grow out of date, currant, and reason;
Let it be chipt and chopt, and given to chickens.
No more is got by that, than William Dickins
Got by his wooden dishes.
Put up your plums, as fiddlers put up pipes,
The wedding dash'd, the bridegroom weeps and wipes.

Fiddlers, farewell! and now, without perhaps,
Put up your fiddles as you put up scraps.

*Lys.* This passion* has given some satisfaction yet. My lord, I think you'll pardon him now, with all the rest, so they live honestly with the wives they have.

*Evan.* Oh! most freely; free pardon to all.

*Cook.* Ay, we have deserved our pardons, if we can live honestly with such reverend wives, that have no motion in them but their tongues.

*Aga.* Heaven bless your grace! you are a just prince.

*Gnoth.* All hopes dash'd; the clerk's duties lost;
My venture gone; my second wife divorced;
And which is worst, the old one come back again!
Such voyages are made now-a-days!
Besides these two fountains of fresh water, I will weep two salt out of my nose. Your grace had been more kind to your young subjects—heaven bless and mend your laws, that they do not gull your poor countrymen: but I am not the first, by forty, that has been undone by the law. 'Tis but a folly to stand upon terms; I take my leave of your grace, as well as mine eyes will give me leave: I would they had been asleep in their beds when they opened them to see this day. Come Ag, come Ag.

[*Exeunt Gnotho and Agatha.*

*Creon.* Were not you all my servants?

*Cook.* During your life, as we thought, sir; but our young master turn'd us away.

*Creon.* How headlong, villain, wert thou in thy ruin!

*Sim.* I followed the fashion, sir, as other young men did. If you were as we thought you had been, we should ne'er have come for this, I warrant you. We did not feed, after the old fashion, on beef and mutton, and such like.

*Creon.* Well, what damage or charge you have run yourselves into by marriage, I cannot help, nor deliver you from your wives; them you must keep; yourselves shall again return to me.

*All.* We thank your lordship for your love, and must thank ourselves for our bad bargains.

[*Exeunt.*

*Evan.* Cleanthes, you delay the power of law,
To be inflicted on these misgovern'd men,
That filial duty have so far transgress'd.

*Clean.* My lord, I see a satisfaction
Meeting the sentence, even preventing it,
Beating my words back in their utterance.
See, sir, there's salt sorrow bringing forth fresh
And new duties, as the sea propagates.
The elephants have found their joints too——

[*They kneel.*

Why, here's humility able to bind up
The punishing hands of the severest masters,
Much more the gentle fathers'.

*Sim.* I had ne'er thought to have been brought so low as my knees again; but since there's no remedy, fathers, reverend fathers, as you ever hope to have good sons and heirs, a handful of pity! we confess we have deserved more than we are willing to receive at your hands, though sons can never deserve too much of their fathers, as shall appear afterwards.

*Creon.* And what way can you decline your feeding now?
You cannot retire to beeves and muttons, sure.

*Sim.* Alas! sir, you see a good pattern for that, now we have laid by our high and lusty meats, and are down to our marrowbones already.

*Creon.* Well, sir, rise to virtues: we'll bind you now; [*They rise.*
You that were too weak yourselves to govern,
By others shall be govern'd.

*Lys.* Cleanthes,
I meet your justice with reconcilement:
If there be tears of faith in woman's breast,
I have received a myriad, which confirms me
To find a happy renovation.

*Clean.* Here's virtue's throne,
Which I'll embellish with my dearest jewels
Of love and faith, peace and affection!
This is the altar of my sacrifice,
Where daily my devoted knees shall bend.
Age-honoured shrine! time still so love you,
That I so long may have you in mine eye
Until my memory lose your beginning!
For you, great prince, long may your fame survive,
Your justice and your wisdom never die,
Crown of your crown, the blessing of your land,
Which you reach to her from your regent hand!

*Leon.* O Cleanthes, had you with us tasted
The entertainment of our retirement,
Fear'd and exclaim'd on in your ignorance,
You might have sooner died upon the wonder,
Than any rage or passion for our loss.
A place at hand we were all strangers in,
So sphered about with music, such delights,
Such viands and attendance, and once a day
So cheered with a royal visitant,
That oft times, waking, our unsteady fancies
Would question whether we yet lived or no,
Or had possession of that paradise
Where angels be the guard!

*Evan.* Enough, Leonides,
You go beyond the praise; we have our end,
And all is ended well: we have now seen
The flowers and weeds that grow about our court.

*Sim.* If these be weeds, I'm afraid I shall wear none so good again as long as my father lives.

*Evan.* Only this gentleman we did abuse
With our own bosom: we seem'd a tyrant,
And he our instrument. Look, 'tis Cratilus,

[*Discovers Cratilus.*

The man that you supposed had now been travell'd;
Which we gave leave to learn to speak,
And bring us foreign languages to Greece.
All's joy, I see; let music be the crown
And set it high, "The good needs fear no law,
It is his safety, and the bad man's awe."

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

* Lys. *This* passion *has given some satisfaction yet?*] i.e. this pathetic exclamation: it is parodied in part from *The Spanish Tragedy*, and is, without all question, by far the stupidest attempt at wit to which that persecuted Play ever gave rise. That it afforded *some satisfaction* to Lysander ought, in courtesy, to be attributed to his having more good nature than taste.

* It must be unacceptable both to the reader and to myself to enter into any examination of this unfortunate comedy, The purpose which it professes is sufficiently good; but we lose sight of it in the meanness and extravagance which disfigure the subject. Yet it is impossible not to be touched by occasional passages, which, in tenderness and beauty, are hardly excelled by any of Massinger. They are either descriptive or sentimental, and are rather excrescences from the story than essential parts of it; and, on this account they may be easily detached, and remembered, for their own excellence, when the place in which they were found is deservedly forgotten. Perhaps they derive a grace from their very situa

tion;—they are "precious jewels" in the "head" of ugliness. Any attempt to ascertain the portions contributed by Middleton or Rowley, would be but loss of labour. The ruggedness of the versification, and the obscurity of so many of the thoughts, laboured in their expression, and trivial in their meaning, prove that a great part of the play came from some other than Massinger. Nor could the lighter scenes, if the awkward movements of filth and dulness may claim that name, have been furnished by him. His manner is chiefly to be perceived in the second scene of the fourth act, and where Cleanthes and Leonides fondly expatiate on the happiness of their contrivance, at the very moment when their security is about to be interrupted.

But the reader shall be no longer detained on so questionable a composition as *The Old Law*. He may be better pleased with a few observations arising from a general view of the Plays of Massinger, and affording some illustration, however imperfect, of his talents and character.

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It is truly surprising that the genius which produced these Plays should have obtained so little notice from the world. It does not appear that in any age since his own Massinger has been ranked among the principal writers for the stage. Rarely have any of *his* pieces been acted; and dramatic criticism has been unwilling to mention his name. It has attributed variety and greatness of character to Shakspeare and Fletcher, as if Massinger had never existed, or were entitled to none of this praise. It has objected to the clenches and bombast which disfigure the scenes of our great bard, as if it were no credit to Massinger that he has little of the one and less of the other; and it has lamented the too close and laboured language of Jonson, without observing that the language of Massinger is some of the most chaste and flowing which the English stage can boast—One of his characteristic qualities is his STYLE; and, on this account, he is entitled to a portion of the praise which has followed the names of Beaumont and Fletcher. It is obvious, that he seldom, if ever, approaches the harsh compactness of Jonson; and he is free from certain peculiarities which too often cloud the poetry of Shakspeare. The construction of his sentences is direct and uninvolved, even in the most solemn and passionate of his scenes; and rarely does he seek for uncommon meanings by forcing his words upwards to their original sources. He is content with their usual acceptation, and does not attempt to heighten poetic effect either by inversion or a strange use of current terms. The faults into which he occasionally falls are his own, and arise from the ease which generally distinguishes him. He frequently ends a line with an unimportant word, serving only as a passage to the next line; and sometimes two following lines are hurried on in the same inconsiderate manner: sometimes he raises a jingle by throwing into the same line two words of somewhat similar sound, but of different meaning: now and then too he rhymes in the middle of a speech. These are blemishes; but they grow from the very freedom of his poetry, and show his habitual ease through the accidental carelessness which they betray: nor can it be denied that in general he is entitled to our sincere admiration for the purity and simplicity of his language, the free structure of his lines, and the natural flow and unaffected harmony of his periods. It is observable that Mr. Hume regrets the want of "purity and simplicity of diction," qualities which he cannot discover in Shakspeare. He might have praised them in Massinger; but he must have been a stranger to these Plays, and affords one instance more of the undeserved neglect which has hitherto been their portion.

Another of the peculiarities of Massinger arises from the management of his PLOT. The reader must have observed, in too many instances, with what rapidity the story is carried on, with what neglect of time and place, and, not unfrequently, of character itself. This indeed was not unusual with other writers of that age. What distinguishes Massinger, is his carefulness of memory amidst his neglect of probability. He does not fall into hurry of scene through inadvertence. He draws a plan of his irregularities before he enters upon the execution of them. This appears from the caution with which they are introduced; for some of the strangest incidents which are to befal his characters are pointed out by early strokes and studied intimations. Thoughtlessness as to the conclusion of his story does not therefore apply to him, as it does to others. He looks forward to the frequent change of his business, and is satisfied. He is rapid by "advice," and unites, in a greater degree than almost any other writer, precipitation with precaution:

——*insanit certa ratione, modoque.*

Among the writers of that age, Jonson alone, perhaps, knew all the impropriety arising from a frequent and violent change of scene. This sense of exactness was doubtless impressed upon him by his love of the ancients: and he has obtained the difficult praise both of copiousness and close connexion of his incidents. Yet Jonson himself, who blamed Shakspeare's change of scene, was not wholly free from the same practice: and this has been remarked by Dryden with some appearance of triumph. Whatever might have been the sentiments of Massinger, his general practice was a disregard of consistency of plan; and his striking propensity to hurry of scene is, perhaps, to be considered as a principal cause of his comparative want of success, when he undertakes the higher and more regular subjects of history. Either he seems constrained by the new restrictions to which he occasionally submits; or, tired of these, he suddenly falls into liberties which ill accord with the gravity of his first design. Sometimes he lessens the effect of history by a choice not sufficiently sagacious or comprehensive; and sometimes he interrupts its influence by additions extraneous to the subject, or unimportant in themselves. He is then most successful when he approaches the scenes of invention under cover of some previous truth; when he glances at some known event, and presently resigns himself to the accustomed license of romance. How extravagant is the mixture of fable with fact in several of these plays, the reader must have already observed. But if he feels with me, he will derive a pleasure from the detection of some circumstance of truth amid the mass of invention, and will hail the "sacred influence" of historic light, which sometimes—

> " Shoots far into the bosom of dim night
> A glimmering dawn."

The LEARNING of Massinger here suggests itself. It seems to have been not without respectability; yet rather ornamental to his poetry than very solid or very comprehensive. It was such, perhaps, as Jonson might have sneered at, but with some injustice. Apart from his treatment of history, which has been just noticed, it chiefly consists in an acquaintance with the moralists and poets, and shows itself in an occasional introduction of some ancient maxim resulting from the observation of common life, or of some pretty image or tender sentiment transplanted into his love scenes. Not unfrequently, indeed, a classical thought is discoverable in him, not formally applied, but incorporated with his own sentiment, as if the recollection of an ancient writer were familiar and habitual with him; and, in an instance or two, this is done with some ruggedness, as if he had no objection to make a momentary experiment on what was the general character of Jonson. His favourite book is Ovid; and his chief display is of the common and popular mythology. Of this, indeed, he is by far too fond. Sometimes he indulges it against probability, in scenes from which the ignorance and vulgarity of the speakers ought to have excluded it; and sometimes against propriety, when the solemnity of the business, and the engagement of the attention of his personages, ought to have been secured from such unseasonable interruption. He is also apt, on some of these untoward occasions, to state his mythological tale too circumstantially, and to adapt it, point by point, to the situation which he means to illustrate. He is minutely exact in applying what should have been conveyed, if conveyed at all, by a general glance: and while he pleases himself with the scrupulous fidelity of his particulars, the reader is more and more impatient at too long a detention from the proper business of the stage. There is, indeed, another kind of reading which is peculiar to himself, and claims a separate notice. It is impossible not to observe how zealous he is on religious subjects, how conversant with the images and sentiments which occur in the history of the early persecutions, and how ready in the use of ecclesiastical terms and arguments. He seems to dwell with fondness on conversions to the faith; indulges with fervour the mode of reasoning which had been used between the early Christians and the Pagans, and is so impressed with it that he employs the same train of thought for the persuasion of Mahometans and idolaters. Where he obtained this knowledge, it is difficult to say. The reader must determine whether he is likely to have drawn it from the sources pointed out in the observations on *The Virgin Martyr*, or in those on *The Renegado*: from the general appearance of his learning, I have no objection to the opinion that he was acquainted with the works of the Christian writers themselves. One thing is very observable in him. When he describes the ceremonies of religion as they are practised in the church of Rome, it is with an earnestness and a reverence more than sufficient for the support of the character that speaks. Of this *The Renegado* alone furnishes several instances; and not only is he anxious to procure from any hand the right of baptism for the new convert (Donusa) about to suffer death; but, a doubt being raised for the sake of an authoritative decision, the question of lay-baptism is familiarly settled upon Roman Catholic principles—

> " A question in itself with much ease answered:
> Midwives, upon necessity, perform it;
> And knights that, in the Holy Land, fought for
> The freedom of Jerusalem, when full
> Of sweat and enemies' blood, have made their helmet

The fount out of which, with their holy hands,
They drew that heavenly liquor," &c*.

One circumstance, however, seems to have escaped his attention, which the history of Christian antiquity would have afforded him. In cases of extremity, when the rage of persecution would not allow the consolation of religious rites, the death itself of the sufferer was supposed by some to convey the desired benefit, and the blood of the martyr was the salutary water of baptism. But I will add no more on this subject. The learning of Massinger appears, in this view of it, to have some connexion with his religion. Indeed, the sources from which his plots were derived might have furnished some of the circumstances just noticed: but if they are his own, they are sufficient to raise a suspicion that he had a secret attachment to the church of Rome: and this seems to be the more probable opinion.

The MORALS of Massinger shall next be noticed. It may seem surprising that the licentiousness which too frequently appears in these Plays, should be accompanied with any expressions of regard for morality. However, we must remember the times in which he wrote, and make allowance for the influence which the general state of society will always have on compositions for the stage. The comparative grossness of common conversation, the rude manner in which theatrical business was conducted, the wish of giving as strong an effect as possible to the character represented, and a taste as yet imperfectly formed for the management of delicate situations, and the expression of wrong desires; these and many other causes must have been very unfriendly to the purity which virtue demands. In these particulars Massinger was unhappy with other writers. Indeed no situation in life was a sufficient security for theatrical decorum; and Beaumont and Fletcher, one the son of a judge, the other of a bishop, are still more licentious than Massinger, without the consoling attention to moral consequences which he discovers.

In the observations on several of these Plays, the reader will have noticed the seriousness of the moral arising from the conclusion of the story: and in justice to Massinger it must be added, that, however blameable he is for the admission of any indecency of others into a work over which he had a control, the most offensive parts are not his own. The licentiousness for which he is personally answerable, is of two sorts—one, the chief part, consists in the incidents of the story itself: the other, in loose conversation not strictly subservient to the plot, but rather gratuitously indulged. It is with much satisfaction we observe, that the indelicacy in the former case is in some measure atoned for by the merited punishment to which he commonly conducts the offenders; and lest his design should be misunderstood, he earnestly reminds us, that, notwithstanding the grossness of the story, he still means to serve the cause of virtue, and that wickedness is sure to be "mulcted" by him "in the conclusion." *The Parliament of Love*, where this caution occurs, is a convincing instance of the practice just noticed, as it combines licentiousness of incident with characteristic punishment on the contrivers of the mischief. For the other part no excuse can or ought to be offered. There is only one consolation under it: happily, his loose dialogue is ill managed. It is without spirit or attraction, as if his mind had no natural inclination to it; and the reader must be of a disposition decidedly prurient who will turn to those scenes a second time. One praise remains for Massinger, and I mention it with heartfelt satisfaction; he is entirely without profaneness. How is it to be wished that Shakspeare had been thus! and that the extraordinary power with which he impresses both good and evil sentiment had never been employed in loosening the reverence of sacred principles in the mind of the young and inexperienced reader, or in teaching other men of genius to recommend the most pernicious levity through the attractions of their wit!

The POLITICAL CHARACTER of Massinger is very creditable to him. His allusions to the public events of the times are not unfrequent; and they are such as to show him a man of honesty and spirit. He ridicules, with successful humour, the weak and licentious fops who infested the court. He indignantly exposes the system of favouritism, which was so injurious to the country in the reign of James, and lashes the easy or corrupt grant of monopolies with the honest views of a patriot. In return, he takes a pleasure in contrasting the loyalty of the true friends of the throne with the interested services of common courtiers. He also endeavours to correct the profligate facility with which a personal devotion was pledged to the sovereign, and glances at the thoughtless or fallacious offers of "lives and fortunes." The dreadful events which took place not long after the expression of these sentiments throw an unusual interest over them; and we are persuaded by his personal satire, as well as by the open praises which he bestows on his country, how strong and sincere was the patriotism of Massinger. It is observable too, that he does not bend to the slavish doctrine which was inculcated by so many other writers of the age; but, while he preserves a firm and substantial reverence to the throne, he watches over the actions of the sovereign, and distinguishes between his just authority and the arbitrary excesses of it. One circumstance more. Massinger lived for the most part in poverty and neglect; and it is highly honourable to him that there are no traces of public spleen or faction in his writings. He is always a good subject; and if he reprehends the follies or the vices which stood too near the throne, he does it as a friend, and with the view of restoring it to that purity and wisdom which became it, and to that lustre in which he loved to see it shine.

It would not be necessary to mention Massinger's IMITATIONS of his contemporaries, if such a practice had not been unduly attributed to him. Mr. M. Mason seems disposed to talk of passages remembered from Shakspeare. But the practice is not very frequent, and whenever it does occur, the obligation is too unimportant to be dwelt upon. Indeed, it may be affirmed in general, that, though he may adopt occasional sentiments of Shakspeare, he can hardly be said to copy his incidents or situations. Perhaps the nearest approach to such an obligation is in *The Emperor of the East*, where jealousy on account of the apple recalls to our mind the handkerchief of Othello. Yet even here the history itself may well be supposed to furnish the situation without assistance from any other quarter; and the imitation is, after all, confined to a few scattered thoughts. It ought, indeed, to be allowed (since the subject is thus entered upon), that when such an imitation does take place, it is sometimes not quite so happy as the reader might wish. Either the thoughts are not so forcibly expressed as by Shakspeare, or they are given to persons whose characters do not so well agree with them. Thus, when Asambeg *(Renegado)* repeats his determination to do something terrible, but what, he does not yet know, he reminds us of a sentiment highly characteristic of the wild and ungoverned temper of Lear. But Asambeg is of a different cast. In the midst of his passion his interest is consulted; he blusters indeed, but stops to calculate consequences, and in reality is a tame character. Again, when imprecations are used against Richard, and guilty fear is to deprive him of the power of wielding his sword, we feel that the thought is natural. But when Overreach *(New Way to Pay Old Debts)* finds that the curses of those whom he has undone are upon him, and take away his strength, we perceive an incongruity. A sword was the natural and proper weapon of Richard,—the instrument by which his situation was to be maintained. Overreach has a sword never intended to be drawn: he endeavours to use it in the moment of frenzy; yet talks of its failure in the terms of a baffled soldier, as if it would no longer avenge his cause, or preserve his falling fortunes.

This notice will be sufficient for the imitations attributed to Massinger, and the circumstances which attend them. In fact, he has borrowed little from his contemporaries, and has given to Milton alone perhaps as much sentiment as he has himself taken from Shakspeare. To some later writers he has been too convenient a quarry. Without acknowledgment, they have dug from his scenes for the construction of their own, and have done him at once an injustice and an honour. By their unskilful use of his plundered matter, they have proved how much he is their superior. The imitation of *The Fatal Dowry* in *The Fair Penitent*, has been already noticed. If the reader will pass from one of these Plays to the other, he will hardly fail to acknowledge the truth of this assertion, bold as it may appear: he will find, notwithstanding the praises bestowed on Rowe by Dr Johnson, that laboured softness and artificial sentiment are but an ill exchange for the genuine feelings of nature, and the genuine expression of them. Again, if he will compare *The Guardian* of Massinger with the imitation of it in *The Inconstant* of Farquhar, he cannot but observe how much the natural briskness and flowing humour of Durazzo are degraded in the forced levity and empty bustle of Old Mirabel. I am not certain that Lee remembered Massinger in his *Theodosius, or the Force of Love;* but he boasts of the reception of that piece by the public. Yet whoever will compare *The Emperor of the East* with it, will soon learn to think favourably of Massinger on this account also; and will wonder that his nature and force should be neglected, while the public taste has been content to admire in Lee passion which never moves the soul, and vehemence which does but excite ridicule.

From these few particulars some conclusion may be drawn respecting the genius and disposition of Massinger. Perhaps he cannot be called sublime. He does not, like Shakspeare, seize the soul, and in a moment pierce it with terror or affliction; nor does he sustain it at will in transports beyond the

* The reader may compare this with the pious office which Tasso makes Tancred perform to Clorinda:

Poco quindi lontan nel sen del monte, &c.
Canto 12, St. 67.

usual height of nature. He moves us rather by the accumulation of circumstances, than by single passages of unusual strength and impression. He melts too, rather than terrifies. Yet while we surrender all our compassionate feelings to *The Fatal Dowry*, we must remember the horror excited by *The Unnatural Combat*, horror inherent in the very situations of the principal agents, and increased, with equal artifice and power, by dark and mysterious allusions to the causes of their strange enmity, and of the fearful imprecations which they utter. He does not venture into the ideal world, and create new personages and imagine strange agencies for them. His few ghosts deserve no mention. The good and bad spirit in *The Virgin Martyr* are not to be compared with the fantastic beings of Shakspeare: their appearance is, for the most part, human: and when their true nature breaks forth, they act in a manner which custom had already prescribed for them. The most imposing use of an event beyond the experience of common life occurs in *The Picture;* yet this is an extraordinary trick of art, which appeals rather to the ear than the eye, and which, once allowed, suffices throughout the piece; there is no magical apparatus, no visible agent conducting the train of surprise.

His comic talent is not equal to his tragic power. His merit chiefly consists in the invention of comic situations; and in these he is often remarkably happy. But the great support of comedy is dialogue, and in this he is deficient. In general it wants briskness and variety. Of course, we must not look into him for those characters whose wit predominates through the piece, or whose fatuity is the principal cause of laughter. He has neither a Falstaff nor a Bessus; not even a master Stephen, or a Slender. Sylli, however small his pretensions, is his chief mirth-maker. Indeed, the Comedy of Massinger has a near connexion with history and the graver satire. He draws copious descriptions of the trifling or vicious manners of the age, and discovers strong purposes of moral correction, rather than smartness of conversation, and the attacks and defences of dramatic wit. Of this sort is *The City Madam*. This I regard as the chief effort of his Comedy, as *The Fatal Dowry* is of his Tragedy. These two Plays alone would be sufficient to create a high reputation. Pity for suffering virtue can hardly be excited in a stronger manner than in the latter. In the former, it is difficult to say which quality prevails; the powerful ridicule of an unfeeling affectation, or the just reprobation of hypocrisy.

This determines the nature of Massinger's writings. He does not soar to the heights of fancy; he dwells among men, and describes their business and their passions with judgment, feeling, and discrimination. He has a justness of principle which is admirably fitted to the best interests of human life; and I know no writer of his class from whom more maxims of prudence, morality, or religion may be drawn. He is eminently successful in representing the tender attachment of virtuous love, and in maintaining the true delicacy and dignity of the female character; and in general he displays a warmth of zeal on the side of goodness, which at once pleases and elevates the reader. To this excellence of sentiment he adds much strength and variety of talent, nor will any one doubt it who has perused these Plays with attention. The general chasteness of language with which they are written, the peculiar elegance of style in *The Great Duke of Florence*, and *The Parliament of Love;* the united dignity and madness of passion of *The Duke of Milan*—the animation and heroism of *The Bondman*, and the talent of discrimination added to those in *The Maid of Honour;* the striking eloquence of *The Roman Actor*—the comic force of *The Very Woman*—the strong ridicule and moral reprobation in *The New Way to Pay Old Debts*, and the peculiar playfulness of *The Picture;* these, and many others which might be mentioned with equal justice, are incontrovertible proofs of a genius far beyond the common level. Cartwright has invidiously remarked the "wretched genius and dependent fires" of those who, in his time, wrote Plays for bread. This cannot be said of Massinger without the greatest injustice. He has written not for his benefactors alone; his country owes him an obligation, and it would be a reproach to our discernment if so much merit were still overlooked. Indeed it is very difficult to account for the long inattention of which he has hitherto to complain. The troubles which so soon followed the first appearance of these Plays, dropt the curtain on Massinger, and every other genuine writer for the stage. Perhaps for about twenty years the stage was altogether silent. It might have been expected, however, that the Restoration, which revived several of the Plays of Shakspeare, and more of Beaumont and Fletcher, would have done some justice to Massinger.

I am not sanguine about my conjecture, but the following may be considered as one of the leading causes of the neglect which he experienced. It appears that the prevailing taste of those times was such as his scenes were not much calculated to gratify. An extraordinary attachment burst forth to the swift turns and graces of the stage, as Dryden terms them, and to the chase of wit briskly pursued in dramatic conversation. These qualities, as it was just now observed, do not distinguish Massinger. They were supposed, at that time, to be possessed by Fletcher alone, and this probably, was the reason of the marked preference which he obtained; for we know from Dryden, that two of Fletcher's Plays were acted for one of Shakspeare. As to the wit of Jonson, it was considered as too stiff for that age. But the chief injustice seems to rest with Dryden himself. In his *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*, he praises others for qualities of which Massinger might have been adduced as an example, and blames them for failings from which he was free; yet of Massinger no mention is made: and, probably, this was sufficient warrant for succeeding critics to pass by a name which so great a man had appeared not to know, or not to value. As to the attempts in the last century to make Massinger known through succeeding editions of his works, they call for some acknowledgment on account of their motive; but the performance can hardly be mentioned without indignation. Lord Bacon somewhere talks of the disservice done to literature by the "*rash diligence*" of some "in the correction and editing of authors." One would think he had looked forward to the treatment of poor Massinger by Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason. But it is time that his obscured merit should at length appear in its proper light; and Massinger has found, from the present editor, what has been so humanely wished for him—a vindication of his name in a pure and accurate text.

One thing yet remains, to explain why I have taken a part in the present publication. The account is short and simple. The editor, having already resolved on the publication, and prepared the text for the press, requested of me a revision of these Plays, and such observations as the active discharge of professional duties would allow me to bestow on them. To this he was, doubtless, impelled by his known partiality to the judgment of his friend, and in some measure, perhaps, by the recollection that, in our early days, we had read together some of the works of our dramatic writers. This statement, it is hoped, will excuse me with the professed lovers of the drama, who may find these observations of too serious a cast, or wanting that minute acquaintance with the stage which might be required. My chief attention has long since been turned to other pursuits, nor have I thrust myself into this employment; neither, indeed, has any "calling" been "left" for it. Massinger has truly said, that to be able

> "———— to pierce to the depth
> Or write a comment on the obscurest poets,
> Is but an ornament."

The great business of life has more solemn claims; and it is a consolation to add, that while this act of friendship has been performed, the higher and more important duties have not suffered. If, with this necessary reservation, the talent of Massinger has been at all unfolded, and especially, if his writings are now made more useful than they might otherwise have been, by the careful observation of his subject and the pointing of his moral, I shall be satisfied. As to the rest, it is but a trifling service which can be performed by me in this, or perhaps any other, province of letters; but, to apply the words of a great man on a far higher occasion, "So have I been content to tune the instruments of the Muses, that they may play who have better hands."—Dr. Ireland.

# POEMS

ON

# SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY

## PHILIP MASSINGER.

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TO MY HONORABLE FFREINDE S^R^

FFRANCIS FFOLIAMBE, KNIGHT

AND BARONET.

S^r^ with my service I prœsent this booke
A trifle, I confesse, but pray you looke
Upon the sender, not his guift, with your
Accustomde favor, and then't will endure
Your serch the better. Somethinge then may bee
You'l finde in the perusall fit for mee
To give to one I honor, and may pleade,
In your defence though you descende to reade
A Pamplet of this nature. May it prove
In your free iudgement, though not worth your llove
Yet fit to finde a pardon and I'll say
Upon your warrant that it is a play.
Ever at your commandment
PHILIP MASSINGER.

TO MY JUDICIOUS AND LFARNED FRIEND THE AUTHOR (JAMES SHIRLEY), UPON HIS INGENIOUS POEM THE GRATEFUL SERVANT, A COMEDY, PUBLISHED IN 1630.

THOUGH I well know, that my obscurer name
Listed with theirs* who here advance thy fame,
Cannot add to it, give me leave to be,
Among the rest a modest votary
At the altar of thy Muse. I dare not raise
Giant hyperboles unto thy praise;
Or hope it can find credit in this age,
Though I should swear, in each triumphant page
Of this thy work there's no line but of weight,
And poesy itself shown at the height:
Such common places, friend, will not agree
With thy own vote, and my integrity.
I'll steer a mid way, have clear truth my guide,
And urge a praise which cannot be denied.
Here are no forced expressions; no rack'd phrase;
No Babel compositions to amaze
The tortured reader; no believed defence
To strengthen the bold Atheist's insolence;
No obscene syllable, that may compel
A blush from a chaste maid, but all so well
Express'd and order'd, as wise men must say
It is a grateful poem, a good play:
And such as read ingeniously, shall find
Few have outstripp'd thee, many halt behind.
PHILIP MASSINGER.

TO HIS SON J. S. UPON HIS "MINERVA†."

THOU art my son; in that my choice is spoke:
Thine with thy father's Muse strikes equal stroke.
It show'd more art in Virgil to relate,
And make it worth the hearing, his gnat's fate,

* *Listed with theirs,*] John Fox, John Hall, Charles Aleyn, Thomas Randolph, Robert Stapylton, Thomas Crafford, William Habingdon.

† *To his son* J. S. *upon his* Minerva.] Coxeter and Mr. M. Mason (or rather Coxeter alone, for poor Mr. M. Mason neither knew nor thought any thing about the matter) say this little Poem was addressed to James Shirley;

Than to conceive what those great minds must be
That sought, and found out, fruitful Italy.
And such as read and do not apprehend.
And with applause, the purpose and the end
Of this neat poem, in themselves confess
A dull stupidity and barrenness.
Methinks I do behold, in this rare birth,
A temple built up to facetious Mirth,
Pleased Phœbus smiling on it: doubt not, then,
But that the suffrage of judicious men
Will honour this Thalia; and, for those
That praise Sir Bevis, or what's worse in prose,
Let them dwell still in ignorance. To write
In a new strain, and from it raise delight,
As thou in this hast done, doth not by chance,
But merit, crown thee with the laurel branch.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

## SERO SED SERIO.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MY MOST SINGULAR GOOD LORD AND PATRON, PHILIP EARL OF PLMBROKE AND MONTGOMERY, LORD-CHAMBERLAIN OF HIS MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD, ETC., UPON THE DEPLORABLE AND UNTIMELY DEATH OF HIS LATE TRULY NOBLE SON CHARLES LORD HERBERT, ETC.

'Twas fate, not want of duty, did me wrong,
Or, with the rest, my hymenæal song
Had been presented, when the knot was tied
That made the bridegroom and the virgin bride
A happy pair. I curs'd my absence then
That hinder'd it, and bit my star-cross'd pen,
Too busy in stage-blanks, and trifling rhyme,
When such a cause call'd, and so apt a time
To pay a general debt; mine being more
Than they could owe, who since, or heretofore,
Have labour'd with exalted lines to raise
Brave piles, or rather pyramids, of praise
To Pembroke and his family: and dare I,
Being silent then, aim at an elegy?
Or hope my weak Muse can bring forth one verse
Deserving to wait on the sable hearse
Of your late hopeful Charles? his obsequies
Exact the mourning of all hearts and eyes
That knew him, or loved virtue. He that would
Write what he was, to all posterity, should
Have ample credit in himself, to borrow,
Nay, make his own, the saddest accents sorrow
Ever express'd, and a more moving quill
Than Spenser used when he gave Astrophil
A living epicedium. For poor me,
By truth I vow it is no flattery,
I from my soul wish (if it might remove
Grief's burthen, which too feelingly you prove),
Though I have been ambitious of fame,
As poets are, and would preserve a name,
That, my toys burnt, I had lived unknown to men,
And ne'er had writ, nor ne'er to write again.
Vain wish, and to be scorn'd! can my foul dross
With such pure gold be valued? or the loss
Of thousand lives like mine merit to be
The same age thought on, when his destiny
Is only mentioned? No, my lord, his fate
Is to be prized at a higher rate;
Nor are the groans of common men to be
Blended with those which the nobility
Vent hourly for him. That great ladies mourn
His sudden death, and lords vie at his urn
Drops of compassion; that true sorrow, fed
With showers of tears, still bathe the widow'd bed
Of his dear spouse; that our great king and queen
(To grace your grief) disdain'd not to be seen
Your royal comforters; these well become
The loss of such a hope, and on his tomb
Deserve to live: but, since no more could be
Presented, to set off his tragedy,
And with a general sadness, why should you
(Pardon my boldness!) pay more than his due,
Be the debt ne'er so great? No stoic can,
As you were a loving father, and a man,
Forbid a moderate sorrow, but to take
Too much of it, for his or your own sake,
If we may trust divines, will rather be
Censured repining, than true piety.
I still presume too far, and more than fear
My duty may offend, pressing too near
Your private passions. I thus conclude,
If now you show your passive fortitude
In bearing this affliction, and prove
You take it as a trial of heaven's love
And favour to you, you ere long shall see
Your second care* return'd from Italy,
To bless his native England, each rare part,
That in his brother liv'd and joy'd your heart,
Transferr'd to him, and to the world make known
He takes possession of what's now his own.

Your honour's
Most humble and faithful servant,
PHILIP MASSINGER.

and Davies, in his *Life of Massinger*, reasons upon it as an indisputable fact. The truth, however, is, that these initial letters belong to James Smith, a man of considerable wit and learning, and a dignitary of the church. He was the author of several short pieces, and, among the rest, of that to which this, with other commendatory poems, is prefixed, *The Innovation of Penelope and Ulysses*, a burlesque satire upon some incoherent translation of those days, and the prototype, perhaps, of Cotton's *Virgil* and *The Rehearsal*. Wood says, that Smith "was much in esteem with the political wits of that day, particularly with Philip Massinger, *who called him his son.*"—*Athen. Oxon.* Vol. II. p. 397.

* Charles Lord Herbert, whose early death is here lamented, was the eldest surviving son of Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery. He was made a knight of the Bath at the coronation of Charles I., and married, in 1634, to Mary, daughter of the great duke of Buckingham, soon after which he went abroad (for she was too young for cohabitation) and died of the small-pox at Florence, in January, 1635-6.

* *Your second care.*] Philip Herbert, who survived him and succeeded to his title and estates.

THE END.